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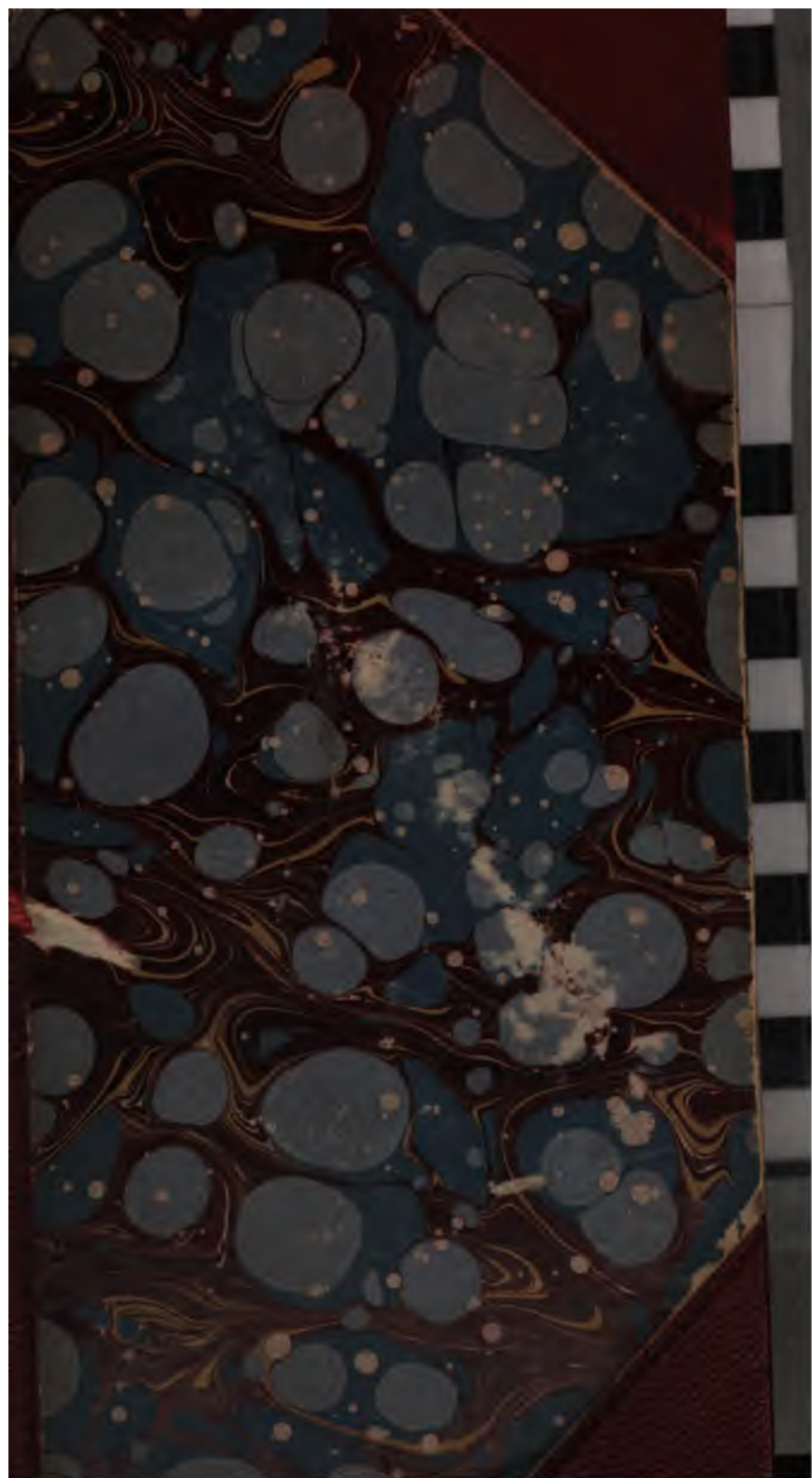
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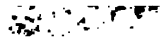
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THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE  
JUNE—NOVEMBER,  
1868.





THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

ENTIRELY NEW SERIES

VOL. I.  
JUNE—NOVEMBER.



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THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1868.

PREFACE.



A MAGAZINE which has appeared with unvaried punctuality, every month, for one hundred and thirty-eight years, should have some very good reason for issuing a special address. It might, without presumption, regard itself as one of the institutions of the country, and to any suggestion for self-assertion might reply with *quis vituperavit?*

“To implore the Candour of the Publick to a Work so well received would expose us to the Imputation of affected Modesty or insatiable Avarice. To promise the Continuance of that Industry, which has hitherto so generally recommended us is at least unnecessary, since from that alone can we expect the Continuance of our Success. To criticize the Imitations of our Magazine would be to trample on the Dead, to disturb the Dying, or Encounter the Stillborn. To recommend our Undertaking by any Encomiums of our own would be to suppose that Mankind have hitherto approved it without knowing why. And to mention

our Errors or Defects would be to do for our Rivals what they have never yet been able to do for themselves." These were our remarks in January 1740, and they were placed on paper by the pen of one of our most valued and constant contributors, the late Dr. Samuel Johnson, then Mr. Johnson only, and in his fifth year of authorship. It may be thought that the self-assertion to which we have alluded was not very imperfectly illustrated in the passage which we reprint from the preface to our tenth volume, but when we find ourselves, one hundred and twenty-eight years later, again issuing a preface, it may also be thought that our admirable and defiant contributor had good grounds for believing in our solidity. Mr. Johnson was as right in predicting the stability of *The Gentleman's Magazine* as he was in predicting the instability of Mylne's Bridge at Blackfriars.

As the event of the day, we have recorded Dettingen, and we have recorded Magdala. We have reported the proceedings at four Coronations of British Sovereigns—very distant be the day when we must register a fifth. Fielding and Smollett have taken us in—so have Thackeray and Dickens. We have had pleasure in affording our readers new pieces from the pens of Gray and Mason, and we have had pleasure in calling their attention to the new poems of Tennyson and Browning. We noted the repeal of the act against Conjurament, Witchcraft, and Dealing with Evil and Wicked Spirits, and we have noted Michael Faraday's demolition of the tricks of the Spirit Rappers. Our reporters attended the execution of Lord Lovat and of Lord Ferrers, and wrote us graphic accounts thereof, and we witness the abolition of public executions in Queen Victoria's kingdom. Emphatically let us say that we have not the remotest idea of cancelling such a pedigree as is set out in the mention of those names and facts. The new number, to which these lines are prefixed, is another link in the long chain that reaches back to "Edward Cave at St. John's Gate." We give up no jot of the Urbanian Succession, the Johnsonian Prescription.

But if the man who is not educating himself to the last hour of his life is a fool, the magazine whose life has doubled the allotted span of man's, will, in refusing to obey the signs of the times which it records, display that which is not wisdom. It is no longer desirable, it is indeed scarcely possible, for a monthly magazine to comprise the features which, when periodical literature was scant and bad, the pro-



motors of *The Gentleman's Magazine* not unsuccessfully sought to present.

Politics, Science, Art, have been beckoned to more removed ground, each has its many able organs, and each requires a diffuseness and an exactitude which are impossible in a miscellany. No politician would now be satisfied with such an Essence of Parliament as Mr. Johnson contributed to our columns, and the Hurgo Dyber and the Hurgo Rellsuls, and the Clinabs Dasridra and Gonstlad each speaks almost every night of debate as much as we could give to the entire Senate of Lilliput. The learned societies are admirably attended to by learned editors with special endowments, and that department of literature which is called criticism is represented almost to excess. Therefore we abandon work which we could not perform to advantage. But we believe that we see plenty of other work ready to our hand.

The mottoes with which *The Gentleman's Magazine* started were two. On our old title page is an elegant nosegay, and an elegantly ruffled hand holds the flowers, to which the words *E Pluribus Unum* apply. A mighty and glorious nation, much younger than ourselves; and whose rise we chronicled, by no means affectionately, has made those words sacred. To the second motto we propose to adhere to a certain extent. It is—*Prodesse et Delectare*. But if there be any didactic flavour in the phrase, Mr. Johnson, in Elysium, will forgive us for disclaiming the intention of "profiting" our readers save in the most indirect way. We propose to adopt that thoroughly English principle which our best statesmen apply to political change—we intend to improve by development. We mean to try to make *The Gentleman's Magazine* what a clear-headed author like Johnson, and a shrewd man of business like Cave, would have sought to make it had they lived in the present year from the building of the City of London. We thus claim all the benefit of our splendid pedigree, while we avoid the non-wisdom of endeavouring to live on tradition. We hope—unlike the hero of Mr. Johnson's friend, Savage,

"To build 'and' boast a generous race."

We propose to exclude notice of no subject that should interest a Gentleman, and a glance at our new exterior will show that our range is not designed to be a limited one. We do not attempt to define our intentions, beyond saying that we shall endeavour to have the

best subjects treated in the best manner, and that minor matters will be dealt with in no perfunctory or conventional way. We hope not only to be readable, but to be read. The contributors who assist us at the outset are not those whose acquaintance the public has to make, and we trust to reinforce them with many others whose valuable co-operation is promised. And, as in our old days, we shall be happy to hear of Volunteers, who shall be fairly tested by our standard, and if not enlisted shall be civilly dismissed.

There is a quotation about protesting too much, and we have no intention that it should be applied to ourselves. But it contains a word which is very germane to the matter. This is the Gentleman's Magazine. We intend it should be also a Magazine for The Lady. We are something too old to blush, but we are bound to allow that some hundred years ago, we occasionally got a little more Rabelaisian—or so—than was quite decorous, and our friend Mr. Johnson's virtuous articles did now and then appear in company with epigrams not exactly suggestive of virtue. We were not coarser than our time, or we should not have prospered. But other times, other manners. We are not, however, going to be prudish and priggish. We shall certainly not publish a single paper intended "for ladies only," for the singular good reason that we know it would be read by nobody at all. But—to refer to our exterior once more—it will be seen that the tastes of those whom Mr. Mill calls Persons will be heeded, and we have made arrangements for certain Fiction from pens that have won golden opinions from all sorts of Persons.

It is something late to speak of the price of a publication to those who have it in their hands. In further obedience to the signs, we have re-arranged the taxation which is to support the undertaking, and we rely upon extension of area to make up for diminution of impost.

Protestations may be tolerated as Amenities, but will be remembered as Impertinencies, unless illustrated by adequate Accomplishment. Indicated in sesquipedalian polysyllable, or put in shortest Saxon, this must end every honest preface of promises. It shall end the preface in which we promise to put honest work into the New Series of *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

# NOT IN SOCIETY.

## CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCES MR. BAILEY AND THE STRANGER IN VELVETEEN.

**M**R. RICHARD BAILEY is a clerk in Robinson's bank. Robinson's is conveniently situated between the busy East and the fashionable West. The eye that is permitted to run down the index of its ledgers will recognise many names well known in both those quarters of the metropolis. And if it should ever be admitted that London has a north and south in addition to the points of the compass already indicated, they will not be found unrepresented in the works which form the principal study of the clerks at Robinson's.

Mr. John Bailey, Richard's father, was the son of a tradesman in the town of Northampton, and had come to London some thirty years before the date at which this story opens, to commence life as a clerk in a wholesale drapery establishment in Watling Street.

The house had risen, and Mr. Bailey's fortunes had risen with it, until, in his present position of senior clerk and junior partner, he received sufficient remuneration to enable him to rent "that spacious residence, No. 13, Uttoxeter Square, Islington."

Some three years since, Richard had been transferred from the commanding position of head boy of the Balls Pond Proprietary Grammar School to the less eminent, but more remunerative, situation of junior clerk at Robinson's. The head master had been anxious that Richard should go to Oxford, to which course there was an additional incentive in the shape of an exhibition of thirty pounds per annum recently instituted by the committee of the B. P. P. G. S. But Mr. Bailey, senior, decided that the certainty of the clerkship in Robinson's was preferable to the chances of a university career; and a slight promotion which Richard has just obtained shows that his study of the Greek drama (four plays of Euripides, two of Sophocles, and one of Æschylus) has not unfitted him for the sterner duties of life.

Dick is a very agreeable fellow. Besides his attainments as a classic and a banker, he is handy with the gloves, and is acknow-

ledged to be the best bat in the B. P. P. G. S. C. C., of which he is still an honorary member.

Like many gentlemen of twenty years, Bailey is a man very likely to improve. He labours under the misfortune of being rather cleverer than the majority of those with whom he is usually brought into contact ; and he is a little too conscious of the fact. He is in danger of becoming the centre of a set—a position which occasionally excites those who fill it to do something to create astonishment, when they can no longer command admiration. Already there buzz around him two or three youthful Boswells, schoolfellows who have begun to “go to business” since he left. Persons of this stamp, though they may be invaluable as biographers, are terrible bores in private life, especially when they relate their experiences to those who do not join in paying homage to the object of their adoration. If they seize you by the button, cut it off at once.

It is a sultry afternoon in June, the sky is clouded over, the atmosphere is oppressive in the extreme ; yet Mr. Richard Bailey is walking rapidly along the Strand. He is wrapt in thought, and evidently not taking much notice of the passers by. He is thinking what he shall have for supper, in addition to the lamb and lobster salad, at the entertainment which he gives to-night at Barnard's Inn, in honour of his transition from the paternal roof to chambers, and of his recent promotion. As he turns sharply round the corner of St. Martin's Lane, he runs against a tall, pale, rough, black-bearded man, dressed in an old velvet shooting-coat, a brown cloth cap, pulled far down over his eyes, without collar, but with a blue bird's-eye handkerchief tied round his throat. Favourable mention has already been made of Dick's skill with the gloves. Whatever may be our admiration for the noble art of self-defence in the abstract, it is always to be regretted when a proficiency in it renders amateurs unduly pugnacious. This was the case with Mr. Richard, and it developed occasionally in a tendency to street rows.

As they both recoiled from the concussion, he said to his opponent,—

“Now then, stupid, why can't you look where you are going to?”

To his intense astonishment, the stranger replied,—

“I beg your pardon, I am sure. I hope I have not hurt you.”

Dick blushed, and felt ashamed of himself. To receive such a lesson in politeness from one so evidently his inferior, hurt his vanity not a little. He stammered out,—

“Oh, don't mention it ; perhaps it was my fault.”

Which it certainly was ; and they passed on. Bailey had not gone

many steps, however, before there came on one of those sudden thunderstorms which are among the principal characteristics of an English summer. He turned under an archway for shelter, and presently he was joined by his former opponent.

"We meet again," he observed, wishing to make an *amende*.

"But I trust this is not our Philippi," replied the stranger in velveteen.

"You have seen better days," observed Dick, almost involuntarily.

"I doubt whether the days change much, though the men who live in them may alter. I admit the *nos mutamur*, but deny the *tempora mutantur*. The principle of compensation pervades all things. It is raining fast now, but the shower has made this pretty young lady take shelter under the same archway with us; a happiness which we should otherwise have missed.

'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.'

As the stranger said this, he indicated, with a careless wave of his hand, a young woman who had just taken her position by his side, but who could scarcely be said to deserve the compliment. Perhaps she felt so, for she immediately walked on to the next place of shelter.

"You have made her go away," said Dick.

"That was my object," he replied. "She was letting the wet off her umbrella drip all over me."

Dick could not help laughing; but at the same time, the suspicion was engendered in his mind which too many are apt to feel when they meet with more knowledge than they are prepared for in those whom they are pleased to call the lower classes. It occurred to him that the velveteen-clad philosopher might possibly have a reverent interest in the contents of his pockets. Accordingly, he thrust his hand into that which should contain his purse, and found it safe; but still he moved further away from the other occupant of the archway. He was horrified beyond measure when that individual answered as if his last thoughts had been expressed in so many words.

"Don't be alarmed, sir; I am not a pickpocket—at least, not in the ordinary acceptation of the term."

Dick began to stammer out apologies.

"I beg your pardon; but I assure you I never thought——"

"Don't apologise, sir, don't apologise. I consider it rather a compliment than not to be mistaken for one. It appears to me that the talents which a pickpocket must possess, are precisely of that order which are required in the highest walks of life. The self-possession and command of countenance, how important to the diplomatist; the

delicacy of touch, how valuable to the operator; but more than all, the power of recognising and seizing on the opportunity—the very first quality of a general or a speculator! There is a tide in the gutter at this moment: that young gentleman—probably a future aspirant for the laurels of the profession—launches his paper boat on it. The vessel was constructed since the commencement of the shower."

"I don't think," replied Richard, "we can allow him much credit for originality on that account. You may depend upon it, he has seen other boys make them before when it has rained enough to fill the gutter."

"Then, sir, he profits by experience; and what you are pleased to call originality is merely the judicious combination and reproduction of what experience has taught us."

"I think," observed Richard, "we might as well take shelter in the public opposite, and have some beer."

"By all means: beer is always useful in the morning, and so wide is the circle of intelligent criticism to which it is subjected, that in London at least you can usually depend upon getting it good. I wonder if our literature was as generally appreciated, whether it would attain an equilibrium of equal excellence?"

So Mr. Bailey and the stranger in velveteen drank beer, and held sweet converse together; and by-and-by Richard was so much dazzled with his strange companion's peculiar genius, his clever conversational powers, and his general oddity of manner and appearance, that it occurred to him to invite the stranger to his evening entertainment.

"There are some men coming to my chambers to-night," he observed, presently, "and there will be some supper. Will you join us?"

Mr. Bailey laid an especial stress on the word "chambers," on account of the dignity which he considered his new abode conferred upon him. He gave his card as he spoke.

"Thank you," replied the stranger. "I have not a card with me, but my name is 'Smith;'" and then he appeared to hesitate.

Bailey thought that some misgivings about his dress were the cause of this, so he said, to re-assure him,—

"Oh, you need not mind about dressing, you know; there will be no ladies, and we shall all be in the rough."

Smith smiled a peculiar smile, and replied,—

"Oh, very well. I can't promise to be with you very early; but I will come as soon as I can."

And so they parted.

## CHAPTER II.

## MR. BAILEY'S PARTY.

A CONVIVIAL party is assembled in Mr. Bailey's chambers at Barnard's Inn. The whist parties are broken up, and during the interval preceding supper, Richard is describing to his friends his new acquaintance of the afternoon. But though he gives a pretty accurate account of his personal appearance, he is not equally successful in repeating the conversation which has induced him to invite the expected guest.

"Oh," says young Rogers, in reply, "evidently a broken down usher, discharged for getting drunk."

Mr. Rogers had now been for six months in an accountant's office, but he still retained a vivid remembrance of various differences of opinion between himself and the arithmetic master at the Balls Pond School, which frequently had a painful termination.

"You must excuse me," observes Mr. Miffkins, "but I don't think, Bailey, you were right in asking this fellow. It is all very well for you, with your democratic views, to patronise any scum you may pick up yourself; but I do not think you should introduce them to your friends."

"Well, my dear fellow," says Dick, "I need not introduce him to anybody who does not like it; and nobody is ever likely to see him again after to-night, and if they do they need not notice him."

"But suppose he was to bow to one in the park?"

As Mr. Miffkins was usually occupied from nine in the morning until nine at night as a junior ledger clerk in a wholesale house, his promenades in the park were restricted to the bridge on Sunday afternoons; and there did not therefore appear any imminent danger of the catastrophe he predicted.

As Miffkins uttered the word "park," there was a sharp tap at the door, which was immediately afterwards opened, and there entered a man in a loose grey overcoat and opera hat. As he removed these, he disclosed the form of Mr. Smith. But scarcely Mr. Smith of the afternoon. The street loungee whom Bailey had mistaken for a pickpocket was transformed into a fashionable-looking man. He was in evening dress, and as he nodded to Bailey, he said, "Excuse my array, but I have just come from the opera."

"Gallery stalls?" inquired Miffkins.

"No," replied Smith, "I was obliged to do the grand tier to-night. But I like the gallery, though. Certainly you cannot either see or hear;

but sometimes that is an advantage; and if you listen to the criticism of your neighbours, you are sure to be rewarded for your ascent. At any rate, you are certain to obtain some novel information with regard to the identity of the performers."

"Miffkins," said Bailey, "you *will* allow me to introduce to you my friend Mr. Smith." It had already occurred to Miffkins, that the account which Bailey had given of Smith was simply intended to sell his friends, so he rose, bowed, and said, "Certainly."

Miffkins was a short, stout, young man. He did not wear either whiskers or moustache, but rejoiced in the possession of one of those bunches of hair upon the chin which naturally recall to our memory the fairy tale of our childhood, "Ricquet with the Tuft;" though I believe it was on his head and not upon his chin, that that celebrated personage wore the decoration to which he owes his fame. Mr. Miffkins also wore a dress coat; but a fastidious person might have considered that its otherwise imposing effect was injured by his blue scarf and coffee-coloured trousers.

As the two men bowed to one another, the rest of the party could not help remembering the anxiety of Miffkins lest he should be compromised by the stranger claiming his acquaintance in public. As they glanced from one to the other, there was a very slightly suppressed laugh.

Miffkins not unnaturally felt rather uncomfortable, but immediately determined to fall back upon his reputation as a sporting man, upon which he prided himself much. Accordingly he addressed himself in a loud voice to a man who was sitting in the most distant corner of the room,—

"Well, Jones, about the Goodwood! Do you mean to take that seven to one about Europa?"

"Make it eight," replied Jones.

"I don't mind fifteen to two."

"Excuse me, Mr. Miffkins," observed Smith, "but you are probably not aware that Europa has just been scratched."

"The odds against her are quoted in the evening papers," said Miffkins, fiercely.

"I am aware of that; but I met Trumpington in the lobby as I came out, and he told me he had just scratched her."

"Lord Trumpington?" inquired Jones, with awe.

"Yes; the owner."

Whereupon Miffkins subsided into his boots once more, and was sulky.

But Smith was anxious that the harmony of the evening should



not be disturbed. Accordingly he achieved popularity by a single *coup*.

"You have heard the story about Trumpington and La Cicala?"

To this suggestion there was a general and immediate negative.

So the anecdote was related. It was neither very moral nor very amusing, we will therefore not repeat it; but any story of an earl and an opera dancer is sure to be well received at a small supper party.

And then Mr. Rogers told a story, which Smith had heard before; but he did not say so.

At this juncture the laundress and the greengrocer having ceased falling over one another and dropping the tumblers, it became apparent that supper was ready; and in less than five minutes it was evident that full justice would be done to Bailey's hospitality.

Smith appeared quite at home, and drank wine with everybody, according to the custom of Barnard's Inn. His performance of this operation was in some respects a failure, for he always smiled when he bowed, instead of preserving the expression of ferocity on his countenance which is usually considered more appropriate.

By the time that supper was finished, every one seemed particularly jolly. Miffkins had recovered his usual hilarity; and when he had nearly finished his second tumbler of punch, he rose to make a speech.

They had already drunk Bailey's health, "with musical honours"—a euphonism, perhaps; but that is what they said they were going to do before they made the noise which had such an excruciating effect upon Thomson, a young barrister, who was hard at work upon his second brief in the rooms above.

When, therefore, Miffkins proceeded to speak of the pleasant evening they had spent, it became a subject of speculation to more than one of the guests as to what toast he was going to propose.

When he had spoken for about three minutes this difficulty occurred to Miffkins himself: he felt that he was speaking beautifully, but he had only a dim conception with regard to what was the subject of his oration. If he had one when he began, he had quite forgotten what it was. So, in the middle of a splendid sentiment, he stepped suddenly back from the table and sat down in a tray of custard cups—cups which were, unfortunately, the peculiar property of Mrs. Snuffles, the laundress, and which, she assured Bailey the next morning, with the corner of a dirty apron carefully inserted in her eye, had been a wedding present to her from the parents of her late lamented husband.

With the assistance of the greengrocer (a credit to his profession,

for he was still able to walk upright), Miffkins was conveyed to an inner chamber.

He was followed by Mr. Evans, a medical student, who, before he went, gave the whole of the party "a turn" (as Mrs. Snuffles said), by unrolling on the table a Russian leather case of innumerable folds, from which he withdrew five hideous instruments of torture, made of the most beautifully polished steel.

Our readers will no doubt be gratified to know that Mr. Miffkins' case did not require any severer measures than an extensive application of diachylon plaster.

The sufferer being removed, conviviality was resumed. They had a useful potion of punch, and a great many songs. Bailey's chambers were graced by a piano. He had a splendid voice, and sang remarkably well.

It was past three before there were any signs of the party breaking up, and then the guests departed *en masse*, frightening, we fear, the old inn from its propriety as they traversed its courts.

Just before they left, Bailey said to Smith,—

"I don't know if you ever do anything in the dancing way, but we have something going on at home—at Uttoxeter Square—next week—Thursday. We shall be very happy to see you."

"You are very kind," replied Smith. "I shall be very happy if I can manage it. I will see what my engagements are. But in the meantime you must come and see me first. Let us see! What is to-day? Friday—or, rather, Saturday, I should say. Are you doing anything to-morrow—Sunday, I mean? No! Well, then, consider yourself engaged to me for the day. Come early,—say one o'clock."

And then he handed a card, on which was engraved,—

MR. ST. PATRICK SMITH,

BROMPTON GRANGE.

"It is rather an awkward place to find. You had better take a Hansom from the 'Market,' then you will be all right."

### CHAPTER III.

TAKES THE READER FROM BARNARD'S INN TO BROMPTON GRANGE.

IT has already been mentioned that Bailey was the centre of a set. He preferred associating with men who were his inferiors both in intellect and position, and who were, therefore, likely to look up to him, rather than with his equals. So out of office hours he saw but little

of his fellow clerks at Robinson's. As we shall not often have the pleasure of meeting any of those gentlemen in the course of our story, it will be well to mention here that their tone was infinitely superior to that of the guests whom we have met at Richard's chambers, Barnard's Inn.

Young Bailey's theory of costume did not bear any resemblance to that of his friend, Mr. Miffkins. He had lately been recommended to a good West-End tailor, and was wise enough to leave the matter pretty much in his hands. He was, therefore, perfectly presentable when he left his "chambers" on Sunday morning.

According to Smith's directions, he walked to the top of the Haymarket, and then accosted the driver of the first Hansom on the rank.

"Do you know Brompton Grange?"

"Rather," replied the driver, with a strong emphasis on the first syllable. Then, regarding Bailey with a look of some curiosity, he said: "Do *you* want to go there, sir?"

"Yes."

"All right, sir."

And away they went. Amongst all the methods of progression which obtain amongst the haunts of men, the Hansom stands without a rival. With perfect confidence in the chivalrous charioteer who guides you safely between broad-wheeled wagons and loitering omnibuses, you lean back in an easy seat and are whirled along, whilst the whole panorama of busy London is unrolled before your eyes.

Speculating on the strange character of the man he was going to see, Bailey traversed the green lanes of Old Brompton, till the cab stopped suddenly before a small door in a very high dead wall. A brougham, a cabriolet, and two Hansoms were all drawn up, apparently in waiting; and a groom was leading a splendid saddle-horse a little lower down the road.

"Shall I wait, sir?" said the driver.

"No, thank you," replied Bailey; "I am going to stay."

And having paid the fare, he pulled a bell which was suspended from the wall by the side of the gate.

Before its last sound had died away, a little wicket in the gate was opened, and a face peered through it.

"Is Mr. Smith at home?" inquired Bailey.

"What name, sir?" inquired the wicket-keeper, instead of answering his question.

"Bailey."

And the door was opened; and after walking about a dozen

yards under a covered way they reached the house, a large, straggling building commenced in the time of William III., with alterations and additions which belonged to every succeeding reign.

They crossed a large, bare-looking hall, and then the servant, who was a neatly-dressed man out of livery, ushered Bailey into an apartment which bore the appearance of a dining-room.

It was about as gloomy-looking a place as can well be imagined: a dark panelled room, with one small window, the whole of the furniture consisting of a side-board and a long table, with eight chairs on each side, so carefully ranged at equal distances, that a person of an Eldonic turn of mind would certainly have been unable to decide upon which he should sit.

At the further end of the room there was one picture, a gentleman in a wig, green coat, buff waistcoat, breeches, and boots.

Bailey, as he looked at it, ejaculated "Wardour Street," but still rose to examine it more closely. As he approached the picture, it vanished with the rapidity of a theatrical trick, displaying in its place the entrance to an arched passage. It must be hoped that Mr. Bailey will not be considered to have been deficient in courage, if it is candidly confessed that this proceeding on the part of the gentleman in the green coat startled him. Having retreated two steps backwards, he took three forwards, when he heard a voice which he recognised as Smith's call out, "Come in."

Accordingly he marched through the passage, and entered the room beyond.

It was a large room, with three deep bay windows reaching to the ground, and opening upon a lawn. Looking beyond, the eye rested upon a specimen of landscape gardening which might vie with anything in the neighbourhood of London. Fountains and flowers, statues and small rocks, from which hung miniature trailers, whilst a few old trees and an ivy-mantled summer-house served to link the glittering present with the stately past.

As Bailey came from the dark passage, this view flashed on him at once. Before he had time to glance at the party he had joined, he said, almost involuntarily, "How beautiful!"

"Do you mean me or the garden?" said a soft voice at his elbow.

"We must look at the beauties of the earth before we venture to glance at the sun which lights them up," he replied. And although this was said on the spur of the moment, the compliment was not so inappropriate; for the golden curls, blue eyes, and brilliant complexion of the young lady whom he addressed would have enabled

her to look the part of Apollo to perfection. She sat behind a sort of bar. It was built of rosewood, with a white marble top; but behind it and below it were all the liquors which are to be obtained at an ordinary inn, besides a great many which are not.

By her side sat a girl equally pretty in her own way—a bright, showy brunette. In earnest conversation, not to say flirtation, with her, and leaning across the counter, was a tall, slight, intelligent-looking young man, but with rather a weary look about the eyes for one who yet only numbered eighteen years.

Beyond the bar, which occupied a recess, in the centre of the room, on the side opposite to the windows, was a grand piano, at which a lady sat, whom Bailey fancied he had seen before.

Lounging on a sofa at the opposite end of the room, arrayed in a gorgeous dressing-gown and smoking-cap was Smith himself.

Sitting near him were a small, quiet-looking man of two-and-twenty, and a large, fashionable-looking man of three-and-thirty. The latter looked like a guardsman, which he was.

The walls of the room were covered with filled book-shelves. There were some beautiful statues, also, which seemed rather in the way.

As Bailey entered, Smith came forward to receive him.

"Glad to see you," he said. "You must learn to make yourself at home. First of all, though, let me present you in due form. The fair Hebe here rejoices in the name of Julia Jane, the dark one in the appellation of Jemima Ann. When you come here often (as I hope you may), you will find that the ladies are sometimes changed, but the names never. You will always find a blonde who answers to the name of Julia Jane, and a brunette to that of Jemima Ann. Some of my friends, disregarding my wishes, abbreviate them abominably, and say 'Jem' and 'Juli.' Such irreverence, I trust, you will avoid. The lady at the piano you must have seen before; but as she looks, if possible, prettier off the stage than she does on—which is not always the case in her profession—perhaps you may not recognise her—Miss Clara Merton."

And the fair actress acknowledged Mr. Bailey with the sweetest smile he ever remembered to have seen.

"The young scoundrel," continued Smith, "who is leaning on the counter, making love to Jemima Ann, and dabbling the sleeve of his new coat in the spilt claret cup, is Lord George Atherleigh. What his mamma would say if she could see him now, one may more readily imagine than describe. Over there you see the Duke of Alderney and Captain the Honourable Wynstone Wynne. The Duke

is not amusing, but quite harmless. Wynstone is very much the other way, in both respects."

The last two observations were delivered *sotto voce*. Smith wound up his oration by saying, in a louder tone,—

"Ladies and gentlemen, let me introduce to you all my friend, Mr. Bailey."

To that young gentleman's surprise, everybody vouchsafed him a friendly nod.

Then Miss Juli—we shall use the abbreviation, in spite of Mr. Smith's interdict—asked Bailey what he would take. As he seemed to hesitate, she suggested champagne and brown bread and butter—a proposal to which he immediately assented.

Bailey was so thoroughly bewildered by the whole scene, that he felt quite uncertain whether the individuals present were the owners of the titles which Smith had assigned to them or not. He was also quite at a loss to know whether or not he was in a house of public entertainment, of which Smith was the proprietor. When therefore Juli handed him a silver cup into which she had poured a bottle of champagne, he took out his purse to defray the expense. This afforded immense amusement to Lord George and the young ladies, who all laughed immoderately.

"No, no," said Juli; "we wont charge you anything either for your entrance fee or refreshment ticket *at present*."

"*Et après ?*" inquired Bailey.

"Exactly four times your income, whatever that may be," rejoined the young lady.

"Come, come, Juli!" said Lord George. "Draw it mild. Surely Mr. Bailey may escape for something less than that, unless he takes to giving you bracelets, or playing *écarté* with Wynstone Wynne?"

"*Écarté* is a game I don't know," replied Bailey. "To have the happiness of presenting anything to Miss Julia Jane would certainly be a temptation, if I did not feel how impossible it would be for me to select anything worthy of her acceptance."

"Bravo, little one; you will do!" said Miss Jem, encouragingly.

"You don't know *écarté*! Oh, let me teach you," said Lord George, in a tone of piteous imploration. "We wont play for much at first."

"Who was that taking my name in vain?" called out Wynne from the other end of the room.

"Lord George wants to teach Mr. Bailey *écarté*," said Jem.

"That would be 'the blind 'lea ling the blind' with a vengeance," said Wynne to the Duke.

And the Duke, whose *rôle* it was to treat Lord George as being "very young," laughed approvingly.

"Miss Merton is going to sing," said Smith.

And that lady proceeded with a song which the entrance of Bailey had interrupted.

Her voice was scarcely powerful enough for a large theatre, and she seldom sang on the stage; but her taste and expression were exquisite, and the accompaniments which she played to her own songs were wonderful.

" 'Twas in a glade, 'mid nettles rank,  
A drooping primrose bow'd its head,  
And murmur'd to itself, Ah, me!  
Ah, well-a-day! my beauty's fled!  
No more for me the sun shall shine;  
Ere night I shall be dead.

" But ev'ning brought a gentle shower,  
Whose every drop with balm was filled;  
And night, beneath its friendly shade,  
The life-restoring dew distill'd.  
Once more the flow'ret sees the ray  
The eastern summits gild.

" The genial sunbeams find her out,  
And kiss the tears of joy away;  
They cherish with their tenderest heat  
That happy flower the live-long day.  
The birds that seem'd to sing her dirge,  
Now chirp of all that's gay.

" What are the tears that true love sheds,  
But drops of life-restoring rain?  
Her sympathy like balmy dew,  
That soothes the bitterest throbs of pain?  
Oh, love can save the wither'd heart,  
And make it live again."

There was much applause as she concluded. Bailey alone remained silent. The strain seemed to have cast a spell over him. He leaned against the piano, unconscious of anything but the memory of the notes which had just died away.

A sweet voice recalled him to his senses for a moment; but only that he might lose them again the next.

"Did you like my little song?"

Then for the first time he looked down into those grey eyes, whose depths had been the grave of a hundred hearts.

"I cannot tell you how much."

The fair actress was pleased with the evident admiration of the fresh-hearted youth. It was dearer to her than the hackneyed compliments of more *blasé* admirers, even as we love the fresh breeze of morning better than the heated breath of sultry noon.

When Smith asked Richard to sing, it is needless to say that he sang his very, very best; and Clara Merton complimented him in a few kind words, and he was very proud and very happy.

The morning was passing away, and as a gleam of sunlight came wandering into the room, until it lost itself in Julia's curls, Smith jumped up and said,—

"Here we are neglecting our duties and opportunities as usual. We ought certainly to celebrate the advent of a fine day by some appropriate pilgrimage."

"It appears to me, said Wynne, "that the English summer is merely an economical device to make us dispense with fires for a certain portion of the winter."

"Where shall we go?" said the Duke, who was of a practical turn.

"Your team has not had much work this week; suppose you drive us to Richmond," said Smith.

"I shall be delighted," replied the Duke. "I will go and see about the trap. If I send, my fellow will be sure to drive it round by Camberwell, or some equally short cut, to astonish the natives, and we shall not get away to-day."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### GLANCES AT THE HISTORY OF ST. PATRICK SMITH, EX-M.P.

WHILE the guests at Brompton Grange are waiting for the Duke of Alderney's drag, we will take the opportunity of sketching the previous life of their host, and explaining more particularly the exact position which he occupied.

St. Patrick Smith was the only son of a wealthy banker, who married, rather late in life, the daughter of an Irish marquis. His father died while he was still very young, and after this event he was thrown much into the society of his mother's relations.

He was sent to Eton, and afterwards to Christ Church. At Oxford he was the richest and most popular man of his year, and this popularity was not solely owing to his wealth. Gay, good-tempered, witty, always ready for anything and everything, he was the strongest



opponent of the *blasé* school of young men, who profess to have exhausted the life they have not yet commenced.

Whatever he did, and wherever he went, he always made a point of enjoying himself, and his good spirits generally proved contagious. It was at Oxford that he first commenced keeping open house. His rooms were popularly known as "the camp." He knew more men than anybody in the university. It was his habit to request his visitors to order what they liked, and to make themselves as happy as circumstances would permit; both of which suggestions they were quite ready to adopt.

Smith took a good second: his friends said that nothing but "the camp" could have prevented him from being in the first class; but those acquainted with the statistics of university examinations will be aware that there generally is a good reason which has caused the substitution of number three or number two for number one.

Immediately he had taken his degree he was returned to parliament for a borough which was the private property of his grandfather.

His maiden speech was considered to reflect more credit upon the Union than any effort of his contemporaries. His second oration was not so eloquent, but much more business-like. He soon began to show considerable aptitude for his parliamentary duties, and was spoken of as "a rising man." There was a change of ministry, and he accepted an appointment under the new government. At this time he went much into society. The third year after he had left Christ Church he fell in love with the belle of the season, Lady Constance Fitzarthur, the daughter of the Duke of Alderney, and a cousin of the young man who is still supposed to be "seeing about" his drag.

Smith had every reason to believe that his affection was returned, and he was a man whom any woman might be forgiven for loving. At last he proposed in due form—and was refused; not by the lady, but by her father, to whom he was referred.

In that terrible interview—the remembrance of which will never leave him—though proud as the haughty nobleman whom he addressed, yet in the light of the great love he bore he stooped to implore the consent of the father.

"If your grace will but trust your daughter to me," he said, "it shall be the ambition of my life to make a name which even she might be proud to share—a name which shall be written on the pages of my country's history, and remembered with your own."

For a moment the duke seemed moved; but the chains of a family

compact proved tougher than heart-strings. He shook his head, and said,—

“If I had a son, Mr. Smith, or if Constance was not my only daughter, it might be possible; but as it is, I must decline the honour.”

For three months after this interview, Smith devoted himself to the House. He made two or three speeches, which attracted considerable attention; and it was hinted that in the event of an expected vacancy occurring in the cabinet, he would be advanced to fill it.

But then it was announced that Lady Constance Fitzarthur was about to be married to her cousin, the Earl of Basingstoke, the heir to the dukedom. Smith ascertained that this was true, and then he broke down utterly.

With the career which was opening before him, it would have been infinitely better if he had endeavoured to forget his passion in constant occupation. But this was his first trouble, and his mind was not prepared to meet it. Hitherto his life had passed so smoothly, that this sudden reverse quite overpowered him.

He was unwell for a few days, and he caused it to be given out that he was so seriously ill, that it was absolutely necessary for him to go abroad. He resigned his under-secretaryship, accepted the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, and sailed for America.

For five years St. Patrick Smith wandered over the new world and the old; through California, Australia, China, India, and back again to Europe by the overland route. The last year he divided between Rome, Vienna, and Paris.

It must not be imagined that his depression continued during all his travel.

A month after he had left England, he had regained, outwardly at least, his old spirits, and became once more the gayest of the gay. Still the stream of life had been turned from its channel, and the waters would not flow in the old course. Therefore he continued a wanderer. When at last he returned to England, it was to carry out a scheme which he had been maturing in his mind for some time.

This was to keep open house for the agreeable, and lead a life of luxurious indolence without the pale of what is called “society.” In the popular phraseology adopted by Lord George Atherleigh, “St Patrick would not have any fellow at his place who was not a brick, and no mistake.”

During his travels, Smith had been constantly in the habit of con-

tributing articles to the reviews and magazines relating to the countries through which he passed. When, therefore, he returned to England, he was already known to many men in the literary world, whose acquaintance he found no difficulty in cultivating. Many of the men he had known at Oxford had gone to the bar. One old friend was the most brilliant burlesque writer of the day. His great opponent at the "Union" was a cabinet minister. By slow degrees he began to draw the threads of his old and new acquaintance together. He was fortunate enough to engage a cook who had been unable to satisfy the committee of the Repique Club, although he sent up the best dinners in London. Smith made the selection of his guests a study. Before the end of the first year after his return from the Continent, it was whispered that his dinners were the most successful of the season. The next year confirmed his reputation.

The third year, in addition to his weekly dinners, which were still continued, he began to keep open house. Night or day, Brompton Grange was never closed to the initiated. Four sets of young ladies were engaged to sit behind the rosewood bar, relieving guard every six hours. They were always treated with respect, both by St. Patrick and his guests. Artistes of celebrity like Clara Merton were frequently amongst the number of his guests at "the little dinners," and on all other occasions. Peers, princes, and poets, authors, actors, and artists, sculptors and statesmen, guardsmen and guerilla chiefs, might all be found assembled in the café at the Grange.

Our story opens in the fifth summer after St. Patrick's return to England, and about ten years ago. He had now found it necessary to limit the number of his new acquaintances, and the mighty ones of the land had occasionally desperate intrigues to obtain the *entrée* to Brompton Grange.

The history of the Duke of Alderney's introduction to the Grange might be quoted as an example of the difficulties that often stood between a desire to know the Grange and its consummation. The little duke, who prided himself upon knowing all kinds of life, had failed to penetrate the Brompton mystery for many months, despite most persistent efforts to storm the citadel. It is said that at last he only succeeded at the cost of a seat in parliament for an old college friend of Smith's. When this gentleman went in for Alderney's pocket borough of Frumpington, the Duke went into Smith's with all the rights and privileges of the Grange. So ran the story; but we are not obliged to believe that the Duke would sacrifice the Frumpington interest for so questionable a reward.

As our story progresses, it will be seen that the introduction to Brompton Grange of so comparatively insignificant a person as Mr. Bailey, exercised a most important influence upon the history of St. Patrick Smith and his guests.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE DUKE'S DRAG.

THE Duke's team is tearing through the eminently respectable suburb of Kensington.

Smith was quite right when he suggested that the horses had not had enough work during the preceding week.

The Duke had become a member of the "Four-in-hand" Club, because Smith had suggested it to him; but he was by no means a good whip, and never felt comfortable with the ribands in his hands.

Bailey, who was seated behind him, was leaning over and talking "wheelers and leaders" in a style which would have excited the warmest admiration of his friend Miiffkins.

He had suggested that the off-wheeler was lying on the bar, when a furious lash from the double thong caused that animal to break into a canter, to vindicate its character, a course which was immediately taken up by the rest of the team. The next moment they barely escaped a collision with an omnibus, and it became evident that the driver was rapidly losing all control over them. He managed, however, turning round to Bailey, to say in a quiet voice, and with a perfectly unconcerned manner,—

"By the bye, are you anything of a waggoner?"

"I can drive," replied Bailey, with equal calmness.

"'Pon my soul, then, I wish you would take the ribands, for I am awfully seedy this morning, and these cattle are rather too much for me."

The canter had become a gallop.

In a second, Dick was on the box and the reins in his hand.

Lord George shrugged his shoulders, and made a grimace at Wynne, expressive of extreme horror.

"No," replied Wynstone, after watching the proceedings of the new driver for a moment, "it is a deuced good exchange; we are all right now. What did you say your friend's name was—Bayley? One of the Lancashire Bayleys?—son of Sir Reginald's? By Jove! he has a nice light hand; reminds me of Riverford."

The cattle had already discovered that a more moderate mode of proceeding would probably be conducive to their comfort.

Dick had been accustomed to spend his holidays in Yorkshire with an uncle who was a coach proprietor. During these visits he was never happy except he was on the road. Hence the skill which received the approbation of so accomplished a critic as the Honourable Wynstone Wynne.

He was to have yet another triumph before the drive was over. As they were entering Richmond, they met an omnibus returning to town. By the side of the driver sat Miffkins and Jones. Bailey saluted with his whip as he passed. Those gentlemen soon perceived that the omnibus driver regarded them with increased respect. He said,—

“Your friend drives a precious sight better than the Duke.”

“The Duke?” inquired Miffkins.

“The Duke of Alderney. That’s his drag. That was him you see on the box, by your friend as was driving.”

“Oh, ah!” said Miffkins; “I did not recognise his grace in the rapidity of passing.”

A neglect which, as he had never seen the Duke before, was quite excusable.

The information thus communicated was not without profit to the driver; for Miffkins, in order to sustain his position of an acquaintance of the Duke’s with proper dignity, felt bound to stand “goes of cold brandy” round, at every available stopping place; and the Sunday traveller from Richmond to London will remember to his cost that the opportunities for refreshment are not “like angels’ visits, few and far between.”

The dinner passed off brilliantly. Lord George was lively. Wynstone Wynne was sarcastic, but not too severe. The Duke was quieter than usual, and therefore more agreeable.

“He knows that he never had anything to say, and is beginning to be conscious that it is better for him not to take too long to say it,” observed Wynne to Bailey, in reply to an observation on his grace’s taciturnity.

Clara Merton was alternately witty and sentimental, and it would be difficult to say in which *rôle* she appeared to the greatest advantage.

But Smith was the life of the party. His friends had observed that his spirits had been uneven for some time, but on this night he was the gayest of the gay. As story and quip, jest and epigram, rolled from his lips in rapid succession, Bailey began to comprehend the

nature of the position which he occupied, and which Miss Merton had taken some trouble to explain to him before dinner, but without much success.

A little time after the ladies had retired, a gentle tap was heard at the French window of the dining-room. Lord George jumped up at once. By a singular coincidence, when he had drawn up the blind, he found it was Miss Jem. outside.

"The moonlight on the waters is so pretty," said that young lady, "you ought all to come out and look at it."

"Moon rhymes with spoon," observed Wynstone; "so you go and admire it for everybody, George."

And Lord George, not having an appropriate answer ready at the moment, did go.

"I like to see those effects best at the opera," observed the Duke; "they did it very well in that new thing."

Then Mr. Bailey, thinking he could see the flutter of a darker dress than Miss Jemima's in the distance, also "looked out into the night." Smith followed him, but did not go beyond the verandah.

Wynne remained to amuse the Duke and abuse everybody else. For although he was so severe upon that nobleman behind his back, he was not the man to neglect a good opportunity of toadying him.

And now Bailey looks down into the grey eyes of the actress once more. His own orbs were brighter than usual, partly from the romance of the situation, partly from champagne. He had imbibed the exact quantity of exhilarating fluid which makes a man talk better, which makes the words flow more easily, and had kept on the right side of the boundary beyond which utterance becomes difficult.

The majority of young men of the present day who read much poetry, will be found to go through a similar course. As boys they begin with Scott, or with Scott and Macaulay. The rush of the Battle of the Lake, Regillus, or the Battle of Ivry, first awakens them to the power of song; or they read the Lady of the Lake or Marmion for the story only, until spirited fragments haunt their memory, almost against their will. Then some time between sixteen and twenty-one they are buried in Byron. Gradually, however, they are influenced by the tone of the literature of the day, and become aware that it is not "the correct thing" to admire Byron; so they commit a few stock-criticisms to memory, and persuade themselves that they care for him no longer. The next course will comprise Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth. Some men find these authors rather hard work; but they accord them their admiration for the same

reason that they withhold it from Byron. Whether they could quote six lines from any one of the three, is another question.

On the other hand, that each of these poets has true disciples there can be no doubt. But there is no clutch upon the mind so strong as Byron's, until it is relaxed; unless one excepts Tennyson's on older men, and deeper students.

"Byron, the sorcerer! He can do with me according to his will," said Doctor Parr; and Bailey was still the great magician's slave.

So, as he looked into the grey eyes, he said,—

"She walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;  
Thus mellow'd to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies."

He spoke the lines, not as most men quote poetry, as though fearing to be detected in an act of which they are ashamed; but with deep voice and earnest utterance, he gave them almost as well as they could be spoken.

"Bravo!" said Clara; "you should come upon the stage."

"To act with you would indeed be a temptation. But I was not acting then. I could not have repeated the lines, but that I felt they suited you so well."

They stood upon a soft green lawn sloping down to the broad river. It was nearly high water, and they heard the wavelets ripple on a narrow strip of pebbly-beach below. Each wave broke almost without a sound; but there was a gentle refrain as it flowed back over the pebbles. Bailey called Clara's attention to the melody, saying, that it reminded him of her song of the morning.

"The fall is prettier than the swell—the retreat than the advance," she replied; "but it is not so in life."

"In the battle of life there should be no retreat," said Bailey.

"Man's life is divided into many campaigns," she said. "For woman there is only one."

"But I have known that last from the cradle to the grave," said a third voice. It was that of Mr. St. Patrick Smith. "I beg your pardon for interrupting your *tête-à-tête*," he continued, "but we are just going to start; the drag is at the door. I believe the Duke is going to trespass on your services as a charioteer once more. I hope so, I am sure—then we shall not get our necks broken."

And so Mr. Bailey drove the party safely home.

"How well you drive?" said his Grace, as they were drawing towards their journey's end.

"I have had a good deal of practice," said Bailey.

"I wish you would coach me a little," said the Duke. "If you would not mind: I know I want it awfully."

"I shall be most happy."

"Well, I am going to do the park to-morrow. Will you come with me? Yes? Where shall I pick you up?"

"I am at Robinson's Bank in the Strand until four o'clock."

"Four; that will do nicely. I will be with you, if I am not spilt before I get there."

"Bailey," said Smith, as they were parting, "do not forget to send me a card for Thursday. I will manage to come."

*(To be continued.)*



## MUSIC IN VANITY FAIR.

**T**HE business of pleasure is just now at its height in London. Vanity Fair is open ; its ways and by-ways are thronged by a motley crowd. Although no masquerade is going on, the cap and bells jingle, in the spirit, at every turn. Attired in the sober costume of the nineteenth century, Mephistopheles in human form glides through the sultry streets. Fausts and Marguerites philander in many a garden. Our merryandrews, devils, and fine gentlemen, are keeping holiday, and bewilder steady-going Londoners by their eccentricities. The fun of the fair runs riot. The thorough-breds of Society have started a race, the pace of which is killing to myriads of their followers ; its winning-post, the Temple of the Goddess Fashion, now swarms with worshippers from the east, west, north, and south, who little heed what penance they suffer if allowed to offer sacrifice at the gaudy shrine. It is harvest-time with all who trade in the luxuries of life. We hold our Vanity Fair in the middle of summer, and are laughed at by our neighbours for so doing. At the very time, say they, when the country is most inviting, we gather together in our smoky town, and pretend to amuse ourselves in its stifling atmosphere. We do amuse ourselves, nevertheless, and for a few weeks in the year, at any rate, make pleasure as much a business as any more serious pursuit. Moreover, we love the country for those sports which cannot be indulged in while our bread is growing, and, like sensible epicures, are willing to enjoy every amusement at its proper season. Accordingly, we take to shooting and fox-hunting in winter, and delight in music and the more trivial pastimes of existence during summer. Following this rational course, we relish racing, reviews, flower shows, levées, drawing-rooms, and exhibitions of every description, and encourage musicians to enliven us at one and the same time of year. Our Vanity Fair is, consequently, the gayest, and perhaps the noisiest, of any known.

Music is undeniably its chief feature. The drum and fife are being sounded in and outside every booth. Without its concerts and Italian Opera a London season, in spite of all other attractions, would be dull indeed. Sweet sounds seem to us all the sweeter

in warm weather, and flowers—which have been happily designated visible music—enhance the sensuous pleasure derivable from melody. The concerts given in May and June in London are innumerable and endless in their variety. Musical performances, like hardy annuals, flourish all the year round; but those now to be heard are exotic in their nature, and thrive with surpassing luxuriance in our (very) hot-houses. The leader of fashion gives a concert, and invites more people than her rooms will hold to listen to the vocalists who are in vogue. In former times it was the custom at these private concerts to separate the singers from the invited guests by a rope. This custom, I believe, was put an end to by the great Lablache, who took offence at the indignity which he supposed was offered to him and his companions; he sat upon the rope and snapped it. Since this daring drawing-room act, as Professor Risley would call it, no attempt has been made to divide the performers from the audience at a private concert. Hospitals in want of funds give concerts, and all vocalists and instrumentalists—to their honour be it said—are ever ready and willing to perform gratuitously in the cause of charity. Every professor of music having the means of attracting the public, and an enterprising spirit to boot, does as the hospitals do. Their concerts are generally sources of large profit to Benedict, Kuhe, Puzzi, and others, who deserve all they get in return for the expenses they incur in their annual ventures. Some musicians,—Blumenthal, for instance,—having an extensive teaching connection, and an intuitive antipathy to speculation, obtain the use of a *salon* in the mansion of one of their *clientèle*, and rely upon their pupils taking tickets. They get one or two fashionable singers to relieve the monotony of their programme, and by means of the private interest they can command, realise a considerable sum by the hazardous undertaking. A plan which has been put into general practice lately by professional concert-givers with much success, is that of issuing cards to their friends, and the friends of their friends, for a *matinée d'invitation* early in the season. A good programme is provided at this free concert, and the announcement is subsequently, or sometimes simultaneously, made of a more business-like performance to take place at a later date. As a matter of course, those who attend the first concert for nothing are in a measure bound to pay to go to the second—thus the *matinée d'invitation* becomes practically a *matinée d'obligation*, and the active *bénéficiaire* profits accordingly. If the practice be found to answer, there can be no objection to it. It is a justifiable means to an end, the end being making money, and appears preferable to the

custom of the New Philharmonic Society of advertising the names of all the celebrities who have appeared at its concerts, with a short line in small type stating that they may be engaged again. Such an announcement is calculated to mislead inattentive readers, and induce a belief that the services of the performers are really retained for the season coming on.

An inveterate concert-giver is the French or German ballad-singer, who comes to London for a short time, bringing with him some letters of introduction. He delivers his credentials, is probably invited to the different houses to which they are addressed, sings his songs, and, in order to pay the expenses of his trip gives a concert. He sends round tickets to all his new acquaintances, and expects they will in return send him so much coin. The experiment generally succeeds, and the next year *Mein Herr* or *Monsieur* comes again, and ultimately makes his annual visit reward him handsomely.

I once travelled from Vienna with a baritone, well known in Germany, a most pleasant companion, who carried this means of paying his expenses to rather an absurd extent. At every town we stopped he left me to look after his luggage, and rushed off to the theatre to see how much the manager would give him for singing a few songs or playing a part in any opera that might be in the bills. He cared little for his personal appearance, and sometimes, to save himself trouble, went on to the stage in his travelling costume, apologised to the audience, sang his song, and joined me at supper. Neither was he very exorbitant in his demands; all was grist that came to his mill, and, as he argued, it was never worth while to throw money away—an indiscretion of which I certainly never knew him guilty. The programmes of the London Concerts referred to, are usually made up of ephemeral music. As the summer advances the sparkling melodies of Verdi, Ardit, and the Italians generally, become, like iced champagne, more suited to our tastes than the works of the contrapuntists whose compositions, like heavy Burgundy and Port, are better adapted to winter delectation. Those who really love their wine and know how to enjoy it, choose it according to the weather—so we our tunes. The Monday Popular Concerts, the Sacred Harmonic, and other societies devoted to the classics, give way to the opera and miscellaneous concerts in the spring. It may be urged that the Philharmonics and Mr. Ella's Musical Union go through the fiery ordeal of summer, but they are exceptions necessary to prove the rule. The Philharmonics do not last long, and it only makes the heroism of Mr. Ella—the foster

parent of intellectual music in this country—all the more remarkable when it is considered that he had the courage to start and succeeded in establishing the Musical Union in the Dog Days. “But there’s the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace!” exclaims the contentious reader, who is perhaps irritated at this far-fetched notion of hot and cold weather music. I was coming to the Handel Festival, and about to remark that the magnificent locality in which it takes place would make any music in any weather enjoyable. It would be still more so if the directors of the Crystal Palace would condescend to take a lesson from the Greeks of old, and recollect how they managed their Musical Festivals. They seem to have known more of such matters than we do, or at any rate more than is known at Sydenham. Music was a chief feature of all dramatic representations with the ancients. Rousseau has likened the performance of a tragedy by Æschylus, Sophocles, or Euripides, to that of a modern opera, on account of the important part allotted to the chorus, a body of dancers or singers as the case might be. The principal individual in every chorus was the actual leader, precentor, or fugleman, whose will and movements the *choreute* followed in all the songs and evolutions of the orchestra, that part of the Grecian amphitheatre which corresponds with our pit, and which was used exclusively by the chorus. The actors, who were sometimes two, and never more than three, in number, appeared upon the stage some six feet above the level of the orchestra. The chorus sang in unison or antiphonally (for harmony was unknown in those days); they were usually fifty in number, and, whether of dancers or singers, appeared in festal dresses; but the actors wore large masks, shoes called *cothurni* with immensely thick soles, rich costumes, and were also stoutly padded. The masks were evidently for the purpose of making their voices audible in the vast amphitheatre, while the thick soles and padding gave importance to the appearance of the actor. The padding, moreover, protected its wearer from the spectators, who did not hesitate to shy stones, grapes, figs, olives, and other missiles at any performer with whom they were not satisfied—rather a serious matter when the spectators were 30,000 strong. Æschines, a Greek actor and contemporary of Demosthenes, was so pelted by the audience with figs, grapes, and olives that he was told sneeringly that he could live on the fruits of other men’s orchards, and thus find compensation for the wounds he had received. The Greek actor did not speak his part, but intoned or chanted it through his mask, and it was according to the physical power he displayed in thus declaiming that he pleased or displeased the public.

In recalling the musical doings of the Greeks it is not my intention to advise the directors of the Crystal Palace to follow the example of their ancient prototypes in every particular. I do not suggest that they should pad Mr. Costa or insist upon Mr. Sims Reeves wearing cothurni and a mask, but I am strongly of opinion that if they reversed the positions of audience and performers, placing the latter on the floor of the transept, the effect of the Handel Festival would be very much increased. Every note of the music would be heard by those sitting *above* the musicians, whereas the mighty mass of sound emanating from the thousands of performers will be lost in the space it has to travel before reaching those who assemble to listen to it. Experience has proved that the best places to hear the music are those from which the public are excluded—the top galleries—a fact which should have had weight with the directors and convinced them that the arrangements of the Greek amphitheatre should have guided them when converting the transept into a colossal concert hall. Before quitting the concerts of our Vanity Fair it may not be uninteresting to say a few words about the origin of these entertainments. Old Roger North, in his "Memories of Musick," published in 1685, makes some quaint remarks on the subject quite as applicable to concerts of the present day as to the first which were ever given. He tells their history as follows:—

"A great means of bringing forward a taste for public performances was the humor of the following public concerts. The first was in a lane behind Paul's, situated at the north-west end of St. Paul's Cathedral. It was established early in the reign of Charles II. by one Robert Herbert. There was a chamber organ that one Phillips played upon, and some shopmen and foremen came weekly to sing in consort and to hear, and enjoy ale and tobacco; and after some time the audience grew strong, and one Ben Wallington got the reputation of a notable bass voice, who set up for a composer and hath some songs in print, but of very low excellence, and their music was chiefly out of Playfield's Catch Book. But this showed an inclination of the citizens to follow music. And the house was confirmed by many little entertainments the masters voluntarily made for their scholars, for, being known, they were always crowded. The next essay was of the elder Banister, who had a good theatrical vein, and in composition a lively style peculiar to himself. He procured a large room in Whitefriars, near the Temple back gate, and made a large raised box for the musicians, *whose modesty required curtains (1)*. The room was rounded with seats and small tables, ale-house fashion. One shilling was the price, and call for what you please. There

was very good music, for Banister found means to procure the best hands in towne, and some voices to come and performe there, and there wanted no variety of humour, for Banister himself did wonders on a flageolet to a thro' base, and the several masters had their solos. This continued full one winter, and more I remember not. There was a society of gentlemen of good esteem, whom I shall not name, for some of them, as I hear, are still living, that used to meet often for consort after Baptists' manner, and falling into a weekly course and performing exceeding well with bass violin, their friends and acquaintances were admitted, and by degrees, as the fame of the meeting spread, so many auditors came that their room was crowded, and to prevent that inconvenience, they took a room in a taverne in Fleet Street, and the taverner pretended to make formall seats and to take money, and then the society disbanded. But the taverner finding the sweets of vinting wine and taking money, hired masters to play, and made a pecuniary consort of it, to which, for the reputation of the music, numbers of people of good fashion and quality repaired. Masters of music, finding that money was to be got this way, determined to take the business into their own hands, and it proceeded so far that in York Buildings a fabrick was reared and furnished on purpose for public music. It was called the musick meeting, and all the quality and *beau monde* repaired to it; but the plan of this project was not so well lay'd as it ought to have been, for the time of their beginning was inconsistent with the park and the playhouses, which had a stronger attraction, and what was worse the masters' undertakers were a rope of sand, not under the rule or order of any one, and every one forward to advance his owne talents, and spiteful to each other, all which scandalized the company and poysoned the entertainment. Besides the whole was without designe or order; for one brings a set of fugues, another shows his gifts upon the violin, another sings, then a famous lutenist comes forward, and in this manner changes followed each other with a full cessation of musick between every one, and a gabble and a bustle while they changed places, whereas all entertainments of this kind ought to be projected as a drama, so as all the members shall uninterruptedly follow each other, and having a true connection, set off each other. It is no wonder that the playhouses got ground, and as they were better ordered, soon routed this music meeting. It had been strange if the gentlemen of the theatres had sate still all this while, seeing as they say a pudding creep, that is a violent inclination of the towne to follow music; therefore Betterton contrived a sort of plays which were called operas, but more properly speaking semi-operas, half

music, half drama." This was in 1676. An advertisement in the *London Gazette*, Jan. 23, 1692, refers to the concerts that were given in the room in York Buildings above mentioned. "These are to give notice that the musick, in which the Italian woman sings, will be held every Tuesday in York Buildings, and Thursdays in Freeman's Yard, Cornhill."

The "Italian woman" was one of those foreign vocalists who came over to this country after the accession of Charles II., and who set the example to English women of singing in public—a practice they had probably never before thought of. Thus we learn from Roger North, whose book by the way has been lately edited by Dr. Rimbault, that concert-giving originated in ale-houses, and that the Music-Halls and Theatres were quite as much opposed to each other in the 17th as they are in the 19th century.

If the Theatres could but again triumph over their ill-conditioned antagonists, it would assuredly be an advantage to the cause of Art and a benefit to the community at large. The Music-Halls encourage drinking. By an air of respectability, assumed as "a cloak to carry on the trade," families of the bourgeois class are induced to frequent them, and are thereby brought into social contact with the profligate and abandoned of both sexes. The performances given often outrage decency, and are a disgrace to the officials appointed by Government to watch over the moralities of our stage who sanction them. The licentiousness of the Haymarket is innocent compared with that of a subterranean apartment of the Alhambra, known as the Canteen, where fast men of the town congregate to cultivate the acquaintance of the ladies of the Ballet, who there assemble in their stage costumes.

The Alhambra! Was any building ever so perverted in its uses? Erected by a company of Quakers for the purposes of Science, it is now the haunt of Vice—a market for gay women—a place for the exhibition on the stage of indecent gestures and costumes which would go far to indicate a Phallic origin of the modern Comus. Every public performance has a tendency for good or evil. It is of quite as much importance that the amusements of the public should be properly regulated as that crime should be exposed and punished.

There seems to be too great a facility in obtaining licences for these places. The restrictions put upon managers of Theatres are severer than those to which they are subject. Surely this anomaly should not be allowed to continue. It is no longer a question of how far the Music-Halls interfere with the profits

of the Theatres, but of how far the entertainments they provide demoralise the public. That they have a debasing tendency cannot be denied by whoever has carefully considered the matter and watched impartially the means adopted to attract the audiences by which they are thronged. The subject is one deserving more serious attention than it has hitherto received at the hands of those who have the power of granting or refusing to grant dramatic and other licences.

But let us leave the Music-Halls, their clouds of tobacco-smoke and disagreeable odours, and get into the fresh air.

There is much more music going on elsewhere in our Fair—quite as pleasant to listen to, and far pleasanter to talk about.

There are two very large booths open close, almost too close, to each other. One of them, it might be supposed, would satisfy the exigencies of any public. But no, we Londoners are so fond of music, and summer music in particular, we must have two Italian Operas, although we have not good taste or common sense enough to keep open one theatre for the performance of English Opera. The two Italian managers are fighting a hard battle. It is war to the knife with them. A short time since it was thought they would shake hands, sign a treaty of peace, and while one retired with a handsome fortune, the other would reign supreme, and enjoy a campaign free from molestation, until some other rival took the field. The Fates were adverse, and bent upon keeping open the musical temples of Janus. The expenses of the war must be frightful. However advantageous to the public, the two managers must find it ruinous. No greater inducement to intending deserters than the offer of higher pay from the enemy. Not that the Italian mercenaries desert unless they can do so without danger to themselves; but they find the contest to their advantage, inasmuch as it enhances the value of their genius. It has been attempted three times during the last fifteen years to put an end to this musical warfare, and to establish an Italian Opera monopoly in London. All three attempts have failed; only one, however, could have attained the desired monopoly even had it succeeded. It was that made by Mr. Lumley in 1852, when he appealed to Parliament for a Royal Charter to carry on Her Majesty's Theatre. He tells the story of the project and its failure thus:—

“Early in the harassing season of 1852 I conceived the plan of forming an association for the purpose of carrying on the affairs of the Opera House—in other words, a joint-stock company to undertake the financial and speculative portion of the direction, whilst the management remained in the same hands. It was very evident that,



owing to a series of untoward circumstances, Her Majesty's Theatre was gradually succumbing; and the plan was conceived for the purpose of raising a sufficient sum, in shares, to clear the theatre from its liabilities, pay off the sum originally borrowed upon some of the 'property' boxes as they are called, and restore the famous 'old house,' freed from all incumbrances and hindrances, to eventual prosperity.

"In this design I was warmly and powerfully assisted by many influential noblemen and gentlemen. At that time, however, the 'Limited Liability' Bill had not passed, and it was discovered that, under the law of partnership as it then stood, it would be almost impracticable to arrive at any definite measures. Hence it was deemed advisable, and indeed indispensable, to appeal in the usual form for a 'Charter' to establish the association without incurring the dangers of unlimited liability. Opinions favourable to the project of a Royal Charter were obtained from the highest legal authorities, among which was that of Lord Lyndhurst; and armed with such powerful sanction, I pursued my efforts to obtain in the proper quarters the desired support to the incorporation of the Opera Association. The project having been bruited about, considerable opposition to the scheme was displayed in some of the papers known to be in the interests of the rival establishment. A cry of attempt at monopoly was raised, as against all the principles of free trade in a 'free trade' age and country. The logic of the arguments advanced on the occasion was not, however, by any means apparent. During the course of these active exertions (the episodes relating to which might fill a volume, could the story of the struggle between the two administrations of the Government and of the Opera, be considered worth narration *in extenso*), I had an interview with Mr. Cardwell, then Vice-President of the Board of Trade. By this gentleman I was listened to with the most exemplary patience, and my arguments apparently met with his assent.

"Mr. Cardwell, indeed, reminded me on this occasion of the stout Tory gentleman of remoter generation, who, in speaking of the eloquence of Charles Fox, remarked, 'He certainly has often convinced my judgment, but, I am proud to say, he has never influenced my vote.' The petitioner was obliged to depart from the interview without any promise, and eventually the Royal Charter was decidedly refused. The next course adopted was to obtain an Act of Parliament for the incorporation of the company. A Bill to meet the exigencies of the occasion was accordingly brought into the House, and it was soon made known to the public that 'Her Majesty's

Theatre Association Bill' had passed the Standing Orders Committee early in the year 1853. But, on the second reading, Mr. Cardwell, contrary to expectation (inasmuch as he was supposed to have sanctioned the appeal to Parliament), spoke against the Bill with much energy. The Bill was lost, and all hopes of re-establishing the fortunes of Her Majesty's Theatre by the proposed association fell to the ground. Considerable opposition was offered to the Bill on account of some informality which had taken place in passing it through the Committee on Standing Orders. 'It had been urged that, if the form were not dispensed with, the delay in bringing in the Bill would prevent the theatre opening that year. It was on the discussion of this point that one honourable member declared that the very argument would be a conclusive reason for insisting on the 'Order,' inasmuch as it would be a good thing if *all* theatres were closed."

And so Mr. Lumley's "little Bill" was lost. The second attempt to amalgamate the two Italian Operas was in 1865, when a company with limited liability was formed, or proposed to be formed. An energetic promoter, strongly impressed with the conviction of the great advantages that would accrue by both houses belonging to one proprietary, arranged with the Earl of Dudley to buy his lordship's interest in Her Majesty's Theatre, and with Mr. Gye to purchase the Opera House, Covent Garden, together with the Floral Hall and stock of scenery, costumes, armoury, music, furniture, fittings, &c. The arrangement with the Earl of Dudley was subject to a lease then running, the terms of which showed an interest of 10 per cent. upon the purchase-money.

It was stipulated with Mr. Gye that he should remain as manager for five years, during which period he guaranteed a minimum dividend of 8 per cent. upon the paid-up capital of the Company, its nominal capital being £350,000. When all was settled, it was thought advisable to defer the publication of the prospectus for a while—a delay which proved fatal to the scheme; the crisis came, and put an end to Limited Liability Companies, with or without guaranteed dividends, for ever. The history of the third attempt is found in Mr. Gye's prospectus of this season. The destruction of Her Majesty's Theatre led some enthusiastic financial authorities to believe that they could re-animate the ashes of "Limited Liability," and make that wonderful stalking-horse the means of drawing together the contending elements of the Italian Opera. They framed mysterious articles of association, containing clauses in direct antagonism to the intention of those who passed the glorious Act of '62; they

agreed to pay Mr. Gye what he asked, and Mr. Mapleson a great deal more than he expected—they did all this, and something more ; for they excited the ire of the newspaper writers, some of whom opposed the amalgamation, which ultimately failed, for the simple reason that it was overweighted and badly managed.

The Operas are consequently carrying on the war with greater vigour than ever. Considering the large sums each manager has (as a necessary result of the opposition) to pay his artists, it is marvellous that the undertakings prove at all remunerative. The sums demanded by singers and musicians in favour with the public are proverbially extravagant. A story is told of Paganini, who, when asked to play at Vauxhall Gardens, inquired how many people the place would hold.

"How many?" said the manager ; "that's almost impossible to say ; it's a large, open space."

"Well," replied the fiddler, nothing daunted, "how many will the large space contain when quite full?"

"Perhaps twenty thousand," said the manager.

"Ah! twenty thousand people ; and you charge how much?"

"Four shillings each."

"Four shillings each—twenty thousand four shillings make eighty thousand ; eighty thousand shillings, £4000. Well," continued Paganini, after making this calculation, aloud, "I will play at one concert for £3000, and you may have the other £1000 for yourself."

All artists are not quite so exacting as was the immortal violinist, although there are very few who are not fully aware of their own powers of attraction.

Besides the public concerts, festivals, and operas, there is other music going on in Vanity Fair which makes no little noise, and which is likewise influenced by the weather. Its performers indulge in part-singing, oratorios, and heavy music generally in the winter, and get up Italian scenas, ballads, and lighter compositions, in the summer time. Will you go with me to Lady Mortgage's "afternoon music," in Belgravia? It is a crowded assembly—a very crush—some of the guests are sitting on the stairs. Nearly all the fair sex present are in bonnets. One or two have thrown off their dainty head-gear—they are the amateurs, whose performance constitutes the "afternoon music."

The young lady at the pianoforte, talking to the accompanist, is a high soprano, very particular as to her runs and shakes. She is instructing the maestro, who seems half afraid of her. The stern-looking dame in the doorway, her maternal parent, peers round the room with an air as much as to say, "My daughter's going to sing ;

and if you talk I'll eat you." No fear, my dear madam ; your daughter's singing will command attention.

The heat is oppressive ; the fans in motion keep up a sort of æolian accompaniment to the amateur prima donna's vocal gymnastics. Her grand scena comes to an end at last, and the melting audience make themselves warmer by applauding.

They wait languidly for a flaxen-haired, blue-eyed damsel to sing an English song—the Patti of London society, possessing more true music in her little soul than the Patti of the stage can boast of. Behold the enchantress, as she is taken away from among her friends in the furthest corner of the room. The hostess leads her to the piano, at which, with the most artless simplicity and grace, she sits down, and accompanies herself in a song Sullivan has written for her. It is a treat to listen to such singing. With no apparent effort, the effect is that which only a sympathetic voice and pure artistic feeling can produce. All she does seems facile enough ; but compare her performance with that which is coming after, and you will soon acknowledge its superiority, even if her singing has not touched your heart, which I very much doubt. After the song comes a fashionable tenorino, with very little voice, but a great deal of affectation to make up for it.

He gets warm—sings out of tune, and makes a most extraordinary noise, unlike any other noise you ever heard, when trying to get out a high note. The "quack" makes him hotter, and he finishes his aria more or less in confusion. Lady Mortgage thanks him for the pleasure he has afforded her friends, and the tenorino believes, after all, he has distinguished himself. Then come some duets or trios, in which one of the singers is sure to blame the other inwardly, if not audibly, for having been a bar too soon or a bar too late. Some one is expected, who has not yet appeared. It is a *tenore di forza*, in the Civil Service, who at length shows himself.

Lady Mortgage rushes at him, playfully abuses him, and is determined he shall make amends for his want of punctuality. The tenore is made more of than would have been the case had he been up to time. *Il s'est fait désirer*, and does not regret it. A French song, from the "Spoilt Child," and a duet between him and the amateur Patti, terminate the "afternoon music." The hour for the park has come, and, as it is *de rigueur* for all true pleasure-seekers to idle away a certain number of hours during the day in that part of Vanity Fair, we will leave them to do so, there being, sad to say, very seldom any music in the park to listen to.

WALTER MAYNARD.

## MY LAST SESSION.

**T**HE EYDELS, of Eydel Court, are an old English family who, in the direct line, and through collateral branches, have been long and largely represented in both Houses of Parliament. We have never been noted for a punctual and regular attendance at St. Stephen's. I am regularly told, on the hustings, that I am no better than a *dilettante* legislator. I accept the description, and some day, when I have nothing else to do, I will undertake to show that *dilettanteism*—at least a considerable share of it—is essential to the pleasant and harmonious working of our parliamentary system. Mr. Fayrton and Mr. Gradgrind, for example, are by no means *dilettante* legislators. But conceive a House of Commons full of Fayrtons and Gradgrinds! Would it be a place for English gentlemen at all? Should we ever get through the business? For myself, I look in at question times—say half-past four to five—when there is anything interesting going on. I come in at ten o'clock, and stand at the bar on nights of great divisions. I always leave word with our "whips"—well, say nearly always—where I am to be found, and, with the help of a little prompting, I manage to put in an appearance in the right lobby on all critical occasions. You may say that it is my duty to be in my place all night, and to vote in every division, like Gradgrind. I don't see it. I might vote a little oftener, but I should always go with my party. If I went into the lobby on every division, the other branch of my family, who sit on the opposite side of the House, must do the same, and who would gain by it? We virtually pair off when the routine business of the session is going on, and where is the harm? If I heard every speech made by Mr. Fayrton and Mr. Gradgrind I should vote just the same. By going away we enable the men who have something to say, and do the work, to move up near the table, and get through the night with comfort. I tell you that *dilettante* legislation was recognised as a habit, if not a necessity, of our system of party government, by the Commission that gave Sir C. Barry his instructions for the present House of Commons. It was made large enough for nights of average attendance, and not so large as to make speaking too great a physical effort. When we go away after question-time the House be-

comes cool and pleasant. If on great nights two speakers of mark keep us from our dinner until after the usual hour, the atmosphere becomes close and oppressive, we become uncomfortable, irritable, and noisy, and the orators wax personal and quarrelsome, without knowing why.

Another time I will tell you why the House of Commons is so attractive to men of the most opposite tastes and pursuits. What you will be, I hope, concerned to hear is, that it is ceasing to be attractive to me. From *dilettanteism* I am perceptibly sinking into *pococuranteism*. The House is becoming no place for men of my name and family. The Committee work becomes more onerous and distasteful every year. Did you ever attend upon a Water Supply Bill for six weeks from twelve to four? Can you imagine what it is to sit upon an Election Committee through the Easter holidays? Would you like to be four hours in a crowded committee-room, on a hot day, listening to Mr. Prolix, Q.C., on a tough Railway Bill for settling the claims of debenture holders, preference shareholders Nos. 1, 2, and 3, and holders of ordinary stock? Or, say that in an evil hour, to oblige a personal friend, you give your name to a man who is making up a Select Committee on the audit of public accounts, or balances in the exchequer, or the possibility of drawing a taxable distinction between property and income; after hearing witnesses for two months, you report the evidence, and recommend the House to re-appoint you next session! If flesh and blood can stand such things, it is not the flesh and blood of me, EPICURUS EYDEL, of Eydel Court, Blankshire.

The House of Commons used to be a place in which an English gentleman could sit, without losing his self-respect. Is it so now? Will it be an assembly of gentlemen under the new order of things? Doubtful! I, at least, have had enough of it. This is my last session. Next year my place will "know me no more." I discern who my successor will be. He is a rich manufacturer, who has bought an estate in the county, and goes in for short-horns and high farming. I see him every week in the county papers, making speeches at Quarter Sessions and meetings of Bible societies, attending county balls, building a new church, and all that sort of thing. He has worked like a galley-slave all his life, and now you would think he would be glad to have a little rest and quiet. So he would; but his wife and daughters insist on his getting into Parliament. They think it gives them a stamp of gentility that money cannot buy. That is the history of half the fellows in the House. They don't care about it themselves, but the women of their families let them have no peace until they write "M.P." after their names. Talk about female suffrage and

woman's influence! The women are the real constituency of two-thirds of the members of the present House of Commons. It is almost too shocking to repeat, but it is these pure-minded and delicate creatures who insist upon the commission of all the bribery and corrupt practices which cause so much scandal, and give us so much trouble in the committee-rooms up-stairs.

"My dear, to get into Parliament I must spend a great deal of money, and bribe," says Mr. Bodmin Tolder to his better half, widow of the defunct Mr. Kinpeck.

"Pooh! Other people do it, why shouldn't you?" rejoins the lady, who is determined to be presented at Court, whether it is the Queen who holds the drawing-room or "only a princess."

I intend, before I leave St. Stephen's, to make some frightful revelations, I promise you, social and political.

As it is the last feather that breaks the camel's back, so my final and unalterable resolution to throw up my seat was arrived at on the Thursday in May that witnessed the acrimonious, profitless wrangling on Mr. Sinclair Aytoun's No-Popery Resolution. How I came to sit it all out, is to me incomprehensible, seeing how inexpressibly wearied and *ennuyé* it left me. Various theories are afloat at the club: one is that I was waiting for Lady Gertrude, who had promised to come down to the ladies' gallery; another, that in an unguarded moment I promised one of our whips not to leave the House; a third, that I have some troublesome anti-Maynooth men in my county, and was determined to master all the ins and outs of the question. There is some colour of truth in all these. My misery is, that Lady Gertrude did not come; that the "whip" miserably deceived me by telling me the debate would be over in an hour; and that I did want to know what answer to make about Maynooth. But the House was so hot and close, that we all became noisy and irritable before the debate had gone on for an hour. Then came personal recriminations, appeals to the Chairman on points of order, appeals to Aytoun to withdraw his Resolution, appeals to the Premier to stop the discussion, as not being within the spirit of the reference. Newdegate spoke nine times that night, with more than his usual solemnity; and at every pause in the debate Whalley and Darby Griffith tried to strike in! What with motions, amendments, cross amendments, riders to resolutions, and pendants to resolutions, the confusion became worse confounded; so that, after the second division, you might have carried me home on a shutter. When he left the House that night, EPICURUS EYDEL went through with himself the mental process of accepting the Chiltern Hundreds, and breathed more freely.

I don't expect any one to read this paragraph ; I am sure I should not read it myself. But hearing is so different from reading ; and people, so far as I see, are so much more affected by what they *hear* than by what they *read*. A motion on the paper may seem abstruse and difficult to comprehend ; but after you have heard Disraeli and Gladstone, and after one or two side-lights are thrown upon it from below the gangway, it is astonishing how clear it becomes to the stupidest fellow in the House. Thus, I could have sworn I understood all the ins and outs of the debate on Aytoun's Resolution ; but to make other people understand it is a very different affair, and to make them read it is beyond my art. However, I will try. Aytoun, then, a Scotch Liberal, moves the following Resolution :— "That when the Anglican Church in Ireland is disestablished and disendowed, the grant to Maynooth and the *Regium Donum* shall be discontinued ; and that no part of the secularised funds of the Anglican Church, or any State funds whatever, be applied in any way, or under any form, to the endowment or furtherance of the Roman Catholic religion in Ireland, or to the establishment or maintenance of Roman Catholic denominational schools or colleges."

Mr. Whitbread suggests that the first half of the Resolution, referring to the disendowment of Maynooth and the discontinuance of the *Regium Donum*, should be passed, and the latter half omitted.

Aytoun's Resolution having been negatived on a division, and Whitbread's amendment having been put as a substantive motion, Mr. Gladstone moves the addition of the words, "due regard being had to all personal interests," so as to insure liberal compensation to the professors of Maynooth and the Presbyterian ministers receiving the *Regium Donum*. So far all is pretty clear ; but now come the cross-amendments.

The phrase in Aytoun's Resolution, "or any State funds whatever," gives rise to misconception, if not misrepresentation. He offers to leave out these words, and also the words "Roman Catholic" in the latter half of the Resolution, and to insert other words, so as to make it apply generally to "other religious bodies," and to the maintenance of "any denominational schools." But the member for Kirkcaldy is conciliatory too late. The Chairman announces that no alteration can be made in the Resolution after Whitbread's amendment has been moved ; and Aytoun's Resolution is thrown out, by 198 to 85. Whereupon Mr. Greene (Bury St. Edmund's) interposes between Mr. Whitbread's Resolution and the Committee by moving a rider, which would have carried out Aytoun's Resolution as he would have been willing to modify it—namely,



prohibiting the application of the funds of the disestablished Church in Ireland to the endowment of any other religious communities. Mr. Greene is outvoted by 132 to 97; and then Mr. Whitbread's Resolution, as amended by Mr. Gladstone, is agreed to. Here it is, and it is the net result of five or six hours' altercation, invective, and personal recriminations:—"That when legislative effect shall have been given to the first Resolution respecting the Established Church of Ireland, it is right and necessary that the grant to Maynooth and *Regium Donum* be discontinued, due regard being had to all personal interests."

This is a mere skeleton of the subject matter of debate. The abstract question at issue was dry enough, and had no novelty to recommend it. But heat and acrimony were imparted to the discussion by the party and political interests involved. The first business of the night was the passing of Mr. Gladstone's second and third Resolutions, as "natural corollaries" of the first. They were so momentous, amounting to what Sir George Grey not long ago called a "Revolution," that the House might well have adjourned immediately afterwards, and gone home to ponder on the importance of the step it had taken. A niggling debate afterwards on a mere point of detail seemed to jar upon one's sense of the fitness of things. Besides, the Irish Church is not yet disestablished, and to get into a wrangle about what shall be done with its funds when it is, naturally appeared, to the Opposition at least, eminently profitless, unseemly, and premature. All the machinery of private remonstrance was therefore resorted to, and this being done in view of the whole House, the Ministerial side of the House see before them bodily proofs of the divisions and distractions in the Opposition camp, and become proportionately elated. Thus, while Mr. Aytoun is speaking, Mr. Bright leaves his seat below the gangway to confer, first with Mr. Chichester Fortescue, and then with Mr. Gladstone, on the line to be taken in answer to the Scotch Marplot. Later in the debate, when the Irish Liberals rise and resent the motion as an insult, the Westminster philosopher leaves his seat in order, as it appears, to persuade Mr. Aytoun to withdraw his motion. The latter sits on a back bench, four or five seats distant from the gangway, and Mr. Mill, the bench being full, has to lean in a constrained position over several members, who thus, in spite of themselves, listen to the colloquy, and have occasion to admire the Scotch member's firmness or obstinacy. In talking to Mr. Aytoun, Mr. Mill turns his back on the chair, and as standing in the gangway is against rule, a cry of "Order!" is set up, and so loudly and persistently maintained, that Mr. Cogan follows

the eyes of the Ministerialists to see who is out of order. The exclamations continue until the members near Mr. Mill remind him that the cries are aimed at him, and amid some laughter he resumes his seat, and Mr. Cogan resumes his protest against the Resolution.

I should not like to have been in Mr. Dodson's chair that night. The Chairman of Committees has sometimes duties to discharge quite as difficult as those of the Speaker, and he had a tough bit of work before him on that Thursday. First, Mr. Ayrton wants to know whether, as we are in committee on the Established Church, we can suddenly turn ourselves into committee on the Irish Presbyterian Church and the Roman Catholic Church? A Chairman of Committees, like a Speaker, must carry the House with him, and Mr. Dodson answers cautiously and tentatively, that the Resolution as a whole is sufficiently within the terms of the reference to warrant the Committee in entertaining it. The Resolution might be inconvenient, but was not out of order. A little while afterwards he is asked to say whether the words "State funds" must not be struck out of the Resolution. Gathering courage, he now expresses a stronger opinion than before that the present is not a convenient time or opportunity to raise the question brought on by Mr. Aytoun, but that this is for the Committee to decide. *The deus ex machinâ* could only be the leader of the House, and he sits with folded arms, like one of the gods of Lucretius. Still later the Chairman interposes to prevent a counterpart of Mr. Aytoun's from being proposed, in other words, by Mr. Lamont, after the House has rejected Aytoun's Resolution. The cries of "Chair! Chair!" "Order! Order!" are again and again renewed during the evening, and Mr. Dodson does not find it easy to hold his own.

The debate would have been dry and technical to an intolerable degree but for the slashing hand-to-hand encounters with which it was enlivened. It came nearer to one's notion of what our transatlantic brethren call a "free fight," than anything we have had for a long time. Sometimes a lively little duel was got up between two members of the Opposition; anon repartees and sarcasms flew across the table like hail. Serjeant Gaselee, eccentric and earnest beyond any one in the House, made play by raising a laugh at Ayrton's expense, hinting that he was now deep in Mr. Gladstone's counsels, "and probably had a place carved out for him in any new administration." We all remember the spiteful attacks made by the member for the Tower Hamlets upon Mr. Gladstone, when the latter sat upon the Treasury Bench. But all this is changed. There was talk of a Ministerial candidate for the Tower Hamlets at the next election;

after which, by a singular coincidence, Ayrton relents in his opposition, goes to Mr. Gladstone's meetings as a member of the Liberal party, and is *the* member of the Opposition, of whom it may be the most surely predicted that he expects to have something when Gladstone "comes in." So Gaselee's "hit" was highly appreciated, and we had a laugh at Ayrton's expense.

But the member for the Tower Hamlets is irrepressible, and the next passage-at-arms is between him and the Premier. The Liberals feel all the awkwardness of the discussion so inconveniently, if not irregularly, precipitated by Mr. Aytoun. The Chairman will not interpose to stop it, but he gives every encouragement to the Prime Minister to do so, and all but invites him to interfere. But it does not suit Mr. Disraeli to take the hint. It is nowhere forbidden to a party leader to profit from the bickerings and disunion of his adversaries. Mr. Disraeli sits unmoved, with his features composed into their most passive and indifferent expression, until the division on Mr. Aytoun's Resolution, when he walks out of the House, amid ironical cries from the Opposition, accompanied by all the Cabinet Ministers sitting with him. He does not return for an hour and a half; and as the confusion, the tumult, and the cries of "Order!" deepen, Mr. Ayrton tries to make a little political capital out of the Premier's absence.

Ayrton's favourite vein is the softly sarcastical. He devours a victim like a boa constrictor, first licking him and covering him all over with rhetorical saliva, and then slowly accomplishing the act of deglutition. The Committee, he said, were discussing and deciding a very important question in the absence of her Majesty's Ministers. It was pleasant to us to remember that there was what was conventionally called a leader of the House, although he hinted it would be pleasanter if he were there to discharge his functions. The Opposition cheered, and some subordinate ran off to find the Premier, and let him know what was going on. Before Ayrton sits down, and while he is still sarcastically adverting to the Premier's absence, that personage quietly enters the House from behind the Speaker's chair, and takes his seat amid Ministerial cheers.

Disraeli's reply to Ayrton is one of the happiest examples of the light, fleering, bantering style of which he is the greatest living master. While excusing himself for not thrusting himself before the House on every occasion, he is of course talking at Ayrton, not without an occasional significant glance at Gladstone. He draws a picture of what would happen "if I were to take every opportunity of speaking on every subject, and if I were to thrust myself upon the House on

every possible occasion." "No doubt (he adds) when the hon. member for the Tower Hamlets has arrived at the position of leader of this House—(loud laughter)—the House will find in him a more rigid regulator of their duties than the gentleman who now tries to fulfil the duties which have fallen to his lot." The Ministerial benches give Mr. Ayrton a derisive cheer, and satisfy themselves that he has not taken much by his attack upon their absent leader. Warming to his work, the First Minister goes on to chaff the fellows opposite in splendid style. "What does the Résolution mean? That which I always contemplated. *There has been a quarrel for the plunder.*" The Conservative benches cheer with ecstasy. As he sits down the unlucky member for the Tower Hamlets catches it again. "I am still of opinion that the manner in which I attempt to perform my duties is preferable to that ideal which the hon. member has presented to the House."

Parliamentary debating is like that school-game in which a boy runs off towards a goal, followed by another whose duty it is to touch him. The great art is to send, after the boy who makes the running, one who can just overtake him, so that there may be no waste or surplusage of power. Stafford Northcote, in the next personal encounter, makes the running, and as the Opposition leader himself dashes after him, he is of course easily caught. Sir Stafford makes some observations respecting the course pursued by the supporters of the disestablishment of the Irish Church, when Mr. Gladstone, somewhat contemptuously, reminds him of the speech in which he intimated his intention, and that of the Government, to offer the most persistent opposition to the three great Resolutions since affirmed—how he would oppose the first Resolution; how, if that were carried, he would oppose the second Resolution; and how, after the second, he would oppose the third Resolution. "It seems, however (says Mr. Gladstone, with lofty disdain), that the political exigencies which came upon my right hon. friend, made the redemption of those pledges inconvenient, and we need not be surprised if a little of his pent-up matter has irregularly vented itself in the present discussion." Master Gladstone has decidedly "touched" Master Stafford Northcote, and his friends cheer and laugh at his expense, as heartily as the Ministerialists had just before cheered and laughed at the expense of Mr. Ayrton.

A third duello between Sir G. Grey and Mr. Disraeli is more in the nature of a drawn battle. Sir G. Grey has been a long time absent from the House, partly from illness, and partly, as it was thought, because, like Sir Roundell Palmer, he could not go heartily

with his party on their Irish Church policy. He has, however, returned, and there has certainly been no apparent want of cordiality in his support of Mr. Gladstone. He administers a sharp rebuke to Mr. Disraeli for not supporting Mr. Dodson in his declaration that the spirit of Mr. Aytoun's observation was contrary to the terms of the reference to the Committee. The Premier retorts: "The right hon. gentleman has been unfortunately for a long time absent from our discussions, and that is really the only way I can account for the wild observations he has made." So far the defence was not quite equal to the attack, and the Opposition throws its shield over Sir George by cries of "Oh!" and interruptions, which the Premier describes as "sounds having neither logic nor language."

After several hours spent in these exhausting and acrimonious discussions, the sitting was fitly terminated by a scene of fierce personal invective and unseemly recrimination. On the motion for reporting the Resolutions, Mr. Disraeli cannot resist the temptation of saying that the course taken by the Liberals can only end in confusion. This "parting shot" is resented by the Opposition as uncalled for and offensive, and "words of heat" are exchanged between Mr. Bright and the First Minister which both probably have since regretted. Each makes a memorable hit—Mr. Bright when he denounces the "man who could put his sovereign in the front (enthusiastic Opposition cheers, again and again renewed) of a struggle like this;" and the Premier when, in replying to the accusation of the member for Birmingham, that he had "talked at large" of his interview with Her Majesty, "with a mixture of pompousness and servility," he rejoins:—"I am in the memory and feeling of gentlemen on both sides of the House—and fortunately there are *gentlemen* on both sides of the House." This is said with marked emphasis on the word "gentlemen," and a glance at his assailant which calls forth vehement Ministerial cheers. All the ice and artificiality of the Premier's manner vanish as, in reference to the painful inuendo that he had "deceived his sovereign," he challenges Mr. Bright to come down to the House and "substantiate any charge of the kind he has only presumed to insinuate." For once Mr. Disraeli is thoroughly roused and thoroughly in earnest. There is a perennial charm in spontaneity and earnestness; and I shall close this paper with a prophesy, that there are heights and depths of feeling and passion within Mr. Disraeli's reach as an orator which will be developed in future Parliaments, when I shall be no longer "there to see."

## CELADON.



UR Celadon? He of the apple cheek  
And soft, girl eyes? Nay, but he had a heart  
Chivalric both in tenderness and strength,  
And might have played in life a hero's part.  
He loved the Marquise with the radiant hair,  
Bright with that moonlight tint of virgin gold :  
He loved her as a Bayard might have loved,—  
The story is a sad one, simply told.

The raging West had flamed itself to dust  
And throbb'd in dying embers, as he lay  
Beyond the satin smoothings of her robe ;  
His face a ghost's, and yet his laugh was gay.  
She did not mark the trouble in his eyes,  
Or how he stifled agony in jest ;  
But she was quick to note when, as he rose,  
There fell a crumpled letter from his breast !

She saw it, and she saw the furtive snatch  
That follow'd. "Do you bring me a surprise—  
A poem—lucent verse——?" He closed his hand :  
A letter, and he hid it from her eyes !  
"Tis nothing—nothing." "Show it me," she cried ;  
"I do not doubt, but——" Back her hand he thrust.  
"I cannot." "No? And wherefore?" "Let us say,  
Because in love, trust merits equal trust."

Her bitten lip shot out. "Trust merits trust,  
But I may not be trusted? Is it so?"  
"To-morrow, if I live or die," he said :  
But she rose up in scorn, and bade him go !  
"And if to-morrow serve, why not to-night ?  
You dare not show it me !" He did not speak,  
But gazed at her dismayed, and groaned, and went,—  
Nor saw her swoon, nor heard her stifled shriek.

All wearily dragged on the summer night,  
Till the low clouds let in a sullen dawn :  
The Marquise had not slept, and now she heard  
Voices and footsteps on the shaven lawn,  
And darted to her window. There, beneath,  
Lay Celadon, and from a wound there welled  
His heart's-blood ; but, shut tightly in the clutch  
Of his dead hand, the letter yet he held !

That showed her all. Showed that a sneering lip  
Had made a Salon merry with her name,  
Till Celadon had scored the slanderer's face  
With a red welt,—and so a challenge came.  
That letter held it ! He had known his fate.  
Known there had come an end of love and youth,  
Yet had lain there and jested at her feet,  
And made her merry, and withheld the truth !

“ For if I live,” he thought, “ she will not grieve ;  
And if I die, too soon her tears will flow ;  
And it were shame a man's last hours were spent  
In torturing a loving heart with woe.”  
So, knowing well the end, he met his fate :  
Bearing the pang of her mistrust he went.  
It had been his—brave heart !—to clear her name  
And spare her tears,—and he was well content.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

## AMONG THE PICTURES.

### PART I.

**M**AY is the picture-month *par excellence* in London. Our exhibition walls break into flower then as freely as our shrubberies and parterres. For a while society goes picture-seeing; private views are overcrowded; spring fashions come out nowhere so showily as in the picture galleries; dinner-table chat is of pictures; even the daily papers give a modicum of their columns to art-notice. For a while, any one descending suddenly on the metropolis would say that our life was largely leavened with love of art or interest in it, and that the verdict which pronounced London the most inartistic capital in Europe was not borne out by the evidence. The writer would be glad if he durst found such a conclusion on what this period of the season shows us. But he dares not do so, in face of an experience that extends over the whole twelvemonths of more years than he cares to count. What prevails just at this time seems to him, speaking from such experience, to be an interest less in pictures than in picture-shows; not in art, as such, but in art as connected with the rivalries, controversies, social claims, connections, antipathies, acquaintanceships, personalities of the moment; which in fact deals with art and artists, rather as pegs for gossip than as helps to edification or delight, the glorification or culture of England, or even of London. The spirit at the bottom of far the greater part of the concern shown about art in what is called "Society," is, it is feared, either one of sordidness, frivolity, or snobbishness; the spirit of the shop looking for an investment, or the spirit of curiosity seeking for a sensation, the former ignoring all qualities that cannot be reduced to "*£ s. d.*," the latter rather *blasé* than believing, rather given to sneer and criticise and assume a superiority of the public over the painter, than to admit or enjoy the influence of his work. There are few experiences more painful than to listen to the remarks upon the pictures at the private-views of the Academy, which are supposed to be attended by the *élite* of society and connoisseurship. For one word on these occasions implying respect or sympathy, hearty admiration, or condemnation based on love or respect for art, you will hear a hundred inspired by languid impertinence,



shallow cynicism, readiness to pick holes, and the ambition to appear clever and smart. What educated English people, or those who claim to be educated, seem to be deficient in, judging by the tone of the private-view public, is not so much a nice sense of discrimination between good and bad art, as any sense at all that there *is* an art which is grave and noble, having the right, by virtue of its nobleness, to claim the homage of those who have reached the level from which alone it can be appreciated, instead of being amenable to the ready sneer or question of *blasé* fine ladies and gentlemen, or thoughtless sayers or scribblers of would-be smart things.

In a word, if London may be taken as a sample, and it ought to be rather above than below the level of England in such a matter, seriousness and reverence are alike wanting to the tone of English society on the subject of art, and the want is made only the more apparent by the exceptional prominence assumed by pictures and picture-shows in the month of May.

A conviction of this unpleasant kind has led the present writer to the conclusion that the most useful function of the English art-critic, is to guide rather to the recognition of excellence, than to the perception of short-coming: to inculcate respect and appreciation, by selecting for notice works which deserve these, rather than resistance and objection, by attacking what is weakest in good work, or what is obviously bad altogether; and in doing this to have regard to the conditions of the time, not applying inappropriate standards, but as far as possible enlarging the sphere of appreciation, and judging works by the tests they challenge, where there is no distinct baseness or unworthiness of aim. Were criticism thoroughly trustworthy, both as respects honesty of intention and capacity of judgment, silence on the part of the critic would, in most cases, be a sufficiently emphatic verdict of disapproval, unless where the faults to be censured are in the works of those who proclaim themselves teachers, or are coupled with excellences engendering a popularity in the light of which the bad is apt to be confounded with the good,—nay, to be even imitated by young artists, who seeing the success ascribe it as often to what is bad as to what is good in the work they mimic or resort to for inspiration.

It must be admitted that art is not fortunate in its official organs. The speeches at Academy dinners, and other festivals in which the accredited representatives of art are prominent, have usually an unpleasant smack of self-satisfaction, along with a querulous or contemptuous tone of protest against criticism,—without care to discriminate between capable and incapable criticism, or that which is

inspired by worthy and that which is distorted by unworthy motives,—and a disposition to insist upon mere prestige and dignity, on royal recognition or social support, as grounds of respect for art and artists, rather than on their importance in national culture, and the serious part they ought to play in the education, no less than the embellishment, of individual and national life.

Art, as officially organised in the Academy at this moment, sadly wants its Reynolds,—some representative fitted to dignify its intellectual and national status; at once capable of raising the aims of young artists, and of adequately setting forth the claims of art on the nation.

The object of the present papers is not to attempt an exhaustive summary of what is worth attention among the pictures or exhibitions now competing for attention in London, but rather to point out some general characteristics of English painting, and in selecting examples for observation from exhibitions now open, to apply the theory above stated, that the most profitable function, on the whole, of criticism at this time, is to guide people to the recognition of excellence, and to exorcise the evil spirits of bad art in the name of those spirits of good art,—reverence and sympathy.

This year the Academy celebrates its hundredth birthday. Its list of members and officers was sanctioned by George III. on the 10th of December, 1768, and its first general meeting was held on the 14th of the same month. Its first exhibition opened on the 26th of April and closed on the 27th of May, 1769. It is curious to contrast exhibition matters then and now. The number of works of all kinds exhibited in 1769 was 136, and the receipts at the door were 699*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* The artists had had an annual exhibition for eight years before this, first in the great room of the Society of Arts, and then in Spring Gardens. Even after the Academy exhibition was opened, the Incorporated Society of Artists, whose charter dates from 1765, (and in a secession from which the Academy originated), held a rival exhibition for many years, but it was unable to hold its own against the Academy, and after many changes of habitation, and fitful intermissions, seems to have given up the struggle about 1790. The same failure has attended, and seems likely to attend, every attempt to set on foot a society of artists and an exhibition in rivalry of the Royal Academy. Whatever may be the dissatisfaction with it, among artists or outsiders, and one hears a great deal very vehemently expressed, and by no means without strong grounds, it has taken too deep root to be dispossessed, and in so far as the interests of Art are to be forwarded through an organised institution, the Royal Academy

seems to be that institution ; and the efforts of all friends of Art can, it is conceived, in no way be so usefully directed as in developing, strengthening, and popularising the Royal Academy, above all in eliminating the mischiefs arising from a narrow system of selection, and very imperfectly organised schools.

What the founders of the Royal Academy proposed as their principal object,\* was "the establishment of well-regulated schools of design, where students in the Art may find that instruction which hath so long been wanted and so long wished for in this country." After describing the machinery proposed for this end, models, casts, nine visiting academicians to attend the schools in rotation, professors of painting, architecture, anatomy, and perspective, and a library of reference, the paper we quote from proceeds—"And that the effect of this truly royal institution may be conspicuous to the world, there will be an annual exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and designs, open to all artists of distinguished merit, where they may offer their performances to public view, and acquire that degree of fame and encouragement which they shall be deemed to deserve."

One part of its programme, at least, the Academy has carried out. Whatever may be the defects of its schools, its exhibition has been a complete success, above all by money measure. We have seen what the receipts were the first year. From this meagre total, which for many years increased so slowly that the gap between the income and the outlay of the Academy had more than once to be filled up by donations from the king, the sum received at the doors has gradually grown till it is understood to exceed 10,000*l.* But that which was in the original intention collateral—the annual exhibition—has overbalanced that which was the primary object of the Academy, the schools. Beyond teaching drawing, and that imperfectly, these most poorly supply the means of artistic instruction. It remains to be seen how far these deficiencies are likely to be supplied in the new and more commodious quarters of the Academy at Burlington House. Nor is the professorial part of the Academy's work much better done, to judge by what the public see or hear of it, than that of the schools. But what the Academy *has* done, is to organize a picture-show, which is now visited during the season by more than 200,000 people, which brings the institution a large annual income, and supplies a capital shop for the sale of pictures, particularly for those who, by virtue of

\* See a paper in the "Annual Register" for December 1768, probably from the hand of Reynolds, through that of Burke.

the title of academician or associate, can secure admission and good hanging for their works, and so reap the benefit of that prestige which largely enhances the money value of pictures in a market where buyers are guided more by name and fame than real appreciation. By its dispensation of titles, and its social prestige, and by offering marked advantages to its members above those it gives the whole body of exhibitors in its attractive picture-mart, the Academy has drawn into its ranks most of the clever painters of the century, with a few notable exceptions. In the beginning its power of absorbing ability exceeded the supply of it. All young artists of promise, and many of little ability, became associates, to become in due time academicians. But of late years the number of artists and the average of ability have both risen, till the Academy is unable to find room for those who have every right that merit can give to its honours and advantages, and to this may be attributed no little of the loudly expressed dissatisfaction with it, which is fed, besides, by the marked neglect of landscape-painters in the distribution of academic honours, and by the yearly exclusion of many pictures of merit from the Exhibition, owing to insufficiency of space. It would be too much to demand of Academicians who can assert proprietary rights, as well as those of merit, in their exhibition room, to waive their claim to the "line."<sup>a</sup> It is therefore consolatory to learn that in the new quarters of the Academy the exhibition rooms will be large enough to hang, and hang well, all the pictures not excluded on the score of demerit.

Under existing conditions, it is painful to hear, year after year, of pictures of the rarest quality excluded from exhibition. As examples of this hardship, may be mentioned two excluded pictures of this year, a "Medea at her Incantations," by F. Sandys, and a "View of Goring Lock," by Alfred Hunt; the one a masterpiece of tragic expression and weird beauty, as well as of consummate and consistent finish; the other a landscape in oil of as exquisite a quality as the lovely drawing by the same painter of the same subject in this year's exhibition of the old Water Colour Society. In their respective schools and styles, it is little to say that there is nothing in the Exhibition better than these pictures. They are works which would have done honour to the best Academy Exhibition ever got together.

There may be other cases of hardship little less startling than

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<sup>a</sup> It is worth observing that notwithstanding the enormous increase in the number of painters and of pictures sent for exhibition, the Academicians still maintain their original privilege of sending eight works, having the first claim to the best places.

these ; but I mention them because I have seen, and can testify to the excellence of, these pictures. When one sees the works hung on the line by virtue of the privilege accorded to Academicians and Associates, and the large and commonplace portraits which eat up so much of the Academy walls, it is no wonder that the painters of rejected pictures like these should be embittered and sick at heart, and, for the moment, driven not only to disaffection to the Academy, but almost to despair. The feeling of landscape-painters towards the Academy is, not unnaturally, one of profound distrust and dissatisfaction ; and it has operated most mischievously on the whole class, crushing hope in most, and driving some to seek a refuge in the water colour societies, in despair of recognition from an Academy which has not elected a single landscape-painter since Creswick.

It is to be hoped that we are on the way to escape from both these forms of injustice and hardship. The one will be greatly diminished, if not altogether removed, by the increase of space at Burlington House. The other will, we doubt not, be broken down in time, by the influence of the Associates' vote at elections. At the same time, the distrust of that vote is not unlikely to harden the hearts of the more bigoted advocates of the *status quo* in the Academy against that indefinite extension of the number of associations, which in theory they have agreed to.

Nothing is more remarkable in our Academy exhibitions than the continually increasing proportion of good and interesting work contributed by young painters outside of the academic pale. The interest of exhibitions is now every year more and more dependent upon the contributions of such outsiders, than on those of academicians, who continuing to paint and to occupy "the line" long after they have ceased to paint well, if they ever did so, lay themselves open to inevitably invidious comparisons, which they as inevitably attribute to spite, and anti-academic prejudice.

The recent development of pains and painting power in the younger school of English painters, admitting all the faults due to excess, bad taste, and imperfect education, is astonishing. This is certainly not the result of academic teaching. It is rather the fruit of revolt from it, and dates from the introduction of that exact study of outward nature, and that application of thought and reading to art which accompanied the spring of Pre-Raphaelitism—a school which received its chief impulse from the reaction in some earnest and audacious spirits against academic convention and unreality ; and which, even if it have passed away as a school, has left behind it influences and habits which have renovated English painting.

Two tendencies are marked in the best art of our time—one to realisation, literalness, and careful making out of all that forms part of a picture; the other to the fashions, feelings, usages, and literature of the past—mediæval rather than classical, or where classical, usually seen through mediæval spectacles.

It would seem as if repulsion from the sordid material aspect of the money-making and hard-working life about them had driven imaginative and susceptible minds to a picturesquer and more dramatic past, while yet the leaning to realisation, which is one of the mental mainsprings of the time, urges them to people and clothe that past in the most matter-of-fact, carefully-studied, and detailed way. Never have our painters been such studious and serious archæologists as they are now. Never have they tried so earnestly to identify themselves with the spirit of the legends or the chronicles they ransack for subjects. Apart from the excesses of some eccentric men, or affecters of eccentricity, never was there apparent in the art, at least among the younger generation of painters, a spirit, one would suppose, so capable of being turned to account in good historic work. In this kind of work is the true point of contact between the apparently contradictory craving for actualities and the conditions of the picturesque, but the circumstances of the time and the absence of public commissions, confine our historic painters to anecdotic rather than epic subjects, and cabinet rather than life size.

We have nothing, or next to nothing, corresponding to the employment which in France is supplied to the painter, in the shape of church decoration, in Paris, and in the works of the Louvre and Versailles, as well as in public commissions, religious and secular, for provincial capitals. A few painters, Maclise, Herbert, Cope, and E. M. Ward, have commissions for wall-pictures in the Houses of Parliament, but what are they among so many? If such work were wanted in larger quantity, it may be questioned if our artists, accustomed to the small scale, careful elaboration, and detailed design of cabinet pictures, could meet the demand for a bolder, swifter, and simpler style. It is certain that whatever power of this kind may be latent in our school—and I believe it exists—would have to be elicited at some expense of failure, and by some very tentative process of selection.

It is not fair, then, to be annoyed or astonished at the non-appearance in our exhibitions of a kind of work for which there is no effective demand. But till there is a demand for such work—either national, through the central government; or municipal, through our great trading corporations, companies, or town councils—the gravest

and noblest function still left for Art in a Protestant country is denied to the painter, and the highest capabilities for large commemorative, or decorative painting which there may be among us must lie dormant, or can only express themselves indirectly, imperfectly, and as it were in masquerade. There has never been a time when so much money is being spent for pictures by merchants, traders, and manufacturers. If this expenditure sprang more from the real love of Art and less from ostentation and the impression that pictures, besides being an ornament and a credit to a man's house while he has them, are a good investment, should he find it necessary to "realise" the money he has put into this particular "article," we might wonder that so little is done in the way of municipal employment for painters; that the town halls and exchanges of our great centres of traffic and manufacture are not decorated with such wall-pictures as Baron Leys is now executing for the Town Hall of Antwerp, illustrative of local history or the staple commerce, crafts, or inventions of the place. What a series, for example, might not be made—by such a painter as Maclise, or John Phillip, had he been living, or John Gilbert, or many others who might be suggested—out of the history of commerce as connected with Liverpool, the cultivation and shipment of tropical produce, the slave trade and emigration? Or in Manchester, out of the history of the cotton trade, and the inventions it has called into being; Arkwright's struggles and disappointments; Watt's first essays; the machine-breaking of the Luddites; and such points of local history as the passage of the Pretender through Manchester, in 1745; or the Peterloo massacre, or a gathering of the Anti-Corn-Law League under Cobden and Bright?

TOM TAYLOR.

## COURT COSTUME,

AS IT WAS, IS, AND OUGHT TO BE.



A NATION we are not to be complimented upon our taste in dress. "British Costume," if it can be so called, for many centuries past has been but a reflex of that of other countries—latterly of France in particular—very few features originating with us. Costume and fashion are two different things; the one being a creation of nature to supply a want,—governed by produce and temperature;—the other by the vagaries of the brain, too often violating the demands of climate, and little heeding its produce. Fashions are followed, but costumes are heir-looms from the Middle Ages; whilst, in fashions—the most modern,—we often see the forms of remote antiquity. Of costume in England,—purely national,—there has been nothing, unless the coats of paint in which the Romans found us, at the time of Julius Cæsar, can be called garments. Nor can we, like nearly every other nation, point to the dress of

"A bold peasantry its country's pride."

Smock frocks and ankle jacks have a British character, but look sorry things beside Breton, Basque, or Helvetian costumes. Certainly Ireland can show but little, if we except the frieze coat with cape, cord smalls with strings undone, and battered hat with flabby brim, too often decorated with a black cutty pipe—in lieu of a feather. Pat with all his patriotism shows a lamentable love of superfine broad cloth, and is never so happy as when cased in the cast-off garments of his Saxon oppressor. Scotland alone, of all the three kingdoms, exhibits a glorious independence in her Highland costume, a dress remarkably characteristic, beautiful, and unique. So highly is this dress thought of by our Gallic neighbours, that I



have heard them declare all Paris would turn out to see a kilted regiment march down the boulevards. The wonder they created in 1815 has not subsided.

Until the days of "Good Queen Bess" we burned wood; then England was merry England: our garments gay, the sky clear, showing "the Briton" on the tailor's sign (as in the initial), nude, but bearing in one hand a pair of shears, and in the other divers cloths of varied hues. Then there were no court costumes, and black was rare, only finding general favour in Puritan times, when sea-coal had become common. The sombre colour and its formal belongings had, no doubt, a corresponding gloomy effect upon the national character.

The costume of Louis XV., as it came to us in the days of the early Georges, remains to this day the ceremonial, or court dress of the English gentleman, the diplomat, and general usher; before that time it was the custom, as now in other courts, to appear in the ordinary guise of officials or dignitaries. This costume bears the main features of the period 1700, though in a degenerate form, being certainly not the best period of the eighteenth century, though it only requires a little regenerating and reforming to make it effective; a duty, we should venture to hint worthy of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who has shown some interest in practical matters of dress—even upon his royal person,—appearing at *soirées*, in a blue coat with bright brass buttons, a refreshing protest against conventionality. His Royal Highness has, we understand, tried velvet, a rich material, that would be very becoming, if cut and fashioned in harmony with the rules of proportion, and contrast, which consist of a judicious disposition of tight and loose portions, opposition of colour, or dull and glassy surfaces. Costumes and uniforms might gain much from the artist, if he would devote a little attention to them, and received encouragement for so doing, one thing being regulated by another, and made to accord as a whole, to group well. In the papal pageants at Rome we have some of the work of Michael Angelo and Leonardo, which still continue beautiful, beside many novel arrangements—mediæval and modern mixtures being found together, as in the livery of the Swiss guard of the palace of the Quirinal; bodily it is much as it was left by Buonaroti, though now crowned with a modern cavalry brass casque and horsehair plume. Costumes may be fanciful, and even incongruous, but they should always be harmonious and proportionate.

As a foil to colour, the court dress could be made very useful and

effective in pageants, enhancing all colour, without detracting from the gentle quality ; of course, I allude to the dress as it should be, and not to the semi-gaudy affair now in use, that degrades itself, those who wear it, and all, in fact, who serve in its vicinity. The present court dress, as a rule, debases its wearers, who are more often remarkable for virtue and energy than physique or personal attractions, making them resemble *Laquais de place*, (or rather out of place,) or "my lord" of the sweeps' May-day revel. In the first place, the plum-coloured cloth is mawkish, and far from refreshing in hue, harmonising sadly with the livid steel buttons and gaudily-embroidered white waistcoat, cut up with maniac flowers twining up impossible scrolls, mostly mixtures without line or meaning ; the pink silk stocking (far too near the colour of flesh), causing attenuated "sticks" or swollen legs, guileless of ankle, to look nude and much larger than reality (an improvement, it may be argued, to the former, though not to the latter), bringing out prominently all defects of form ; the "pump"-like shoes, with steel buckles, see fig. 2, page 62, hardly containing the shapeless feet, encased in white, and always appearing inclined to burst their bounds. The cut of the coat might be improved, and the *sachet* be dispensed with ; it is a tail without meaning, like bell-ropes hung on nails for ornament. As to the sword,



or rather the three-sided foil, in its white case, it is useless and ridiculous ; its steel-chain hilt is a libel on a hand-guard, whilst the mode of hanging it to the person, seems expressly devised to incommode and distress the wearer, who has need of strong nerves and much presence of mind, to pilot his way in a crowd, even if he does not trip up, or become entangled. In every thing, use should be the primary object ; study use, and beauty will appear. Hats made to wear, should be more like hats than trenchers or portfolios, looking well on the head, and the head well in it.

The court dress of England is a most "trying" costume, even to comely, well-shaped youth, who rarely has occasion to wear it ; whilst

\* Figure 1 is a court sword, in my possession ; it is of the last century prior to the date of utter absurdity, the *silver* hilt bearing some resemblance to nature and use. Figure 2 is from a modern sword, having little in common with utility, and might, from its appearance, be a miniature spit or a larding pin.

its close resemblance to the garments worn by salaried retainers tends to degrade all who bear it. Neither has it the advantage of a livery, or its variety, liveries being of all hues, and founded upon the laws of heraldic colouring; whilst as to style and fit, regard to that, is rather the exception than the rule, the dress being often hired of costumiers,



FIG. 1. COURT DRESS AS IT IS.

or of west-end tailors. I well knew two Scotch gentlemen who shared a suit, which used to accommodate a tall, bony, broad-backed though distinguished advocate, and a spare, well-known literary baronet.

Of my designs, Fig. 1 exhibits the court costume as it is, Fig. 2 somewhat as it might be made—in lieu of the tawdry and degenerate habiliments that give a “spotty” and “littery” appearance to an assembly, ill-according with uniform, and particularly with the reds and blues of the army and navy, to which it ought to act as foil. I would not discard its best features, or eighteenth-century character, but reform the whole, reducing it to a black—making the garment such as any gentleman might wear with dignity and grace; a modest uniform, if I may so call it, in either cloth or velvet,—or both at discretion,—with silver or covered buttons, the sword being worn through a slit

or pocket-hole, a method mostly adopted in civil costumes on the continent; the knee-breeches always ending in *black* silk stockings, that have the effect of making unshapely legs less conspicuous, and



FIG. 2. COURT DRESS AS IT MIGHT BE MADE.

greatly enhancing well-formed figures. Black would do away with the livery look; the shoes should be shapely, with tongues, heels, and buckles as shown in my diagram, No. 1. Black could be made *à rigueur*; whilst in times of mourning, in lieu of a white tie and variegated waistcoat, the vest should be black; this with a sable crape tie, lace ends, and black gloves, will give all the respect desired.



COURT SHOES, OLD AND NEW.

Channing was said to have appeared to great advantage in his court dress of black velvet—a costume to make men feel confident and *digne*—garments that could be borne, even by Americans, without a sense of shame, being the same as those worn by Franklin and Washington, and in which the General is represented in the fine portrait, by Stuart, now hanging in the Capitol of the United States. This grand full-length, (the original of which from life, I believe, is in the Boston Athenæum), without an atom of

the "flunkey" in it, has often been engraved, and should be framed, glazed, and suspended in our Chamberlain's Office as a model, not alone for refractory American plenipotentiaries, but for all gentlemen who pay respect to the Sovereign at the Court of St. James's.

As Englishmen, we have often had to blush for the ridiculous appearance of our court dress abroad—the wearers sometimes being taken for their valets, whilst the laquais not unfrequently received the homage due to their masters.

As a rule British ladies and gentlemen are blessed with better figures than many foreigners; yet, as a nation, we do not dress well. The French are apt to overdress, and fit to a fault, whilst the English appear slovenly and—out of their native isle—as if their clothes were tossed on with a pitchfork. Many of our uniforms are puzzles at home; abroad they are enigmas, the greatest, perhaps, being the Deputy-Lieutenant in his red coat and cocked hat with white plume, for all the world like a general officer, only the epaulettes and facings are of silver, a metal that none but a Briton would ever think of placing upon *scarlet*.

As leg coverings, knee-breeches are admirable upon a fine form, though, perhaps, pantaloons are the severest test of all, trousers only being worthy of ill-made limbs, ending in bluchers and highlows; yet I believe trousers are strictly military, having been first used in Prussia by soldiers. Knee-breeches and boots are the attributes of a brave belted race; pantaloons and hessians of a more refined; and knickerbockers of a thoroughly practical people. In walking, trousers draw up the mud, and in riding catch the splashes. Seeing once some French police parading the streets in what appeared to be spurs, I demanded if they were "mounted;" and upon being asked, why, I pointed to the heels, in which were simply inserted "*dous*," or bits of wire, to keep up the trousers, which they did admirably, an invention I thought worthy of imitation in our own dirtier metropolis.

Our court costume reformed, we could, perhaps, do something with the evening dress, to distinguish guests from waiters. France, though she sets the fashion, is less a slave to the *frac*, and *cravate blanche* than ourselves, who hold it a rule at dinner, the opera, concerts, and theatres. They, however, make it *de rigueur* at weddings, overtures, and some morning ceremonies at which we discard it. At present, in Paris, it is fashionable to affect a sort of bashfulness, and wear waistcoats *d'un bouton*. The time is remarkable "*pour la résurrection*



PARIS, 1868.

*du mollet plongé dans l'oubli depuis le règne de Louis XV.—Hausse générale sur le coton,*—faultless linen at a premium; but however spotless, defend us from such a display at court, flower-show, or morning concert.

But we must make our bow, and this brings us to hats; things that should look better on the head than off, which is not the case with No. 2, the "Portfolio," or No. 3, below, the "Gibus," a diabolical invention that has given more Englishmen rhumes in their upper storey than enough, its calico walls being quite unsuited to our climate, except perhaps for three months, (July, Aug., Sept.) when there is no reason or use for it. The construction of hats to fold and collapse, at least of hard materials, is an error. As to the cocked or court hat, it should be made in form as in No. 1, which is good and well known, though my diagram has not the cock, that in some specimens make a sort



of W of it, giving a very wakeful appearance to the wearer. Last year the Parisians gave the world square-toed boots, whilst they took a lesson from us, cutting down their stove-pipe hats; reducing a frightful model we never adopted. With a little diagram showing the popular head-covering in three forms we conclude, leaving the much-maligned "chimney-pot" that encases the wisdom of England to stand or fall. It has many merits and many defects. In its best form it is not bad, whilst in its worst it is not good. As a sanitary covering for the head it is useful; the chamber of air having warded many a blow, and broken many a fall in the hunting-field



LUKE LIMNER, F.S.A.

# LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.

## A STABLE FRAGMENT.

**I**T is nearly twenty years since these few words in the *Times*—  
“*Lord George Bentinck was found dead in a flood meadow last night, and carried home to Welbeck in a drag*”—sounded almost too strange and sad for belief. During the previous week he had driven over, day after day, from Welbeck to Doncaster, and walked, as was his wont, to be out of the bustle, through the Turf Tavern paddocks, and past Carr House to the Stand. It was “Surplice’s year,” and not merely remarkable for the second solution of the Champion problem in turf “geometry of two dimensions.” The Flying Dutchman had won five races, and had only once been made to gallop, by Escalade at Liverpool; Voltigeur had been sent back by Mr. Tattersall from the front of the “Salutation” without a single bid; Teddington, perhaps the finest union of speed, staying, and weight-carrying that the century has seen, was at Miss Twickenham’s foot; and Pocahontas, the modern Prunella, was in foal to The Baron with a rival to Touchstone at last. Lord George had walked down that lane light-hearted enough in old days, but there was a crook in his lot now. Twelve years before, he had “taken charge” of Elis for the St. Leger, tried him at Goodwood, vanned him North with six horses, to the abiding astonishment of 250 miles of gazers, and beaten Scroggins and Beeswing. Since then his Grey Momus had “made only one mistake, and that was not winning the Derby;” and his flying Crucifix had swept off the Two Thousand, One Thousand, and Oaks, before her “leg filled.” Those memories, however, brought no pleasure. Five-and-forty is said to be the age of fruition, when the harvest of a man’s energies begins. It might be so for others, but it was not so for him. Secure in Mr. Disraeli’s fealty, he had burnt his bridge of boats in the Commons, and dashed himself headlong against Peel, Russell, and Cobden, only to suffer defeat after defeat, in a fierce but unequal strife. He had been the “Napoleon of the turf,” and he had laid aside his starting flag and his betting book, and abdicated to fight for what proved a political shadow. Pale and heartworn with such bootless toil, he once more stood on Doncaster Moor to watch “that grey-heeled foal”—the son of

Touchstone and his cherished Crucifix—complete the double event in the “all straw,” instead of his own “skyblue.”

Still, bitter as was the trial, he would have risen above it. Life was still before him ; and when protection to corn, shipping, and sugar were all gone, he might have thrown off the political coil, called back the Kents, with Nat and Job Marson, to his councils, and tried every cross till he found another Surplice. It was not to be. On his last racing afternoon he was on the top of the steward's stand, watching Surplice, as he cantered over the St. Leger course for the North of England Produce Stakes, Flying Dutchman striding away with six to one on him from his field, Van Tromp beaten more by his own lack of condition than by Chanticleer and Ellerdale in the Cup, and Canezou carrying to the fore the “black and white cap” of Knowsley, which Yorkshiremen loved so well. It was just the sort of afternoon, with a card rich in flyers, to woo him back again ; but ere another Friday came round, “the man whose heart was with huntsman and hound, the racer and the starting-post, sank down in a moment while he treads the springy turf, and breathes the balmy air of his first boyish haunts in his father's domain.”

Even at this lapse of time we may be excused for dwelling fondly upon his Goodwood glories, and for weaving together, not a history of his career, but a few stable memoranda, which were somewhat overlooked when he died. The number of running horses and the value of stakes have steadily increased since his day. The former rose from 1315 in '49, to 2458 in '67, while the 264 two year olds have been nearly trebled. Nine yearlings recently averaged 1244½ gs. in one season ; a two year old came to the hammer last March with 2540*l.* of forfeits on his head ; and 4930*l.* and her Majesty's Vase were given to be run for at the last Ascot meeting. The Turf, as an institution, can therefore most faithfully “report progress ;” but still there was a brilliant daring and expansiveness about Lord George's racing polity, to which “we shall never see the like again.” If we had to choose nine characters, all unique in their way, from the “silk and scarlet” side of nature, our lot should rest upon Lord George as the turf leader, the late Sir Tatton Sykes as the old country baronet, Mr. Osbaldeston as the “all round sportsman,” John Scott as the trainer, Ransome as the stud groom, Jem Mason as the steeple-chase rider, Charles Davis as the huntsman, Jack Goddard as the whip, and Jem Robinson as the jockey. Three of them are, happily, still left to us ; and Lord George, was the first to go.

His lordship never forgave, and he would let nothing stand



between himself and his will. Nothing offended him so much as to speak of the expense in connection with anything that he was planning. "I can win one race and pay for it," was his scornful comment on a 3500*l.* estimate for making a Derby gallop at Goodwood for Gaper. Money seemed of no account as long as he could only breed something by Bay Middleton good enough to break the ring, or at least upset "another of those Danebury pots." In one season he paid no less than 60,000*l.* in stakes for his stable, and his forfeits in one book calendar alone amounted to a third of that sum. Farintosh cost him nearly 4000*l.* in this way, and he sold him for 35*l.* His Goodwood nominations were boundless. He would put fifteen or sixteen yearlings into the Ham or Gratwicke of 100 h. ft., and four or five into a 300 h. ft. race, and he has been known to have seven in a 200 sov. p. p. There was no finer amateur handicapper, and he worked hard at the science when he was travelling by rail. The guard would get half-a-sovereign to lock up a coupé for him and John Kent on their return from a race-meeting, and then out would come the *Sheet Calendars*, and the handicap chances of the stable were sometimes calculated for half the night.

When Parliament was sitting, he would travel by mail train to Fareham, take some coffee at the Red Lion, and post across the country to Goodwood. The carriage was drawn up at Kent's door, and the postboy went home, and there his lordship would sleep, folded in that cloak of sables (which Mr. Disraeli purchased from his valet for, it was said, 100 gs., after his death), and turn out quite fresh in the morning for a long trial and stable day. It was his practice after the Doncaster meeting to come to the Swan at Chichester and stay there till the eve of the Newmarket October. Every morning he walked over, wet or fine, to Kent's, and always stipulated for "*Yorkshire fare, John—eggs and bacon.*" He never rode with his horses, but walked about all day with his big and bent whitethorn stick. There would be three hours of trials to begin with, and sometimes seventy horses would be put through the mill at Halnaker Park, or on the race-course. He carried the system to such an excess, that at one time eighteen were so stumped up as to be unable to leave the stable, and he could not have got "a pony" for as many more. Trying was, in fact, a mania with him; he never engaged a horse "without having a taste," and he would be at it on the morning of a race-day and in the evening as well. Red Deer, for instance, was tried for the Chester Cup by moonlight.

The Duke of Richmond did not care to try, but if he was at home he would generally ride out on his old bay pony Pigeon, just to see

what was doing: His grace liked a nice name for a horse as much as Lord George did an absurd one. It was very remarkable that a man so refined, not to say fastidious, in his tastes, could have borne to see his name attached in the *Racing Calendar* to "Let's stop awhile says Slow," "Here I go with my eye out," and "All round my hat." The duke used to rally him without mercy on the point. "*All your legs, blood, and condition are no good, George—if you don't re-christen them you'll never win a race.*" His grace equally disliked purchasing a horse which had run pretty frequently, and "*I don't like the orange squeezed*" was his comment when "General Peel's ch. c. Chatham, 2 yrs.," joined Lord George's string at (we believe) eight hundred pounds, and certain contingencies. When the family were not at Goodwood his lordship went back to Kent's to lunch, and then he would have the whole stable out for an afternoon's parade and drill them like troop horses, so as to make them go quietly to the post, or he would try his hand, at breaking the yearlings. The Kents had once 115 horses and yearlings at Goodwood, Stonedell, and Waterbeach; and during the meeting of 1844, the jockeys of the house-stable "weighed in" seventy-seven times. The park on the Carniseat and Pheasantry side was used for the gallops in wet weather, and Halnaker Park and Molecomb in dry. A tan gallop was formed on Molecomb Hill, and extended two miles, while "the long gallop" in Halnaker Park was nearly the same length, and against the hill all the way. It was, in fact, one of the very finest in England, and during the autumn and winter of 1842, no less than 115 men and 28 carts and horses were at work on it. The gallop was carried right through the Winkins—a very fine cub hunting cover with Lord Leaconfield's—and trees, whose stems ran from fifty to sixty feet without a limb, were mercilessly levelled to let it pass. His lordship bought land at East Dean to furnish the turf and mould, and he laid down a metal road of two miles to bring them. Gaper, the primary cause of all this outlay, led from the post to "the road" in the Derby, where he was quite beaten and finished fourth, six lengths from Cotherstone, but his lordship paid and dismissed the subject from his mind, and passed magnificently on to the next act in the Bay Middleton stud drama.

Such a word as difficulty he knew not; and he would break down ten horses if he was set upon getting at a form collaterally, and to half a pound. If any of his horses were delicate in their appetite he would have denied them nothing that money could buy or the tropics furnish. When Firebrand seemed a hopeful subject for the One Thousand, she was kept on wheat-flour, eggs, and new milk mixed. Crusader,

Flytrap, and Chatham, had all the same dainty fare before Epsom, and so had the slow and game Crozier. Four cows were specially kept for them, and they had a dozen eggs at each feed. His lordship would not hear of foreign eggs, and the Sussex cottages had to be scoured far and near for new laid. He bought his hay in the neighbourhood, but his oats were all grown in Aberdeenshire.

What other people's horses were doing troubled him very little ; but he could not resist going over to Heythrop to see Coronation gallop the 8-course twice, and then finish up the avenue. Ben Painter trained the colt for the Derby up to the last fortnight, and then Isaac Day took him in hand. His stride was so telling when he finished, that Lord George was seen busily measuring it with his umbrella. No man studied constitution more ; but the greatest mistake he ever made was under this head, when he ran African, Baleine, and Yorkshire Lady for the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood. "The Lady" was merely started to give Kitchener confidence for his Goodwood stakes mount ; and his lordship did not back her for a shilling, while he stood a great stake on African. The filly had not cantered for ten days, and not only ran in her shoes, but half full of water. Her starting had not been determined on till the eleventh hour ; and it was all that a lad could do to gallop off the course to the stables, and bring her up to the post. However, she won easily enough, and African and Baleine were second and third. African was claimed for 80*l.* at Epsom, and was an unerring tryer for four or five seasons. Discord also "kept Greenwich time," and so did old Naworth, although he had not the pace of the other two. His lordship always tried his yearlings one third of a mile before York August in lots of six and seven ; and one year he would not wait until they had been backed. The grooms led them from the Turf Tavern paddocks at Doncaster to the Intake turn, and they were frightened along from there to the winning post (which was then the old cupola building), by men stationed at points with flags. Jollity, a light, quick, little thing, won thrice in a morning, after this Roman carnival fashion, and was engaged very heavily on the strength of it, but to no purpose. Crucifix's first trial is said to have been after this fashion, with five or six other yearlings, round a Danebury paddock ; "Old John" cracking a cart whip, and Lord George "doing the tambourine" on his hat.

His lordship preferred boys to jockeys in his trials, and shifted them from horse to horse, so as to "*teach the little fellows to ride.*" There were some capital pupils in this infant school, to wit, Kitchener, the Howletts, and William Abdale. Sam Rogers was his jockey for

some seasons, after he left Danebury; and it was Nat's brilliant riding of Gaper, when he beat Sam by a head on Lothario for the Newmarket St. Leger, which eventually led to an engagement. Job Marson had also a retainer, and always stood very high with his lordship. Gentleman riding he detested; and "*the horses can't carry them,*" was his chief comment on it. Once only, in later years, he essayed it himself, and that was on his roarer Captain Cook, against Earl Winchelsea\* (a very nice, steady rider), at the Goodwood meeting of 1844. He administered severe punishment, and rolled about a good deal in his saddle from the distance, so that his park pupils did not think much of their instructor's practical illustration. In fact he never showed to less advantage, as his height was fully six feet one.

Elis, a leggy and rather short horse, was trained at Goodwood by John Doe (who died recently on a farm in Norfolk), *after* he had won the Drawing-Room Stakes, and the Lewes Handicap. With young Sam Day up, he gave The Drummer 10lbs., and Venison 7lbs., three weeks before the St. Leger; and this seemed to reduce matters to a certainty. The van was a great point in his favour, as even from Goodwood to Newmarket was a seven days' walk, with Petworth, Godalming, Ashstead, Tattersall's, Sun and Whalebone near Epping, and Newport as the stages. Cowl was the best two year old Lord George ever tried, and he won a great stake on him when he beat The Kedger at Doncaster. He was measured successfully at 21lbs. with African, and gave Longitude 24lbs. after she had won the Doncaster Two Year Old Stakes in a canter. As a three year old Cowl could beat Lothario at 4lbs., and the Kents considered him for the Derby distance one of the very best horses that ever wore a bridle. He was fired as a yearling, but got over his lameness at two years old, and finally broke down very severely in his hind pasterns while running, much against his trainer's wishes, for the Ascot Cup. Gaper was very great over his own Halnaker gallop, and won by fifty yards when he was tried with Discord at 16lbs., and Jean d'Acre "chucked in to make a pace." There was no mistake about Discord, as he went and beat Knight of the Whistle and Alice Hawthorne for the Craven Stakes at Epsom the very next week. Gaper's fore legs were truly awful, very drum-sticks from below the knee, and with round, upright joints. Devil-to-Pay had also very bad fore legs, but a very high turn of speed. Slander was a clipper, but she ruptured a blood-vessel at two years old, and could never be depended

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\* Then Lord Maidstone.

on again. Lord George sold Confusionée, with Reel, Pelops, and five or six others, to the Duke of Richmond, in a lot. The former, upon whom Johnny Howlett made his fame, was a wiry and very sound mare, and could stay for ever. Miss Elis was quite as game, but slower, and not so smart a beginner. Planet was the soundest and the best-looking of all his lordships' Bay Middletons; and he and Red Hart between them settled Van Tromp in the Racing Stakes. Planet waited while Red Hart made play and went so fast that Job could not "suffer" at any part of the race. At the finish the Goodwood pair reversed positions, and "Van" was beaten by half a length.

Surplice was broken at Goodwood, and was the best yearling that the Kents ever tried. His two year old form was a high one, as he could give Loadstone 12lbs over the T.V.C. after the latter had won the Criterion with 8st. 13lbs., and run Assault to a neck. He was a very handsome, easy-tempered colt; and Lord George might well smile at an offer of fifteen hundred guineas for him before he had started. As time went on he was tried to be equally good from half-a-mile to four, and very high-couraged when he was fairly roused. Nothing put him out but deep ground, and that he never could manage. The Derby seemed "a moral" for him, as he could give Sagacity two stone, and was better than Lady Wildair at 12lbs. He took a very stupid fit one morning with Templeman at Epsom, and it was at least ten minutes before he would cross the tan road below the distance. However, "Sim" was very patient with him, and he at last consented to follow John Kent's pony and the other horses across it, but not before an over-clever tout had galloped off the ground in a cab with the news, and persuaded some of his patrons to pile it on against "*such a mule.*" Templeman was a little anxious lest he should remember the spot and try to jump it in the race; but he strode over it, and took no heed whatever. The orders were to "keep him with his horses to the finish, or he may lurch across them," and hence Springy Jack got much nearer than he was entitled to do on the merits. It was difficult to get him to his horses at the post, and therefore he "had to be hustled a little up the hill, to keep him in his place at all."

Lord George's cardinal idea in breeding was to stick by Bay Middleton, despite his diseased pastern joint, and make him as great a horse at the stud as he had been on the sward. With this view he bought up all the Velocipede mares he could get, and persuaded those of his friends who had mares of that blood to send them to

"the Jersey bay," for whom he had paid 4000 guineas, with a view to winning his own Waterloo Shield. The strains "nicked" so exactly that, although Velocipede was not the soundest of horses, the two negatives succeeded in making a positive, and the stock came sound and did good service, as in the case of Ennui, Pastoral, Princess Alice, and Devil-to-Pay. Thirty-two foals were Lord George's own share of Bay Middleton's first season. As a general thing they were light-fleshed, irritable, and unsound, able to run half trained, and certain to fall off sadly as three-year-olds. In ordinary seasons he had seventeen or eighteen of them, and the rest were mostly by Venison, Plenipø, or Sheet Anchor,—a horse that he always liked. After seeing Lanercost win the Cambridgeshire he took a great fancy to him, and sent Crucifix to his paddocks in 1843. His Lordship's fifty brood mares were kept at his Danebury, Bonehill, and Doncaster stud farms; and he broke about thirty-five yearlings annually when his stud was in its zenith. On one occasion, by way of experiment, he put a yearling filly to the stud, and bred a bad foal. His judgment of a yearling was generally sound, but "all the blood" wouldn't tempt him to give 1500*l.* for Nunnykirk. He used to tell Kent that "*yearlings are not so expensive as this parliamentary work*," and then he would add, though not exactly with "a splendid groan," "*There's no pleasure in it, John.*"

In match-making he was singularly clever; and he once won twenty-six out of twenty-seven off the reel. He could always match from Frank Butler's, but never from Nat's remarks, good rider as he thought him, and for "genius genuine" in this respect he ranked Frank only second to William Scott. Seven of his matches ended in dead heats; and oddly enough, his Alva and a Purity filly of Lord Glasgow's ran a dead heat both in 1843 and 1844, although there had been a change of ministry in the interim, and Dilly had become premier *vice* Boyce. Lord Glasgow and Lord George had many a tussle of this kind, and one of a very peculiar kind. When Olive Oil was matched against Rose of Cashmere, Lord George backed "The Rose," and lost 600*l.* by his own victory. He then borrowed The Rose, and lent Olive to Lord Glasgow, to whose trainer she was formally delivered about midnight, but the result was not altered. In his great 1000*l.* a-side match of Grey Momus v. Vulture, the grey had not the ghost of a chance with Orlando's dam, and the Duke of Portland could no longer resist ironically remarking to his son, "what a rich man this 'Mr. Bowe' must be, George, to make such matches." Miss Elis, 2 yrs., and Oakley, 5 yrs., met twice—at 68lbs., A. F., and 34lbs., T. V. C.,—and the mare had the best of it on

both occasions. Feather matches were also after his lordship's own heart; and Clumsy, 2 yrs. (a feather), v. Vibration, 4 yrs. (8st. 9lbs.), T. M. M., and Guava, 2 yrs. (a feather), v. Mendizabel, 6 yrs. (9st. 0lbs.), v. c., both of which he won, were of this character.

Mr. Harry Hill was his chief ring commissioner; and in truth high betting was the only source from which he could meet such a stud and stable outlay. In 1845 he had a wonderful year, as men then esteemed wonderful. He won nearly 20,000*l.* on My Mary at Doncaster, and more than 23,000*l.* on Miss Elis at Goodwood, where he backed her very heavily against Weatherbit for the Cup. Before the Criterion Stakes, he got on Gaper at forties, fifties, and sixties; and when the Derby bell rung, he stood to win upwards of 120,000*l.* on him. The colt was beaten at Newmarket in the spring, and went back to 1000 to 15, which Mr. Hill took forty times. Old John Day laid him 20,000*l.* to 300*l.*, and as Lord George kept backing his fancy till he reached 5 to 1, the Danebury "plunger" (whose betting anxieties did not improve his jockeyship), was most thankful at last to take back 20,000*l.* to 3000*l.* He gave Mr. Hill a bill for the 2,700*l.* balance, and that gentleman had it in his pocket when he was examined on the *Qui Tam* action against Lord George at Guildford; but the jury did not love informers, and gave a verdict for the defendant without its being produced to show that no money had passed. Lord George's fancy for Miss Sarah in the St. Leger cost him 3500*l.*; but he got all his money back, and something more, over the Cesarewitch. His forecast was on this wise. Miss Sarah had beaten Miss Elis, and therefore he decided to put My Mary, Discord, Miss Elis, and Naworth together, and "*if Miss Elis wins, The Baron must win the Cesarewitch.*" She won by a neck, My Mary second, and hence he felt so sure of the result, that he backed The Baron in spite of the 7st. 9lbs., and gave up Nat to ride him. When he was next at Goodwood, he went up to Miss Elis the moment he entered the stable, and patting her behind the ears, said, in his mincing way, "*You good old creature, you can't win yourself, but you tell me what can win.*" This was about the last of his great betting *coups*. The fight in Parliament waxed hotter and hotter; he plunged deeper and deeper into Blue Books; the horses, the yearlings, the clothes, the van, and the halters were all sold in a lot for 12,000*l.*; and his very name was wiped out of Weatherby.

H. D.

## TWO OF OUR EARLY SUBSCRIBERS.

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*A Honey-Moon. Date 1741. CYNTHIO and FLAVIA have finished breakfast at Scarborough. GEORGE THE SECOND is on the British Throne. LEWIS THE FIFTEENTH reigns in France. AUGUSTUS THE THIRD is King of Poland. PHILIP THE FIFTH is the Ruler of Spain. IVAN is the Czar of Muscovy. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE is Prime Minister. JOHN POTTER is Archbishop of Canterbury. DAVID GARRICK is about to appear at Drury Lane.*



*FLAVIA.* Have you done, Sir?

*Cynthia.* Faith, yes, my dear, and done well. How bright your eyes are. Cupid has lit them up divinely to-day.

*Flavia.* 'Tis well you can see them, Sir. I fancied *you* had no eyes but for that plaguy pamphlet.

*Cynthia.* When I have no eyes for thee, may they turn to moonstones, my Flavia. But do not be angry with my pamphlet. I had it over from York by the carrier for thy amusement. 'Tis the newest number of Sylvanus Urban.

*Flavia.* I never heard of him, and it is your business, Sir (I wish it were your pleasure), to amuse me.

*Cynthia.* I live for nought else, pretty pouter. Yet methought *The Gentleman's Magazine* might while away an hour.

*Flavia.* O, give it me instantly. I have long wanted to see it, but you know that there were few books in my father's house. Perhaps if there had been more, I should have been too wise to marry you.

*Cynthia.* How rude those eyes are—how flatly they contradict the pretty tongue. Here is the number. I have not even looked into it. I had better do so, as our friend Sylvanus is sometimes apt to be witty at the expense of propriety.

*Flavia.* Give me the book, Sir, and trust to my prudence. What is all this nonsense at the beginning? Who are these people that make speeches? What is a Hurgo?

*Cynthia.* Surely, my Flavia has read Gulliver's Travels?

*Flavia.* Surely she has, but nobody makes speeches there. What foolish names! Who is the Hurgo Castrophel?



*Cynthia.* No other than my Lord Chesterfield. A most polite man, my dear, and a deadly enemy of Sir Robert.

*Flavia.* But why is he called by that absurd name? Here is another. Who are the Hurgo Adonbing, and the Hurgo Quadrert?

*Cynthia.* My Lords Abingdon and Carteret. You have opened upon a debate in the House of Lords, and as it is unlawful to report such things, you find yourself in the Senate of Lilliput, and all the names disguised.

*Flavia.* But the real words given?

*Cynthia.* Something like them, but I believe the man who writes them, a dogged Tory, one Johnson, boasts that he never lets the Whig dogs have the best of it.

*Flavia.* I love him for it, for I hate Whigs.

*Cynthia.* Why?

*Flavia.* Because I do.

*Cynthia.* No more words, the clerk is answered, as old Shakspeare says.

*Flavia.* And have you read Shakspeare, *Cynthia*? I did not think you were such a bookworm. Yet you can dance very well, and say a pretty thing, and nobody dresses better.

*Cynthia.* Shakspeare has taught me that all these arts are the way to a pretty woman's heart.

*Flavia.* Nay, does he write like that? I must read him then, but uncle Wimble always called him a formal old put.

*Cynthia.* Uncle Wimble's wisdom could go into my eye, and I should see none the worse. I fancy you do not care much about the Hurgoes, or the Clinabs, who are the Commons. Sir Robert is called Walelop. But there is not much riddle about it, for at the end of the volume all the anagrams are explained.

*Flavia.* What fools great men are then! If they want their words known, why do they not have persons to write them down, and if they don't, why is this allowed? Some day we women will come into your Parliament House, and then you will see what you will see.

*Cynthia.* And hear what we shall hear, and plenty of it. No, my *Flavia*, my heart elected you—and is always speaking for you.

*Flavia.* Very pretty, Sir. Suppose that I have blown you a kiss.

*Cynthia.* Nay, my imagination is feeble.

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*Flavia.* Be quiet. I want to read my book. What comes next?  
*An Account of Lapland.* I forget where Lapland is, *Cynthia*.

*Cynthia.* A place where people sit in one another's laps. I conceive that it may be a pleasant land.

*Flavia.* Foolish creature. Stay, here is a map. So Mr. Urban thinks gentlemen so ignorant that they really need to be taught where Lapland is. I dare say he is right.

*Cynthia.* Do you fancy that noisy Ensign whom you danced so often with at Whitby knows Lapland from Laputa, for all his roaring and swearing?

*Flavia.* What, jealous still? As if I danced with the wretch for any other reason than to make a certain gentleman more attentive to me. Go away, I will read, and I don't care about Lapland, but here is something. "A Sermon on the Evil of Being Righteous over-much." That does not concern you, Sir. I think that will not be laid to your charge, but I am glad that gentlemen read sermons. Now then. "Observations on a Lady"—What business has Mr. Urban to make observations on a lady—impudent thing.

*Cynthia.* The lady?

*Flavia.* No, Sir—well, I don't know. "On a Lady, truly of distinction (that is spitefulness), met on the road riding on horse-back, astride (what a dreadful falsehood), dressed in a hat and feather, a black wig, a surtout, a wide petticoat with a pair of jockey boots and spurs, and by the side of the coach which contained her delicate husband or lord." Is that such satire as gentlemen like to read? It is very vulgar. But there are no observations—what a shame!

*Cynthia.* No, it is merely a dig at a great lady.

*Flavia.* Shameful. "On the Language of Beasts." A very proper thing to follow. I wonder what it is about. It is much too dry to read, but I think the man means that beasts understand one another. What a discovery, I am sure they do, and so do birds. Our rooks used to have assemblies and chat all the afternoon.

*Cynthia.* And talk as well as most fine ladies, I'll swear.

*Flavia.* I shall know more about that when you have taken me to town, and introduced me everywhere, as you promised.

*Cynthia.* Yes.

*Flavia.* Answer me again in that tone, and I'll box your ears—yes, Sir, and in earnest. My arm is very strong.

*Cynthia.* It is very white.

*Flavia.* That is not to the purpose, Sir. I am going to London to see the King and everybody, and to find out how much I have lost by giving my heart away to a man who does not love me, and is *already thinking of being off his bargain.* But he shan't. Here is

"A Treaty between the Crowns of Great Britain and Spain"—I hope it will be kept better, but what dry stuff. But this is nicer, Here is poetry, which I love. Don't you love poetry, Sir? You never indited any upon me.

*Cynthia.* I have written it on others with ease, because my heart was not in the work, but when I sought to express my passion for Flavia, I learned how cold and vain were words.

*Flavia.* I love you, Cynthia. But let me read my poetry. "On the death of a Delectable child, 4 years old." That is sad.

*Cynthia.* Doubtless the verses are to match. Read on, my Flavia, never mind that. Is there not a song, following?

*Flavia.* Poor little thing! Yes, a song. And so saucy.

" Woman, thoughtless, giddy creature,  
Laughing, idle, fluttering thing,  
Most fantastick work of Nature,  
Still like Fancy on the wing  
Slave to every changing passion,  
Loving"—

I shall not read such rubbish. Mr. Urban knows the tastes of gentlemen, I suppose, and treats them accordingly. "To a Young Lady after seeing her at Wakefield assembly"—a choice place to discover a young lady. I am a Yorkshire girl, and I should like to see myself at Wakefield assembly. London folks have queer ideas.

*Cynthia.* You shall correct them.

*Flavia.* Good boy. Here, Cynthia. "On an Agreeable Young Lady married to a man incapable of understanding her Merit." That is just my melancholy case, my dear, isn't it? Don't frown, it spoils your ugly face. "To a Young Lady with some Carnations," how delightful. "To the Same on beholding them faded in her bosom."

*Cynthia.* Here, give me the book.

*Flavia.* I shan't. Let us see what killed them. O, they faded for envy of the better carnation of her cheeks. Mean carnations. And here's a song with music, charming! Let us see how it goes:—

" At Chloe's feet I sighed, I prayed,  
And wept, yet all the while  
The cruel, unrelenting maid  
Scarce paid me with a smile."

She was a fool—I should have laughed outright, but the air is pleasing, and you shall compose me a new piece to it. It

goes on about Pigmalion warming a marble virgin. Who was Pigmalion, and what is the story, Sir?

*Cynthia.* Faith, I forget. I'll tell you another time. What are you looking so angry at?

*Flavia.* At impudence. "A Method to make Women Useful." As if we were meant to be useful, or anything but ornamental idols. This is intolerable. And pray how does the gentleman propose to make us useful—are we to clean his boots? O, we are to be brought up to serve in the shops, "thereby displacing many hundreds of able-bodied men who ought to be serving his gracious M——y." Yes, indeed. The idea is a wicked one, and the author should be severely punished. Are not poor girls tempted enough?

*Cynthia.* But he means shops frequented by ladies.

*Flavia.* Ladies prefer to be waited on by the sex whose business it is to wait. I believe that if such writers preach for a hundred years they will never make a change.

*Cynthia.* May we live to see, though my Flavia's brown curls will then be grey.

*Flavia.* Horrid thought, as if there would be no wigs and washes.

*Cynthia.* I hope women will be wiser then than to use either abomination.

*Flavia.* Women will never be wise while men court fools.

*Cynthia.* Mr. Garrick could not have said that more smartly.

*Flavia.* And you have seen Garrick! O, Cynthia, I shall see him the first night I reach town, shall I not? I am dying to see him. Is he not an angel?

*Cynthia.* I never saw but one angel, whom Mr. Garrick by no means resembles. But she shall see him.

*Flavia.* Dear! O, Cynthia, here is a dreadful tale. Listen. "At Tyburn on Wednesday"—the very day we were married—"were executed Joseph Huddle, Richard Quail, John Cassody, Robert Hunt, Thomas Birch, and James Timms, for the Highway"—

*Cynthia.* Serve the cowardly robbers right.

*Flavia.* "Thomas Nash, Robert Legross, Philip Lipscombe, and Dorothy Middleton," a woman, "for Burglary."

*Cynthia.* Worse than t'others—one ought to be able to sleep in one's bed.

*Flavia.* "John Sheriff for Horse-stealing"—that is all right, uncle Wimble says that must be stopped.—"John Catt for returning from transportation."

*Cynthia.* Hard, cats have a habit of coming home.

*Flavia.* Don't jest on such things. "Mary Young, Priscilla Mahew,

Elizabeth Fox, John Elware, George Stacey, and Robert Parsonston for Felony. John Davis, for Horse and Sheep stealing, and Richard Brabant, alias Jones, for Forgery." One, two—twenty poor creatures riding to be hanged together, as we drove away from my father's door.

*Cynthia.* I am sorry they chose that day, as you have found it out, but you have too much sense for omens.

*Flavia.* I did not think of them for a moment, my dear. I was only thinking of the dreadful contrast.

*Cynthia.* They were all low, ignorant wretches, my Flavia, who probably felt their fate much less than you feel the bare narration.

*Flavia.* Let us hope so—but see here, *Cynthia.* "Mary Young," and she was only a thief, "expressed her concern so sensibly when she took leave of her little child that it drew tears into the eyes of the Turnkey."

*Cynthia.* Tender turnkey! Consider that her robberies may have half-ruined honest folks. Come, no tears for such creatures—I wish they were all hanged, and I am glad that sheep-stealing has just been made a capital offence, the farmers are cruelly plundered, and hemp is the only remedy. Let me pick the book up. And here, *Flavia,* is something which concerns you much more than Tyburn. The magazine falls open at "a Poem on Scarborough Waters." Let us see what they are to do for us. Read it.

*Flavia.*

"No more shall Bath unrivalled reign,  
Nor Tunbridge boast her streams,  
With these thy current, Scarb'rough, vies,  
And equal honours claims.

"Each fair, with numerous graces decked,  
At least may seem to vie  
With Venus who by bards is feigned  
The fairest of the sky.

"Long may these salutary streams  
With equal virtues flow  
To chase the vapours, hyp, and spleen,  
From Lady and from Beau."

*Cynthia.* There was more. Why do you shut up the magazine so promptly?

*Flavia.* Perhaps there was. But never mind, and you are not to look at the verses.

*Cynthia.* I want to look at nothing else while that lovely rose-colour paints my Flavia's face. But I think there is one thing more that you may like to turn to, if a friend of mine duly called, as he promised, on Cave, who publishes the magazine. Turn to the last page.

*Flavia.* "A List of Promotions"—is that your impertinence, Sir, and do you consider me promoted?

*Cynthia.* Nay—a page back.

*Flavia.* "List of Births."

*Cynthia.* Go on, my Flavia.

*Flavia.* "List of Marriages." O, me! I was never in print in all my life. *Cynthia!* "July 5. *Cynthia Lovemore, of Kent, Esquire, to Miss Flavia Truelove, of Yorkshire, an heiress with 20,000*l.**" O, how delightful to read that one is happy.

*Cynthia.* May I read it for many a year in that charming smile.

*Flavia.* Kiss me. And we will take in *The Gentleman's Magazine* as long as we live.

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

## CROQUET.

**I**T is an odd fact about games, that they spring up all of a sudden, as if by a sort of magic. They seem to be invented by nobody, and to have no traceable origin. Take cards, for example, and the games played with them. All that is known positively about the origin of cards is, that they appeared somewhat suddenly in Europe about the middle of the fourteenth century. Take our national card game, whist. It is supposed to be of English origin. It is supposed to have been unknown in the time of Elizabeth, but on negative evidence only. The game is not mentioned by Shakspeare, nor, so far as we have been able to discover, by any writer of the Elizabethan era. The game is mentioned by Taylor, the water poet, early in the seventeenth century; and Cotton, in the "Compleat Gamester" (1680), says it is commonly known in all parts of England. Nothing more definite has been ascertained about the origin of whist. It would be easy to multiply instances, but these are sufficient to illustrate our opening sentences.

Croquet is no exception to the rule. It appeared somewhat suddenly about ten years ago; how it originated is at present a mystery. Various writers have guessed at its origin; but apparently they have only succeeded in rendering confusion worse confounded. By some it is said to have been long known in Ireland, and that its orthography is *crokey*. This still leaves the riddle unsolved. Granted that the world stands on an elephant, and the elephant on a tortoise; what does the tortoise stand on? Another supposition is, that the game of pall-mall, or pale-maille, fashionable in the time of the Stuarts, but long since dead and buried, has come to life again, with a new name and with the addition of more arches and more balls. The foundation for this view seems to be that pall-mall mallets at present in existence bear a close resemblance to croquet mallets. Cotgrave says, that pale-maille is "a game wherein a round box bowle is with a mallet struck through a high arch of yron (standing at either end of an ally, one), which he that can do at the fewest blowes, or at the number agreed on, wins." Everybody knows that the walk in St. James's Park, now called the Mall, received its name from having been appropriated to the purpose of playing at mall. The appella-

tion "mall," given to the place for playing, is obviously derived from the pale-mail or mallet used by the players for striking the ball. An engraving of a similar game, a peg or "king" being substituted for the second arch, is given in Strutt's "Sports and Pastimes." It is sufficiently curious to induce us to copy it.

The game of croquet, once introduced, soon became the rage. It supplied a long-felt want. It presented us with an out-door amuse-



ment in which both sexes could join; not too athletic for ladies, not too effeminate for gentlemen. Hence its immediate and lasting popularity.

Naturally, the intrinsic merits of the new game soon gave rise to discussion. Strange to say, two parties arose; the one declaring that croquet is a highly scientific pastime, the other that it is a mere vehicle for flirting. The controversy waxed as fierce as the wars of the Big-endians and the Little-endians. The upholders of the game asserted that their opponents, like Sir Charles Coldstream, could see nothing in it, because they were utterly ignorant of its first principles; the detractors amiably concluded that the other-endians were a set of harmless lunatics, or in controversial language, "croquet-mad."

Croquet has not only survived the shafts of ridicule, but every year it becomes more and more generally played. These facts afford a fair criterion that the game has something in it; in other words, that it is a scientific game. This admitted, a consideration of the size and arrangement of the ground, of the form of the implements, and of the system of play best calculated to develop a *haute école* of croquet, must necessarily have interest for the disciples of the game.

A full-sized croquet ground is generally put at a hundred yards by sixty. We are far from saying that, for a crack match between powerful men, this area is too great. But for all practical purposes sixty yards by forty is sufficient for the full development of the game. It must be remembered that croquet is not a game of brute force, but of accuracy of stroke and delicacy of strength, like billiards. The game, as a rule, is not won by him who can hit hardest, but by him



who plays a succession of gentle strokes with the best judgment and the greatest precision.

A great objection to an over-grown ground, to our mind, is that it unfairly taxes the strength of the weaker sex. This point has not been sufficiently considered, either by players or writers. The regulations as regards the size of ground and of balls, seem to assume physical equality in all; or rather, to ignore the fact that ladies are quite as much or more interested in croquet than gentlemen.

Where both men and women join in the game it is, we had almost written ungenerous, but we will be mild, and say unscientific, to send a ball as far away as possible, only because it belongs to one of the opposite sex, whose muscular development will not permit her, strike she ever so accurately, to get back under two or three strokes. For this reason, some players systematically refrain from sending a fair opponent as far up the country as their powers permit. Many ladies profess openly great indignation at any such indulgence; but we have reason to believe that in their secret hearts they are not sorry to be allowed a little "law." In our opinion, on large grounds, the boundaries should be put in for ladies; say, for example, on a lawn a hundred yards by sixty, the ladies' boundary should be seventy-five by forty-five.

It seems to be agreed on all hands that the correct shape for a ground is oblong, and so far we have followed the received opinion. But, in fact, one shaped ground is almost as good as another; only that to make the best use of variously shaped grounds the hoops must be arranged differently to what they are on an oblong piece.

The ground should, if possible, be a dead level. Undulations may be amusing to those who know the lawn, but they are very objectionable to those who do not. Besides, undulations seriously impair the science of the game, as when playing dead strength no amount of good play can estimate exactly the amount of curl a slope or hillock may impart to a ball. At the best, the stroke must include a certain quantity of guess-work. It is especially important that the ground should be true just about the hoops and pegs, where the most delicate strokes are played. Before commencing play, our practice is to take a ball round two or three times, in order to test the ground; and if we find it faulty about the hoops, we either alter their position, or have the uneven places rolled or beaten. Where the ground is bad all over, high-class croquet is impossible. One can then only play at playing croquet. Still the plan of going round with a ball is useful, as it informs the player of pitfalls to be avoided and of slopes to be played with a *circumbendibus*.

It not unfrequently happens that a ground presents certain obstacles, such as a handsome tree, that no one but a Vandal would dream of cutting down; or a flower-bed opposite the drawing room window, which *mater-familias* distinctly declines to have turfed over. There is one very simple way of removing difficulties on this score—viz., to treat the obstacles as non-existent. A player's ball sent behind a tree or across a flower-bed, should be allowed to be moved by hand to an equivalent situation, where a fair shot can be obtained. It is no part of the game of croquet to hide the balls round a corner. It may sometimes be a question, What is an equivalent situation? This can only be settled by the mutual courtesy of the players. It should be settled liberally, giving the striker, if anything, the benefit of a somewhat improved position.

Turf-banks come within the same rule as obstacles. In our opinion, it is no part of the game of croquet to go for strokes up or down an inclined plane. Some players count any stroke made, so long as the ball does not go off the grass; others, if a ball is sent off the top of a bank, require the next stroke to be taken from the top where the ball went off. We think these rules bad in principle. The boundary should be the juncture of the bank with the level; and balls going over that line of juncture should be treated, in all respects, as though they were off the grass.

The implements used at croquet are balls, hoops (sometimes called wires or arches), pegs (or sticks), mallets, and sometimes clips.

The balls are made of wood, box-wood being by far the best. In diameter they should not exceed three and a-half inches. What are called the club set are an eighth more than three and a-half; and balls are sometimes made three and three-quarters, and even larger. Here, again, the consideration comes in about ladies. A heavy ball necessitates a mallet heavy in proportion; and heavy balls and mallets necessitate the employment of considerable muscular effort. Hence we are decidedly opposed to balls of greater diameter than the one first named.

There are various ways of marking the balls so as to distinguish them from each other. The most fashionable method seems to be to mark them in rings of blue and red, the order of the players being determined by the number of the rings on the ball; the side of the player by their colour. This method, to our thinking, has several disadvantages. On some grounds blue leads, on others red; consequently, players are apt to become puzzled as to whether red number 1 follows blue number 1 or precedes it; and so on with number 2. Moreover, the balls are not easy to distinguish at a distance—

numbers 1 and 2, when standing on the rings, showing only a plain, unadorned surface; and as for numbers 3 and 4, they are so alike at thirty or forty yards, as constantly to remind us of the ancient joke, "that one is so much like both, you can't tell t'other from which." Thus it not unfrequently happens, when playing with balls ringed in two colours, that the player has to inquire whether the balls at a distance are one colour or another, or one number or another. The balls ought, if possible, to be so marked as to render the order of the players perceptible far off, and at a glance. When only two balls are used on each side, numbers 1 and 3 and numbers 2 and 4 are often chosen in preference to the consecutive numbers; and this certainly does lessen the chance of mistaking one ball for another.

Why, we ask, is so objectionable a mode of marking the balls persevered in? Is it not far more sensible, having a surface to colour, to colour the whole of it, and to use a separate colour for each ball—*e.g.*, blue, pink, black, yellow, brown, orange, green, and red? A similar plan of colouring the balls is universally employed at pool, and we are not aware of any objection to it whatever. It is true that at croquet there are sides, and at pool no sides; but this difficulty is overcome by having the alternate balls painted dark and light, so that the tint or shade of the ball shows its side. In practice, however, this distinction is really unneeded; for every croquet-player knows that pink plays after blue, just as every one who has taken a ball at pool half-a-dozen times knows that red plays on white, and that yellow is his player.

Even when the plan of using different colours is adopted, instead of painting the balls each one whole colour, like pool balls, a strip of colour is usually painted on the wood, supported by two strips of white, in order, we presume, to confuse the eye as much as possible, and to make the colour of the ball as little striking at a distance as it well can be. Manufacturers seem to us to have applied the art of how not to do it most successfully to the painting of croquet balls.

An objection to paint is, that it knocks off. At present this is remedied by painting the balls afresh. It might be improved, we think, by staining the balls and then varnishing them. If some ingenious person would try his hand at staining the balls, he would, in case of success, confer a boon on croquet players. It is commonly urged against dyeing or staining, that a ball of wood, being so much denser at one part of its surface than at another, cannot be got to take a dye uniformly. Possibly this may be fatal; but practical experience alone can determine with certainty. The colour on pool balls that have been much played with, gets knocked off the denser part of the

ivory, and gives the ball a patchy appearance. But, except as a matter of good looks, this patchiness does not seem to produce any objectionable effect.

The hoops should be about twice the diameter of the balls, or for three and a-half inch balls, seven inches inside measurement. This width is rather less than that commonly prescribed; two and a-half times the diameter of the balls being recommended by most players. But for scientific play, we have no hesitation in saying that the hoops are, as a rule, too large; large hoops rendering the play fluky. To persons who are at all nervous, an advantage of practising with small hoops is this—that when away from home, the hoops being easier than the ones to which they are accustomed, they play their strokes with confidence.

The thickness of the wire requires a few words. The hoops, as usually made, and especially the cheaper kinds, are too slender. For scientific play the stoutness of the wire should be such as to stand a good hard blow without bending. Wire half an inch in diameter is stout enough; but we are not sure that it is not better if somewhat stouter. All good players know how many strokes, some with much force, are played purposely off a wire, as, for instance, in the following position:



The two black spots represent a section of the legs of a wire fixed in the ground. The ball A must hit the ball B, or lose the game. A and B are wired for each other; but a sharp shot on to the left-hand wire will cause A to rebound and hit B. If, however, the wire is not sufficiently strong to stand the blow it will bend, and the stroke will not come off.

For a similar reason, the legs of the hoop should be long enough to enable the hoop to stay firm when smartly hit.

Similarly, the pegs should be stout enough to stand a hard blow, and should be driven deeply into the ground.

The arrangement of the hoops and pegs varies a good deal. We are of opinion that cage or stick in the middle is, on the whole, the most scientific arrangement, taking the cage for choice. The old plan of putting three hoops on each side, in a line or approaching a line, renders the game too easy, practised players frequently going round time after time. It is a defect in the game that it is too great a certainty for the player who obtains the first break, as with good play he ought never to let his adversary in again but by a long shot. This defect may be, to some extent, disposed of by placing a cage in the middle of the ground. The players have to take all the balls to this central cage twice during the game, and thus the balls

are brought more together than without the cage, and there is more chance given the player who is behind to meet his antagonist, and so to recover lost ground; and a cage being more difficult to traverse than a hoop, there is more chance of breaking down over it. If the cage is muffed the balls are likely to be wired; so that in several ways the cage increases the opportunity to the adversaries of getting in, and this precisely at the time when the balls, being in the middle of the ground, are easily get-at-able.

We have assumed a cage throughout. A stick in the middle is not so difficult to pass as a cage; indeed, after a little practice, a stick is as easy as a hoop. For this reason we prefer a cage; but even a stick in the middle is better than having three hoops in a row on each side.

The best form of mallet has, we think, yet to be eliminated. That mallets are in a transition state is proved by the fact that many independent circles of players have mallets of their own pattern. Last year we travelled about a good deal, playing in various parts of the country, when we observed the numerous differences in mallets above referred to. Nearly all private mallets, however, agree in this, that they are *heavy*. We take it, then, that the weight of the mallet is the most important consideration. At present, for three and a half inch balls, we prefer a mallet of about twenty-five ounces. We have not positively made up our minds as to the best weight; indeed it is probable that no uniform standard can be arrived at, individuals suiting their own tastes, as they do with guns, cues, bats, &c. We strongly recommend no one to play with a mallet of less than twenty-two ounces. This is not a bit too heavy for ladies, if they only use the instrument properly; *i.e.*, if they let it drop almost of its own weight from the wrist and forearm, and do not attempt to strike with it from the shoulder.



The head of the mallet is made sometimes of box, sometimes of ivory. In shape it varies greatly. The worst-shaped mallets are the ones commonly sold, larger at the ends than in the middle, so as to decrease the weight, and to increase the chance of muffing the stroke by catching the ground with the sharp edge of the mallet. A mallet much in vogue now is one of the same diameter throughout, flat at one end and rounded at the other the rounded end being used chiefly for tight croquet. It is certainly better than the former shape; but, like it, is liable to the objection that the sharp edge of the flat striking surface is brought close to



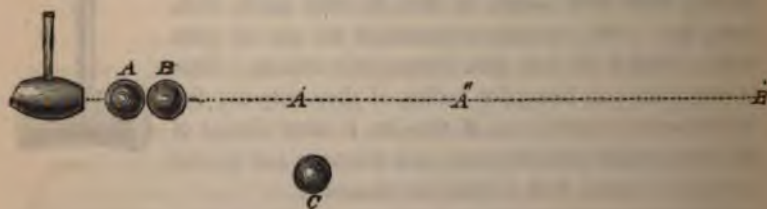
the ground in making the ordinary strokes, and hence that if by any accident the ground is struck, the mallet's course is arrested. If, however, the arrest is only partial, as often happens, the ball is just moved a few inches, and the stroke has but a poor chance of success.

A better shape, as we think, is the tub, or tubby mallet. The diameter of the striking part being less than that of the rest of the mallet, if the stroke is aimed too low, the ground is not struck by the edge of the face, but by the bulging part of the tub, and the consequence is that the mallet glances off the ground, continuing its onward course, and not unfrequently accomplishing the stroke in spite of a badly judged delivery.



It will be observed that the insertion of the handle is nearer to the flat face of the mallet than to the oblique and more pointed end. This is intentional, in order to balance the mallet, there being less wood in the end with the oblique face than in the other.

The use of the oblique face is to strike the ball below the centre, in order to stop it, or rather to prevent its rolling so far as it otherwise would. For instance, in taking open croquet with force, the player, desiring to move his own ball but a short distance, as in the diagram, would use the pointed end. The ball *A* is to be sent near *C* viz., to *A'*; the ball *B* to *B'*. This will be a likely result of a



sharp stroke played with the oblique face of the mallet. If played with the flat face, the ball *A* would roll further, probably to *A''*, and the position on *C* would be lost, or at all events impaired.

The oblique face is also of advantage in playing delicate splitting strokes about the hoops, where a wider angle of separation of the balls is required than can be got by striking the ball with gentle strength in the centre.

We hope, as the game advances, to see tight croquet abolished altogether. We have not space in the present paper to detail our reasons for this; but we may remark that high-class players seldom

employ tight croquet. If a time should come when tight croquet is abandoned, the use of the oblique end will be much increased, as strokes now played tight would then mostly be played with the oblique face.

The length of the head of the mallet should be about six inches, and its greatest diameter, for three and a half inch balls, not more than three inches. The flat striking face should be about two inches and a quarter, the oblique about one inch and an eighth. These measurements differ much from those of most mallets, but they are the result of practical experience, and may be relied on to produce a serviceable weapon. The measurements are given for box-wood heads. At present we have had no experience of ivory, as we have found box in all respects satisfactory in practice.

Tipping the small face of the mallet with leather or india-rubber has been tried, but it is now generally given up. Players of any experience depend on the plain wood, relying on their accuracy of aim to avoid slipping.

The handle or shaft of the mallet is mostly made of ash, but other woods have been recommended. Canadian rock elm has lately been introduced; and hickory is a wood that should be experimented with. Cane handles are also much liked by some players. ]

The shaft for one-handed players should be about twenty-six or twenty-seven inches long; for two-handed players, about thirty inches. The length of handle, like the weight, is to some extent a matter of taste. We give the actual length of mallets we have found pleasant to us in practice. Three inches being added for the head, the total length of the mallet should be thirty to thirty-three inches; but many players prefer them longer, even as long as thirty-eight inches.

The portion of the handle which is held by the player should be elliptical, not circular, and should be divided into a number of little facets. This plan renders the grasp firm, and does not tire the hand. We have found an irregular octagon, with the corners slightly rounded, the shape that suits us best. The elliptical portion of the shaft should be continued far enough to allow room for one or two hands, according as the player is one or two-handed, when it should gradually lose its facets, and become circular, tapering towards the lower extremity. There should be also a slight tapering of the elliptical part, but very slight. The greatest circumference of the shaft should be about three inches and a half, and the tapering should reduce it near to the head to two inches and a quarter. Just before reaching the head, the shaft usually enlarges



Section of upper part of mallet handle.

again slightly; to break the shock of the spring, we presume, which would otherwise fall just at the point of juncture of the head with the shaft, and possibly lead to its fracture when used with much force.

The shaft and the head should be quite plain, without rings of paint or other ornament, so that there shall be nothing to distract the eye when taking aim, or taking the stroke. When, however, the rule prevails that the mallet shall not be held within a certain number of inches of the head, a simple line may mark the distance, or better still, the facets should disappear at that point.

Clips are, in our opinion, of no use whatever. We have played hundreds of games without them, and never felt the want of them. We have also played with them, and find players forget to move them; and when the strict rule is enforced—viz., that a player not moving the clip is deemed not to have run any hoops beyond the clip—much ill-feeling is likely to be engendered. The simple rule that each player is bound to declare his hoop when required answers every purpose.

So much for the croquet implements. We must reserve our observations on the mode of using them, and on the laws of the game, for some future time.

C.





## THE TWO PENSIONERS.

**T**HE grass in the park of old Austerlye,  
Groweth green and sweet when the summer is nigh;  
And the grand old trees with their sprawling boughs,  
Make a pleasant shade where the deer can browse.

A pleasant retreat from the turbulent flies  
That play round the nostrils, the ears, and the eyes;  
Of what the old pensioner, huntsman Cross,  
*Will* call the world's wonder, "the ould Brown Ho'ss,"  
Who's last day's run was to Hockington Hall,  
"Thirty odd mile, sir, and never a fall."  
No pleasanter picture is there to see  
Than huntsman and hunter stand under the tree;  
Whilst the smoke of a pipe (it is *Wills's* best),  
Seems the incense of thankfulness offered for rest.

The summer time 's past at old Austerlye,  
The great trees moan when the winds are high;  
And the deer's hot breath cannot melt the snow  
Quite down to the green grass that lies below;  
And the hungry rooks, flying far and wide,  
Scarce pick up a dinner by eventide.  
Yet soon as the Stable 's awake and astir,  
There are tracks on the snow to a clump of fir;  
Two human foot-prints, and one crutch mark,  
That stop at the shanty door down in the park;  
Whilst a few bents of clover let fall, tell that Cross  
Has remembered his pensioner friend—"the ould ho'ss."

Remembered him, yes! As Cross rests on his back  
The arm that once guided him on with the pack;  
"When we found in the small wood the first time 'twas  
draw'd,  
And the fox bein' headed by young Muster Laud,  
Was very nigh chopped, aye, as nigh as an ace,  
But at last got away—and oh! lor! what a pace!

The varmint run game—he was artful and old,  
 And puzzled the hounds just by crossing a fold ;  
 But so true he had run, and the pace was so fast,  
 That I let the hounds find without making a cast.  
 When the hounds hit the scent, young Welcome was first,  
 And the field went away, all, all at a burst !  
 Every stern was erect ! every nose searched the scent !  
 A sheet might have covered the pack as they went.  
 Over fallow and meadow we kept on the pace,  
 And you, my ould ho'ss, was the foremost in place.  
 The hedges we topped, the water we flew,  
 As though you had wings,—your jumps was so true,—  
 Till we came to a check, where the varmint had ta'en  
 His way, cunning rogue ! through a twenty-foot drain.  
 I eased you five minutes—not more, I can swear !  
 And not twelve of the field, saving us, was up there.  
 I knowed the old dodge of the varmint, so made  
 A cast, and the hounds on the scent once more laid.  
 Yoicks, forward !—Yoicks, forward ! like lightning we went  
 (Though many a horse and good rider was spent)  
 For Belcherley earths, where I knew he was bent.  
 Then I lifted my hounds by old Cocheston shaw,  
 And had him in view, when the open we saw.  
 Yoicks, forward ! the staunchest of hounds heard the cry.  
 Heads up and sterns down told bold reynard must die !  
 On we went, till we came close to Meriton Mill,  
 And, ould ho'ss, you and me was alone at the kill."

Such memories as these bound the horse to the man  
 Who muttered them over,—laugh at him who can.  
 Not I, who have seen my last run long ago ;  
 Who've changed tops and leather for pains in my toe !  
 Yet my dim eyes, when gazing on grass, field, and gorze,  
 Have visions come back of hound, huntsman, and horse.  
 Till the "cry," which was music, I hear once again—  
 Till the pace, which was rapture in youth, fills each vein—  
 Till the horn's merry notes in my fancy I hear—  
 Till my reverie's broken by, "Thomas, my dear,  
 How foolish of you to stand out in the damp,  
 When you know how you suffer from gout and the cramp !"

TOM MOODY.

# THE MEMORIAL WINDOW.

A DRAMATIC STORY,

In a Prologue and Three Acts.

## THE PROLOGUE.

**B**ELLS ringing merrily, flowers strewn in the street, horses prancing to the flicking of ribbon-decked whips, crowds of envious spectators gazing upon a marriage pageant in the little town of Westfield. Harvey Bence, the shrewd and wealthy lawyer of that place, has married the young and lovely daughter of Colonel Compton, M.P.; said young and lovely lady having been sold by a gambling father to save himself from impending ruin, and said young and lovely lady having been previously engaged to a gallant young lieutenant of her Majesty's Royal Artillery ordered on foreign service: the old, old story.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three years have passed away. Glints of moonlight, between gentle summer showers, light up the old houses of Westfield, glance athwart the river, dart among the shadows of the old abbey, and glimmer momentarily upon two figures that steal away from Lawyer Bence's house. Two figures: one a woman in a cloak, beneath which she carries a child; the other a lithe, supple male figure that nearly bears the woman in its strong manly arms. On they steal, quietly, breathlessly, with the bright piercing glances of the moon following them, now casting long mysterious shadows before them, now lighting their path with silvery treacherous gleams that make the darkness thicker than it has been before. On they move, still, stealthily, softly, gently as the dew that rises from the fields laden with sweet perfumes. By-and-by a light gleams in the distance, a bridge is crossed, the dark river rolls below, a boat is moored beneath the arches, a stooping figure comes from the vessel and assists the fugitives on board. The light, which has mocked the moon with a dim yellow streak gliding hither and thither on the waters, disappears, and oars splash in the river. For half an hour boat and river travel onwards, as though they belong to each other, gliding, slipping, creeping away in the summer night; the moon alone sees the little bark, but it only glances downwards now and

then as if in the secret of the expedition. Presently the boat is moored again; there is a carriage in the roadway, and the moon shines out full and radiant upon the fugitives as they enter it and are driven off along the great London road.

When daylight comes Mr. Bence returns from a journey to find his wife and child gone; no one knows when, or how, or whither. The gossips in Westfield shake their heads and say hard things, not of the runaway, but of the deserted husband, who has the reputation of being hard-hearted and tyrannical, a bad master and an ill-conditioned man, who, having bought Colonel Compton's child, succeeded in ruining her father all the same, and driving him into a miserable and fatal exile.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fifteen years soon speed their course over a quiet town like Westfield, without much apparent change, except in the churchyard hillocks and the tombstones. The Bence family have a grand old vault down below the abbey crypt, and it will soon be reopened to receive the lawyer whom Barford has christened Old Squire Bence; for he is lying yonder on his side propped up with pillows, and making known his last wishes to his partner, Mr. Nicodemus Gasford, who has been elevated in his service from errand-boy to copying-clerk, from copying-clerk to chief clerk, from managing clerk to partner, and who is now about to become the principal and solitary representative of the house of Bence and Gasford. A meek, yet sinister youth, Gasford has done full justice to his tutor, and he is now a shrewd, clever, money-loving trickster; but with one redeeming quality, as it may seem: he loves Henry Gasford, his only son, with an affection which he never exhibited towards the boy's dead mother.

"All for thee, my lad, some day," he would say to this precocious youth of twenty summers; "all for thee some day, my boy, gold and silver, and lands and tenements."

Old Squire Bence is dying, we say. The long, lank, dimity curtains of the great four-poster already seem to cling about the bed like cerements. Two candles flicker on a table close by, and play fantastic tricks with a cobweb on the ceiling, from which a spider drops now and then, and runs back along its silken thread. The atmosphere of the place is redolent of drugs and brandy and fusty linen, of parchment and pastiles, of steam from hot water and smoke from a smouldering wood fire.

"I am dying," says Bence.

"I fear it, I fear it," replies Gasford, standing by the bed, ner-

vously anxious to hear what his partner had specially to say that he has sent for him in such haste.

"As you will one day be *in extremis*, and have to meet your judge, as I shall meet mine presently, I ask for your careful fulfilment of my dying wishes."

"My dear sir, my word has always been as good as my bond with you," Gasford meekly replies.

"It has. A month ago, when I felt strange presentiments of death come over me, though then in full, strong health, I waited upon our agents in London and made a fresh will."

"Indeed!" says Gasford, unable, cautious as he is, to restrain an expression of concern and surprise.

"I leave one-third of the Barford estate to my wife, if——"

"Your wife!" exclaimed Gasford. "My dear sir, I——"

"Don't interrupt. We all do strange things contemplating death, Gasford. Don't interrupt. The Westfield estate to my wife, if she be living and can be found; my moneys in the funds, in mines and railways to my son Compton Bence, if he be living and can be found; the residue to yourself."

"Dear friend," says Gasford, "you——"

"Let me finish, Gasford," says Bence, breathing painfully; "to yourself, with the exception of five thousand pounds, which you are to pay, on her becoming of age, to the daughter of Mrs. Arnold, whose property was sacrificed in that speculation which you advised when we had her business. This will be some compensation; it will give Miss Bessie a marriage portion; and it is my wish, if ever my son be discovered, and the two parties consent, that he shall marry Bessie, settle down in Westfield, and try to make the name of Bence a blessing instead of a curse to the place. But the match is in no way to be forced; if the two can agree and love each other. I know there *is* such a thing as love now, Gasford. Remarkable changes come with death, Gasford, very, very."

Gasford thought so, and looked pityingly at his master, pitying him for the loss of that strong power which was above such nonsense as love; but the partner only said: "And supposing these persons cannot be found?"

"After such search has been made as is set forth in the deed, and undertaken by our agents, during five years next ensuing, and without success, then the property goes into other channels, and the Westfield estate with my share of our business becomes yours, Gasford; you will deal carefully and wisely by it. You are thrifty."

"My dear benefactor!" says Gasford, leaning over his partner and

determining to prevent, if possible, the discovery of the parties most interested in the will.

"Send for the doctor now," says Bence, leaning back; "and I will see the rector too if he does not object to come."

Gasford quietly slips out of the room and Bence heaves a deep sigh. The spider drops down close to the bed curtains as if to look at the dying man. The candles burn dimly; a few ashes fall from the grate; the hoarse old clock on the stairs groans, and moans, and strikes; a dog in the street howls piteously; the doctor enters quietly, followed by a nurse; and they move the clammy-looking curtains to gaze upon a dead old man!

## ACT THE FIRST.

### SCENE I.—THE FAIR ORGANIST.

A BRIGHT summer day. Westfield looks its best in the sunshine. The tower of the old abbey church stands out amongst the trees, and the river running close by makes a charming picture of the scene down in the clear waters. Swallows float lazily in the air, or peep out from their nests in the eaves of the church. A quiet strain of music comes out into the summer haze from the abbey, and the doors stand wide open, as if to invite entrance.

Wending his way from the distant railway station, preferring a walk to riding in the omnibus, a young man of about one-and-twenty stops in front of the abbey, and presently enters at the porch. There was that about the traveller which altogether bespoke the gentleman. Self-possessed and manly, it was easy to see that Arthur Merryvale had lived; that young as he was he had seen the world. There was a narrow band of crape round his hat, which he carried under his arm as he wandered into the old abbey, and looked reverentially up at the fretted roof.

Two decorators were at work, finishing some recent restorations about the altar; and close by sat a young lady at the organ. The curtains, which usually surrounded the occupant of the organ-seat, were drawn wide apart, and the player, with a companion who stood by, was in full view. The fair organist continued her dreamy interpretation of some passages from the *Stabat Mater*. Her companion looked out of a pair of dark eyes at Arthur Merryvale as he seated himself at a little distance, contemplating the entrance to a small but beautifully decorated chapel near the chancel.

It was a girl who sat at the organ, and Arthur only saw a supple

waist, a pair of stooping shoulders, and a head with a shower of dark brown hair falling carelessly over them. The music was fascinating in the highest degree ; soft, tender, holy sounds, that mixed themselves up in Arthur's fancy with the religious and historical associations of the place.

By-and-by the organ was mute, and when Arthur presently turned his head in the direction of the instrument, his eyes fell upon a face of rare beauty,—a face not only full of natural loveliness, but lighted up with an expression of gentleness and amiability and sweetness, such as would have made any features fascinating.

Arthur had lived, we say, and had seen the world. Much as he was struck with the young lady's beauty, it did not overthrow his presence of mind.

"Pardon me, ladies," he said, making low obeisance ; "I am a stranger here, and could not resist the open doorway of this beautiful church. I hope I have not interfered with your delightful occupation ?"

"No," said the elder of the two ladies, graciously ; "not at all. My daughter comes here to practise, and you have not interrupted her."

Arthur smiled, and opened the little side-door close at hand whilst the ladies left ; and then, impulsively following, again apologised for asking a question.

"May I ask if Mr. Gasford resides near the abbey ?"

"His residence is nearly a mile from here," said the elder lady ; "but he has offices in Westfield, close by."

"Thank you," said Arthur, glancing again at the fair organist, whom he would fain believe was by no means uninterested in the unmistakable homage which he paid to her beauty.

Until they were out of sight, and not until then, did Arthur Merryvale stand by the old abbey door, gazing after the fair girl who had taken such quick and sudden possession of his soul. At the last moment, before she disappeared, Arthur thought she turned her head. His cheeks flushed at the thought, and his heart beat wildly.

"What is all this about ?" he said presently, striding out into the highway, and walking towards the town. "Is it what they call love at first sight ?"

Whatever it might be, the swallows cared nothing about it, nor the clock in the tower. The former continued their gyrations in the air, and the latter struck out the hour just as it had always done before ; but the whole place seemed to put on a new aspect in Arthur's eyes. He was in a sort of fairy-land for the time being : he saw everywhere

in his fancy a lovely sympathetic face, and he heard the organ pealing.

"Bence and Gasford," in black letters on a brass-plate, at length broke in upon his dreaming, and scattered much of it to the winds.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Gasford is in, but engaged," said a deep bass voice belonging to a queer-looking little fellow of most uncertain age, peering through the railings of an old oak desk at the stranger.

"I have an appointment with him : please to send in my card."

"Yes, sir," said the clerk with the voice, turning the card over, and fixing a searching look upon Mr. Merryvale.

"From London, I presume?" said the clerk, again speaking as if he were playing a part in a tragedy (and so perhaps he was, for that matter). "'Tis a shrewd guess, I warrant me," he said, disappearing majestically behind a green baize door.

"Theatrically inclined," said Mr. Merryvale to a younger clerk, who smiled knowingly at the stranger, as much as to say, "He's a rum 'n, sir. *You* never see such a rum 'n before."

"Step within, sir," said the dramatic clerk, appearing again upon the scene at this instant. Merryvale stepped within accordingly; whereupon Josiah Stubbs, saying, "'Tis a fair youth, i' faith," resumed his high seat, and proceeded to engross the closing lines of a deed of release, which was an important feature in Mr. Merryvale's business. Studying law under Messrs. Hillyar, Betten, and Foxwell, of Gray's Inn, preparatory to "going in" for the bar, Mr. Merryvale had been sent down to Westfield, for the purpose of paying off a mortgage held by Mr. Gasford upon an estate in Barfordshire belonging to a client of theirs. Fate had surely something to do with their selection of Mr. Merryvale for this business.

"You cannot return this evening comfortably," said Mr. Gasford, shuffling into the outer office after Mr. Merryvale, whose roll of notes had put him into an unusually liberal frame of mind. "Cannot do so comfortably—better stay and dine with me. On this day in the year I have always two friends to dinner, and my son Harry—two lady friends, Mr. Merryvale! will you come? six o'clock. Say, yes."

Mr. Merryvale did say yes; but not until old Gasford, in his chuckling, sinister voice, said two ladies; and then Arthur thought of the fair organist, and resolved to accept Mr. Gasford's invitation.

"Thank you, Mr. Gasford, I will dine with you."

"Good," said the lawyer, regretting for a moment that he had been so liberal; whilst Josiah Stubbs, waiting until the doors were closed and Arthur was in the street, bowed obsequiously to the



window blind, and wished that good digestion might wait on appetite and health on both, at the same time informing his colleague that he might expect the world shortly to come to an end, seeing that their master had voluntarily or involuntarily asked a stranger to dinner. "O that I might be a glove upon that hand, that I might touch that cheek. He banqueteth with the lovely Bessie Arnold; he will sit by her side, James; he will hear her speak; he will hang upon her sweet voice, as the bee sips the honey of the flower. O that I were Merryvale, or that I could be merry in this vale of tears. Down, down, beating heart. Hist! Here comes the governor."

And Josiah Stubbs assumed that grave air of ink and melancholy due to his high position in the house of Bence and Gasford.

## SCENE II.—MR. NICODEMUS GASFORD AT HOME.

A BIG, straggling, low-roofed house that stood alone on the outskirts of the old town, as if it were there to crouch, and watch, and pry into straggling secrets; a sneaking, grovelling-looking house, on the watch for treasons stratagems and spoils amongst the few other houses that had also crept out of the town, to linger about the outskirts in something like skirmishing order. A wily, mysterious-looking house, such as an adventurer might have found in the neighbourhood of Bagdad, with sly out-of-the-way windows here and there, and half-darkened panes; with deep porches at the end of grass-grown paths: a stone-house without creepers to tone down the hard rock, or lichens to beautify the equally hard stone roof, and the bulging dwarfed chimneys. Arthur Merryvale felt a weight of depression seize upon him, as he entered the weed-grown carriage drive and pulled the rickety bell-handle at what seemed to be the main entrance to the strange-looking residence of Nicodemus Gasford. Years ago the place had been a nunnery; but in those days it looked even cheerful in comparison with its aspect under the reign of Gasford: Nic Gasford as some irreverent persons called him, Old Nick, as certain daring reprobates, who neither feared him nor the law, had written upon his shutters, during a county election in which the lawyer had taken a prominent part.

Arthur was shown into what might once have been a cell for refractory nuns, so thick were the walls, so gloomy the general character of the room. A few sticks in a rusty grate were struggling with some lighted shavings and small coal. A few books were becoming blue and mouldy in a recess by the door. There were no pictures on the walls; but, like a framed landscape, the country

outside filled up the open window, and looked all the more beautiful for its surroundings. In a few minutes there came slowly up the carriage drive, making the solitary track of wheels which could be seen there, one of those picturesque little basket carriages which are to be found on summer days in all the rural highways and byeways of the country. Two small ponies, which might have been expected to prance and dance over the gravel, held down their heads, and came along at a jog-trot pace, whilst Bessie Arnold (for she was the driver) let the reins fall listlessly on their backs.

All in a moment the ogre's castle became a palace of delight to Arthur Merryvale. He watched with eager pleasure every movement of the fair organist. As the carriage stopped, there came out from some hiding-place or other, a heavy, hulking-looking fellow, who, without making the smallest sign of recognition or respect, took the reins from the driver, and as soon as the ladies had alighted, disappeared with ponies and carriage. Then the jangling old bell rung, and the grim old parchment-visaged housekeeper ushered the ladies, without a word of explanation or introduction, into the room where Arthur Merryvale was standing.

A scintillation of satisfaction shone through the expression of surprise which both ladies exhibited on seeing here the stranger of the morning. Since the death of Mr. Bence, they had dined once a year with his surviving partner, more for the purpose of learning what he might have to communicate respecting their interest in the will of Mr. Bence, than for any other purpose, if we except the mother's desire to maintain a friendly relationship with the trustee, in whose hands 5000*l.*, belonging to her daughter was lying. Four years had elapsed since the lawyer's death, and no tidings of his wife and son had been obtained; so that in twelve months Bessie would come into that compensatory fund which Bence had left to satisfy certain newly-awakened conscientious scruples in reference to the mysterious loss of half Mrs. Arnold's fortune, whilst her property was administered in the office of Bence and Gasford. They were, therefore, not here by choice, but from motives of policy. Bessie over and over again had urged her mother rather to let the money be lost than pay their annual tribute; but Gasford was most pressing once a year for this visit, and Mrs. Arnold was too much a woman of the world not to make little sacrifices for the sake of five thousand pounds.

Whilst Arthur Merryvale was handing chairs to the ladies, Mr. Gasford, in an antiquated dress coat, very high in the neck, and very short in the sleeve

"Ah, Mrs. Arnold, delighted and proud to see you and your charming daughter!—how do you do? how do you do?" and Gasford, looking in another direction all the time, shook hands with the ladies, and offering his flabby fingers to Merryvale, introduced that gentleman.

"Mr. Merryvale, ladies, from Hillyar, Betten, & Foxwell, Gray's Inn, my London agents, studying for the law. Mrs. Arnold and Miss Arnold, friends of Mr. Bence, deceased, and may I say of his surviving partner?"

Mr. Merryvale and the ladies acknowledged each other graciously, and when they did not see it, Gasford cast a quick side glance at Merryvale and Bessie.

"Ahem! have you met before?" he said, looking still in a contrary direction to his guests.

"Casually—quite by accident, in the abbey this morning," Mrs. Arnold replied.

"Indeed—ah—in the abbey," said Gasford, who seemed to think the incident over, and docket it in his memory.

Further conversation was prevented by the appearance of the housekeeper, who conducted Mrs. Arnold and her daughter to a bedroom, where the elder lady kissed Bessie, and made some quiet motherly comment upon her flushed cheeks.

"You look quite excited, my pet," said Mrs. Arnold. "I thought how dejected you appeared when we came up the drive."

"One sees so little society, dear mother, and to meet a gentleman here instead of the usual guest, old parson Wildwood, is *such* a relief," said Bessie.

The mother's eyes watched tenderly the change in her daughter, noted the extra pains she took with her hair and dress, and then remembered that unmistakable expression of admiration and delight which lit up Arthur Merryvale's face in the old abbey church.

"I quite expected my son here to-day," said Gasford, when they had all seated themselves at the table, including the Reverend Jollify Wildwood, who was introduced, over the damp table-cloth, to Merryvale.

"Sorry he is not here—such a lively fellow," said Wildwood, with a slow, measured kind of enunciation. "Such a lively fellow."

"Very—yes, very lively," said Gasford; "and a fine fellow too. Knows everything and everybody—a desperate fine fellow, and a strong big fellow too," continued Gasford, glancing askance at Arthur, and dipping a heavy ladle into some very weak soup, that splashed in his face.

"Splendid at a fence," said the Reverend Jollify Wildwood, pouring half a decanter of sherry into a tumbler, and emptying the same as a sort of protest to his untouched soup. "He would have thrown this soup out of the window, Mr. Gasford, your son Harry would."

"Ah! ah! good—good, parson; so he might. It ain't very strong—ah! ah!"

And the two old boys nodded at their guests as if something very clever had been said and acknowledged. Mrs. Arnold said Mr. Wildwood was so very frank.

"Yes, very frank—very," said Gasford, who noticed that Bessie and Mr. Merryvale had not heard either his remark or Mr. Wildwood's, engaged as they seemed to be in a conversation evidently most interesting to themselves.

"My son Harry, Mrs. Arnold, desired his most kind regards when he wrote; he is bringing a present for Bessie—something like a present, he says. Yes, he's a fine fellow, is Harry; and some day, parson, he'll be worth a hundred thousand pounds. There! what do you think of that?"

Now Harry had never thought of buying a present for Bessie, nor had he written to say he was bringing one; but old Gasford's quick perceptive faculties were alarmed at the interest which Bessie seemed to have taken in Mr. Merryvale, and he remembered, in his early years reading how Marguerite was won with a case of jewels. It was part of the plan of his latter days that his son Harry should marry Bessie Arnold, who, with a few thousand pounds and some property which joined his own in the parish of Westfield, would be a desirable match, and would give Harry almost a county position. The Arnolds held a high local standing, and could assist Harry in obtaining aristocratic introductions. Old Gasford was resolved that his son should be *somebody* in the Westfield county.

On any other occasion the damp salt, the ill-cooked viands, the weak thin gravies of Mr. Gasford's table would have been noted with anything but satisfaction by Arthur Merryvale; but on this occasion the feast of whatever it had consisted would have been fit for a prince in his eyes, seeing that the board was graced with the presence of Bessie Arnold, with whom he was already over head and ears in love.

When the little ponies had trotted away down the drive, and Arthur had also gone to seek his hotel, old Gasford, sitting by the fire and drinking hot grog with parson Wildwood, who, as rector of

the parish, dined with the chief landowner therein once a month, talked of his son and his son's prospects.

"I tell you, parson, the son of old Gasford, who was Bence's errand-boy, shall be the richest man in this county. Don't talk to me of D. V., and all that sort of thing. Didn't I begin at the bottom of the ladder, and haven't I got to the top long ago, so far as money is concerned, without D. Veeing it—eh? You shall see, parson. If my son ain't the leading man in these parts and a member of parliament, I'll eat my boots—so there!" And Gasford rubbed his skinny hands together and looked at the fire, and scowled and frowned and compressed his thin lips so tightly that he seemed to have no mouth at all, but only a thin red line between his nose and chin, with two black bright sentinel eyes above, sheltered by great overhanging tufts of stubby hair.

Meanwhile, Arthur Merryvale strolled down beside the abbey and listened to the evening chimes, and walked by the river and let his thoughts slip away upon the ripples that flickered in the moonlight; whilst Bessie Arnold, seated at a small chamber-organ at home, played extempore bits of the sweetest music that had ever crept out of the open windows of Linford House, and lost itself amongst the tinkling of sheep-bells and the hundred pleasant rural sounds of the beautiful Westfield valley.

### SCENE III.—A ROOM IN ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE.

A COMFORTABLE little room in St. George's Square, London—half library, half drawing-room; a neat and snug little room, with the picture of a soldier over the fireplace, and many skins of wild animals about the floors, although it is summer; the picture of a soldier who fell in India, fell at the head of his regiment fighting in defence of Lucknow; the portrait of that lithe, supple figure which, years and years ago, had nearly carried in its strong arms the runaway wife of Bence, the lawyer.

Once more we are in presence of the fugitive, that brave soldier's widow; for Capt. Merryvale had married his early love when the news of Bence's death appeared in the *Times*, which had been daily searched by a trusty agent for fifteen years after their midnight flight from Westfield. By her side, leaning back in one of those lolling chairs affected by Anglo-Indians, Harry Merryvale is telling his mother of his journey to Westfield, not omitting his introduction to Bessie Florence, and the impression which that young lady has made upon him.

Mrs. Merryvale, with the secret of her early marriage and the parentage of her son locked up in her own breast, had striven to prevent Arthur from going upon this journey to Westfield. She had felt that no good could come of the visit; she had felt that danger to her peace would spring out of Arthur's introduction to his native town. All she valued in the world was his love, and it was her own misgivings upon this point which had made her insist upon Messrs. Hilliar, Betten & Foxwell not setting up her legal claims under her first husband's will. In the days of her sorrow and trouble, when she had come from India with her boy, her first husband's London agents had occurred to her as the persons whom she would entrust with the management of her affairs. Feeling for some time seriously ill, she had confided to Mr. Hilliar the secret of her life in the interest of her son, who might have legal claims upon Mr. Bence's estate; but when she recovered she regretted the course she had taken, and revoked her previous instructions. She feared that any discovery of the circumstances of her early life might cause the displacement of herself from Arthur's heart and affections. So the time had sped on; and Mr. Hilliar, respecting the wishes of his client, had continued, at intervals, his advertisement in the *Times* for the lost wife and son of the late Mr. Bence.

It was during Mr. Hilliar's absence abroad that Arthur Merryvale had been sent to Westfield, or Mrs. Merryvale would have prevented that important journey. In Mr. Hilliar's absence, she had made a faint attempt to influence Arthur against the business; but his explanation that it was a matter of duty, and an exhibition of great confidence in him on the part of the firm, were unanswerable.

On his return, his mother was curiously anxious to hear all about the journey.

"A splendid old abbey," said Arthur; "glorious—full of odd, queer corners and chapels, stained glass and quaint decorations."

"Yes," said Mrs. Merryvale, looking down intently upon her work.

"They are erecting a magnificent monument to the memory of Mr. Gasford's partner, Mr. Harvey Bence, who seems to have been a sort of miser all his life, and yet has left handsome benefactions to charities—a last effort to wipe out the sins of his youth, perhaps. These posthumous gifts are simply bribes to heaven."

"We should not form harsh judgments of this kind," said Mrs. Merryvale, whose powers of dissimulation were taxed to the uttermost: for the past was opening up in a long vista of years before her at every word Arthur uttered. It was well she could hide her face from her son's scrutiny.

"You seem unusually busy to-night, mother," said Arthur, with a little sign of impatience.

"I am, dear," Mrs. Merryvale, replied; "but go on Harry, tell me all about Westfield. You will find me a most interested and patient listener."

"Were I to tell you all, you would indeed be interested, mother; whether you would be patient also I cannot say."

Arthur rocked himself to and fro in his Indian chair, and looked provokingly mysterious.

"All," said Mrs. Merryvale, quietly; "were you to tell me all, Arthur!"

"Yes, all, mother," said the young man, catching up her work, depositing it in a heap upon the couch, and putting his arm round her waist.

Mrs. Merryvale's heart beat with mingled emotions of fear and dread with love for her boy, and with dread of the past, mixed up with a crowd of strange memories.

"What would you say, mother, to your most matter-of-fact son being in love; yes, in love—over head and ears in love?" said Arthur, looking playfully into his mother's eyes.

Mrs. Merryvale could only reflect her son's smile and repeat his words—"What should I say!"

"Yes, mater, dear! First love I am talking about, I who have laughed at such a thing before now. 'He jests at scars who never felt a wound!' There was the prettiest, sweetest, most loveable creature sitting at the organ in the old Westfield Abbey, these eyes ever beheld. And I dined with the lady and her mother at old Gasford's house."

"Yes," said Mrs. Merryvale, smiling faintly; "who is the lady,—do I know her, I wonder?"

"Know her! How should you, my dear mater? How should you know her?"

"How should I indeed!" said Mrs. Merryvale, "I forgot that."

"Her name is Arnold," said Arthur, "Bessie Arnold. Why you are ill, mother! How unkind not to have noticed it before. What a selfish brute I must be! Stay a moment, let me give you a little brandy."

Mrs. Merryvale was indeed ill. She sat motionless in her chair; but there was a strange lovely vision in her memory—a vision of two dear friends rambling through the woods and meadows of the Westfield valley; one was herself, and the other Bessie Arnold, the mother of the young lady to whom Arthur had been introduced.

"There! you are better now—I see you are; you have been sitting at that confounded work too long, or you have not been for a walk since I have been away."

"I am well again, Arthur; it is nothing. I will lie on the couch whilst you go on with all you have to tell me."

And she lay there listening to Arthur's gossip about Westfield; all of which was coloured by his interview with the Arnolds; Bessie's smile, Bessie's eyes, Bessie's music were in everything; they added poetry to Arthur's description of the abbey, the river, the trees, and the wide expanse of green and radiant meadows. At length his narrative was suddenly brought to a close by a deep agonizing sob.

Mrs. Merryvale had utterly broken down in her efforts to drink in her son's discourse without giving way to its intoxicating effects.

When Arthur lifted her up her head fell upon his shoulder helplessly, and it seemed as if her heart was almost broken in a long wail of agony.

We ring down the scene to slow music, asking the reader to follow the soft tender harmonies of the orchestra in all their descriptive turnings. We ask him to think of that fair bright girl, sold to one who loved her not; to think of her sad life and her desperate escape; to follow her in imagination through those other years of her new life; to mourn with her over the husband and the lover, the lover and the husband; to travel with her home again from foreign lands with this dear pledge of her saddest hours, her son, who bore an alien name and knew it not,—a son who might some day turn upon her and reproach her for her sin, a son so passionately loved that his lightest word of rebuke would embitter the remainder of her life beyond all sweetening. See her thus broken on the wheel of her own fears, and then, *chers amis*, couple with this Arthur Bence's visit to Westfield, and the peculiar torture of his narrative to the victim of a sad, sad, memory: so shall the music of your own fancy be a quiet, gentle, sympathetic accompaniment to the short closing scene of this first part of our drama.

(*To be continued.*)



## NOTES & INCIDENTS.

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IF the gentleman who wished to be allowed to make the songs of a nation, and did not care who made the laws, were to revisit the glimpses of the moon at this present time, he would be a good deal astonished. There probably never was a time in the past history of the nation in which the popular songs had reached so low a level; and if it be indeed true that the songs of a people form and indicate the national character, we have some cause to tremble for our position. The songs of the period are produced almost entirely for music-hall consumption. One almost never hears of a new song without being informed that it is a "comic" one. The information is generally necessary, for anything further removed from humour than the so-called comic songs of the period cannot be imagined. These songs are either nasty or imbecile. Frequently they have no meaning at all; but when they have, it is sure to be either vulgar or indecent. The examination of a very large collection of music-hall songs produces a most painful impression of the intellectual character of the masses. That hundreds of thousands of people can sit nightly in music-halls all over the country, and listen with pleasure to men and women howling forth such drivel is a proof that the people are anything but intellectual in their amusements at all events. That great nobles and high personages should lavish their patronage upon the howlers of the music-halls, is not a circumstance to dwell upon with pleasure. The manner in which the highest classical music and the imbecilities of the music-halls are progressing together is a singular social phenomenon. There never was a time in which high classical music was so much relished in England as the present. Beethoven never had so many disciples as he now has, and never before was it possible to give such gigantic expositions of the great works of the great masters as the Crystal Palace directors find themselves able to give, at all events, without loss. Yet all this while a kind of musical amusement, lower than anything known to our forefathers, is rioting in the full swing of popularity. How is it that while one class of people in the country are rising higher and higher in their musical tastes, another class is sinking lower and lower?

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MODERN notions are adverse to the practice of preserving the dead; and an embalming process, however simple, is hardly likely to come into extensive use. Yet as a matter of curious interest, it is worth noting that two American chemists, Professors Seely and Eames, have perfected a preservative method which, in *simplicity*, certainly rivals that which the

historians tell us was used by the Egyptians: whether it will be as lasting, life is too short for us to know; the inventors say that bodies treated by it will remain unchanged for a century; but surely the Egyptian embalmers would have looked upon so short a period with contempt. The process, as proposed by Messrs. Seely and Eames, consists in washing the body with carbolic acid, and injecting the fluid into all the natural cavities; in some cases, where long preservation is desired, extending the injections to the arteries and veins. A subject treated by the professors was recently examined at one of the New York hospitals, in the presence of a company of physicians and interested notables, and was found to be in a state of perfect preservation, without sign of decay, although it had been kept for one hundred and three days. Although existing ideas may prevent the use of this invention to the full extent of its reported capabilities, yet it may prove very valuable in arresting decomposition between the periods of death and burial, especially where, from wish or necessity, this interval has to be protracted.

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THERE is great wisdom in the question—When doctors disagree, who's to decide 'twixt you and me? Both the old Lord Holland, and the Duke of Wellington, were men of large and varied experience; and yet while the Iron Duke used to say to his son, "If you want a thing done, Arthur, do it yourself," the advice which Lord Holland playfully impressed on his friends at Holland House was "Never do to-day what you can possibly put off till to-morrow; and never do yourself what you can get anyone else to do for you." Which of the two was right?

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THERE is a little comet visible to astronomers just now, and these *savans* are on the alert to discover something about its chemical constitution, by the new method of spectrum analysis. They have already seen lines in its spectrum that differ from those observable in that of any other celestial body, and the conclusion is forced upon them that its physical structure and component matters are peculiar and unique. That its light is of a gaseous origin, and does not come from solid matter in combustion seems certain; but what the nature of the incandescent gas may be they cannot yet determine: it may be a vapour common to other worlds, but not represented in ours. The faintness of the comet puts a limit to their observations and deductions; they are sighing for one of grander aspect upon which to try their new analysis, and would give their ears for such a celestial visitor as that which made its appearance about this time ten years ago.

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WHO has not longed for a means of perpetuating the floral and filicoid designs wherewith John Frost, Esq., artist in monochrome, delights in decorating our window-panes? Well, there is a probability that they who have entertained this wish will have it gratified, and that by-and-by we may see the fantastic figures reproduced on stuffs and fabrics. A Parisian

photographer has observed that a solution of Epsom salts in beer, with a little artificial gum added, when spread upon glass and allowed to crystallise, puts forth exquisite forms similar to those to which frost gives rise; and a well known continental chemist has turned the ephemeral figures to account for the formation of blocks and plates to be printed from. The crystallisation is produced on a plate of iron; and by the method known as "Nature Printing," an impression is obtained from this upon a sheet of lead. From the matrix thus obtained, an electrotype printing-block is taken, which allows the figures to be worked on to paper or textile material. Ladies may hope to see the decorations on their dress stuffs; for by applying the salt solution to the surface of a roller instead of a plate, a continuous pattern, such as the fabric printer requires, is produced.

THE Cape of Good Hope newspapers often present us with curious examples of colonial journalism. We have before us a recent copy of *The Fort Beaufort Advertiser*. The first advertisement which attracts our attention is the following:—

" INVITATION.

"The proprietor of the *Advocate* respectfully invites all who may be in arrear with their accounts (their name is 'legion'), to call upon him at his office and square up."

A striking if not an elegant announcement. We hope it proved effective. A concise summary of news is set forth as follows, under the heading "Arrival of the Overland Mail":—

"Fenians attacked Pentonville Penitentiary to rescue Burke—blew a hole in the wall with powder—four killed—several wounded—thirty thousand special constables enrolled—a Fenian privateer seen in Channel—ships after her—Martello Tower, near Queenstown, attacked and arms taken—Wool, best sorts, one half-penny better.

They lease flocks of sheep in the Cape. Cotterell and Quin announce that they will offer for public competition "A lease of 500 sheep, for three years, at a yearly rental of 40*l.* per annum, payable half-yearly." Another auctioneer advertises for sale, "A comfortable spider, with harness."

THE establishment of a new college at Oxford is an event interesting in many ways. It is archæologically interesting, because it is more than two centuries and a half since such another ceremony as that of last St. Mark's day took place. The foundation of Wadham College in 1610 is the latest previous instance of an entirely new college being founded; for all the younger colleges were erected out of ancient halls. It is interesting in an ecclesiastical point of view, because it is well known that Keble College has been established for the purpose of strengthening the Church party with which John Keble was so long and so honourably associated. But it is most interesting as an attempt to combine economy with college residence. The trustees of Keble College hope to be able to board, lodge,

and educate their students for 50*l.* a year. If they succeed in doing this, the example must bring about a general effort at retrenchment in the Oxford Colleges. At present a man can only live in decent comfort, at a moderate college, for 200*l.* per university year, and there can be no doubt that there is a great deal of room for economising. The existing system is excessively favourable to the college servants. The scouts are permitted to exact preposterously high prices for very bad services, and nearly all the college servants are encouraged to plunder the students. If Keble College is to carry out its programme, it will have to find scouts who are willing to give six months' service in the year for something less than 150*l.* of cash payments, and who will observe a decent moderation in the matter of perquisites.

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WE do not generally suspect the doctor of spreading infectious diseases; but is there not reason for so doing? We scout the idea of visiting a fever-stricken dwelling, or of receiving visitors therefrom; knowing or fearing that the clothes or the body may be the means of communicating the infection. Yet the medical man goes from house to house; now into a plague-spot, and then into a healthy boudoir to treat a stiff-neck or a tooth-ache. May he not carry pestilence from one to the other? Undoubtedly. A writer to a scientific contemporary says that cases have come under his personal observation in which a doctor, called in for a trifling ailment, has given a whole family the measles or scarlet fever. The said writer—who, by the way, hails from an insurance office—insists that medical practitioners ought to disinfect themselves after leaving a contagious dwelling or locality; or else their healthier patients must do it for them, in self-defence. This is all very well in word; but how many M.D.'s are there who would submit to be vaporised in the hall of every other house they visit?

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THE Prince Imperial is just now the cynosure of all eyes, both at home and abroad, as the *Enfant de France*, and heir to the most powerful and influential throne on the continent of Europe. His *premier communion*, therefore, which he made upon the 8th of May, is regarded by all Roman Catholics, whether in France or elsewhere, as an event of interest and importance, both personally, socially, and religiously. If he keeps to the performance of his religious duties of confession and communion, the bishops and clergy will regard him as "the hope of France," and the stay of the somewhat decaying hopes of the Roman Church; but if he should not prove as docile and constant in this respect as they hope, we may be quite sure that M. Dupanloup of Orleans, and other Ultramontane prelates of the first water, will read him some severe lectures, and in all probability will make his accession to the throne somewhat more doubtful than it is at present. It is said that the Imperial gift of 50 francs to every boy, the son of poor parents in France, who made his *premier communion* on the 8th ult., will cost the Emperor and Empress no less than 6000*l.* The

missal used by the Prince in the chapel of the Tuileries on this occasion is said to be quite a work of the highest art. It was executed especially for his use by M. Léon la Roue, the "palæocalligraphe" of Paris. Executed in the style of the miniature artists of the Middle Ages, it consists of 127 pages, containing the "Ordo" of the Mass, the office for *premier communion*, morning and evening devotions, several litanies and prayers for particular occasions in Latin and French, in parallel columns. The Paris correspondent of the *Star*, who is evidently a person of most observant eyes, adds the following details relative to the initial letters with which the book is adorned :—

"The greatest pains have been bestowed by M. La Roue on the first letter of each line, styled in the language of the eleventh century *lettre onciale*, the name having been originally given to them in consequence of their measuring one *once* in height. These letters are said to have existed in the time of Ptolemy I. In the Prince's missal each of these is a perfect picture in itself; their forms being delineated by leaves of acacia, branches of hawthorn, entwined with ivy, between which fluttering birds or bright-tinted flowers are beautifully painted. The first page simply bears the title, "Livres de Première Communion de S. A. T., le Prince Impérial." Within the first letter L is an N, and within it again an L and an E; thus the initials of the Prince, whose names are Louis Eugène Napoleon, are interwoven in leaves of gold on a deep azure ground."

It may be interesting to our readers to know that the Prince Imperial is the first heir to the French throne for very many years who has made his *premier communion* at Paris. Two Dauphins in succession went through that sacred ceremony at the Cathedral of Versailles. Louis XVII. was murdered by Simon in the Temple, and never made his first communion on earth. The King of Rome received it in exile in his grandfather's palace at Schoënbrunn. The Duc de Bordeaux celebrated his first communion in exile with his grandfather Charles X. at Prague, and the Count de Paris, in our own days, at Claremont, soon after the arrival of Louis Philippe and Marie Amélie in this country as exiles and fugitives.

THE Order of St. John of Jerusalem nowadays is a charitable order, and its members devote themselves to good works among the convalescent patients of our London hospitals; but such was not always the case. At all events, some four or five centuries ago their theory and practice in one locality at least were sadly at variance; for Bingley, in his "Excursions in North Wales," mentions a fact by no means to the credit of the Knights Hospitallers, if it be true, as tradition affirms. The little village of "Yspytty Evan," whose name shows it to have been originally an "Hospitum" of the Knights of St. John, had the privilege of sanctuary, and the place, in consequence, became a regular receptacle for thieves, murderers, and profligates. "It was," says a local antiquary, Sir John Wynne, "a wasps' nest which troubled the whole country." Being beyond the reach of those whose duty it was to enforce, or at all events to avenge the laws against violence, the place was always peopled to overflowing; and its inhabitants, who were not slow to form themselves into a regular colony of evil-doers, carried on their plunders, free and unmolested, for

twenty or thirty miles round, and rendered themselves the terror of the whole adjacent country. Mr. Bingley adds that, "such were the ravages which they committed, that nearly all the peaceable population of the neighbourhood were driven to seek for refuge and security beyond the reach of the people of 'Ysphyty Evan,'" who would have been a very queer lot, by all accounts, even for Sir Richard Mayne and his merry men in helmets, or even for our rural police to cope with.

M. SISMONDI, in his "Literature of the South of Europe," has given a version of one of the neatest of—shall we say fables or enigmas?—of Yriarte; and it contains so much good sense and of good counsel for editors, and literary men in general, that we venture to give Roscoe's version of it here *in extenso*—premising only that the speaker is a dancing bear who, in the exercise of his profession, happens to be laughed at by a monkey and praised by a pig. Bruin's remark is as follows:—

"When the sly monkey call'd me dunce,  
I entertained a slight misgiving;  
But, Pig, thy praise has proved at once  
That dancing will not earn my living.

"Then let each candidate for fame  
Rely upon this wholesome rule,  
Your work is bad if wise men blame,  
But worse if lauded by a fool."

The author of this *jeu d'esprit*, Don Thomas de Yriarte, who holds a very high position in Spanish literature, though little known in England, was a native of the Isle of Teneriffe, and died in 1791, at the age of little more than forty. In early life he became a place-man and a writer for the Spanish Government. He also published some comedies, and a volume of poems called "La Musica." He fell foul of the Inquisition, or rather the Inquisition fell foul of him, but he managed to escape its censures, or at all events its punishments. His name is best known by his "Fabulus Litterarias," which have been translated into French, German, and Portuguese; he also made Spanish versions of Horace's "Art of Poetry," and of the four first books of Virgil's "Æneid."

MANY of the cheap, insignificant newspapers that circulate in small provincial towns and suburban districts, are partly, some of them wholly, printed in London. It is generally thought that this is a modern innovation, but Pulleyn, in his "Etymological Compendium," records the fact that, as early as 1750, a Leicester journal was printed in London, and sent down to Leicester for publication. He also relates that the editor, having a certain amount of space to fill up, had recourse to the Bible for "copy," there being at this time a great dearth of news. It was not until the country journalist had given "Genesis" and "Exodus" in weekly instalments that news came in sufficiently varied and interesting to render any further reprint of the Scriptures unnecessary "to help him out."

ALL of us, or at all events most of us, remember the female soldier who lived to a hundred, and lies buried in the churchyard of St. Nicholas, Brighton. But she had a cotemporary no less remarkable than herself, indeed even more so in her personal character, though she fell short of her years. What will our readers think of Margaret Uch Evan, of Llanberris, who died at the age of 92, towards the close of last century, when we tell them the following story? Being passionately fond of the chase, she kept a great number of foxhounds, and of the various other kinds of dogs which are in favour with the sporting world; and she is said—tell it not in the Gath of Lord FitzHardinge, publish it not in the streets of Assheton-Smith's Askalon, for fear of awakening the dead—she is said to have killed more foxes in one year than all the confederate hunts of Wales and the adjoining counties killed in ten. She rowed well, and at seventy she was the best wrestler in all the country round; and yet, *per contra*, in proof of her more feminine accomplishments, we are bound to mention that she could play well on the fiddle and on the harp of her country. Margaret was also an excellent carpenter and joiner, and a good blacksmith, shoemaker, and boat-builder. To the last she shod her own horses and made her own shoes, forgetful of the old proverb which says, "Ne sutor ultra crepidam;" and through the many years during which she was under contract to convey the ore down the lakes from the copper mine at Llanberris, she built her own boats. More wonderful women than Margaret Uch Evan may have lived; but we certainly in the 137 years of our existence have not heard of them; and we shall be rejoiced if any of our correspondents can help us to record the deeds of any lady more worthy of the female franchise than she must have been.

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THE National Exhibition of Works of Art just opened at Leeds is a very important collection. It is the largest and, on the whole, the best display of works of art ever made in the provinces. The collection of works by the old masters of the Italian, French, and Spanish schools is very rich, and much more attractive to the general public than collections of old masters usually are. The best works of Raffaele, Correggio, and Murillo hang upon the walls of two galleries; and in a third are to be found many of the best examples of the German and Flemish masters. The modern galleries of oil paintings are well furnished with good specimens of the best living artists, and the interest shown by visitors in the pictures by living British artists proves that the original intention of excluding such works would have been a great mistake. The collection of English water-colour pictures is very rich and very complete—in fact, this is the only department of the Exhibition that can be said fully to represent the artistic wealth of the country. The weak point of the Exhibition is the absence of statuary. The Exhibition is held in the new Infirmary building, erected at a cost of 100,000*l.*; and it is intended that the proceeds, if there be any, shall be in part applied to liquidate the debt upon it.

# CORRESPONDENCE OF SYLVANUS URBAN.

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## SOME HERALDIC ANOMALIES.

MR. URBAN,—I should be very much obliged if any one could inform me on what principle the Dukes of Norfolk add the letters "E.M." to their signature. I mean that, granting the propriety of subscribing in some such way as to indicate their possession of what is now (I think) the sole remaining hereditary great office, would not analogy require the addition of either the word "Marshal," or the letter "M" only? On the Continent, as all know, nobles sign by their titles: "Duc de Richelieu," "Graf von Eylau," &c. But neither temporal nor spiritual peers with us mention, in signing, their *rank* in the heraldic hierarchy, but only the title, territorial or other—"Leeds," "Russell," "W. Ebor." &c.\* It would hardly seem more proper to subscribe "Earl Marshal," than it would be to write "Chelmsford, L.H.C.," instead of "Chelmsford, C.," or "Mansfield, C.J." In Scotland, it happened that the Earl Marshal had no other title. In documents anterior to the attainder of that peerage, the Marshal is styled Earl Marshal, or Lord Marshal, indifferently; and his wife was called the Countess Marshal, or Lady Marshal. I have not seen a signature of any of those Earls; but they probably signed "Marischal," or (possibly) "Keith, M;" the Countess would, without doubt, sign "Jane Marischal," *mutato mutando*.<sup>b</sup>

But even if there were precedent for "E.M.," the initials of a title which undoubtedly belongs to those who sign them, it passes comprehension how Lord E. Howard can, with propriety, sign "D.E.M." A doubt was raised as to whether he could legally act as his nephew's deputy during minority, on the ground that the deputy should be a peer. This, however, was overruled, and rightly; for there is no essential reason why the Marshal should be a peer at all. Lord E. Howard is, therefore, *selon les règles*, Deputy Marshal; but he is certainly not Deputy Earl. The Lord Lyon has a deputy, but he is not *Lord Lyon Deputy*; nor would the *locum tenens* of the chief magistrate of London, York, or Dublin, be Deputy *Lord Mayor*. If there can be a Deputy Earl, he would be the peer holding the earl's proxy in the House of Parliament, for as a Member of Parliament only has an earl any State functions.

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\* By the way, the *Times* of April 10, 1867, has a document signed by twelve Irish prelates, every one incorrectly printed, "Marcus G., Armagh (*sic*); Robert, Cashel" (*sic*), &c., as if the titles were mere addresses.

<sup>b</sup> "Countess Marischal," like "Lady Mayoress," makes the French "Madame la Maréchale" seem less incongruous.



I seek also the reason of such signatures as "Vane Londonderry," "Noel Byron." An Irish Marquis (already a peer of U.K.) is created Earl of U.K. ; but why should he prefix the new title to the old one, as the late (3rd) Marquis of Londonderry did? Lord Fife, an Irish Earl, was created Lord Skene of Skene (U.K.) ; but we should be very much surprised if he adopted the subscription "Skene Fife."<sup>c</sup> It seems no more proper to write "Noel Byron" than "Norfolk, Marshal, Arundel, Surrey, Fitzalan, Clun, Maltravers," *cum multis aliis*. Then, again, there was "Nelson Bronte." There *would* have been an emphatic grandeur in "Waterloo Wellington;"<sup>d</sup> but the simplicity of the great Captain has spared us a designation reminding rather too strongly of "Corsica Boswell." Are peers at liberty to sign as they like? If so, we need a statute like that of James VII., which enacts that "noblemen and bishops only are to subscribe by their titles;" all others (the minor barons being struck at) being bound to sign Christian and surname, *adjecting*, if they pleased, the name of their barony after the word "OF."

And this leads me to question whether the *Times* and other English publications are justified in inserting a comma before that word "of" when it forms part of the designation of a laird. I incline to the opinion that neither by grammar nor heraldry can the comma be justified. When we say "Adam Brodie of Glenpibroch," surely the two latter words are equivalent to an *adjective*, as in "Clemens Romanus," which must be Englished "Clement of Rome." We do not write "Joseph, of Arimathæa." But, besides, the omission of the comma in Scotland implies that the peer spoken of is *Baron* of Glenpibroch. The insertion of the comma would fix Glenpibroch as his residence merely; or show that, if it were his own, he did not hold in barony. We write, perhaps correctly, "John Sutton, of Sutton, in the county of York, Esquire;" but English squires are not barons, which many Scottish squires are, even though landless.<sup>e</sup>

Lastly, is it not a simple mistake ever to speak of "MacLeod of MacLeod," "Mackintosh of Mackintosh?" "Of" belongs to a barony—a fief. There never were fiefs called MacLeod or M'Intosh. What precedent is there for referring the noble "OF" to a *clan*, with which the feudal system had nothing to do? Still worse is the present practice of writing, "Mrs.

<sup>c</sup> Compare the different usage which prevails when two titles of the same degree are held by the same peer. "Stamford and Warrington" is more consistent than "Noel Byron;" yet it is, perhaps, not defensible, or, at least, not commendable. In Spain, where a man often enjoys seven or eight dukedoms, such method would be practically impossible. It is also questionable whether "Auckland Bath and Wells" is a correct signature. Surely a peer both temporal and spiritual should elect by which order he prefers to stand: and as bishops take precedence of barons, it would seem right to sign as bishops use to do, and sink the hereditary honour, *pro hac vice*.

<sup>d</sup> Prince of Waterloo, in the Kingdom of the Netherlands. Cobbett always called him "Lord Talavera."

<sup>e</sup> Foreign grammars admit no stop between the name of a noble and his designation. "M. Bouchard, de Montmorency" would be arch-heresy: and custom even admits as many "de," *without stop*, after the name, as there are branches of the family represented by the person spoken of. Thus, "John Dunlop of Dunlop, Kilmachar, and Lanceston," would be, in French, "Jean Dunlop de Dunlop de Kilmachar de Lanceston."

Chisholm of Chisholm," that lady's husband (the Chisholm) not being "of Chisholm" at all, which barony is in Roxburghshire, but being legally designed "Chisholm of Erchless;" "the Chisholm" being a familiar or patriarchal appellation, used originally to *distinguish* that chieftain from Chisholm of Chisholm.—I am, &c.,

A. P. S.

### CRICKET.

MR. URBAN,—Do not start, sir, at the hackneyed title. I am not going to hold forth on the delights of the noble game, or go into a rhapsody on the styles of our cricketers. I do not intend to laud that terror of bowlers, Mr. Lubbock, or criticise our several counties and their champions, neither am I inclined to review the past season, or gossip about the coming one, for Lillywhite has already done so in his "Annual," and how small would this paper seem when compared with the carefully compiled little volume which is in every true cricketer's pocket at the present hour. No, I leave All England—United—Marylebone—Counties—Public Schools—Private Schools—Universities—I. Zingari—Quidnuncs—Incogniti—and Harlequins, to themselves, and take for my subject

#### "Our Club."

In the first place, I shall endeavour to paint "Our Club" as it was, with as lively a touch as I can command, and then with a dash of melancholy I will present it as it is.

We all supported Slogboro' Cricket Club, and drove over to the practice ground at least once a week—the members were bakers, butchers, blacksmiths, clergymen, doctors, lawyers, farmers, and squires. All had a place assigned them in the field; one was a noted long field on, someone else the best point, another a remarkable long slip, the clergyman by far the best bowler, the squire our safe bat, the blacksmith the toughest wicket-keeper for miles round, the baker the "Slogger," the butcher prided himself in long-stopping, and I was invariably placed by our captain the lawyer, square-leg.

Practice was looked upon more in the light of a ceremony than as a pastime. A badly fielded ball was strictly noted, and the delinquent severely reprimanded; a good catch was duly applauded, and a fine hit chronicled by our chief.

When a challenge was received, or a given one accepted, it caused quite a commotion in the village. "Who's the eleven?" was the eager but ungrammatical question asked by member of member. "Wonder if the captain will play Bob so and so, after missing those two easy catches down at Slowton? Who'll start the bowling? Who'll be this? Who'll be that?" were riddles which it was impossible to answer until the meeting two nights before the match, held at the White Boar, when our captain read out the names of the successful ones selected to uphold the honour of "Our Club" against some rival institution.

The captain played the men on their merits. If the son of the squire had been lazy in the field during the last match, or careless at practice, Bob the butcher took his place. Had the blacksmith toasted his club

too much at the mid-day dinner, and, consequently, missed many chances in the second innings, the baker took his place, and so on. The consequence was, that we always faced our opponents as a well drilled eleven, and as a rule, won our matches. Many may think that our captain was a little too severe, and rode the high horse a little too fast, and tried to make a toil of a pleasure; but I can assure you, Mr. Editor, it was no such thing—all the men were proud of him, boasted of being under him, and when the old man died, the veterans shook their heads and prophesied no good would come of "Our Club" without its head; but in spite of the loss of the lawyer, we flourished. The squire took us in hand, and we were as usual the cocks of the walk for seven miles round, because we co-operated, and would not permit petty jealousies to interfere with the good fellowship that reigned amongst us. We started a junior club on our principle, and the youngsters promised to beat the old ones before long. Such was the flourishing state of "Our Club" when I left England ten years ago.

"How is the old club getting on?" I used to think whenever I looked at my broken knuckle which old Ben the wheelwright cracked for me in our annual match of "Married v. Single." "I wonder who is Captain this year?" Ah, me! little did I dream of the change that awaited me on my arrival home. Of course I learnt by *Bell's Life* the doings of the big affairs, but the chronicles of our secluded village were passed over by the sporting authority, and I was left in ignorance of the ups or downs of "Our Club." My mother, my only correspondent from home, had always so much to say on other topics, that I learnt nothing from private information.

Never shall I forget the indignation I felt on arriving on our cricket ground three days after my return. It was a match day. The town—they'd made it a town during my absence by erecting an Ebenezer-chapel-looking building which was called "The Town Hall," and held a market once a fortnight—was posted with bills announcing, "A Grand Match" to take place on the — Cricket ground between eleven gentlemen of Somewhere and eleven ditto of "Our Club." A long list of names to be chosen from, followed. "Play to commence at 11:30. Refreshments on the ground by Swipes of the Blue Cow. A band in attendance." I hurried down to the well-known place at a brisk trot—I was too impatient to walk. I was about to enter when a policeman directed me to "THE PAY PLACE." I was admitted for a shilling, and hardly recognised the village green—half boarded in. Tents for the sale of gingerbread—cads from town with "knock-'em-downs"—shooting for nuts—marquees for the sale of beer and spirits—a raised platform for the band—a ladies' tent—a dressing tent—a scorers' tent—crowds of gaily-dressed servant girls—two or three policemen to keep order—and flags of all colours and sizes flying from anywhere they could be fastened to.

I looked at my watch, a minute or so to twelve, and yet no signs of play. Twenty young men in the gaudiest of flannel shirts and caps, were enjoying themselves on the playground by knocking about balls in a reckless manner, which, I afterwards learned, was their idea of practice. I strolled up to the players' tent and had the good fortune to meet one of

the original members of "Our Club." I shook him by the hand and congratulated him on the brightened prospects of the club—I must drop the "OUR" now.

"We couldn't afford such a gala as this, Tom, in the old times, could we?" said I. "One tent, a barrel of ale, and the cold round, was the order of the day, then, old boy."

"Mr. Longstop, I oughtn't to come here on these here match days, because it don't agree with me, upsets me sometimes for a week. You were talking of the brightened prospects of the Cricket Club,—why, sir, there is no Club, so to speak, they bankrupted themselves three or four years back. Read down the list, how many names do you know there?"

I read, and confessed that, with the exception of the squire's son and another, the names were strangers to me.

"All the young men as you see there, sir, *are* strangers to all here or very nearly."

"And how is that?"

"Because this is a Public House concern, that's what this is. They wouldn't have a match in a season if it were not for Swipes the publican. It pays him. See, there's a county man; he is not in any matches just at present, so he don't mind earning his half guinea here, and there's another, and there's one of the best gentlemen players in England, got from the north by the young squire to 'oblige Swipes.' He don't half seem to like it; as for the rest of 'our eleven' they're picked from miles round, and that's the way the youngsters have kept up the honour of the name we made for them, Mr. Longstop, as the cocks for seven miles about,—we that never went a mile out of the village for a man, and as to play a non-member, hang me if I don't think the Squire would have played with ten rather! Look again, sir, it's twelve o'clock, and past; mark my words, they won't begin till one. It's a two day match, and they want to spin it out for gate money."

When the match had been an hour in progress, I left the scene of "Our Club's" many triumphs, sad at heart,—it seemed to me as though I had been looking at some great man's desecrated tomb. During the play the air was filled with voices wishing to lay so-much to so-much that lanky Bill wouldn't make a "brace" the first over, or that "that cove in the violet shirt would'nt save his duck-egg;" roars of derision followed every ball that was missed by the batsman; "a wide" was an event to be yelled at, and at the fall of a wicket the personal remarks coupled with bad notes of exclamation were unfit for ears polite.

This little sketch of "Our Club" is a true one. Whether the railroad has anything to do with it, or the taste of our villages has become too much enlightened by the penny press, I am unable to say, but certain it is that the good old English game of cricket as played by our fathers—village against village—has in many cases been entirely banished, and in its place the "public-house affairs," as they are called, reign in their stead. Inattention at practice is the first sign of a cricket club's decay, playing men not in the club is the second, and "gate money" is the last.

LONG STOP.

STRIKES.

MR. URBAN,—Perhaps the following illustration of the working of strikes, in respect to the manufactures of this country, may interest your readers, and be worthy of permanent record.

About three years ago a great locomotive manufacturer in the North was prevented from completing a special contract for the foreign market. His men struck on some frivolous pretence of a breach of Union rules. The foreigner withdrew his orders, and set up a manufactory of his own, which is now doing a great trade. In due course the strike came to an end, and the English locomotive manufacturer recommenced operations; but he was stopped once more by a strike at the Yorkshire ironworks, whence he procured his raw material. He met the difficulty by sending abroad for this, and found that he could procure it cheaper and with more certainty from Belgium; so that in both instances the foreigner not only benefited immediately, but permanently, for half-manufactured work is coming over now at something like thirty shillings a ton less than it can be had in England.—Yours truly,

J. H.

HABINGDON'S WORCESTERSHIRE.

MR. URBAN,—In an old file of *Berrow's Journal*, bearing date September 29, 1788, is advertised a proposal to publish by subscription a history of Worcestershire from the collections of Habingdon, including essays on the lives of Lord Somers and the Earl of Hardwicke, by Richard Cooksey. Now, as Nash published his great work in 1781 and 1782, having derived the greatest part of his materials from Habingdon, what could have been the meaning of Cooksey's attempt six years afterwards? I suppose the proposal fell to the ground for want of support, as I have never heard of the existence of such a work. But what became of the manuscript? Probably it still remains in some dusty chest or among family papers. If any of your readers can drag it to the light, I should be much pleased to be informed of the discovery.—Very truly yours,

J. NOAKE.

9, St. George's Square, Worcester.

ABOUT TRAINING.

MR. URBAN,—I congratulate you, sir, upon having the courage to make your famous Magazine interesting to young men as well as to old philosophers. It will be a splendid thing to take you up without trembling at your very superior wisdom concerning all sorts of things antiquarian, scientific, and philosophical. Even now I almost fear to send you this note, lest the good news of your genial transformation should not be true; but I am a boating man, and as I see you intend to talk about manly sports now and then, and mean to admit correspondence into your pages, I am anxious to advise all men who are in training for matches, or will be

training in the future, to read a little work called "Evils resulting from Rowing," by Dr. Campion.

There has been a great fuss lately about the injuries resulting from rowing and the training necessary to get into condition. Now, Dr. Campion defends rowing, and puts the saddle on the right horse. The mistake made is in the selection of the men, their previous training, and the indulgences they permit themselves after a race. Men differ from each other in constitution and every other respect, and they should not train exactly alike. This is the great point, and I heartily advise my nautical friends to look it up at once, and give the subject prompt and serious attention.

Pray accept my thanks for your resolution to come amongst us, and give us the benefit of your wisdom and that of your brilliant staff, and believe me to be your sincere admirer,

COUNTY MAN, Junior.

*Oxford, May Day.*

#### BAD WRITING.

MR. URBAN,—Can you, or any of your calo- or caco-graphical correspondents inform me where the following epigram is to be found? Its moral is so pertinent to the interests of editors that I make no apology for sending it you:—

You write with ease to show your breeding,  
But easy writing's curst hard reading.

Yours obediently,

ANTICACOGRAPHS.

#### THE RIVER TERRACE.

MR. URBAN,—You will, I am sure, agree with me, that there is nothing finer than an evening promenade with a favourite Member of the Commons on the river terrace of the Houses of Parliament; and more especially when the cigar you are smoking is a good one, and the sherry coblers are perfectly cool and to your taste. But there is one thing wanting, dear SYLVANUS, and I hope you will permit me to give the Commons a hint through your new and popular series of the dear old *Gentleman*. In Paris the hard, blank space of such a promenade would be filled with flowers; why not in England? If the nation were indisposed to pay the cost of this luxury of the optical and olfactory senses, leading nurserymen would be glad to place fine specimens of their floral growths on the river terrace as advertisements. It appears to me that the want has only to be pointed out to be remedied.—Yours truly,

EX.-M.P.

## OBITUARY MEMOIRS.

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### HENRY LORD BROUGHAM.

We little thought that the first and foremost personage whose loss we should have to record in the new series of *The Gentleman's Magazine* would be one so well known, so distinguished, and so wonderful, as Henry Lord Brougham. It was but the other day that he was among us—he left these shores for the sunny South of France just before the present year set in. On Thursday, May 7th, he took his carriage exercise at Cannes as usual, retired to rest early, apparently in his ordinary health, and before midnight was found dead in his bed. He had passed away in his sleep, painlessly and unconsciously. The daily and weekly papers have already made known to us—or, rather, recalled to our memories—the leading events of his long and useful and laborious career. They have told us how he united in himself at birth the virtues of a Westmoreland squire and a canny Scottish lady, and how that he first saw the light of day in our modern Athens. But they have not told us what we venture to chronicle on the authority of Henry Brougham himself—for we heard it from his own lips, at his house in Grafton-street, not ten years since—that he was not sure about the year of his birth; and consequently that, in his opinion, it was an open question what was his age at his death. He was born either in 1777 or 1778, but in which year he really could not tell. "Had you only asked me while my poor sister was alive, she could have told you; but she is gone, and I never thought of asking her before she went." Such were his words. That sister had died only a few months previously, and she was the chronicler of the births, marriages, and deaths of the family.

It has often been said that lawyers and their families are long-lived. Whether it be that they grow callous to care and trouble, by having to deal so constantly with their clients' cares and troubles, we don't know, and don't care to inquire. But only the other day it was remarked that Lord Lyndhurst, his mother, and two sisters, all died at ages varying from 90 to 95; and Lord St. Leonards, at 87, and Chief Justice Lefroy, at 92, are still alive and active among us. Lord Brougham, by any calculation, was only a few months under 90 when he departed, and may possibly have completed his 90th year; his mother, who lived to see him seated on the Woolsack, died so lately as Dec., 1839, in her 90th year; and his grandmother reached the age of 93. A great-great-aunt of the ex-chancellor, whom he well remembered seeing and conversing with as a child, Miss Anne Brougham, died in 1789, at the age of 106, having been born in 1683, when Charles II. was on the throne, and having lived in the reigns of seven sovereigns.

It may be very true, as stated by Sir Bernard Burke, that the Burghams or Broughams have been settled at the place whence they derive, or to which they give, their name, from a date anterior to the Conquest; but, be this as it may, Harry Brougham was eminently *faber fortunæ suæ*. Had he been a yeoman-farmer's son, he would have equally "come to the fore" and reached the Woolsack. No man ever started in the race of life with fewer advantages of an hereditary kind. Like Marius, like Cicero, like a score of other great men, he "rose from the ranks," in spite of his ancestral pedigree, and realised the poet's words—

" Veniet de plebe togatâ  
Qui juris nodos et legum ænigmata solvet."

Within the compass of the few pages at our disposal, it is impossible to do justice to the character of a man so many-sided in his aspects, so multifarious in his tastes and studies, so super-human in his energy and industry. He was almost everything in turn—a mathematician, an historian, a biographer, an essayist and reviewer, a physical philosopher, a moral and political philosopher, an educator of the people, a lawyer, an orator, a statesman, a philanthropist. Yes, everything by turn except a divine and a poet—to those two characters he had no claim; he had no taste for theology; and as for poetry, he always confessed the truth of the old saying, *poeta nascitur non fit*, and owned that it applied to himself. "Thank God," he remarked one day to the writer of these lines, "I never wrote nonsense, especially in rhyme; and, even when young, I could not for my life have penned a sonnet to a lady." And yet there was far too much fire in his composition for him ever to have been a "proser." He had the *afflatus divinus*; but in him it took the shape of fervid and impassioned oratory. In early manhood, when little more than of age, he had read, thought, and written on our colonial policy; and his keen eye detected, among many others, one especial blot upon that colonial policy—the system of slavery. As a Scot, and as a disciple of Dugald Stewart and Adam Smith, he had learnt to love freedom in every shape and form; and the fetters of the slave, whether in Africa, or the Indies, or in England, fired his ardent spirit. Out of the thinker and essayist grew the orator. It is said by some that it was a harsh word from a Scottish Judge that made Harry Brougham exchange Northern Athens for London, his rooms in the Grey Friars of Edinburgh for chambers in Lincoln's-inn. It is said by others that the ability displayed by him in the Roxburghe Peerage Case was the turning-point of his career, and that which drove him South; but we believe it will be found hereafter that what most Scotchmen do for their own sakes, Henry Brougham did for the sake of others; and that when he entered himself and was called to the Bar at Lincoln's-inn, he was, in reality, seeking after a wider sphere on which to work out the great and immediate cause of freedom which sixty years ago every philanthropist had, if not at his heart, yet, at all events, on his lips.

No sooner had he entered Parliament, in 1810, than he brought forward motions on this subject, and supported those motions with speeches which vastly helped forward the work which he saw completed in August, 1833, by the abolition of slavery, while he held the Great



Seal as Lord Chancellor. Another great object which he had at heart, from the time when he first took his seat in St. Stephen's, was the reform of the English law and of its courts, and especially of the Court of Chancery, as it was under Lord Eldon. This, too, he lived to see effected; and also the establishment of the County Courts for the hearing of less important cases, such cases as of old could not be brought into any court, on account of the expense, *le jeu ne valut pas la chandelle*. A third matter in which he showed his zeal as a real Reformer, was the state of our national education. Fifty years ago, when legal and educational abuses were rife as blackberries, he obtained the appointment of a Parliamentary Committee to inquire into and report upon the state of the endowed schools of England and Wales; and in many hundreds—we believe in thousands—of instances he succeeded in bringing the practice of those establishments into harmony with their theory, and with the intention of their founders. And the full fruits of his labours in this direction are at present unreaped.

Although during nearly the whole of his career in the House of Commons he had sat as the representative of "pocket boroughs," he did not scruple to denounce the pocket borough system; and not only was he a party to the introduction of the Reform Bill of 1832, which swept away four-fifths of such abuses, but in his place in the House of Lords, though seated on the Woolsack, he bore the brunt of the battle of reform; and by standing firmly beside Lord Grey on the memorable occasion when he threatened to insist on the creation of new peers enough to carry the Reform Bill, he virtually compelled the king to have the measure passed into law.

He was one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review*, and the most able and industrious of its early contributors. He allied himself with Dr. Birkbeck in the foundation of mechanics' institutes; and for the establishment of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and of Social Science Congresses, the country is almost wholly indebted to Lord Brougham.

It is said that after seventy years of age every man becomes a Tory; and the finger of scorn has often been pointed at Lord Brougham on this score. The imputation was true, perhaps, against Sir Francis Burdett; but it does not hold good with Brougham, who, to the end of his long career, kept the position of an independent member of the Upper House, from the time when he ceased to hold office under the Melbourne administration, freely and fearlessly criticising the measures of each and every administration, whether Whig or Tory, in its turn.

Well, the grand old hero of a hundred Parliamentary fights is gone to his rest. Had he died in the height of his popularity—as the counsellor, adviser, and defender of Queen Caroline, or more nearly at the zenith of his fame as a Reformer—his exit from the theatre of life would have been marked by louder shouts of applause; but when we think on the activity which has marked him ever since his retirement from public life down to within the last few years, we can scarcely say that he has outlived his reputation. He has outlived his contemporaries, one and all; but it will be long before the name of Henry Brougham is wiped out of the list of English Statesmen and English Philanthropists.

One anecdote about him and we have done. It was not his philan-

thropic efforts, not his statesmanship, not his oratory, nor his law, on which he prided himself most, but his mathematical attainments. He used to say that if nature had designed him for anything great, it was for a mathematician. And therefore, as he began with mathematics, so it was a subject connected with mathematical science to which he devoted his mind in the very last important publication which he gave to the world. *A te principium, tibi desinet.*

It is strange that with a mind so restless and energetic, and revelling as he did so thoroughly in work for its own sake, he could have chosen as the motto over the door of his villa at Cannes such words as these: "Inveni portum: Spes et Fortuna valet." But so it was. He sought a port and he found it there, upon the shores of the bright blue Mediterranean; and there, quietly and insensibly, he passed to his long rest. *Requiescat.*

He lies buried there in the Protestant cemetery; but one cannot help thinking that Westminster Abbey would have been his more appropriate resting place. If it be true, as old Æschylus says, that "men make a city," why the Abbey should be opened to the *πολιπορθοι* and closed to the *πολιποιοί*, is more than we can tell.

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#### KING THEODORE.

THE potentate whose career has just come to so tragical an end, was one of the most remarkable men of modern times. In his character we find the most curious mixture of conflicting qualities, of sound political wisdom and egregious folly, of cunning and rashness, of cruelty and magnanimity. His career shows him to have been a man of singular moral power, and of great military genius. By sheer force of character he raised himself to the pinnacle of power in his own country; and by the infatuation of madness he has brought destruction upon himself.

The man who has lately occupied so much of public attention under the name of King Theodore, was a person of very humble birth. His mother is said to have sold in the streets of the Abyssinian towns the native equivalent for gin, although it would have cost any man his tongue to have said so after Theodore had come to the throne. He managed to get into the army, and to raise himself by his military talents to a position of influence in it.

The system of government prevalent in Abyssinia at that time was a curious one, having a certain resemblance to that which prevailed in France under the last kings of the Merovingian dynasty. In France, the Mayor of the Palace held despotic sway in the name of the king, who was virtually his prisoner. In Abyssinia, the Grand Vizier was the actual ruler, although all his acts were done in the name of the titular emperor, whom he kept under guard in Gondar or Debra Tabor. This Grand Vizier claimed sovereignty over the whole country; but the chiefs of Tigré, and Godjam, and Shoa, were practically independent sovereigns, and the imperial rule was really confined to central Abyssinia.

Dedjatz Kassai, who was afterwards to become known as King Theodore, was sent by Ras Ali, the Grand Vizier, to govern a district near Senaar.

The Vizier's mother lived in that district, and Kassai was in some measure under her orders. He had from his earliest youth been impressed with the belief that he was destined by Providence to fill the highest place in the country, and to restore the glories of Ethiopia; and he managed to provide himself with so powerful a following, that he was able to revolt against the authority of the Queen-Mother, and to defeat the troops she sent against him. He knew that he could not yet contend with the Grand Vizier, and he made craft do the work of force. He declared that he was still the faithful subject of Ras Ali; that he had only rebelled against the unwarrantable interference of the Queen; and he induced the Grand Vizier to grant him an amnesty, and receive him into high favour. He was allowed to put himself again at the head of his troops, and in his wars against the Arabs he so disciplined them in the arts of native warfare, and so gained their entire confidence, that ever afterwards his army proved invincible. All this while the Queen-Mother was striving to get him disgraced. But she was no match for the young soldier: he penetrated her intrigues, and always found means to defeat them.

His power with the soldiery grew so rapidly, that, in 1852, or thereabouts, he found himself strong enough to rise openly against the Ras. The latter sent an army against him; but it was immediately defeated. The Ras now mustered his whole strength and advanced in person against Kassai. The royal army was much larger and stronger than the insurgent force, but Kassai's military genius was worth more than the odds against him, and again victory declared for the young rebel. He followed the royal army, and attacking it in the open plain, completely destroyed the power of the Grand Vizier.

The only obstacle to his acquirement of supreme power was now the rivalry of the great chiefs. Ubye, chief of Tigré, was his principal competitor; and with him the young aspirant to the purple considered it politic to treat rather than fight. He agreed with him that they should both submit their claims to sovereignty to the decision of the great men of the nation, and meanwhile observe a truce. But he soon saw that the council would elect Ubye, and that Abba Salama, the Coptic primate, would gladly crown him emperor. He, therefore, applied to a Romish bishop named Jacobis, who was in the country as a kind of missionary, and promised to make the Romish faith the national religion if he would crown him at once. Jacobis promised to do so; but he little knew the subtilty of the man he had to deal with. Kassai only used his understanding with Jacobis to induce the native Abuna to comply with his wishes; and it was ultimately arranged that the latter should crown him emperor, on condition that all Romish priests were banished the country.

It was in 1855 that Dedjatz Kassai became "Theodoros, King of Kings of Ethiopia." The coronation proclamation informed the lieges that any man who dared in future to speak of Dedjatz Kassai, the humble son of humble parents, would have his offending tongue torn out of his head. Theodore gave forth that he was the lineal descendant of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba; and he declared his intention of driving the Turks out of Jerusalem, and seating himself upon the throne of his

"ancestors." There is a native prophecy to the effect that a certain King Theodore, who reigned over Abyssinia eight centuries ago, will come to life again, and restore Ethiopia to the great position she once held among the nations of the earth; and the Theodore who has just closed his strange career, declared himself to be this identical Theodore returned into the flesh according to the prophecy. He commenced his reign in a manner that promised that he would do a great deal towards improving the condition of the country. His wonderful force of character and great military skill enabled him to put down all opposition to his rule, and the country for a brief period enjoyed the unwonted blessings of peace. He put down the slave-trade, and even purchased Christian slaves that he might set them free; and he took from the feudal chiefs the despotic power they had been in the habit of exercising cruelly upon their people, and established a judicial system throughout the country. But soon he began to exhibit a degree of pride that must have had its root in madness. He affected to deal on terms of equality with God; and believing it to be his mission to punish his people who had in some way offended this pride, he used his power to desolate many provinces. It may easily be imagined that a man with such notions would be sure to find something offensive in the attitude of the British Consul and British Envoy. The latter knowing themselves to represent a really great power at the court of a barbarian prince, would not be likely to show as much humility as he, holding himself to be the greatest monarch on earth, would expect them to exhibit in his presence.

No more remarkable illustration of the proverb "whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," could be found than is supplied by the later episodes of King Theodore's reign. Inspired by the infatuation of madness, he detained our people in a manner that could not possibly do him any good, and in the midst of home troubles he compelled a distant power to enter his country and destroy him. His pride kept him constant in his madness; and on the 13th of March, 1868, he fell at the head of the troops who had remained faithful to him, as the British flag was carried over the ramparts of Magdala.

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#### JOHN BURNET.

IN the artist world we have lost John Burnet, the eminent engraver, at the ripe old age of 84. A native of Scotland, and a member of the family of Gilbert Burnet, the celebrated historian and Bishop of Salisbury, he came south with little else than a knowledge of etching and engraving, which he had learned in company with Wilkie. Arriving in London not long after Wilkie, the two Scots worked hand in hand, and Burnet gained his first steps to fame and independence by engraving Wilkie's pictures. He also engraved many Rembrandts and other treasures of the National Gallery. He was the author of some "Practical Hints on Painting," as fresh now as when they were first published some half a century ago, and illustrated with etchings by his own hand. It is not often that we find in one man the artist, the writer on art, and the art critic, combined so well and so harmoniously as they were in John Burnet.

## MR. JOHN CRAWFURD.

AMONGST other celebrities whom we have recently lost is Mr. John Crawford, the oriental scholar and ethnologist. Of Scottish birth and extraction, and brought up, like Brougham, in the learned circles of Edinburgh, he went to India when quite young, and accompanied Lord Minto to Java, where his knowledge of the eastern languages procured him a permanent post; he afterwards embodied the knowledge which he then obtained in his "History of the Indian Archipelago." He subsequently filled high civil posts at Singapore, in Siam, Burmah, and Pegu; and here, too, he busied himself in preparing a grammar and dictionary of the Malay languages and of the Philippine archipelago. He was a fine old gentleman, somewhat of the old school; self-made and therefore self-reliant and independent, but courteous and kind, though bold and persevering in the maintenance of his own opinions; and all members of the Geographical and Ethnological societies will miss the tall form of the evergreen veteran who scarcely ever failed to take part in their discussions.

## MR. SAMUEL BENTLEY.

AT Croydon, on the 13th of April, in his 83rd year, died Mr. Samuel Bentley. He was the eldest surviving son of Edward Bentley, Esq., Principal of the Accountant's office in the Bank of England, by Anne, only sister of John Nichols, Esq., F.S.A., the historian of Leicestershire, and formerly Editor of *The Gentleman's Magazine*. He was educated at St. Paul's School, and afterwards bred as a printer in the office of his uncle, of whom he became a partner under the name of "Nichols, Son, and Bentley," which is the imprint upon this Magazine from the month of April, 1812, to the close of 1818. He then entered into the same business in Salisbury-street, Fleet-street, in partnership with his youngest brother, Richard, who subsequently succeeded to the business of Mr. Colburn the publisher of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and is now Publisher to her Majesty. Mr. Bentley afterwards took a nephew into partnership, and carried on business for some years at Bangor House, Shoe-lane, under the firm of Samuel and John Bentley, Wilson, and Fley. Mr. Bentley was a good scholar and a man of refined taste. He took a pride in the art of his profession, and obtained a celebrity for fine printing, particularly in working from wood-blocks, before skill in that branch was so generally diffused as it is now. He was also both accurate and laborious. There are few better indexes than those to his uncle's "Literary Anecdotes," and they were his work. He also performed the same useful office to Mr. Surtees's "History of Durham." In 1818 he printed an edition of "Concio de Puero Jesu," written by Erasmus, at the request of Dean Colet, the founder of St. Paul's School, to be there publicly recited; and to this is prefixed a Latin dedication to Dr. Sleath, then head-master, followed by an address to the reader in the same language. But the work by which Mr. Bentley's name will be chiefly remembered is the "Excerpta Historica," royal 8vo, 1831, which, not undeservedly, is

often called by his name. It was formed from the contributions of Sir Charles Young, Sir Harris Nicolas, Mr. Duffus Hardy, and others of the most learned record-antiquaries, and edited by Mr. Bentley with peculiar care. Indeed, the calamity which soon after befel him of a deprivation of sight was partly attributed to his painful scrutiny of the originals of this work. When nearly blind, Mr. Bentley for some years continued his business with success, but in April, 1853, he altogether relinquished it. He had married in 1825 a lady who survives him, by whose affectionate solicitude and unceasing attention he was not only enabled to partake of all the ordinary pleasures of society, but even to enjoy and appreciate the beauties of nature and of art which he surveyed in her company. His remains were interred in the cemetery at Croydon.

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#### M. LOUIS DE LA HAYE.

ON the same day with Lord Brougham, there died in Paris a once celebrated pamphleteer, "the Timon of the Orleanist period," M. Louis de la Haye, Vicomte de Cormenin. He was brought up for the law, but instead of following his profession, wrote verses and wooed the Muses, and abused England heartily, in the *Mercure de France* and other periodicals. Napoleon rewarded him with the post of auditor of the Council of State, and he held the same post under Louis XVIII. He afterwards took up the subject of administrative law, on which he wrote some works which were in high esteem. He was for many years one of the Chamber of Deputies, to which he was sent by the city of Orleans, and, whilst holding a seat there, he became the champion of popular liberties as against the Ultra-Royalist party. He afterwards protested against the accession of the Orleans dynasty, to whose fall his biting and cutting pamphlets no doubt contributed. During the Republic he took his seat in the Constituent Assembly as representative of the Seine; but whether a Republican or not, he was never zealous on behalf of a republic in France, and he acquiesced in the state of things around him, and accepted what he could not alter. The *Siccle*, of May 8, quietly announces the death of M. de Cormenin, as having happened "yesterday"; but adds, "as for Timon, the vigorous pamphleteer, he died a long time ago." The work by which he will be best and longest remembered is his *Orateurs Français*, a work full of lively sketches of the principal parliamentary orators under the Restoration and the subsequent governments. The fierce pamphleteer was in private life as gentle as a lamb, and his death is lamented as having taken away a practical philanthropist who could ill be spared.


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THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE  
JULY, 1868.

NOT IN SOCIETY.

CHAPTER VI.

MISS ADA STANLEY.

 S SMITH was lounging over his breakfast on Thursday morning, he took down a card from his mantelpiece, which informed him that Mrs. Bailey would be at home at eight o'clock that evening, the 23rd of June.

As he glanced at the date he ejaculated: "By Jove, how odd! Ten years ago this night I proposed to Constance Fitzarthur." Then, as he leant back in his easy chair, strange visions floated before his eyes; for he thought of what his life might have been if it had been spent with her.

He saw himself in the House again, addressing crowded benches on a great question; and once more he seemed to hear the echoes of long-forgotten cheers. Returning to his home, a little worn, perhaps, with party strife—he saw a bright face spring to meet him; white arms twine round him, and a sweet voice whisper, "Did you speak? I know they cheered you. Did you divide?"—The voice of one whose highest privilege it seemed to be allowed to share with him the troubles of the day. Then came the dream of leisure hours. They stood together on the narrow border of a rocky bay—the great sea rippling at their feet, and children sporting round them.

The tears had gathered in St. Patrick's eyes ere the last vision vanished.

Turning from the "might have been" to the reality, he thought

of his days of strange travel and wild adventure; of his scheme since his return to England, and its success. And lastly, how little he valued that success now that it was obtained.

He began to be bored by the brilliant circle which he had taken so much trouble to gather round him at the Grange. He longed for a change. It had become a favourite amusement with him to disguise himself as completely as possible, and to wander about London in search of adventures. He was on one of these expeditions when he met Bailey. It will, perhaps, be remembered that the mere description of his appearance excited the aristocratic prejudices of Mr. Miffkins.

Smith had taken rather a fancy to Bailey, though his original reason for making the acquaintance was simply that he thought it would give him an opportunity for observing some phases of society with which he was unacquainted. Since his return to England he had made a point of never going to parties, and he would not have gone to one in his own set now on any account; but he thought that Mrs. Bailey's entertainment would be a new sensation.

Smith was not a man to allow mournful reflections to oppress him long; so when his eyes rested upon the card again he said, with a half laugh,—

“My re-entrance into the atmosphere of a respectable ball-room to-night will seem like an omen. I shall begin to be nervous. I wonder what time I ought to go. I wonder what time people *do* go to balls in Uttoxeter Square; I wish I had asked Bailey. The card says eight o'clock. I suppose eleven will be time enough. I don't know, though. If I go late all the pretty girls will be engaged, the flirtations for the evening will have commenced, and I shall be sold. No; as I am going, I will proceed the entire animal, as George would say—no offence to Uttoxeter Square. I will be there at eight, as the clock strikes.”

And being an old traveller, he took down a new map and proceeded to search for Uttoxeter Square.

After a severe course of geographical study, he came to the conclusion that the safest plan would be to drive his own cab to the Angel, and to take a Hansom from that celebrated hostelry.

Accordingly, at ten minutes past eight that evening, Mr. St. Patrick Smith achieved a most footman-like rap at the door of No. 13.

He was admitted by an individual whose white tie and suit of rusty black belonged unmistakeably to the genus “Wait-arr.”

Smith was shown up-stairs into a good-sized drawing-room, which opened into another of smaller dimensions. They had both evidently been cleared for dancing.



"This is jolly, certainly," said Smith, when he discovered that they were unoccupied; "nobody come—not even the family. I have distinguished myself nicely. I dare say the girls are abusing me because now they will have to hurry their back hair on my account—speculating what fool can have come at this unseasonable hour; all calling for the lady's maid at once to hook and eye them. *She* will have a nice time of it for the next ten minutes. I will be hanged if I ever go anywhere again before twelve o'clock."

Smith had not observed that there was a small conservatory beyond the second drawing-room.

As he lounged up the room, talking to himself in a perfectly audible voice, the prettiest little blonde head imaginable was suddenly popped round the corner of the conservatory.

As a pair of laughing blue eyes met his, with a presence of mind worthy of Charles Mathews, Smith said,—

"I retract my last observation." Then, bowing, he said, "As your servant did not announce me, allow me to introduce myself. My name is St. Patrick Smith. I presume I have the honour of addressing Miss Bailey?"

"No," said the young lady; "my name is Stanley. Moreover, I regret to inform you that there are no Misses Bailey; so that the amusing theory I heard you constructing falls to the ground. You will be glad, however, to hear, that there is no one who could be decomposed by your knock except Mrs. Bailey, and, most fortunately, she wears caps."

"If she knows how admirably she is represented, I am sure she will not hurry herself," said Smith.

"Will you take some tea?"

For Miss Stanley was presiding over a tea table which had been ingeniously wedged into the conservatory, so as to be invisible from the further end of the room.

Smith accepted the offer, and sat down *tête-a-tête* with his new acquaintance, trying to remember at the same moment on what occasion he had tasted tea last. His next reflection was whether the young lady opposite to him was an average specimen of the productions of Uttoxeter Square and its environs.

It has been mentioned that Miss Ada Stanley was a blonde. She had those deep blue eyes which always mean mischief, and are equally destructive, whether their owner is in fun or in earnest. Her complexion had exactly the tint which you find in those pretty little pink shells you pick up on the beach at Brighton.

Her hair was as fair as hair can be which still retains some of the

golden elements. It burst away from the central parting in a thousand little rippling wavelets, swept behind the small ears, and flowed in one broad stream over the whitest shoulders in the world. At least that is what Smith said the next morning in a letter to an old friend in South America.

The *tête-à-tête* soon became very agreeable to both parties. Smith felt that some amende was due for his not very polite soliloquy, so he exerted himself to the utmost. He soon came to the conclusion that Miss Ada was a very agreeable girl. She was a good talker, and a better listener. She took a great interest in the world of literature and art, and she soon found that there were an immense number of things she wanted to know, and that Mr. Smith was the only person she had ever met who was able to give her the information she required. Accordingly she asked question after question, with that graceful *empressement* which is so fascinating in a pretty woman. Then she listened to all his explanations with evident delight. He told her who were the authors of the two most popular novels of the season—names not yet known to the uninitiated. Moreover, he described them, adding a little anecdote of each.

To have been in the company of these gifted ones, appeared to Ada the height of human felicity.

"How clever she must be!" said Ada, alluding to a lady of whom Smith had just spoken. "Is she not very much admired?"

Smith thought that he could readily point out a young lady whom he admired much more. His look must have expressed as much, for her eyes fell before his, and the shell tint of her complexion was reddened by a deeper glow.

"Miss —— does not talk so much as you imagine," said he, after a moment's pause; "though when she does speak it is to the purpose. I think she likes to sit by the river's side and to watch the eddies as the stream flows past;—she seldom cares to plunge beneath the wave."

"Do you think that people can write who have not *really* lived and ——"

"Loved," suggested Smith, supplying the word the young lady had not courage to add. "Oh, no; I agree with you that personal experience is necessary; but I imagine that it usually precedes, and is seldom *au courant* with a great literary effort."

"I am sure I should be miserable in the society of a celebrated author if I thought I was being watched," said Ada.

This time Smith could not help replying,—

"You would have nothing to fear if your picture was drawn in

faithful colours. But," he continued, "great artists seldom reproduce the portraits of individuals. Their characters are types. Look at Pen-dennis and Colonel Newcome, David Copperfield and Mr. Stiggins, Pelham and Guy Darrell, or Elsley Vavasour and Tom Thurnall."

The clock struck nine. The conversation had only been once interrupted. Mrs. Bailey came in for about two minutes, and Smith was presented to her. Then being a lady of an observant disposition, she at once perceived that the young people were likely to get on remarkably well without her assistance; and bethinking herself at the same time that some finishing touches might be imparted with advantage to the arrangement of the supper table, she judiciously withdrew. She apologised as she left the room, promising to be back in a few minutes. Though her absence extended to three quarters of an hour, it may be fairly surmised that she was forgiven.

Ere the sound of the last stroke of nine had died away, Mr. Miffkins was announced. He was struggling violently into a glove as he came up the room. We fear that it was not without feelings of satisfaction that Smith observed the glove split right across the back as he drew near the table.

"I was afraid I was early," said Miffkins, with a slight drawl.

"You are—very," observed Smith, with so decided an emphasis that Ada went off into a little fit of laughter behind her handkerchief, which was too small to conceal her delinquency.

Miffkins naturally felt uncomfortable; but it suddenly occurred to him that he had better get some fresh gloves at once. So he made an elaborate bow to Ada, and bolted.

"Oh!" said Ada, in a piteous tone; "I am afraid he is offended and has gone away."

"If you will forgive me," said Smith, "and I may be permitted to express my opinion freely and without any reserve, I should only wish to remark—Bravo!"

Ada laughed again, and said that she thought he was very unkind.

There was another knock at the door, and Smith said,—

"I must not neglect the opportunity my good fortune has given me any longer. Will you honour me for the first two dances, and the last two before supper?"

In answer to both these requests the young lady bowed assent.

"Unfortunately," he continued, "neither of them is a waltz. If you should have one to spare in the course of the evening, might I venture to hope?"

To this the young lady did not assent, even by a bow. She only looked down at her fan.

But she did waltz with him, nevertheless ; and, moreover, they took an additional polka besides the four dances in the agreement.

Smith danced every dance, and his partners thought him very agreeable ; but he confessed to himself that, with one exception, he did not care about them much. He discovered in the course of his conversation with Miss Stanley that she was a near neighbour and old friend of the Baileys, and had therefore been requested to assume the position of a daughter of the house for the evening.

As Smith looked at young Bailey, who was watching their performance during the extra waltz, and who looked rather *distrain* and by no means as lively as usual, it occurred to him that possibly that young gentleman might wish Miss Ada to accept a permanent engagement in the capacity before mentioned.

He was mistaken. Whatever Richard might have wished a few days before, his thoughts that night were with Clara Merton ; for though his eyes rested on Ada Stanley, it was a darker dress and a taller form than hers that seemed to rush past him. The musicians were playing a pretty waltz, but another melody filled his ears, accompanied by the ripple of waters.

"Almost every body I know, except the doctor and the clergyman, goes into the City every day," said Ada, with reference to a theory of life which Smith had been propounding. "If papa did not go to Old Change," she continued, "I do not know what would become of him."

"Do you know whether your father is a director of the Ulysses Insurance Company?" inquired Smith.

"Yes, he is," replied Ada. "I remember seeing a glazed prospectus, framed like a picture, hanging up in the office, when I have called to bring him home."

Smith thought he could endure the City for a few hours if he was recalled from it by such an envoy.

"I think, then," he observed, "I have had the pleasure of meeting him, and shall claim an extra dance after supper on the score of old acquaintance."

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE GAME OF SPECULATION.

ABOUT two years after his return to England, Smith, who was always searching after some new thing, had taken to speculation. With him it was only "the game of speculation." He played to win, because he did not like to be beaten ; otherwise he cared very little

whether he won or lost. With such a temperament, and with naturally good judgment, he was generally successful. He was especially clever in selecting for investment those undertakings which were most likely to find favour with the public, and directly the price of the shares confirmed his opinion, he sold out.

He soon got tired of speculation, however, as he did of everything else, and he now retained only a comparatively small number of shares, of which he had not been able to dispose. Amongst these were some in the Ulysses Insurance, of which company he had been nominated a director when it was first started.

St. Patrick Smith was one of those men who always like to have a private secretary. He had contracted the habit during the short time he was in office, and had retained it ever since.

During his days of speculation he found quite enough for that gentleman to do, and now he employed him to write some of his private letters, and occasionally to take down in short-hand, from his dictation, an article which he would have been too lazy to write himself.

The morning after Mrs. Bailey's party he asked Mr. Thomson, who acted in this capacity for him,—

"Have we heard anything about the Ulysses lately? Do you know at all how it is going on?"

"The last dividend you received was a year and a half ago, and that was only two and a half per cent. I think if you can get rid of the shares for anything or nothing, and withdraw your name from the directory, it would be as well." Whereupon he took a bundle of reports and other papers connected with the subject from a small pigeon-hole in his desk, and gave them to Smith.

As St. Patrick glanced over them, he said, "I see there is to be a meeting on Tuesday next, at which my attendance is 'particularly requested.' I think I shall go." And then he proceeded to get up the reports with a care and an apparent interest in the subject which Mr. Thomson had not seen him manifest in anything for a very long time.

On the day of the meeting Smith arrived at the Ulysses office about half an hour before the appointed time. As he lounged into the board room, he found it already occupied by two gentlemen. One of them, a stout, elderly man, was talking in a loud tone to his companion. He nodded to St. Patrick, saying, "Mr. Smith, I think," and immediately continued:—

"It is a great deal too bad, and I don't care who hears me say so. The undertaking was a very nice little thing, and it ought to have

done well, sir. It was very fairly started. Why, I could have sold double the number of shares myself, but I looked upon it as an investment, sir—an investment—and it ought to be paying fifteen per cent. at this moment; and it would, too, if there had been anything like fair play. But the chairman, sir, and his brother-in-law the secretary, and his nephew the actuary, and his son-in-law the solicitor, and his wife's cousin the chief clerk,—damme, sir, they have swallowed the thing whole! Bolted it like a sprat, head and tail and backbone into the bargain. If there had been an old aunt to provide for, I believe they would have shoved her in as housekeeper, with a salary of a thousand a-year, and another five hundred for coals and candles."

"Then you consider, Mr. ——"

"Stanley is my name, sir; and I stand by what I say."

"You would consider, Mr. Stanley," continued Smith, "that our expenditure has been excessive?"

"Excessive! Why, God bless me, sir, look here;" and Mr. Stanley handed over a lithographed report of the last year's expenditure of the company. "Look at this one item, sir. Secretary's expenses in establishing country agencies, two thousand and thirteen pounds four shillings and three pence three farthings."

"I like the three farthings," said Smith; "there is nothing like a lie with a circumstance. And you do not think that there is any probability that the policies we may receive through these new agents will be at all in proportion to the expense incurred?"

"Not the remotest, sir. Besides, they won't give us the chance. They have got a proposal now to sell the whole thing to the Alpine Office for just half our paid-up capital. And the best of the joke is, that the greater portion of what we do get is to go as remuneration to the officers of the company. If that is not gobbling us up, why——"

But although Mr. Stanley is an eminently respectable elderly gentleman, we must beg to be excused from mentioning the alternative.

"But this cannot be done without a general meeting of the shareholders?" said Smith. "Surely, they will never allow themselves to be plundered in this wholesale way?"

"Excuse me, my dear sir," replied Mr. Stanley; "but you don't know what shareholders are. When they begin a thing they are as sanguine as possible, and think they are all going to make their fortunes; but if things don't go quite smooth, they are like a flock of frightened sheep, and the directors drive them all together whichever

way they like. A hint of possible bankruptcy hoodwinks them at once; and if they think they will get a few pounds back, they grumble a little, and are satisfied."

"But surely these directors must have some interest in the company?" said Smith.

"They hold a certain number of shares, but then they are mixed up in bill transactions with the chairman; and I have no doubt that some of their shares were paid for with bills they will never meet."

"Any how, we can fight the question," said Smith.

"I have been fighting them for some time," said Mr. Stanley; "but I get so angry now, I can never say what I want."

"Perhaps I may be able to assist you; but to be of any use, we ought to have a reporter here."

"By Jove, I never thought of that; I am afraid it is too late now for this meeting."

"I can make the attempt," said Smith. "We have still a quarter of an hour. Whether I succeed or not, I will be back at three o'clock to assist you to the best of my ability."

Before Mr. Stanley could reply, Smith was down-stairs. Two seconds later he was plunging through the first line of vehicles, and in another was ensconced safely in a Hansom.

In five minutes he was closeted with Mr. Rycroft at the *Day* office. When he entered, that gentleman was writing almost as rapidly as people write love letters on the stage.

He held up his left hand for Smith not to interrupt him, indicating the sherry before he resumed his former position.

St. Patrick never neglected an opportunity. Just as he had finished a tumbler of Amontillado, Rycroft stopped writing, and said,—

"Spoken the barque Smith, two miles east of Charing Cross, under heavy sail, and apparently much out of her latitude. Excuse me for being nautical, but I have just finished a leader on the impropriety of unnecessary shipwrecks. How are you, old boy?" And they shook hands.

"I want you to help me. I am a director of the Ulysses Insurance. We have got a meeting to-day, and I sincerely trust there will be a row. I want a reporter."

"When is your meeting?"

"In six minutes and a half from this time. That leaves a minute and a half for you to find the reporter, and five minutes for the journey."

Rycroft left the room. He came back immediately, and said,—"I am afraid there is nobody we can let you have at such short notice."

"Where shall I have a chance of finding anybody?" inquired Smith.

"I scarcely know. But stay. You seem anxious about it. It is rather out of my way now; but I don't think I have forgotten my old craft. If you like to accept my assistance, I will come with you myself, and do my best."

"Hurrah!" said Smith; "no other arrangement could be better."

When they were both settled in the cab, Smith continued,—"I want your help with regard to the publication as well. I suppose there would be no chance of your finding space for a report of our meeting in the *Day*?"

"I do not know that," replied Rycroft; "there is a great deal of interest felt in the proceedings of companies just now, and if there should be anything of public importance in the management of your establishment, we will find you a place. If not, there will be no difficulty about the report appearing elsewhere."

As the clock struck three, St. Patrick had the pleasure of introducing to Mr. Stanley, Mr. Rycroft, of the *Day*.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### AN ATTACK, AND A TRIUMPH.

MR. FLICK, the chairman of the Ulysses Insurance Company, had once been a Member of Parliament. Although this is a position of which any man may justly be proud, as a general rule it is one more productive of expense than profit.

But the amount of capital which Mr. Flick continued to extract from those letters M.P. during the three years he had a right to affix them to his signature, and from the words "late M.P. for Sharely," printed in italics beneath William Flick, Esquire, in Roman capitals, after that borough had ceased to return him to Parliament, would balance the election expenses of a great many better men.

He had a suave manner, and when he spoke he gave additional effect to his words by little gestures of tender and affectionate appeal, somewhat resembling those of a dancing-master when initiating his lady pupils into the mysteries of the Lancers.

At five minutes past three the chair was taken by Mr. Flick, his son-in-law, the solicitor to the company, seating himself at his right hand, and three of the directors who supported him, and who were the actual managers of the company, taking their places near him. At the bottom of the table sat Mr. Stanley, Smith, Rycroft, and



Mr. Jones, a director of a mild idiosyncrasy, whom Mr. Stanley had been endeavouring to arouse to a sense of his situation when Smith first arrived.

Mr. Flick rose and smiled affectionately on Mr. Stanley, an attention which that gentleman acknowledged by a growl; next he gave a patronizing nod to Mr. Jones, which caused him to shuffle uncomfortably in his chair as if he had had cold water poured down his back; then he bowed more elaborately to Smith and said, "Glad to see you here again, Mr. Smith, we quite thought you had retired from the directory. I do not think I have the pleasure of knowing your friend."

"Mr. Rycroft, of the *Day*," said Smith; "with your permission, Mr. Chairman, he will take some notes of our proceedings to-day."

"Very happy to see Mr. Rycroft, I am sure, or any gentleman connected with the *Day*," replied Mr. Flick; "but at the same time, I fear he will not find anything to interest him in an undertaking so humble as ours."

It was evident, from the whispering consultation at the upper end of the table which followed this remark of the chairman, that the unexpected introduction of the "Press" had carried dismay into the enemy's camp.

Mr. Stanley rubbed his hands with too manifest delight.

At last the course of action was decided on, and the chairman rose again and said—

"I am sorry to oppose the first proposition of a gentleman who so rarely honours us with a visit, but I am compelled to remind you, gentlemen, that the business transacted at our meetings is of a private nature; there is no precedent for its being made public, and I do not see any reason for departing from our usual custom on the present occasion."

"You must forget, I think, Mr. Chairman, that a proposal is to be brought forward to-day for winding up our affairs by transferring our property to another company, from whom we are to receive in return a sum amounting to less than half our paid up capital. I need scarcely suggest to you that, considering the quarter from which this proposal comes, and that it has already met with your approval, it will be our duty to investigate in a searching manner the circumstances which have rendered such a course advisable, within four years from the time the company was started. With all due deference, I must state it as my decided opinion that, in an investigation of this kind, publicity is of the greatest assistance. I hope, Mr. Chairman, you will not think it necessary to take the votes of the meeting on such a question."

All this Mr. Rycroft carefully took down.

Then followed another consultation in whispers.

At last Mr. Flick rose again, and said—

“Well, Mr. Smith, if you press the point, Mr. Rycroft can stay. I am sure that I have done nothing as chairman of this company of which I have any reason to be ashamed. It has cost me much more both in time and anxiety than I shall ever be repaid. We generally work pretty smoothly, but occasionally there are little differences of opinion.” (Here he looked at Mr. Stanley, who said, “That there certainly are,” very audibly.) “For these,” continued Mr. Flick, “I have no doubt a gentleman of Mr. Rycroft’s experience will make allowance, so that nothing may appear to prejudice the interests of the shareholders.”

Mr. Rycroft bowed.

Then they proceeded with the business of the day.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and settled, and Mr. Flick made a speech of some length on the general position of the company’s affairs, and the proposed transfer to the Alpine Office. He commented on the admirable manner in which all the officials of the company had performed their duty, interspersing his remarks with pleasing anecdote of individual zeal. He spoke in the highest terms of the exertions of the secretary in establishing the country agencies, and of the zeal of the clerks in remaining until a late hour of the night when the pressure of business rendered it necessary. At the same time he regretted that, although their efforts had met with considerable success, yet that their expenses had somewhat exceeded their original estimates, while, on the other hand, the amount of business done, though considerable, did not quite come up to their expectations. Perhaps they had not all been as earnest in the cause as they might have been. Here he looked at Smith. Taking everything into consideration, he was of opinion that it would be advisable to accept the offer made them by the “Alpine.” This arrangement would bring them a sum of money, which after their liabilities had been discharged, and a fair remuneration made to the officers of the company for the loss of their situations, would still enable them to declare a dividend of three and sixpence in the pound for the benefit of the shareholders.

Mr. Lawson, another director, then rose and followed the chairman’s suit, concluding with a neat compliment to that gentleman, stating how much the company was indebted to him for his exertions in its behalf, and also that if all other members of the directory had done as much, their condition would have been better than it was at that moment.

Then, after a moment's conversation with Mr. Stanley, rose Mr. St. Patrick Smith, and said—

"In the first place, gentlemen, allow me to express my concurrence with Mr. Lawson in the thanks which he has rendered to the chairman for his exertions on our behalf. Indeed, I doubt, gentlemen, whether you all know precisely everything for which the shareholders have to thank him. So great and so disinterested an attention has he paid to our affairs, that without holding a single share in the company himself, he has attended at the office twice a week for the last four years, occasionally remaining for upwards of an hour at a time, for the paltry remuneration of five hundred a year."

Here Mr. Jones, the director of a mild idiosyncrasy, indulged in a little snorting laugh, but catching the eye of the chairman upon him, he retreated ignominiously behind his blotting paper.

"And in addition to this, gentlemen," continued Smith, "he has kindly induced several members of his own family to assist him in the management of our affairs, and I may say, in the disposal of our funds. His brother-in-law, our worthy secretary, undertakes the chief superintendence of our business for a thousand a year. His travelling and other expenses during the last twelve-months amount to more than two thousand pounds, but I only mention this incidentally. He is admirably assisted by his cousin, the chief clerk, whose merits are not acknowledged by his salary of seven hundred. Our solicitor and our actuary, who, if I am not misinformed, are also connections of the chairman, complete the happy family. That a good understanding is thus insured amongst our officers, I have no doubt. But, beautiful as family affection is in the abstract, it has become too expensive a luxury for the Ulysses Insurance Company to enjoy any longer. The talents of these gentlemen require a wider scope than our limited operations can afford. When I look at the copies of our secretary's testimonials, furnished by influential gentlemen who have been connected with him in other companies—companies, by-the-bye, which by an unfortunate coincidence all appear to have come to an untimely end; when I look at them, taken in conjunction with the amount of his travelling expenses, I cannot but feel that the Ulysses Insurance Company is not an appropriate sphere for his exertions. Gentlemen, I have to propose that, instead of selling our property to the 'Alpine' office at a ruinous loss, we should reduce our expenditure within a reasonable compass.

"In order to effect this, I should recommend that the usual notice should be given to the secretary, the actuary, and the chief clerk, and that a new secretary and chief clerk should be engaged at half the

salaries of the present. With an actuary I think we shall be able to dispense altogether. And I trust the chairman will forgive me if I suggest that the solicitor's bill of costs, 1304*l.* 11*s.* 3*d.*, should be taxed. With regard to salaries, I do not wish to be illiberal, and whenever the position of the company permits it, I shall be glad to see them increased up to their present standard. But I must remind you, gentlemen, that up to the present time they have been paid principally out of our capital. I admit the graceful simplicity of this process, but on the other hand, it is accompanied with this disadvantage, even to those who receive the money—that sooner or later it necessarily must come to an end."

Smith spoke very quietly, and with a semblance of innocence which heightened the effect of his satire.

He paused as coolly as possible at the end of every sentence, to be sure that Rycroft had taken it all down. That gentleman was in fits of laughter, which he took no pains to conceal. Mr. Stanley was in a state of rabid delight. Mr. Jones had cast down his blotting-paper bulwark as being no longer of any avail. Even the directors of the chairman's party smiled at Smith's most telling points against the chairman.

An awful vision floated before the mind's eye of Mr. Flick—Smith's speech transferred bodily to the city article of the *Day*; or perhaps reproduced in a leader. He consulted with the secretary for a minute or two, and sent out a message to the chief clerk. Then he rose and said, with some dignity—

"Gentlemen, whether I have been paid too much or too little, I have endeavoured to do my duty to the best of my ability. If I have recommended those connected with me to you, it was because I could answer for their zeal and intelligence. I think, therefore, that I have reason to complain of the attack which has been made upon me by a member of this board, who has never been near the place for years.

"After that attack, however, and the manner in which it has been received, there is only one course open to me—to resign my position as chairman. I am also requested to state, on the part of the secretary and chief clerk, that they do not wish to remain any longer where their services are not appreciated, and they will be glad if you can dispense with them at once." And he left the room.

There was a little confusion at his departure. But Smith, having commenced the business, was determined to go through with it. He rose at once, and said,

"I propose that Mr Stanley take the chair."

He nodded to Mr. Jones, who seconded the motion. Mr. Stanley

was about to take the chair, when Mr. Lawson said, "I propose that the late chairman's resignation be not accepted." This motion was seconded by Mr. Dobbs.

On this point there was a tremendous discussion. The parties were now exactly equal. Stanley, Smith, and Jones on one side. Lawson, Dobbs, and a Mr. McBill on the other. There appeared no prospect of their coming to any decision. Everybody objected to everything.

At last Smith said to Mr. Stanley, "Cannot we buy their shares?"

"Well, they hold a good many," replied that gentleman.

"I would not mind taking some, and I dare say Jones would take some. Under a new management they might be worth something."

"Well," said Smith, "you and Mr. Jones shall take as many as you like, and I will take the rest. You make the bargain; for you know best what they are worth. I give you *carte blanche*."

This arrangement, after a great deal of haggling, Mr. Stanley succeeded in carrying out.

Consequently, about six o'clock, Mr. Stanley and Mr. Smith found themselves with the whole weight of the Ulysses Insurance Company on their own shoulders, for the assistance of Mr. Jones was of no great value.

"Do you feel inclined to go into the books to-night, or shall we have some dinner, and drink success to the new management?" said Smith. "I am equal to either fortune."

"So I should imagine," said Mr. Stanley, with a slight bow. "I think I must vote for the dinner, though, and postpone further business until to-morrow. By-the-way, I am a family man. I have been expected at home long since. Will you come with me and dine?—take us as we are, you know."

"I shall be delighted," said Smith.

"I dare say you live westward. I am afraid my place will be rather out of your way."

"Not at all," said Smith. "Uttoxeter Square, Islington. Do you know the Baileys?"

"Quite well; they are friends and neighbours of mine. Were you at their ball, last night?"

"Yes; and had the pleasure of dancing with a Miss Stanley there."

"My daughter Ada," said Mr. Stanley.

Mr. Smith did not consider it necessary to mention that the irate director of the Ulysses was indebted to his daughter for the assistance he had that day received from his heretofore indifferent colleague.

(To be continued.)

## AMONG THE PICTURES.

### PART II.

**H**AVE given a few instances, taken at random, of subjects which suggest themselves for illustration of local, industrial, social, or political history. It would be easy to multiply such examples, *ad infinitum*. Our municipal history is indeed only less rich than our national in subjects for the painter. The idea of such applications of art has as yet hardly dawned upon us.

The conception of art in connection with municipal patronage has not hitherto gone beyond buildings and sculpture, and the portraits of mayors or local magnates. But something of the kind here indicated is required to give largeness and dignity to painting in every country where the artist works chiefly for the pleasure of private patrons, and the adornment of private houses. In Italy, the Church, princes, merchant and other, religious *schola*, or fraternities for good works and common worship, with the municipalities, supplied this public element, and the same sources of demand were active in Germany and the Low Countries, while they continued within the pale of the Romish Church. In Holland after it became Protestant, where art was used and regarded much as it is now in England, allowance being made for differences of manners and culture, the public element was supplied by the demand for corporation or guild pictures, intended to adorn the halls of charitable, festive, or patriotic associations. The founders, or "regents," as the governors of Dutch alms-houses or guild-charities were called, and the officers of the volunteer or militia companies—the train-bands of Holland—were used to have themselves painted in one picture, often at full-length, and always life-size, and the Dutch towns are full of such works by such consummate masters of portraiture as Frank Hals<sup>a</sup> and Van der Helst,<sup>b</sup> Cuyp, Van Ravestyn,

<sup>a</sup> His masterpieces in this kind are at Haarlem in the Hôtel de Ville and the Oude-Mans-Huys, and in the new Town Hall at Amsterdam.

<sup>b</sup> Whose great Archery Festival, in the same building with Rembrandt's "Ronde de Nuit," Thackeray was disposed to prefer to that magnificent picture.

and others<sup>c</sup> whose very names are unknown in England, but who in excellence only fall short of those I have named. Rembrandt's so-called "*Ronde de Nuit*," at Amsterdam, is the crowning example of this class; and other fine illustrations of it are his "*Tulp Lecturing to his Pupils on a Dead Body*,"<sup>d</sup> and his group of the five regents of the *Staal-hof*.<sup>e</sup>

For power and dignity of portraiture, as well as largeness of style, mastery of effect, and command of composition, it would be vain to seek parallels for works like these in English art. The nearest approach to them is in Sir Joshua Reynolds's two groups of members of the Dilettante Society, now exhibited in the third collection of national portraits at South Kensington. But far as these pictures surpass all similar English portrait groups, they do not range with the Dutch compositions of which I have been speaking. Sir Joshua's is weaker work altogether, full of charm, refinement, and finesse, but not so masterly as that of these Dutch painters; nowhere giving one the same impression of perfect command of subject and materials. And yet how far Sir Joshua and his contemporaries tower above their successors! It is humiliating, if instructive, to observe in the Kensington portrait gallery, how the balance of interest shifts as we pass from Reynolds and Gainsborough to the portrait-painters of this century. In the works of the former, it is the painter who attracts us; in that of the latter, it is the person painted. In the one case, the impression of artistic power is uppermost; in the other, historical significance is everything. In other words, Reynolds and Gainsborough inspire our interest; to their successors we bring only the interest inspired by the sitter. We may be certain that this difference in the charm of the painter's work represents a difference just as marked in his power of presenting character. The best painter is always, it is believed, the best physiognomist. It is impossible, in fact, in Reynolds's or Gainsborough's portraits to separate the power of painting from that of embodying character. Nor, when we come to measure the distance that separates the portraiture of last century from that of the present day, is it as if Reynolds had stood alone. Gainsborough was his superior in some of the most essential points of painting. He excelled him in

<sup>c</sup> Lion, De Keyser, Bakker, are the names inscribed on remarkable group-pictures at Amsterdam; Spilberg and De Jongh were other masters of great merit in this sort of work.

<sup>d</sup> Now in the museum at the Hague, but originally painted for the Anatomical Institute at Amsterdam.

<sup>e</sup> No. 274 in the Amsterdam Gallery.

delicacy and subtlety, especially of half-tints, in his understanding of the value of juxtaposition of colour, in truth of gradation and relief; above all, in the power of setting his figures in air. Then there were Romney, and Dance, Chamberlain, Hoare, Zoffany, and others less known; but all with certain qualities of strength, honesty, and picturesque effect, which seem to have died out in the hands of Lawrence and his imitators—strength and honesty, however, surviving in Phillips, Raeburn and his Scotch followers—and to be only slowly reviving in our living painters of men, while they seem still dead, for the most part, among our painters of women. There is no single fact so striking, in the comparison between 1768 and 1868, as the decline of portraiture. In the present exhibition there is nothing in this branch of art to compare with Watts's Panizzi for power of presentation and faithfulness to the truth. The painting might be pleasanter without any weakening or prettyfying. It wants transparency, and that charm in the mere application and arrangement of the colours which belongs to the best Italian and Flemish portrait painting. But with all its technical shortcomings, it has so much of the essential elements of greatness that it seems to dwarf and vulgarise most of the portraits about it, even when they are as effective and clever as Mr. Richmond's Bishop of Oxford. Besides that the bishop's head is not true to the original in character or colour, superficially striking as the likeness is, the manner of granulating the flesh, which is observable in most of Mr. Richmond's portraits this year, produces an effect of mechanical truth rather than of true skin texture. Such a resource should be used with caution, or it will be difficult to keep up the distinctive characters of different complexions. Already in Mr. Richmond's work of this year, though there is a marked advance in force and effect, there seems to be visible loss in this point. It is instructive to observe that the man who can give the rough fact of Panizzi's face thus courageously, is the same who shows his susceptibility to the most exquisite ideal of classic loveliness in his "Wife of Pygmalion" and his grand bust of "Clytie," in which the inspirations of Michael Angelo and Phidias seem to have wrought together.

Mr. Wells's portraits are certainly among the best of the time. His full length of Lord Strathmore wins most admiration by the manly beauty and picturesque costume, and its simplicity and good taste are deserving of all recognition; but he has had a subtler and more difficult subject in Mr. Stansfeld, senior, and has shown rarer qualities, I think, in the less attractive picture. I should select as Sir F. Grant's best portraits that of Tom Hills, an old Surrey huntsman, and the half-length of his own daughter; of Mr. Knight's,



none dwells so distinctly on the memory as a plain half-length without a name in the North room. Sant has regained his old gaiety of colour and vivacity of handling, and has never painted two more attractive pictures than the graceful group of Lady Scarborough and her children and that of Master Beavan, a roguish boy stooping to play with a dog. Fashionable success, however, has not improved Mr. Sant, nor Mr. Weigall, whose full-length of Lady Westmoreland is unparadoxically careless, particularly in the child who clings to her mother's dress. The fashionable painters should take example from Sir Coutts Lindsay, whose two full-lengths of Earl Somers and Lady Lindsay show the influence of appreciative study of the works of great masters and good schools, being sober without garishness in colour, perfectly unaffected, and arranged with the best taste.

Mr. Desanges is another beauty-painter whose cleverness has been perverted by fashionable popularity, but whose Mrs. Gordon of Cluny shows a true susceptibility to female loveliness and grace. Mr. H. W. Phillips has adopted a style of flesh painting waxier in texture and more timid in light and shade, if more delicate, than his earlier manner, which makes portraits so refined in expression and so true in likeness as his Duke of Devonshire and his Rev. Lord John Thynne comparatively ineffective in the exhibition. Mr. Macnee's full-length of Lord Belhaven, and Mr. Macbeth's Mrs. Romanes, are excellent examples of that robust and honest Scotch school of portrait-painting which has not yet departed from the sound road in which Raeburn led the way; and Mr. Lowes Dickenson's Mr. Peabody has the great qualities of simplicity, unaffectedness, and truth of likeness; nor do we remember a more faithful portrait of the Prince of Wales than Mr. Dickenson's this year, of the Prince in hussar uniform. But Mr. Watts's portraits bear one test under which the portraits I have been enumerating, and indeed almost all portraits of this time, fail. One feels that Mr. Watts's works would hold their own in a gallery of noble pictures of all times, if not as respects all the technicalities of painting, by force of their gravity of treatment and nobleness of conception. His full length of Lord Campbell, in the Kensington gallery, is one of the most faithful portraits ever painted, and a good picture to boot. Mr. Watts rightly understands that idealization in portraiture means nothing more than putting into it the truest and most dignified conception of the subject the painter can honestly reach to. The range of such idealization of course depends on the painter; as his height is, such is the dignity of his work. It is to be hoped that in time portrait-painting will cease to be the exclusive occupation of a set of painters—a practice which grew up in the decline of Italian

art—and that we shall have portraits by men who paint also pictures of invention. It is certain that all the masters who have painted portraits best rejoiced to get away from them, every now and then, to imaginative pictures; and that those who, having proved their capacity for these, have been drawn off to portraiture by its profitableness, soon feel the employment under present conditions irksome, and long to be released from it. Noble as the function of the portrait painter would seem, in the abstract, and on all arguable grounds, to be, this impatience of it, which is borne out by wide observation, seems to show that it involves something crippling and galling to the finest spirits, and that contented exclusive devotion to it shows either that the mind has become subdued to what it works in, that the artistic power is not very strong, or that the painter has by an effort quelled its promptings in deference to less noble motives.

Portraiture used for many years to constitute the staple of our exhibitions, and to be the sole means of livelihood for English painters. Gainsborough's sitters had to make their way to his painting-room through a passage lined on both sides with stacks of his unsold landscapes and fancy subjects; Wilson starved; and even Sir Joshua, popular as he was, had a difficulty in selling his fancy subjects at prices not one-tenth of what they now command in the market. So it was with Romney.

Now-a-days, portraiture, though it still occupies in the exhibition far more space than is proportioned to the interest it excites, has, thanks to its average quality, ceased to be attractive, except by virtue of its subjects. The whole field of what is called *genre*, which includes domestic incident and anecdotic history, has been brought into bearing during the last half century, and into really productive bearing within half the time. Its rise and popularity are contemporary with the spread of prose-fiction, to which kind in literature this answers in art. Its field is so wide and various that it gives room for every kind of ability, and bears fruit for every kind of taste. But it is curious to note how little English art as yet avails itself of contemporary life, and how rare it is, out of so many minds capable of embodying an incident of the past, to find one able to select what is capable of delightful or impressive embodiment in the present, and to supply the element of imagination necessary to lift what is familiar into the region of art. There seems to be no such want of this power among French, German, Dutch, and Scandinavian painters. Jules Breton, Millet, Edouard Frère and his followers of the school of Écouen—as Duverger, Paul Soyer, Seigniac, Dargelas, Aufray, &c.,—Laugée, Landelle, and other French masters, have it in

various degrees; Breton, by dint of a most penetrating and noble imagination; Frère, by a profound sympathy with all that is sweet and touching in the joys and sorrows, amusements and occupations of humble country life. Israels in the Dutch school, and Tidemand and others in the Norse, seek, and seek with success, rather the tragedy and drama of common life than its idylls or romances. It is difficult to explain why we should have so few English painters to put alongside of these; nor is it easy to see why this kind of subject becomes so often vulgarised in English hands, unless it be that our painters are seldom able, or seldom content, to go straight to the heart of their subject, and to resist the temptation to make it prettier than nature. But whatever may be the reason, it is certain that of the many pictures of humble life in our exhibitions, there are very few that touch the heart or appeal powerfully to the imagination.

Hook's pictures rarely fail to do so, in so far as heart or imagination can be reached by great truth of outward nature with touches of the simplest and broadest human affections—as of sweetheart and lover, husband and wife, mother and child. But he makes little selection even among these, and often delights us by the bare representation of country or sea-toil in some of its picturesque aspects. This shows a rare and eminently pictorial power. Yet till Hook came to deal with actual contemporary life and nature, he made little or no impression. His case is surely pregnant with instruction. Faed is another popular favourite, who deals with humble folk, their cares and pleasures; and with great cleverness as a painter often unites true feeling, as in this year's picture of a rough father worn out by watching at the bedside of his fever-stricken child. This is one of the most popular pictures of the year, because it goes to people's hearts. But better, because subtler, illustrations from this year's pictures of the mysterious charm which may be breathed into subjects of the humblest kind, are Mr. Mason's "Evening Hymn," and Mr. F. Walker's "Vagrants." Am I right in saying that no one who has seen these pictures can forget them? Or should I confine the remark to those whose hearts and imaginations the pictures have reached; and are these a minority? I rather incline to think that in truly and finely-imagined work, which I believe Mr. Mason's and Mr. Walker's to be, there is a quality that appeals very widely, and finds an answer in all unsophisticated hearts—hearts that would be as astonished to find themselves credited with imagination, as Mr. Jourdain was to find he had been talking prose all his life. And I believe it is the quality which thus appeals in these pictures which

makes so many people select them for preference from all the pictures of the year. They speak to the heart, though in a less direct and less easily explicable way than Mr. Faed's picture.

Both are painted poems; neither of them remarkable for pleasantness or perfection of execution. Mr. Mason's work, in parts, looks tentative, and is, both in the landscape and faces, roughly handled, though full of the finest subtleties of contour, and the most delicate sentiment of colour; and Mr. Walker's is spotty and "touchy," and throughout like the work of a man who is feeling his way in oil-colour, rather than a master of the material; but both possess qualities of feeling which make most of us comparatively indifferent to technical shortcomings, which are apt to be magnified by those who do not feel the special imaginative or intellectual charm of these pictures. For though technically these pictures are incomplete, they have remarkable technical merits, as well as some technical defects, and the merits are in the most difficult and important technical particulars.

A little "Breton Pastoral" by Boughton, nothing more than some rustic figures in a dusty lane, has the charm which flows from perfect unaffectedness and from simple treatment of a simple subject, with attention to pictorial conditions. He is an example of the good effects of French training. So is Mr. Calthrop, who after gaining the Academy gold medal, had the good sense to enter on a course of study in Paris, and contributes its very note-worthy first-fruits, in a picture of the Girondins on their way from condemnation, showing remarkable force of light and shade, careful composition, and nice discrimination of character.

For sheer power of painting, I believe there is no English artist now living like Millais. He seems to have the instinct of his art in the highest degree, and to have cultivated it, as it were, triumphantly, under the influence of a bold, happy, genial temperament, which looks subjects, people, and difficulties in the face with the same pleasant confidence, and literally seems to "go on its way rejoicing." All his pictures this year testify to his various pictorial power: the "Stella" is especially remarkable for vigour of colour throughout, united with beauty and sentiment in the face; the "Pilgrims to St. Paul's" is pre-eminent for force of effect, well-conceived character, and expression; the "Rosalind and Celia," for grace, successful combination of the figures and the landscape, and judgment in relative finish (I cannot for my own part feel that the details of the forest are unduly slighted, as many of my brother critics think); the group of the painter's three little girls, for truth and daylight; and the "Recollection of Velasquez" for effect attained at slight cost of

labour, but with excellent judgment in the adjustment of means to ends, though almost with a parade of carelessness.

Sir Edwin Landseer still shows himself pre-eminent in power in the walk where he must always reign supreme. His "Dead Stag in the Snow" is as fine as anything he has ever painted, and the points in which his method of painting is unsatisfactory are as little apparent as in any work of his I can remember. They are visible enough in his other picture of Colonel Murchison receiving the rents of his exiled chief, Seaforth, where the shadows are inky, the composition scattered and confused, and relative sizes incorrectly indicated (as in the colley in the left of the foreground compared with the man beside him). One is startled by unexpected incongruities, as in the costume throughout, which is that of a deer-stalking party of the present day, not of Highlanders of the '45; and in such lesser particulars as the carefully-got-up muslin chemisette of the Highland lassie who is in attendance on an old man in a green plaid.

Mr. Poole's "Constance," from Chaucer's *Man of Lawe's Tale*, is one of the few examples in the exhibition of imagination inspiring a pathetic and poetical subject. The painting of the landscape might be truer; one feels some want of luminousness, some lack of motion in the water and play in the silvery reflection of the moon; but, as a whole, the picture realises in a remarkable degree the sentiment of the poem.

Mr. Leighton stands alone in his sustained aim at purity of style, expressed by delicate drawing of contours, and a smooth and finished elaboration of surface. "Art for Art's sake" is his motto; but if pure form and delicate colouring in the nude, and a sweet serenity in keeping with the summer sea by which the nymph reclines, be the leading qualities of his "Actæa," his "Ariadne" combines with equal purity in drawing, a pathetic sentiment as of rest after long weariness in the forsaken maiden, carried through the face, figure, and landscape, which raises the whole work into a region of art above that of the "Actæa." But in both the handling has something of waxiness and over-smoothness which leaves the expression of a want of the manliest mastery. His "Jonathan," however, shows that the daintiness approaching to effeminacy with which this painter has been charged, and not without justice, can be laid aside and replaced by manly strength of design, and dignity of colour. The bow-bearing boy in this picture is far and away the finest piece of thoroughly studied anatomy and action in the exhibition. Power as a colourist, and manliness of conception, are apparent in the work of Valentine Prinsep, a young painter whose pictures are yearly carrying out more

and more the high promise of his beginning. Both as a colourist and designer, Mr. Prinsep reaches a higher point than he has yet attained in the "Venetian Lovers," little as we may relish the subject of a passionate adorer throwing away his fervour on a stony-hearted, sumptuous courtesan. There is singular sweetness of sentiment, and sober harmony of colour in a single figure, by Mr. Prinsep, of a girl reading. A knot of painters, more or less contemporary, of whom Mr. Calderon has advanced highest in academic honour, known amongst their brethren from the quarter where they have set up their *studios* as the "St. John's Wood School," and including Yeames, Wynfield, Marks, Hodgson, and Story, continue to show their common good qualities of thoughtfulness in conception, sobriety and strength of colour, and unsparing pains in all they attempt. Among them Mr. Yeames has produced the most generally interesting picture,—Lady Jane Grey three days before her execution, beset by the exhortations of the priest Feckenham, sent to her by Mary; and Mr. Story, the most agreeable picture, a shy girl taking a dancing lesson, of which the most depreciatory thing that can be said is that it is in all its best points a reminiscence of De Hooghe.

G. Leslie, the latest elected Associate, belongs to this school by personal association, but his sympathies are with subjects of the last century, whose charm depends on womanly grace and sweet domestic sentiment. His works always show serene and tender feeling of a simple kind, and he inherits no small share of the good taste of his excellent and accomplished father.

A picture called "*Via vita*," by Mr. Brennan, a little-known painter who has hitherto worked in Italy, is notable for good solid painting, and for rare truth of character in the group of sordid snuffy Capuchins gossiping at the door, where they wait to convoy a corpse to the grave. The interest of Mr. Poynter's "Catapult" is rather archæological than artistic, though it is a workmanlike picture at all points. Legros's "Refectory" has a noble breadth, sobriety, and simplicity both of colour and expression rarely seen in English exhibition pictures, and stamps the painter as an artist of an elevated order, appealing to the few rather than the many. Mr. Frith's group of Johnson surrounded by the world-famous figures of the Boswellian gallery, attracts less by its deftness and neatness of execution, than by the interest of the personages, of whom, however, the Johnson is too tame, smooth, and *point-devise* in face and dress. His "Sterne and the French innkeeper's Daughter" has his characteristic quality of grace and prettiness in the female figure; and the

sad wistful expression in the face of his figure of love-crazed Maria (from the *Sentimental Journey*) is very pathetic, and the most delicately conceived passage in any of Mr. Frith's pictures this year.

Landscape is not fairly treated either in the Academy or its exhibitions. Besides cases of inexplicable rejection such as we have already referred to, far too much of the best hanging-space allotted to this kind of work is occupied by the works of a single academician, and those not of a quality to repay close examination. Mr. Cole's bright and pleasant pictures of Surrey corn and woodland, and Mr. Leader's elaborate and faithful transcripts of country churchyards and water-mills, have good places. But neither of these painters, dexterous and honest as both are, has the divine gift of imagination. Their pictures are deficient in mystery and suggestiveness. There is more subtlety and loveliness in the landscapes of H. B. Davies, whose "*Strayed Herd*" last year left an impression of power hardly sustained by his pictures this year. In the landscape of the elder Linnell, no evidence of age is apparent beyond what may be involved in repetition; and his sons approach their father as usual in manner, but too closely, indeed, for their own reputations. One is disappointed to find Grahame, the painter of the remarkable Highland stream in spate, of two years ago, represented only by one picture of a fir-wood of no great mark; and it is painful to see two such pictures as Mr. Dawson's "*View of Greenwich*," certainly one of the finest, if not the very finest picture of its class in the exhibition, and Mr. Whaite's "*Mountain Harvest*," a powerfully conceived and finely painted representation of effects of storm and mist in Wales, hung over doorways, where none but those who look for them are likely to see them, and they most imperfectly; and Mr. Brett's "*Christmas Morning, 1866*," one of those elaborate pictures of sea and sky in which this keen-eyed and meditative painter sums up the deliberately garnered results of so much obstinate study and penetrating observation, placed in the north room at a height where it cannot be appreciated, though its larger truths are not beyond recognition. There is no such painting of waves or sky as this in these rooms, and yet, for my own part, I must confess, and I find others of the same mind, that far less studious and faithful work has often produced more impression. This may be the fault of the critic, not of the painter. One hears it said that the work has the effect rather of a map than a picture, as if the analysing faculty had wrought more powerfully in the painter, than the reproductive and synthetic. But as an exact recorder of beautiful and impressive facts of nature, delineated

with the sternest exactitude which a most keen eye and a most steady hand can impart to them, Mr. Brett holds the highest place among his brethren; and such a work as this deserved more respectful treatment.

The writer had hoped when this article was begun, that it might have been extended to include the water-colour exhibitions—that of the old society most attractive this year by the figure-drawings of Walker, the lovely Thames subjects of A. Hunt, and Danby's Welsh landscapes; and that of the Institute, made unusually interesting by the drawings of Gallait, Rosa Bonheur, and Goodall, among its honorary members, and those of Hine, Mogford, D'Egville, Edmund Warren, and Shalders, among its regular members and associates; the French and Flemish exhibition in Pall Mall, in which the most striking general feature is the evidence throughout of the effect of education in art, in giving command of all that goes to the making of a picture, irrespective of subject; and such isolated exhibitions as those of Kaulbach's original drawings for his series of Goethe's women, at 48, Pall Mall; Gustave Doré's remarkable and singularly various as well as vigorous though imperfect works in the Egyptian Hall and the German Gallery in Bond Street; and Mr. Holman Hunt's Isabella weeping over her Pot of Basil, from Boccaccio's tale. But these pictures, if noticed hereafter in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, must form the subject of another and concluding article.

TOM TAYLOR.

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## OUR GRAMMAR SCHOOLS.

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### I.—AS THEY WERE.

**T**HE grammar schools of England as we have hitherto known them will soon cease to exist. The educational system to which the middle classes owe so much in the past has been tried and found wanting when weighed with the requirements of the present age; and it is certain that within a very few years important changes will be effected in the organisation and management of our endowed grammar schools. Hitherto these schools have been little independent states of themselves—little states in which their own laws only held sway, their own standards only were recognised. They generally derived their existence from the benevolence of individuals in some remote age, and so long as they fulfilled the literal instructions of their founders, they were free to go upon their independent courses, and to disregard all outer opinion. This is to be changed. The little states are no longer to be independent little states. They are to be Bismarked; to be brought into subordination to outer law; to be tried by outer standards; to be made branches of a great confederation of learning, in whose general interests they will have to surrender their time-honoured “autonomy.” The proposed change is utterly unlike any of the grammar school reformations that have preceded it. Each of those reformations permitted the grammar schools to retain the main features of their original character, and perhaps it is the best argument in favour of the present more thorough proposals that these moderate reforms have required to be repeated so often, and have yet left so much to be reformed. The changes now proposed to be effected will be accomplished by legislative action, and much more attention will be paid to what it is presumed the founder would wish to be done with his charity did he live in the present age, than to the instructions given by him when it was impossible that he could foresee the wants of such a state of society as the present. Meanwhile, the time is opportune for taking a glance back into the past condition of these schools, and by

so doing preparing ourselves the better to consider the important questions raised by their present state.

The English grammar school system may be said to have been born with the Reformation. A few schools did indeed exist prior to that date, and some writers incline to say that they exercised a considerable influence in bringing about the great religious revolution of England; but certain it is that the Reformation was much more the parent than the child of the grammar school. Of the schools of the pre-Reformation period, a few, including Winchester, were important institutions; but the greater portion were mere chantries, in each of which a priest was paid to say masses for the soul of the founder, and as a necessity of his position, to teach a certain number of boys sufficient Latin to take the choristers' part in the service. A considerable proportion of the smaller grammar schools now in existence had their origin in this way; for after the Reformation the saying of masses, which was intended to be the chief duty of the priest or master, was dropped, and the teaching which was intended to be a secondary duty, became the chief and only one.

A great many of the schools attached to monasteries fell with the religious houses, and the immediate effect of the Reformation was rather to deprive the public of the means of education than to supply them. Henry VIII. was too busy pulling down to be able to build up much; and when Edward VI. came to the throne, he found himself in possession of great revenues that rightfully belonged to schools, accidentally suppressed along with the monasteries to which they were attached. It is clear enough that in suppressing these schools, Henry had no intention permanently to disendow the schools. He fully understood the difference between "learning" and "superstition," between a collegiate and a monastic fraternity. Some of his greedy courtiers, already gorged with the spoils of the monasteries, proposed that colleges should be dispossessed as well as abbeys; but the king showed his clear appreciation of the difference of the cases by answering: "I tell you, sirs, that I judge no land in England better bestowed, than that which is given to our universities." Henry's son was of the same mind, and when the people in the neighbourhood of the suppressed monastic schools petitioned for their re-establishment, King Edward was very ready to appropriate revenues for the purpose. A good many of the numerous foundations that bear the name of Edward VI. are, however, original, and owe their existence to the revenues which came into his hands from the suppression of the monasteries, and

which he wisely judged ought to be used to forward public education. Queen Elizabeth herself founded a large number of schools, and during her reign a rich stream of private benevolence flowed in this direction. In fact, a very large proportion of our present endowments were founded during that century. Of the total number of grammar schools just reported on by the Schools Inquiry Commissioners, two-thirds were founded more than two centuries ago.

We, therefore, owe much of our grammar school endowments to that great period of excitement of which the Reformation was partly the parent, and partly the fruit. At that time a great revival of literature took place, science grew up and demanded recognition, men claimed a strange new right of thinking for themselves both in matters religious and political, and the nation seemed to have entered upon a new intellectual life. Men felt that new forces had arisen whose future course and effect they could only dimly foresee. These new forces taught them to value the power of knowledge, and made them desire that their children should have more education than they themselves had had. And so benevolent men in private life, and royal personages representing the policy of the nation, vied with each other in establishing schools that should impart to future generations the highest kind of culture known to themselves. These schools were scattered very liberally over the country; so liberally, indeed, that it actually became a question of serious debate a generation or two later, whether they had not become so numerous as to amount to a public nuisance.

In 1678, Christopher Wase printed at Oxford a defence of the free schools, which shows both that the country was very well supplied with them, and that there was a large party who held them to be much too numerous. "There is," he says, "an opinion commonly received, that the scholars of England are overproportioned to the preferments for lettered persons. Hereupon the constitution of free schools cometh to be questioned, as diverting those whom nature or fortune had determined to the plough, the oar, and other handicrafts, from their proper design, to the study of the liberal arts, and even divinity itself. But the multiplying these foundations is yet higher represented as dangerous to the government. These jealousies have gained upon the prudent, the powerful, and, not least, upon the scholar."

It is interesting to observe how early the fear of over-educating the common people arose, and how similar the answer made by the friends of education in those days, was to the answer that is given at the present time when any one seeks to show that the manual labourer does not much require education. "Even in

hedging and ditching," says Wase, "men of improved sense and forecast, that comprehend lines and numbers, and seasons, will be master workmen among the other labourers; nor is it for the particular or public interest more advantageous, that any one who may honestly hope to arrive at the grand juryman, or to assist in the good of his corporation, be a mere ploughman or grazier."

The character of the education given in these schools two or three centuries ago may not seem to us, with our present notions, very well fitted to effect the objects of the founders. But it was the best sort of education known in those days, and even now it is a moot point among educationalists whether the old education of the grammar schools is not the best training for youth. At all events it was the best kind of education then attainable, and it certainly is not the fault of the benevolent founders if the schools have not been made to progress with the art of teaching. The English language was yet, at the date of most of these foundations, only the "vulgar tongue," and the Latin and Greek languages were, in a far wider sense than now, the gates of superior knowledge. They were, in fact, the only means of conveying intellectual cultivation beyond the mere acquisition of the arts of reading and writing.

A good many founders provided that reading and writing should be learnt in their schools, beginning with the A B C primer, to be taught sometimes by monitors; but the great majority left those humbler tasks to the village schools, and ordained that their foundations should be employed to support a "free grammar school." This phrase, whether followed by words expressly showing that meaning or not, has always been interpreted as meaning a school for grammatical instruction in the learned languages. Grammar schools did not trouble themselves with English grammar, and indeed there was in those days but inadequate provision for scientific instruction in the mother tongue. The result was that those who passed through a long course of Latin and Greek were not unfrequently very bad users of the English language. James Buchanan, the grammarian, in a book published just a century ago, says: "Courtiers and gentlemen of distinction in general, who are accustomed to their own language alone, have a ready command of proper words, and speak with perspicuity and correctness. Ladies speak with an easy fluency, and especially those of rank who keep polite company, express themselves in a pure and unaffected strain of language to which few who are great Latin and Greek scholars do ever attain." From this it may be inferred that gentlemen of distinction did not go to the grammar schools or engage in lengthened classical studies.

The majority of the English free grammar schools were made free either to the children of the whole country or to the children of a particular locality, without distinction of class. But it is evident that while these schools were open to the poorest classes they were not intended for them. The education given was of a secondary rather than an elementary character, and elementary instruction was either omitted altogether from the curriculum, or treated in a very subordinate manner. This was, on the whole, a wise policy of the founders. The state of society in which they lived did not admit of popular education as we understand the word. Serfdom had hardly ceased to exist when many of the deeds were drawn, and to expect in those days that any large number of persons belonging to the labouring classes should ask for education would have been to indulge a chimera. But in expressly keeping the door open for the poor, the founders of most of the schools showed an amount of liberality for which we in these days can hardly give them due credit. The distinction between classes was then much greater than it now is, and there were very strong prejudices against the sons of labouring men being raised to the seats of learning and honour.

When Cranmer was Archbishop of Canterbury an election took place of children to the grammar school of the cathedral. Some of the commissioners would have none but gentlemen's sons, saying, "Husbandmen's sons are more meet for the plough and to be artificers than to occupy the place of the learned sort; for we have as much need of ploughmen as of any other state, and all sorts of men may not go to school." Whereupon Cranmer made this noble reply: "I grant much of your meaning herein as needful in a commonwealth, but yet utterly to exclude a ploughman's son from the benefit of learning is as much as to say that Almighty God should not be at liberty to bestow his great gifts of grace upon any person, nor nowhere else but as we and other men shall appoint them to be employed according to our fancy, and not according to his most godly will and pleasure, who giveth his gifts both of learning and other perfections of all sciences unto all kinds and states of people indifferently. Therefore if the gentleman's son be apt to learning let him be admitted; if not, let the poor man's child, that is apt, enter his room."

While the majority of deeds admitted the children of rich and poor, some few schools, as that founded by Viscount Lonsdale, at Louth, in 1697, were to be kept "for the education of gentlemen's sons there." The attendance at these free schools seems to have been mainly of children of the middle classes, with some little admixture of children of the labouring class. The gentry did not use them much, preferring

rather to educate their sons privately or send them abroad. Wase, writing in 1678, says: "Could indeed the education in free schools approve its qualification so that the gentry, who now frequently judge themselves under a necessity of entertaining a tutor at great charge in their own houses or of boarding their sons abroad at rates answering to their quality, might be induced to trust their children in the town school whereof they very likely are governors, then would they augment the stipend of the master with the diminishing of their own expences." Private schools at this time had grown up in considerable numbers, and were used by people who did not choose to send their sons to the free schools, and who were not rich enough to teach them by private tutors, or send them abroad. The attendance of the sons of the nobility at the great public schools cannot have been so common then as it has since become, for Wase, in trying to persuade the gentry to send their sons to the local grammar schools, points out to them, as if it were an exceptional circumstance, that Eton, Winchester, Westminster, and other great schools, had had distinguished members of the nobility on their rolls. The rule then, no doubt, was for young noblemen to go straight from the private tutor to the university, or abroad on the grand tour.

Some of the instructions of founders as to choosing a master are very curious. They nearly all require that he should be "a learned and godly man;" many that he should be a priest; but others add details of a less ordinary character. The statutes of the grammar school of Guisborough show two pet dislikes on the part of the founder. His master must if possible be a priest, and "*no Scot or stranger born*:" if no priest can conveniently be had, then an *unmarried* layman may be appointed; "but if, after his admission, he do *marry*, then immediately his office shall be void, and the said wardens shall remove and utterly put him from the same for ever." William Fetyplace, of Childrey, in Berks, who founded a chantry at that place in the reign of Henry VIII., also takes unusual precautions to keep objectionable men out of his mastership. "If any chaplain," says the statutes, "shall become otherwise beneficed, or shall not observe the will of the founder, or shall be a fornicator, or *shall keep hounds*, or a stirrer up of contentions in the town of Childrey, or the parts adjacent, or noted for any grievous crime, and shall not be able to clear himself of the imputation, such chaplain shall be forthwith removed from the said chantry."

In many cases, as in the one just referred to, the patronage was vested in the authorities of some particular college to which the founder had desired to attach his school; but the manner in which

the patronage was vested was exceedingly various. Under some deeds the masters were absolutely forbidden to take any fee or reward, in others they were to exact some small fee provided the scholars were able to pay it, while in others the benefits of the foundation were limited to boys born in a certain locality, and the master was allowed to make his own terms with the "foreigners" who might seek to be admitted. It was the latter form of deed that allowed the private boarding system at endowed schools to grow up. At those schools the paying boarders are the "foreign" intruders, and the free boys are the native occupants.

In the schools in which education was to be otherwise entirely gratuitous, there was nearly always one curious exception. At Shrovetide it was customary for the boys of a grammar school to subscribe certain sums to the master in the name of "*cock-penny*." With the collected money the master bought a cock, which was buried up to the neck in the ground, and each boy had the right to throw a stick at the poor fowl's head. If no one struck the head the master had the cock to himself and the pence as well. The origin of this custom is lost in antiquity. Some of the earliest school charters speak of it as an ancient custom, and the greater part of them confirm the master in his right, although some disallow it. It is clear that this *cock-penny* must have been an important source of revenue to the master. The occasion was a great one, and as the master usually entertained the scholars and their friends to dinner, it may readily be fancied that the offerings were by no means confined to pence. In the statutes made by Cardinal John Kempe, Archbishop of Canterbury, for the government of his college of Wye, it is ordained that the children were to be taught gratis unless a present were voluntarily made, and except the "usual offerings of cocks and pence at the feast of St. Nicholas." The founders of the Manchester school ordain that the masters shall teach "freely and indifferently every child and scholar coming to the same school, without any money or other rewards taken therefor, as *cock-penny*, *victor-penny*, *potation-penny*, or any other, whatsoever it may be." In Queen Elizabeth's school at Hartlebury, the statutes permit that the schoolmaster "may have and use and take the profits of all such *cockfights* and *potations* as are commonly used in schools, and such other gifts as shall be freely given to them by any of the friends of their scholars over and besides their wages, until their salary and stipend shall be augmented." The custom has not died out altogether even in these days. In certain Yorkshire schools the boys have to pay a guinea a year to the head-master, and half-a-guinea a year to the under-master, as "*cock-penny*."

The *victor-penny* mentioned in one of these quotations is no doubt the same as the Candlemas offerings anciently made in the Edinburgh school, and other Scotch public schools, under the name of *bleise-silver*. Candlemas was a holiday; but the children went to the school dressed in their best, and often accompanied by their parents. Some appropriate orations were first delivered, and then the roll of the school was called. Each boy, as his name was called, went up and presented an offering, first to the head-master, and then to the master of his own form. When the gratuity was less than the usual quarterly fee, the masters received it in silence, but when it amounted to that sum the head-master exclaimed *Vivat*, to twice the ordinary fee, *Floreat bis*, or a higher sum, *Floreat ter*, and for a guinea or upwards, *Gloriat!* Meanwhile the boys cheered according to the largeness of the sum, and at the close the head-master announced the name of the highest bidder for the title of *King* or *Victor*. On some occasions this competition assumed all the features of an auction. There is a case on record of a provincial grammar school in which two boys were enabled by their fathers, who were present, to contest the honour of being the highest donor so keenly that, guinea by guinea, one of them laid down twenty-four guineas, and the other twenty-five. This was a very bad custom, which it is a pity should be revived in continental schools, as it is being, in the shape of new-year or birth-day presents.

*Barring-out* is one of the most remarkable of the old grammar school customs. How it arose cannot be traced; but it is of great antiquity, as the following extract from the statutes of Wilton school, drawn up by Sir John Deane in 1558, will show:—"To the end that the scholars have not any evil opinion of the schoolmaster, nor the schoolmaster should not mistake the scholars for requiring of customs and orders, I will that upon Thursdays and Saturdays, in the afternoon, and upon holydays, they refresh themselves, and a week before Christmas and Easter, according to the old custom, they bar and keep forth the school the schoolmaster in such sort as other scholars do in great schools." It is thus, in 1558, spoken of as a custom so old as to be a law of usage; but the practice, no doubt, arose in some real mutiny, in which the pupils got the better of the master, and compelled him to submission. As the holidays drew near, the danger of a barring-out increased. The boys often thought that the holiday seasons were too short, or too far apart, and when they could not come to an understanding with the masters, they resolved upon a barring-out. They first fixed upon a leader, and pledged their honour to stand by him to the last. They then supplied themselves with pro-



visions and such weapons of defence as they could lay hands on, and suddenly seized on the school-room. They barricaded the doors and windows, and bade defiance alike to the masters and the civil authorities. They sometimes sustained a siege of nearly a week's duration, and very often the master had to concede their wishes in order to gain admittance to the school-room.

There is a famous and tragic barring-out from the High School at Edinburgh recorded in the Council Records of Edinburgh for the year 1595. On the 13th of September in that year, the scholars of the High School, according to custom, went in a body to the council chamber, to beg the magistrates to give them a week's holiday. For some prudential reason the request was refused, and the boys were much disgusted. A number of them—"gentilmenis bairnis," as the record has it—formed a barring-out conspiracy to avenge the injury, and having provided themselves with firearms and swords, they went in the dead of night and took possession of the school-house. When the master appeared in the morning, he was of course refused admittance; and finding every means of ingress so completely blocked up, and so strongly guarded from within, as to make it impossible to storm the garrison, he tried to make terms with the rebels. All was in vain, however, and he was compelled to apply to the city magistrates for assistance. One of the latter, John Macmaran by name, soon appeared at the head of a party of city officers. When the municipal party arrived in the court-yard the boys within became perfectly frantic, dared any one to approach, and threatened with instant death any one who should attempt to dispossess them. The magistrate advanced at the head of his men, and helped them to plant a battering-ram against the door. He had almost effected an entrance, when a leader of the boys levelled his pistol, shot the baillie through the head, and killed him on the spot. Of course the young murderer and his comrades were arrested; but they were soon set at liberty, for they were, many of them, the sons of peers and great highland chieftains, and the slain man was only a burgher magistrate!

Sometimes the master was beforehand with the rebels, barring the school-room against them; and then the latter made violent attempts to gain possession. On the 26th of November, 1667, the scholars of the Birmingham Free School first barred out the master, and then, having deserted the school, made an attempt, reinforced by certain of the townsmen, "in visards, and with pistols and other armes," to re-enter by assault, threatening to kill the master, and showering stones and bricks through the windows. The governors, on this occasion, ordered that in future any boy joining in

a barring-out should be cashiered the school; but custom appears to have been too strong for them, for in their records of ten years later appears the statement that widow Spooner had been paid a shilling "for cleansing y<sup>e</sup> schoole at *penninge out*." Dr. Johnson described barring-out as "a savage licence practised in many schools at the end of the last century;" but Carlisle tells us, in 1818, that the practice was not then altogether extinguished in the north of England.

There are no means by which we can judge accurately of the quality of the education given in these grammar schools of two centuries ago. No doubt there would be good and bad schools in those days as in these; but we have no reason to think that even in the higher grammar schools were very satisfactory results obtained. The curriculum was confined almost exclusively to the grammatical study of the learned languages; but their method appears to have been bad. It seems to have been exceedingly mechanical and wearisome; to have been more a cramming of vocabularies than a scientific learning of the language. John Brinsley, in his quaint book called "A Consolation for our Grammar Schools," published in 1622, says, "This is a thing notorious, that in the greatest part of our schools abroad (some few of principal note excepted), the scholars at fifteen or sixteen years of age have not commonly so much as any sense of the meaning and true use of learning for understanding, writing, resolving, speaking, but only to construe and parse a little, to steal an exercise, and to write such Latin as any of judgment will disdain to read. That in respect of being fit to be sent to the universities with credit, that they may proceed with delight and understanding when they come there, they are commonly so senseless as that they are much meeter to be sent home again. And if they be admitted into the universities, it is not without the grief of all who respect the credit thereof. So that they enter commonly with foul disgrace, and continue with much contempt to spend their friends' money and their own precious time, which might have been far better employed. . . . Hence also, after sundry years so evilly spent, many of them return home again almost as rude as they went thither, or are sent abroad, to be unprofitable burdens both of the church and commonwealth perpetually. Or if such do light into the hands of painful and conscionable tutors, and fall to their studies, yet the tutors must act for them the schoolmaster's part, which must needs be very harsh and displeasing,—yea, very rare to be found among them. So that instead of their academical readings they must be enforced to supply that which was wanting in the grammar school." John Brinsley held that

all this evil resulted because very few of the masters were "acquainted with any good method or right order of instruction fit for a grammar school;" and like an honest man he set to work to reform them.

In one of the tracts upon education, published in 1720, John Clarke, master of the grammar school at Hull, attacks with equal vigour the prevailing system of teaching in grammar schools. He says:—"I shall need no allowance, I think, for saying that boys learn nothing but words in the usual method of the schools; for a few scraps of the Greek and Roman history, with as many of the heathen mythology, no man of sense, I believe, will look upon as any great accomplishment. This, without a more perfect acquaintance with those as well as other things, is worse than none at all, and serves only to fill their heads with a vain conceit of themselves, and renders them often pedantic and impertinent all the days of their lives after." Clarke's complaint was that the boys' time was taken up exclusively in learning Latin and Greek by rote, to the exclusion of other necessary subjects; and he contended that by a "right method" the dead languages could be better acquired, and these other subjects as well, in the time taken to teach the former imperfectly. His "right method," so far from being a more scientific one than that usually practised in those days, was nothing less than the introduction of Latin professors into the nursery! "Let as many children as you please," says he, "when they are just learning to speak, be kept in such a place where they cannot converse with any but those who speak Latin. . . . Let one or two masters, who can talk the Latin tongue fluently and correctly, converse daily with them, and let the servants who wait upon them be able to speak as much Latin as they shall have occasion for when they shall necessarily be obliged to talk with them: by this means they cannot fail of learning the Latin tongue." The worthy pedagogue forgot the trifling circumstance that mammas had a vested interest in young infants, and were little likely to give them up to the possession of Latin masters.

The feud between the admirers of ancient and modern education broke out very early in the history of grammar schools; and it is a curious illustration of the strength of a defensive position, to find that the very same arguments were used two centuries ago against the system of education in grammar schools that are only now about to prevail in some degree. At the time grammar schools were first instituted, the dead languages formed the only kind of superior education that could be given to a boy. If he once mastered the common arts of reading and writing, with perhaps a little arithmetic, the only possible educational course that he could follow was the study

of the dead languages. Science was unknown, the use for modern languages had not arisen, and there was really nothing to learn but Latin and Greek. The entrance to the professions was necessarily through the Latin. The service of the Church was in the earlier days of grammar schools in Latin; books of law and of physic were written in Latin; and Latin was the written and spoken language of all cultivated men. Under such circumstances it is little wonder that the teaching of the dead languages should have been made the chief business of grammar schools; nor is it wonderful that very strong conservative forces have been mustered to the resistance of innovation in later ages. The fact that the school existed upon an endowment supplied a conservative force of tremendous power. The founders had, in the majority of instances, left their money for the purpose of teaching Latin and Greek, and what sacrilegious power would dare to interfere with those wise and pious intentions? Besides, the masters of grammar schools have naturally preferred to continue teaching that which they were accustomed to teach, rather than place themselves under the necessity of acquiring new knowledge to impart it to their pupils. These, added to the general indisposition to change observable in all institutions that are not directly dependent upon public opinion and favour, enabled the grammar schools long to retain their original characteristics. But it was not without many grumblings.

When people began to desire learning for other purposes than that of the Church, they commenced to murmur against a system of education which seemed to presume that every educated boy was to be a parson. The nobility and gentry wanted education for their sons, but they did not wish them to be educated in the same mould as the wearers of gowns; and even the smaller gentry, who sent their sons to the bar, complained of the excessive attention paid in the schools to the study of the dead languages. Christopher Wase, writing in 1678, tells us that an opinion had of late gained largely among persons of quality who had sons destined for the study of the law, that poetry and Greek were in "no ways ordinate to their child's pretence;" and he speaks of this opinion as one of the objections that had been so seriously raised to the management of the grammar schools in those days. This revolt against an exclusive study of the dead languages has gone on from that day to this, and evidences of its growth are to be met with at every epoch of our educational history.

Locke joined in the rebellion, and wrote very strongly against the prevailing fashion of education. According to him the gentry, early in the last century, who had submitted themselves to the

curriculum of the grammar schools, and acquired a good knowledge of the dead languages, were ever afterwards thoroughly ashamed of their acquisitions. "I appeal," he says, "to parents themselves who have been at cost to have their young heirs taught it, whether it be not ridiculous for their sons to have any tincture of that sort of education when they come abroad into the world, whether any appearance of it would not lessen and disgrace them in company? That certainly must be an admirable acquisition, and deserves well to make a part in education, which men are ashamed of where they are most concerned to show their parts and breeding." This only shows that the young sparks of the last century were too manly to be pedantic, and can hardly be regarded as a fair indication that the study of the dead languages had fallen in their estimation. But it is quite certain that about this period the demand for a good English education, into which a moderate study only of the classics might enter, had become very strong; and it is equally certain that at this time a large number of private schools were established to give what the endowed schools refused to give. The commercial public had by this time grown to be a numerous and important body, and they were impatient that their sons should be compelled to pass long years in learning the dead languages, while they desired that they should learn those English arts and foreign tongues that would be useful to them in the counting-house, when they should go thither at an early age.

It was not until the year 1805 that those dissatisfied with the existing system of education made any attempt to force the masters of grammar schools to devote a portion of their funds to the teaching of modern subjects. The wool-staplers and merchants of Leeds had long been chafing under a system of education that, however excellent, certainly did not meet their requirements. The richly-endowed grammar school of that town continued, according to the old plan, to teach Latin and Greek only, while the men of Leeds were anxious to have their sons instructed in writing and arithmetic, French and German, and in other branches of knowledge more useful in commerce than classical learning. The trustees of the school moved the attorney-general to raise an action against the head-master to compel him to apply part of the school funds to the teaching of such subjects; and in the first instance a Master in Chancery decided in their favour. He reported that it would be for the benefit of the town of Leeds that instruction should be given in these commercial branches of education; that there was nothing in the form of deed (which was for the endowment of a "free grammar school") to

exclude any useful kind of learning ; and that he therefore approved of adding to the establishment a German master, a French master, and a master to teach algebra and mathematics. The head-master of the school objected that the school had been established as a free *grammar* school only, and therefore it had nothing to do with modern languages, much less with algebra and mathematics. Lord Chancellor Eldon, basing his judgment upon Dr. Johnson's definition of a grammar school, which defines it as a "place for teaching grammatically the learned languages," held, that the right of the master to apply all the funds of the endowment for the teaching of Latin and Greek must be upheld.

This judgment destroyed the hopes of those who imagined that the ancient endowments of the grammar schools could be applied to the new requirements of modern life. It was the obvious intention of the founders of those schools to teach the dead languages only, and the courts could not, without assuming legislative powers, wrest the endowments to any other purpose than that expressed in the deeds. The movement has, however, gone on. The people who require modern education have become more numerous and more powerful. They have by their own efforts provided the means of education they require, and have left the grammar schools to that moribund existence that must always be led by institutions which, from any circumstance, are prevented from adapting themselves to the wants of the existing age. At length the anomaly of a rich educational endowment remaining comparatively idle, while the educational wants of the country are clamorous for satisfaction, has become too great, and a royal commission has paved the way for important legislation on the subject.

In what condition the commissioners found the grammar schools of our own day, and in what manner they propose to reorganise them, we shall discuss in future papers.

## THE COMING ECLIPSE.

**H**ERE is to occur this year, on the 17th of August, one of the most imposing solar eclipses that an observer on this earth is in a position to behold. Remarkable phenomena of the kind have happened before and will happen again ; but this one possesses a special interest. There are total eclipses and total eclipses ; in some the totality lasts but a very few seconds, and the spectator has small time to study the startling phenomena that the occasion manifests ; in others, however, the obscuration endures for several minutes, and good opportunity is afforded for observing and recording the attendant appearances. Now in the eclipse in question the sun will be hidden for more than six minutes, nearly the maximum possible interval, and the astronomers are on the *qui vive* with preparations for making the best use of this time in settling moot questions now existing, and in gleaning new facts for the advancement of their comprehensive science. One unfortunate circumstance is that the spectacle can only be witnessed in situations far removed from the great centres of European civilization ; for the shadow path of the moon passes over India, the Malay Peninsula, and the Oriental Islands. But this has not deterred the *savans* from their search after knowledge ; India, at all events, offers a vantage-ground for the observers which ample preparations have been made to occupy. Schemes have been discussed, expensive instruments have been made, and eyes and hands carefully trained to use them ; and well-equipped expeditions have been fitted out. Learned societies have given their brains, and governments their moneys, and all that far-sight and foresight can do has been done to make the event a fruitful one to science ; for it may be centuries ere an eclipse of such magnitude will occur again.

In times when minds were dull and uninquiring, and when eyes had no telescopes to aid them in prying into the half-revealed secrets of nature, a solar eclipse was a thing to be wondered at, frightened at, and passed over. The five years' war between the Medes and Lydians was brought to a close by an eclipse, which so scared the rival armies that they made peace. The fears engendered by such a turning of day into night lasted for centuries, for William of

Malmesbury relates of an eclipse that occurred in 1140, that persons while sitting at their meals were so frightened by the sudden darkness, that they ran out from their houses fearing that the ancient chaos was about to return; and later historians tell of similar effects. The vague and awe-inspired accounts that were in former times given of those phenomena gave way to others having some pretensions to fulness and precision, about the commencement of the last century; probably the first well-observed eclipse was one which took place on the 12th of May, 1706. But the telescopes of that time were poor tools, and the records refer chiefly to such effects as were visible to the unaided eye. In the sky the planets near the sun and the brighter stars were seen, and the phenomenon known as the *corona*, which had been noted by previous observers, and of which we shall have more to say presently, was prominently visible. On the earth the recorded effects were those which are always seen and felt on such occasions. The bats flew as at night; the fowls betook themselves to rest; the singing birds silenced their notes; the labouring animals stood still; inanimate nature assumed a cadaverous aspect; animate nature was appalled. The depressing influence of the unnatural darkness caused by a total eclipse has been remarked and commented upon by every observer down to the last occasion of witnessing it. It is a darkness to be felt; a gloom that brings "a silence deep as death," and makes

"The boldest hold his breath for a time."

Arago tells of a poor shepherd child that cried and called for help at the total phase of the eclipse of 1842; but children of larger growth have felt a thrill of horror run through them when the last beams of a meridian sun have been suddenly extinguished, and a livid black pall has descended upon the face of the earth. The same observer describes in graphic language how a crowd of twenty thousand people, including a body of soldiers, was affected on the same occasion. During the progress of the eclipse all had been excitement and lively curiosity. But when the sudden darkness came, "the phenomenon in its magnificence triumphed over the petulance of youth, over the levity which certain persons assume as a sign of superiority, over the noisy indifference of which soldiers usually make profession. A profound stillness reigned in the air; the birds ceased to sing." The English Royal Astronomer, Halley, in relating the effects of the eclipse of 1715, passed over the concern observable in all kinds of birds, animals, and fishes, as a consequence too obvious to be noticed when even he and others could not escape



from a sense of horror; and cool, experienced observers, knowing what to expect, have been awe-stricken at the coming on of the unearthly gloom. For the darkening is not like that of night; although it is nearly as intense, it is of far different character. The sky assumes a purple black colour, and appears to fall upon the earth; the atmosphere and terrestrial objects take a strange tint that some have described as a livid yellow, others as dark green, others as an olive hue. Mrs. Airy, who observed with her husband at Turin, in 1842, said that the effect was like that produced by looking at a landscape through very dark greenish glass. Of several explanations which have been offered to account for this apparent change of colour, that which refers it to physiological causes is the most plausible. This theory attributes the effect to contrast: the change from one state of illumination to another is very sudden, and the duration of the darkness is too short to allow the eye to recognise the specific hue of coloured objects. It may be that during an eclipse of long totality, like that which is coming, the optic nerves may have time to recover from the sudden shock caused by the instantaneous darkening, and towards the end of the obscuration may see objects as under an ordinary twilight aspect. This is a point to be determined.

Glancing from earth to heaven, the most palpable peculiarity in a total solar eclipse is the halo of white phosphorescent light that entirely surrounds the black disc of the moon. Halley aptly pictured this feature to the popular eye by comparing it to the radiating appearance with which painters surround the heads of saints. The historians of the ante-Christian era who were fortunate enough to behold solar eclipses make mention of the phenomenon: they gave it the name of the *corona*, by which it has since been known. Observers who have seen it upon recent occasions give the most varied descriptions of it; some have called it fibrous and comparable to entangled thread; others have described it as brush-like and feathery; and others have attributed to it a circular motion like that of some varieties of fireworks. Very curious and irreconcilable are the drawings which have been given by different observers of the same eclipse. Some have isolated beams or rays of light shooting in one direction, others, similar beams darting an opposite way; some show the rays emanating radially from the black moon, while others make them tangential, and again others exhibit them curved like a sickle or a scimitar. The Astronomer Royal expressed himself bewildered at the discordances in the depictions he had received of the corona visible during the last great eclipse. I have seen many of

these diagrams, and their dissimilarity forces one to suspect that different eyes have received vastly different impressions from the same object.

But rejecting what is doubtful, there remains the certainty that when the sun is completely obscured by the moon, the disc of the latter is encompassed by a glory the breadth of which is generally equal to about one-sixth of the moon's diameter, but extended in some places into brushes or luminous streaks, fully as long as the moon's diameter. The question then arises, to what is this feature due? If there were an atmosphere surrounding the moon it would be abundantly explained; but the more crucial tests for such an appendage negative its existence. Is it a widely extended atmosphere of the sun, or a luminous vapour surrounding the solar globe? This it can hardly be, for, if it were such, the varying positions of the moon in her passage across the sun's disc would not sensibly affect its features; whereas it is found that these changing conditions do vastly alter the appearance and conformation of the corona. It is pretty well concluded that it shines not by its own light but by reflected light—that it is not phosphorescent, but borrows its illumination from the sun. The test of polarization shows this. A ray of reflected light behaves very differently from a ray of direct light when both are passed through a doubly refracting prism. The direct beam is split into two sections which, in all positions of the prism, are of equal intensity; while the reflected beam, similarly divided, shows two spots of light which, in certain positions of the prism, differ considerably in brightness. An analysis of the corona of the last eclipse was made upon this principle, and it was then determined that it shone by reflected light, and was therefore not self-luminous. From these observations, and from other considerations, the Astronomer Royal has arrived at the opinion that there must be an attenuated atmosphere encompassing the earth to such an extent that it reaches even to the moon, and that it is the lighting up of the regions of this atmosphere in the immediate vicinity of the moon that gives rise to the corona and its varying features.

The late Mr. Baily excited curiosity for a time by his announcement that just before the commencement and just after the end of totality of a solar eclipse, or in other words when the limbs of the sun and moon are just touching internally, the narrow line of solar light breaks up into luminous points, and presents the appearance of a string of bright beads. This phenomenon, which has since been recognised as "Baily's beads," is sometimes, but not always, seen; it is very easily accounted for. The

moon's edge is not perfectly smooth; mountains and valleys give it a serrated outline; and when the margins of the moon and sun are just overlapping, the sun's margin is just visible through the chinks and crannies of that of the moon, and gives the appearance of a chaplet of beads. A sheet of paper laid under a saw, so that its edge just peeps between the teeth, repeats the appearance which, as it leads to nothing, may be dismissed forthwith.

But by far the most interesting and suggestive of eclipse phenomena are the red-coloured masses of light that are seen to exude apparently from the moon's circumference. These protuberances were first cursorily noticed by one Captain Stanyan, during the eclipse of 1706. Flamsteed, England's first Astronomer Royal, says in a letter to the Royal Society that "the captain is the first man I ever heard of that took notice of a red streak of light preceding the emersion of the sun's body from a total eclipse, and I take notice of it to you because it infers that the moon has an atmosphere." Then at the eclipse of 1733 two other observers saw something of the same character. But, curiously, these records for a long time escaped the attention of astronomers, and when they turned their eyes and glasses upon the eclipse of 1842, they were ignorant of what their predecessors had seen and noted. They gazed at the slowly disappearing sun in anxious expectancy, prepared to see something strange, but knowing not what. Imagine their surprise when, as the last glimpse of the solar disc was shut out by the advancing moon, they saw the black edge of the latter garnished in some parts with a blood-red border, and in others with sheaves of roseate light and mountains of glowing flame. The observers were electrified with this apparition: they were unprepared to measure or to depict; and before they had time to collect themselves and satisfy their eyes and minds that neither had been under illusion, the sun reappeared, and the marvellous phenomena vanished. All anxiety then came to be centred upon the next great eclipse. This happened in 1851. The experiences purchased upon previous occasions were turned to account in preparing instructions and laying down schemes of observation for this. The British Association, with the co-operation of some foreign astronomers, drew up and circulated a pamphlet of suggestions to intending observers, and instruments and eyes were made ready for action. All the phenomena of an eclipse were provided for, as regards observation and record of them; but the "red prominences" were literally the prominent points of interest. The shadow path of this eclipse passed over northern Europe, and along it, chiefly in Sweden, the observers, like a party of skirmishers,

disposed themselves. This time they were forewarned, and so fore-armed; knowing what to look for and how to see it. Circumstances proved favourable, and when the totality came on, the anxiously-expected rosy excrescences shone forth in all their glory. Many observers saw them, estimated their size, and mapped and drew them. Several of the questions that had been raised were decided. Foremost among these was, whether the prominences were attached to the moon or to the sun? Well, some observers asserted that protuberances on the eastern side became quickly hidden, while others sprang up on the western side; that is, they were respectively covered and revealed on the eastern and western borders of the sun by the advancing moon. So it was established almost to a certainty that the prominences were part and parcel of the sun. But other bewildering questions arose. When the drawings of different observers were compared, discrepancies were revealed that were scarcely attributable to errors of observation. Upon the forms and characteristics of some of the more remarkable of the red masses no two observers were in agreement. Pictures and descriptions were alike irreconcilable: they left an impression upon the minds of those who examined them that there was some mirage-like effect that manifested itself variously to different eyes.

Nine years passed away, and at their end came the famous eclipse of 1860, which was most favourably visible in accessible parts of Spain. During the nine years a valuable adjunct to telescopic observation had been pressed into the astronomer's service. Photography, in its youth in 1851, had been wrought to perfection by 1860, and had been successfully applied to the depiction of celestial objects, notably the spots on the sun and the surface irregularities of the moon. The suggestion had been made in 1851 of the great advantage that would follow from photographing the details of the eclipse of that year, but little action was taken, as the art was then so young. But when preparations were in progress for the Spanish eclipse, it occurred to Mr. De la Rue, the father of celestial photography, to fit out a suitable apparatus for making the eclipse phenomena record themselves, and thus avoid the vagaries and imperfections of eye and hand delineation. This was done. A "photo-heliograph" and the pertaining apparatus and chemicals formed a prominent feature in the expedition which H.M.S. *Himalaya* bore from Plymouth to the northern ports of Spain in July, 1860. This expedition comprised a goodly band of European astronomers and observers; for all who were prepared to do any good were made welcome on board the transport, which had been liberally placed by the Govern-

ment at the disposal of the Astronomer Royal. Everything turned out favourably for the observers, and Mr. De la Rue was fortunate enough to secure two negatives during the totality, on each of which the red protuberances were vigorously impressed. Two more valuable photographs, from a scientific standard of worth, were never produced. Some less pretentious impressions were taken by a Roman astronomer, Padre Secchi, at a station considerably removed from Mr. De la Rue's, and some others by the Spanish astronomer, Señor Aguilar. The different pictures were submitted afterwards to rigorous comparison, when it was found that the prominences were identical, although observed from distant places; and thus the discrepancies of eye delineations were shown to be the results of different impressions upon the observers' minds, due to haste, prejudice, or methods and powers of scrutiny. Besides these photographs, a vast mass of observations was accumulated by the scores of observers who watched the eclipse. Very many accounts have been published: some remain in manuscript, and as yet no collation of the whole has been made. Perhaps the eclipse of this year may afford results by the light of which the facts and features of the last one may be more easily read and analysed.

One thing was definitely settled by Mr. De la Rue's photographs: this was the connection of the protuberances with the sun. Whatever doubts may have previously existed upon the point were removed by the evidence which the measurement of these pictures has afforded.

And now the question comes, What are these rosy prominences? This brings us to the eclipse of this year, because it is from observations of it that the question, it is hoped, will receive at least a partial solution. All have by this time heard of spectrum analysis, the wonderful power by which the physicist, armed only with a wedge of glass, can tell us the source of the light coming from sun, from star, from comet, from nebula. Kirchoff, the honoured discoverer of this means of research, has told us that the sun is surrounded by an intensely heated atmosphere, charged with the vapours of metals and other ingredients which the prism has enabled him and others to sort and separate, and thus to identify with metals and ingredients common to our globe. Are these red, cloud-like masses, skimming apparently over the solar surface, aggregations of this vapour, flames of burning metals? Do they glow with their own incandescent light, or are they lit by the bright sea on which they float? Are they solid masses of matter, or are they attenuated gases? These are the points which it is hoped will be settled in whole or in part on the 17th

of August on the hills of India. The observers will ply their polariscopes to determine whether the light be original or reflected. Then they will pass its beams through the prism: if they see a long spectrum, coloured with all the tints of the rainbow, they will know that they are looking upon masses of solid or liquid matter in combustion: if this spectrum is crossed by black lines, they will know that its light on its way to the earth has been intercepted by the vapours of certain metals and by certain gases, which they will recognise by the positions of the lines: but if, instead of the rainbow-tinted riband, they see only certain isolated *bright* lines, like coloured threads stretched across the fields of their spectroscopes, they will know that they are looking upon materials so intensely heated that they have assumed the gaseous condition; and by the positions and colours of these threads of light, they will be able to ascertain to some extent what these materials are. And what they will do for the red excrescences, they will endeavour to do also for the *corona*, that they may learn something of the light wherewith it shines. So that the most important questions bearing upon the sun's constitution and structure are to be solved when he is out of sight! A strange anomaly; but Nature is for ever playing at hide-and-seek with man.

To do justice to these observations, two well-furnished expeditions have been organised in this country, respectively under the auspices of the Royal and the Royal Astronomical Societies. Lieutenant Herschel (a son of Sir John), of the Indian Survey Staff, takes charge of the former, and Major Tennant, of the same service, directs the latter. Both have been supplied with excellent telescopes and polarising and spectralising apparatus; Major Tennant, in addition, having secured the manufacture for the occasion of a valuable reflecting telescope of large size, for the purpose of photographing the eclipse phenomena. Other officers of the survey staff will be dispersed along the track of the eclipse, and will be armed with spectroscopes and such appliances as the country may afford, in order that what is lost by bad weather in one spot may be secured elsewhere. Other countries, too, will have their expeditions. France furnishes two and Prussia one, and for these handsome sums of money have been voted; and possibly his Holiness the Pope may send Padre Secchi to the spot, though at present pecuniary difficulties stand in the way. Altogether, we may hope that an important page of scientific history will be that which records the results of the great eclipse of August 17, 1868.

J. CARPENTER.

## MUSIC IN VANITY FAIR.

### PART II.

**W**HY have we not more music in our parks? There is nothing so delightful as good open air music; the monotony of Rotten Row is never more agreeably relieved than when a band of the Life Guards comes out to practise upon the green opposite Knightsbridge Barracks; the short hour's music in the courtyard of St. James's Palace is a treat, but unfortunately other opportunities of hearing open air music well performed in London are rare and uncertain.

There is no reason why bands should not play morning and evening during summer in all the parks. Such performances would be a source of great enjoyment to the people, and might be made self-supporting if given in enclosures, for admission to which a minimum price were charged. Hand organs in the streets should be abolished, and their unhappy grinders, not their organs, pressed into the Park Band Service. Thus, Professor Babbage and other highly sensitive householders would be spared many a *mauvais quart d'heure* at home and at the police courts; or the military bands might be made more useful than they seem to be at present, by being sent into the parks to play more frequently.

The difference of opinion as to the propriety of music in the open air, especially on Sundays, is practically shown every week in the Regent's Park. The Zoological Gardens in that part of London have of late years become the Sunday afternoon rendezvous of the *beau monde* and *demi monde* of the town. There the great luminaries of the two social hemispheres shine forth with dazzling brilliancy. On a warm Sunday in June their radiance is positively overpowering; but though the appearance they present be bright and gay, their assemblage is remarkable for its silence. The "music of the spheres" is only disturbed by the occasional roar of a hungry lion, or the screaming of a ravenous hyæna. The heavenly bodies move about the gardens noiselessly. Many free-thinking subscribers have at different times memorialised the council of the Zoological Society, and prayed for some more harmonious sounds to listen to than the howling of wild

animals ; but the austere authorities have turned a deaf ear to all such entreaties. "The Sabbath," say they, "shall not be broken by blast of trumpet or sound of drum within our jurisdiction. Congregate by thousands if you please, but you shall hear no melody but small talk." So Apollo is expelled their territory, except on Saturdays, and the evil influence of the god averted. Nevertheless, just outside the gardens, a temple has been erected to him, round which crowds of his votaries assemble to enjoy the pleasures he affords. Although music be forbidden in the Zoological Gardens on Sunday, a very capital band plays in the Regent's Park on that day during summer, and the *beau monde* and *demi monde*, hearing its strains in the distance, regret perhaps that they are prevented by their gregarious habits from approaching nearer to it. It is to be wondered at that the Botanical Society has not a band on Sundays. Nothing else is wanting to make those Gardens the resort of fashionable London on the day in question. It may be that the Botanical authorities are as puritanical in their notions as the Zoological council, or perhaps Sunday is a day when all rivalry between the two societies ceases to exist.

Besides the amusement they would afford, there is another reason why bands in the parks are desirable. The greater the vigilance exercised by competent authorities over the development of any art, the surer is its progress. Common street organs are not only objectionable for the hideous noise they make, but also because they degrade the art and bring it into ridicule. Correct performances of really good music, wherever heard, improve the tastes of the people, and if there be any humanising tendency in sweet sounds, extend that tendency considerably. For this reason every note that is played in our theatres should be as perfect as possible. It is only lately that a marked improvement is observable in this respect. Formerly theatrical managers were, with very few honourable exceptions, quite indifferent as to how or what their musicians played. A great change has recently taken place ; and now the music of the *entr'actes* in many of our theatres is really excellent. The improvement may be dated from the engagement of a very skilful German conductor who has several orchestras under his control. His first essay was, I believe, at the St. James's Theatre, and I remember the pleasure I experienced one evening in hearing instead of the noisy, senseless *entr'acte* music it was customary to inflict upon the audience, a very admirable performance of some of Chopin's Mazurkas. The band was small, but under its clever conductor, most efficient. The compositions were well scored, and their effect as novel as it was delightful. In every orchestra where this able



musician rules, the music is always first-rate. He has, probably unwittingly, done better service to the art in London, than others whose names are more prominently before the public.

In the course of time, alterations necessarily take place in the character of public musical performances. Concerts, as the name implies, including the co-operation of several musicians, have until lately been the usual form of musical performances not given on the stage.

About thirty years ago, the pianist, Liszt, then in the zenith of his fame, visited London. His prodigious powers astonished the Londoners, as much as the announcement of his pianoforte *Recitals* excited their curiosity. That a solo instrumentalist should seriously hope to attract an audience by offering no other amusement than his own performances afforded, was thought conceited and absurd. The experiment was made at the suggestion of the late Frederic Beale, who baptized the novel entertainment, the very title of which was ridiculed. Liszt's *Recitals* were a great success; and his example has been since followed by every pianist of distinction. Three of the most eminent pianists, as well as many others, have this season given different series of performances of the kind. Madame Goddard has recited Mendelssohn's charming "Lieder ohne Worte;" Mr. Hallé some of the most interesting pianoforte works of Beethoven and Schubert; and Antoine Rubinstein, the Russian pianist and composer, has given readings of the most varied repertoire of compositions for the pianoforte ever announced. The *Recitals* of the two first named artists were interspersed with vocal music—Rubinstein was unassisted. No pianist since Liszt has excited more contention as to his true merit than this latter. Some critics rave about him; others declare, that as Arabella Goddard is to Hallé, so is Rubinstein to the answer required; and adding him up and dividing him after the fashion of a rule-of-three sum, the conclusion they arrive at is, that he's of no account.

His *Recitals* almost justified the two extreme opinions. The mechanical dexterity of the three performers is about equal. Rubinstein's erratic temperament renders his playing uncertain. While Madame Goddard and Hallé will play the same music always with the same unerring perfection, and are apparently independent of any external or internal influences, he will vary in the correctness of his reading and execution according to his humour; at times surpassing all rivals in vigour and expression; at others, rendering comparison impossible by the strangeness of his performance. He possesses all the attributes and many of the defects of a man of genius. T

three performances he gave during the past month, consisted of no fewer than forty-four compositions, including some of the most important by Beethoven, Handel, Schumann, Mendelssohn, and others, as well as his own works. All were played from memory, and with a *fertigkeit* and power always astonishing if not always pleasing. Pianists of high and low degree crowded the Hanover Square Rooms each time he appeared. Some shook their heads, and complained of his version of the different *morceaux*; others were in raptures, and smiling at one another acknowledged tacitly that, with all their practice, they were unable to do that which was then accomplished. Rubinstein is the composer of sonatas, operas, and symphonies, well known in Germany, where he is looked upon as one of the great musicians of the day—a position which, whether capable or not of holding, he has not yet attained in this country. While recognising his talent, I doubt much whether by his compositions or his playing he is destined to make any permanent impression. Although many pianists can boast of distinctive individuality, few, very few, have formed a school for the instrument. Thalberg alone in the present generation is the originator of a style of composition which, special in itself, has been imitated by scores of plagiarists. Mendelssohn with all his originality did not revolutionise pianoforte playing as did Thalberg, whose development of the resources of the instrument may be described as epitomising orchestral compositions for the piano. He not only invented a new order of variation different from those of Herz and Cramer, who immediately preceded him, but he also founded a form of composition for the pianoforte, of which his *Andante*, the introduction to the fantasia on *Mosè*, his studies and other original works, will always remain examples of standard excellence. He was the first who made the pianoforte sing, and in his Preface to the "Art du Chant appliqué au Piano," he has set forth the principles of his method. There is no pianist of the present day, with the exception of Chopin, who is not indebted to Thalberg in some degree either as instrumentalist or composer. Chopin has had few imitators, and it is not unlikely that when this Magazine shall have doubled its present age, his style will be forgotten altogether. It was peculiar to himself, and almost too delicate and refined to last. Not so Thalberg, whose name and works will be remembered and quoted as long as the instrument—to the playing of which he gave such new life—exists. As a performer, Thalberg is (or, rather was, for he has unfortunately given up music and taken to wine growing in Italy instead) cold in manner, and apparently unimpressible. When making the greatest effect upon his audience,

he seems independent of what his hands are doing, and jokes with any one sitting near him. In this respect he resembles some of our greatest actors, and refutes the theory that to impress the public a performer must himself be affected. Rubinstein, according to this doctrine, should be the most sensational pianist ever heard. In appearance he has all the wildness of Beethoven's physiognomy, and when at the pianoforte, warms to his work with an enthusiasm it is sometimes almost painful to witness.

Vast improvements have been made in the mechanism of the piano; and as they have been effected, the character of the manual dexterity required to play the instrument has changed. Difficult music for the spinet, one of its ancestors, is still difficult for the pianoforte; but it is, as it were, closer music, requiring more subtlety of finger, and less physical power than the bewildering fantasias of the present day. In the FitzWilliam Museum at Cambridge, is Queen Elizabeth's music-book, containing compositions for the pianoforte or virginal of her time. The Queen is said to have been a skilful musician. Some pages of the book have been evidently often turned over, others but seldom looked at. The leaves that are soiled are those on which the simplest tunes are written; the others contain the variations and more intricate passages. Although her Majesty has the reputation of having been an accomplished performer on the virginal, this music-book proves that she was wont to skip the more irksome compositions, and indulge in the less laborious pastime of playing the tunes only. It is an easy way of acquiring the reputation of a pianist, to get together many of the most difficult pieces of Thalberg, Liszt, and others, and play only the melodies they arrange, avoiding the brilliant passages which are so difficult to master, and often so puzzling to listen to. I rather think Queen Elizabeth did this with the music of the Liszts and Thalbergs of her day, judging from her music-book.

There is a legend relating to one of the most popular pieces written for the harpsichord, one of the predecessors of the pianoforte, which is about as pure a fiction as ever was concocted by a sensation novel writer. The piece is the so-called "Harmonious Blacksmith," by Handel. The common story goes, that Handel while at Cannons, the country-seat of the Duke of Chandos, near Edgeware, was overtaken by a shower of rain, and sought shelter in a blacksmith's shop. After the usual salutations, the blacksmith fell to work at his forge, singing an old song the while. By an extraordinary coincidence, the hammer striking in time, drew from the anvil two harmonic sounds, *which being* in accord with the melody,

made a sort of continuous bass. Handel was struck by the incident, listened, remembered the air, its strange accompaniment, and when he returned home made a piece out of it for the harpsichord. This was in the year 1720. A charming tale it is, but there's not one word of truth in it; the fact being that the title of the "Harmonious Blacksmith" was given to the composition by one Lintott, a music publisher at Bath, who on being asked why he so christened his edition of the music, replied that his father was a blacksmith, and that it was one of his favourite tunes. About 1820, one hundred years after the piece was first published, an industrious newspaper writer of that time concocted the tale of the blacksmith's shop, and in 1825, a Mr. Richard Clarke, an enthusiastic antiquarian, and worshipper of Handel to boot, on reading the newspaper story, resolved to verify it by any evidence that could be obtained. He proceeded to Edgware, and there found out one Powell, the blacksmith of the place—a descendant of a generation of blacksmiths. This Powell he took into his confidence, and told him the object of his journey. Powell returned the compliment by assuring him he had once a father. "Perhaps," exclaimed the enthusiastic Mr. Clarke, "you had a grandfather, too?"

"Of course I had," said Powell.

"And he was a blacksmith?"

"Yes."

"And he lived at Edgware?"

"Yes."

"Why, then you are the original 'Harmonious Blacksmith?'"

"Certainly I am," replied the veracious Powell.

However, on reflection, Mr. Clarke was convinced that his informant was at fault in this respect, but right in the main. He was a successor of the great man, although not the true Simon Pure himself. At any rate Mr. Clarke was satisfied. His views of Powell's descent were confirmed by the anvil he used striking the note E—the keynote of the piece of music. The ardour of Mr. Clarke gets red-hot by remarking that trivial circumstance. He buys the anvil and hammer for a good round sum, brings them up to town, and plays a hammering accompaniment to the "Harmonious Blacksmith" at one of the ancient concerts of the day. He prints a portrait of the anvil, and publishes an edition of the composition arranged for the hammer, anvil, and pianoforte. He erects a monument in the church at Edgware, "Sacred to the memory of the 'Harmonious Blacksmith.'" On the house in front of which once stood the forge, he put a tablet to commemorate the interesting circumstance of

Handel's visit to the shed. And all this being done, how is it possible the composition should get rid of its reputation? Circumstantial evidence is strong in favour of the truth of the legend; Handel was at Cannons, the piece was already celebrated by the title, there was a blacksmith's shop at Edgeware. But there is no doubt all Mr. Clarke's zeal was thrown away; he was as much taken in by the old fiction, as the astronomers were by the fly which inadvertently found its way between the lenses of the telescope through which they made their heavenly observations.

The fly they declared to be an elephant in the moon, and were much alarmed thereat, until one of them, more learned than the rest, caught the fly and killed it. As Schœlcher, Handel's biographer, says, "the 'Harmonious Blacksmith' has been published a thousand times under that title, but Handel himself never called it so; the name is modern." The air is found in a collection of French songs printed by one Christopher Ballard in 1565. It is not likely an English blacksmith ever heard it, and still less probable that Handel with his love of finery and dignified manners, would have adopted an air heard under the circumstances related by the newspaper writer. A similar instance to this, where the publisher gave a composition a reputation to which it had no claim, is a song called "The Dream of St. Jerome" by Beethoven. Now Beethoven never wrote any such song; but Thackeray in his "Adventures of Philip," speaks of it as though it were one of his most charming compositions. The demand at the music shops for "The Dream of St. Jerome," after the publication of the book, was immense. Nobody could get the much-coveted song until one publisher with more talent than the rest, concocted a "Dream of St. Jerome" himself, taking the subject of one of Beethoven's sonatas for the melody of the song, and giving a legend of the saint to complete the joke. The publication had a great sale, and will, probably, be quoted by some future biographer of Beethoven, in evidence of the composer's versatility of talent, to show how he could write an English ballad with as much facility as one of his most mighty symphonies.

Brilliant houses and splendid performances at both the operas during June have made up for the losses that must have been sustained at the commencement of the season. Individual artists are more attractive than any *ensemble*, however perfect. Mr. Costa's band and chorus may perform miracles, but they cannot draw a full house without the assistance of a popular *prima donna* or favourite tenor. Patti and Lucca are the great attractions at Covent Garden. The two bright stars have shone on alternate nights with their wonted

brilliancy. The operas at Covent Garden have as usual been given with great efficiency, and large works, such as "L'Africaine," "Robert," and "The Huguenots," as magnificently as ever.

Mdlle. Patti has appeared in "Don Pasquale" and "La Figlia," and fascinated all beholders. Mdlle. Lucca, almost physically unequal to the part of *Valentine*, seemed to rise to it as the "Huguenots" progressed, and finally achieved a triumph. Both ladies have sung the other different operas which constitute their particular *repertoires*.

All the new tenors, and there have been several tried lately, prove how hopeless is yet the search for one to fill Mario's place, when he shall leave the lyric stage. A consummate artist; a great actor; a singer, with a voice sympathetic in every tone; handsome in presence and appearance, Mario is assuredly the most gifted vocalist ever known. Instead of complaining of his fading powers, we should be thankful that we are still allowed to see and admire the perfect pictures he represents in every part he plays. What more heroic than his impersonation of *Raoul*? what more romantic than his *Faust*? In all his operas he so completely identifies himself with the action and the music, that it is not without some feeling even of repulsiveness that those who have been accustomed to hear him can listen to any other tenor. When he goes, the Italian stage will indeed sustain that which as yet appears likely to be an irreparable loss.

At her Majesty's Opera in Drury Lane the two features of the season hitherto have been the production of Cherubini's "Medea," in which Mdlle. Titiens pre-eminently distinguished herself, and the success upon success of Mdlle. Nilsson. The latter has been the singer of the season, and has made the fortune of the theatre, the doors of which, without her assistance, might have been long since closed. Wherever she has appeared crowds have followed her. On her nights at the opera there has been a faint echo of the Jenny Lind *furor* of years gone by. One hundred guineas for singing a few songs at private *soirées* are the terms she has asked and received, and Mdlle. Nilsson may fairly be said to be the rage. She is not an impassioned vocalist. The great effect she produces is attributable to study and to the complete command acquired over her voice, rather than to musical inspiration. The race of inspired singers seems to be extinct. The *prime donne* now before the public are some of them splendid vocalists, without doubt; but none excite their audiences to enthusiasm by the true force of genius, as did many of their immediate predecessors.

Signor Arditi deserves especial praise for his characteristic recitatives to Cherubini's "Medea." Without the aid of the indefatigable

conductor, the production of so many operas as have been given at Drury Lane would have been out of the question.

The attendance at both houses has been very nearly equal, Covent Garden perhaps having the advantage. Thanks to the opposition, there have been finer performances of Italian opera in London during the past month than could be heard in any other city in the world.

The great musical event of the year, as far as numbers are concerned at any rate, has been the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace. All other entertainments sink into insignificance compared with it. The undertaking itself is the almost necessary result of a combination of fortunate circumstances. The existence of such a magnificent locale as the centre transept—the willingness of the Sacred Harmonic Society to co-operate and form a nucleus of the colossal band and chorus—the executive of the Crystal Palace Company being equal to the task of management—all tended to bring about the enterprise, and contributed to its successful result.

The directors were afraid, it would appear, to trust to the music and the band and chorus of four thousand alone to draw the public. The immense expense incurred rendered the speculation hazardous without the additional attraction of individual vocalists. The names of Titiens, Nilsson, Kellogg, Sims Reeves, and Santley, would have filled the transept at ordinary prices. Backed by such a host of choristers and instrumentalists, and the name of Handel, they did so notwithstanding the high rate of admission charged. Without them, I doubt whether the thousands in the orchestra would have drawn an audience adequate to pay their railway fares. That performances on such a gigantic scale are possible in a country where nothing is done for art by Government, is a fact of which musical England may justly be proud. The thousands of executants employed are, so to speak, self-educated. Not a shilling is given towards their teaching by the State. The paltry sum granted to the Royal Academy of Music of late years has been withdrawn, and the dissolution of the institution is imminent. Not that the 500*l.* a-year was of any material importance to it, nor that the withdrawal of the small sum of money is the chief cause of the failure of the Society. Better that the art should be entirely free from any official trammels, and as independent as heretofore, than that its progress should be hampered by the interference of parliamentary authority for such a poor consideration. A large grant towards the establishment of a national opera and educational institution would be useful; but aid so parsimoniously given is never serviceable.

Should the Royal Academy of Music collapse, it will be a cause for regret. Discord has long reigned among its managers, and perhaps a "winding up" is the best course towards placing the Institution upon a permanent basis. Extreme cases require violent remedies, and a tottering house is better pulled down and rebuilt than being constantly put into repair.

According to the report which has been issued by the Royal Academy of Music, the Institution was founded in the year 1822 by the late Earl of Westmoreland, and was incorporated by a royal charter granted to it in 1830. Donations and subscriptions were then expected from the public to defray the expense of affording gratuitous education to those whose means would not otherwise enable them to obtain it. These expectations were not realised, and the undertaking got into difficulties. The original scheme was modified, and the idea of gratuitous education had to be abandoned. In 1827, a few noblemen and gentlemen came forward and subscribed largely to prevent the Academy being closed. About 1500 students have been educated by this Institution, and of these, more than four hundred have been instructed free of expense or upon reduced terms. In 1864 the grant of 500*l.*, to be renewed from year to year, was made by Government. This has now been withdrawn, and the Academy is *in extremis* from want of funds. A much larger sum than 500*l.* a year should be allowed by the State for such an object, or the public must subscribe liberally towards the support of an institution, the closing of which, on account of poverty, would be discreditable to the nation.

Meanwhile, Dr. Wylde's London Academy of Music, for which no grant has been asked, is flourishing. The pupils are numerous, and the system of education appears to be advantageous. A whole course of instruction can be here obtained for the sum of fifteen guineas per annum, added to which great facilities are offered for acquiring musical knowledge and experience.

WALTER MAYNARD.



## AT SUNSET.

WORCESTER, A.D. 1651.

**T**HE King's in the City!—Thank God for that!—  
And Vigornia knows no fear;  
Though there's never a doubt, says a hurrying scout,  
That the Puritan troops are near!  
The Foregate is crowded with armed men,  
And gallants keep galloping past;  
There's a crowd at the Cross, lamenting the loss  
Of Knox, who has fallen at last.

Ere the morrow's sun has redden'd the east  
There's a stir in the royal camp,  
For Fleetwood's brigade have passages made  
Across Severn and Teme, and tramp  
Undauntedly on o'er their fragile bridge;  
Montgomery's wounded and down,  
The roadway is red with dying and dead,  
And the King's beaten back to the town.

The King's driven back to the City-gate,  
Where the people are gath'ring fast,  
To know if the worst has come to the worst,  
And whether the danger is past.  
They see their defenders again ride on,  
And wish them "God-speed" on their way;  
But how few came back to the city, alack!  
At the close of that Autumn day!

With cannons in front and standards unfurl'd,  
Awaiting their foemen's coming,  
The Cromwellians stood, before Perry Wood;—  
You might hear their drummers drumming  
At Sidbury-gate on that fatal night.  
But what are those cheers which ring  
Down the Royalist line? 'Tis no Puritan whine—  
"Charge, gentlemen!—charge for the King!"


There's a shout in reply from Cromwell's troops,  
 Who are singing dolorous lays ;  
 And thundering cheers from the cavaliers,  
 Who scoff at their psalm-singing ways.  
 And then, 'midst the clashing of swords and spears,  
 Old friends encounter each other ;  
 Ho !—silence yon lad, who with grief seems mad  
 At the death of his traitor-brother !

Duke Hamilton's faint in the foremost ranks,  
 And Buckingham's bloody and hoarse ;  
 The King is in front, a-bearing the brunt ;  
 But a plague on the Scottish horse !  
 The Royalist troopers they fight amain,  
 Yet the odds are twenty to one ;  
 And a Puritan cry ascends on high,  
 For the battle is lost—and won !

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis a joyful day for the Parliament,  
 But a sorry one for the King,  
 Who gallops pell-mell towards Boscobel  
 As he heareth the curfew ring ;  
 For the Puritan flag usurps the place  
 Of the standard on ev'ry tow'r ;  
 "God save the King !" none shall venture to sing,  
 An' they value their heads an hour !

## AT THE LITERARY FUND DINNER.

“NNIVERSARY of the Royal Literary Fund—the Right Hon. B. Disraeli, First Lord of the Treasury, in the chair.” O for the pen of a Bulwer or Macaulay! O for the teeming imagination of a Poet! Here is a text for an epic. Here is a scene for a picture which might make the fortune of a Painter. Perhaps at the Royal Institution you might find more men of science. You might find more artists at the Royal Academy, more politicians at a Club dinner. But here, at the table of the Royal Literary Fund, you have, in a single constellation, a representation in miniature of all that is distinguished in politics, in literature, science, art, and arms. This table represents the flower of English intellect, of English valour, and of English genius. Statesmen, soldiers, men of science, artists, novelists, critics, journalists, men whose writings are the inspiration of their age, men of metal, and men of broad acres, all met together to do honour—to whom? A man of genius like themselves, a man with no escutcheon but literature, and yet one who by his genius has attained the highest honours of his country, and who, by a rare caprice of Fate, wears at once the blue ribbon of Politics and the blue ribbon of Literature.

Look around! The scene alone is an inspiration. There in the Gallery,—why not at the tables?—are those whom Mr. Disraeli calls the Priestesses of Fate? What are they thinking of the scene? Perhaps, like Dr. Johnson, that all animals, except man, look best at their food? But they keep their thoughts to themselves; and I, at least, have no wish to be inquisitive upon the point. Let us keep our eyes on the tables. That pale, thoughtful-looking gentleman to Mr. Disraeli's right hand is Lord Stanhope, the President of the Literary Fund, and one of the most accomplished men in the Peerage. His companion on the left is Lord John Manners, the amiable and chivalrous Lord Henry Sidney of “Coningsby.” “An Author?” Yes; the Poet Laureate of Mr. Disraeli's “Young England” party, and the author of that romantic couplet,—

Let Wealth and Commerce, Laws and Learning die;  
But leave us still our old Nobility.

That is his passport to the society of literary men. What else do you wish? That gentleman with the luxuriant beard and gold glasses is the soul of the Indian Government, Sir Stafford Northcote. He too is an author. "And a poet?" No; a financier. Here is a poet, the gay and ever youthful Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton. That noble head and figure is Sir Roderick Murchison, who can tell you from a glance at a geological map where you may find gold as easily as Mr. Robert Hunt can tell you where our coal beds lie. He is the representative of science, or perhaps I ought to say of the whole circle of sciences; for, like Dr. Whewell, science is his forte and omniscience his foible. Still, Sir Roderick is a capital fellow, and the staunchest of friends. Loyalty with him is an instinct. The representative of Art ought to be near at hand; and there he is. That pleasant-looking man is the courtly Sir Francis Grant, President of the Royal Academy. The Bishop of Rochester represents what Mr. Disraeli calls "the theocratic principle" of our Constitution. And that small man with the finely-chiselled features and that restless grey eye? Is the genius of Westminster Abbey, Dean Stanley, the terror of Convocation, and the herald of a religious creed based on criticism. Here is Sir William Bovill as the representative of Westminster Hall; and there is Sir W. Page Wood, a man of letters and the keenest lawyer in Lincoln's Inn. Sir William Codrington, one of our Crimean Generals, is a fine specimen of an English soldier; and what shall I say of Sir Edward Belcher, except that he is one of the most illustrious of our Arctic heroes? Sir William Stirling Maxwell represents the literature of art; and Dr. Forbes Winslow the literature of medicine. Need I go further? Yes; here are a couple of *littérateurs* who ought not to be passed over, Mr. Theodore Martin and Mr. Edward Dicey. Mr. Dicey is one of the most graphic of special correspondents; and it is to Mr. Martin that we owe that agreeable volume of chit-chat from Her Majesty's Diary, which is the most popular book of the season.

And the hero of this gay and glittering scene—who and what is he? There he is proposing a toast to the Queen as a Royal Author, and, what is perhaps more in this age of light literature, a successful author. You can hardly call Mr. Disraeli a handsome man. He has none of the dash or portliness or hauteur of Lord Derby or Sir Robert Peel or Lord Palmerston. He is a man of slight build, a thin, spare figure. But you may scan every guest at the table, and scan them in vain, to find a more striking head and face. These are a study, and you can form no idea of them by Mr. Disraeli's photographs. The face is of an Eastern cast. D'Israeli is written in

every line of it, and every line is eloquent of the man. The head is splendidly developed. The forehead is high and ample. In his youth Mr. Disraeli had the reputation of being one of the handsomest men about town. He and Bulwer Lytton and D'Orsay were the heroes of Lady Blessington's soirées. Those who knew him then tell you of a youth of lithe and limbre figure, of handsome features, of dark flashing eyes, and ambrosial curls, of a youth who, like his own "Vivian Grey," was the envy of men and the admiration of women, and who, too, like "Vivian Grey," was distinguished by his wit and eloquence and his wild ambition not less than by his personal traits. But Time and Time's attendants, Thought and Passion, have wrought their usual havoc. Those ambrosial curls are nearly all gone. That rich olive complexion has lost its bloom. The eye alone retains its lustre, and that is still deep, glowing, and brilliant, as it was thirty years ago. In that you may still trace the Adonis of Gore House. But the glittering son of Aurora is now on the shady side of sixty, and is at the highest point of his daring ambition; and the long and often bitter struggles of those thirty years have left their mark upon him. There is a haggard expression about Mr. Disraeli's features which says even more than his words,— "I have come to this assembly like one who comes from the heat of combat to repair to the pure flow of some pellucid stream to slake the thirst of battle." The proud disdainful smile which plays upon his lips speaks with mute eloquence of the House of Commons. You may trace in that "Vivian Grey's" motto—a smile for a friend and a sneer for the world; and though I believe Mr. Disraeli is in private one of the most genial and kind-hearted of men, the most marked and distinguishing expression of his face is an expression of pride and of deep and bitter scorn. Yet no one ought to be surprised at either of these expressions who reflects on Mr. Disraeli's origin, his pride of race, his daring ambition, and the long and bitter personal contests he has gone through in the House of Commons to attain the high position which he holds to-day by favour and command of his sovereign.

What and where are Mr. Disraeli's thoughts to-day? Perhaps with that wild imaginative youth whose eye is wandering listlessly over the pages of Tidd or Chitty, but who in his heart is dreaming delicious dreams of coming fame. Perhaps with the dashing headstrong editor of the *Representative*, writing raw and sensational philippics about a Tory Democracy, and deceiving himself with the fond illusion that the *Representative* is destined to silence and to supersede the *Times*. Possibly with those brilliant groups of wit, beauty, and

fashion which Lady Blessington gathered together at Gore House ; for it was here that the author of "Vivian Grey" won his first laurels in the field of literature ; and here that he met a congenial spirit in the author of "Pelham." What a host of associations must be clustering in Mr. Disraeli's memory around those magic words—Gore House ! Tom Moore and his songs, Louis Napoleon and his fantastic dreams about sovereignty, Bulwer Lytton and his novels, D'Orsay and his coats and caricatures. Or Mr. Disraeli may be thinking—who knows?—of the poet who, standing on the Plain of Troy, surrounded by the tombs of heroes, saw the lightning playing on Mount Ida, and conceived the idea of immortalizing his name with the names of Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Milton as the author of the Revolutionary Epic. These were the sort of ideas that Mr. Disraeli was always forming in his own mind. He strolls through the galleries of Venice. A thought strikes him. "The whole system of moral philosophy is a delusion fit only for the play of sophists in an age of physiological ignorance." He will found a new school of philosophy. He hears the story of Alroy's wild career. He takes his harp to found a new school of poetry. Rambling in the sierras of Andalusia, beneath the clear light of a Spanish moon, Mr. Disraeli listens to the chant of the old Spanish ballad of Count Alarcos and the Infant Solisa. He turns it into a tragedy and presents it to the world as "an attempt to contribute to the revival of English tragedy." Mr. Disraeli, like Contarina Fleming, is always a hero in his own eyes, and never more so than in those days when in the eyes of the world he was nothing. To play a great part in the House of Commons, to form a party, to lay down the principles of a policy, to govern empires—these were the darling hopes of Mr. Disraeli's ambition. They were wild and fantastic hopes ! To-day Mr. Disraeli is a statesman among literary men. Thirty years ago he was the very reverse—only a literary man among statesmen. Yet, wild and fantastic as those hopes looked then, they have all been realised. "Nemesis favours genius," and the pale spectre who five and twenty years ago stood up in the House of Commons and asked permission to say a few words in reply to O'Connell and was hooted down, takes the chair to-day at the Royal Literary Fund Dinner as the leader of a great party, as First Minister of the Crown, and as the author of a scheme of Representative Reform which may possibly reverse the "oligarchal *coup d'état*" of 1832, and accomplish the purpose of Mr. Disraeli's youth by constituting the Tory party the popular political confederation of the country.

But to men of letters Mr. Disraeli is neither the leader of the Tory

party nor a politician. He is simply the author of "Vivian Grey" and "Coningsby." Like Macaulay and Bulwer Lytton, Mr. Disraeli is a man of letters by profession; and in the case of Mr. Disraeli as in the case of Macaulay and Bulwer Lytton, literature has led to the highest honours of the State. Literature formed his passport into society; it gilds the wreath of his political success; and it will, probably, form the most authentic of his title-deeds to fame. As yet Mr. Disraeli has never had justice done him either as a statesman or a novelist. His politics have generally been criticised in the light of his novels, and his novels have generally been criticised by his political foes. Taken as simple works of art, "Henrietta Temple," "Sybil," and "Coningsby" are equal to any works of imagination in our literature; and "Henrietta Temple" is one of the finest love stories in the English language. His earlier works are very highly coloured; and the morals of his heroes are none of the purest. "Vivian Grey" is the horror of the pruders of both sexes; and we have not a word to say for him. He is the Don Juan of politics. The "Young Duke," too, is not a model for the youth of our aristocracy. But are these the only creations of Mr. Disraeli's genius? Look at Egremont and Trafford in "Sybil." Look at Harry Coningsby and Eustace Lyle. Is there nothing high and noble in them? Of Mr. Disraeli's "Essay on the Constitution," we will only say that it is the work of a thoughtful and sagacious man, who has gone deeper into the secret history of English politics than most men. It is a work of acute and suggestive criticism; and stands out in marked contrast with the anonymous letters of Runnymede published in the *Times*. These letters were the sensation of their day. They were written very much in the spirit of Junius; and we need hardly say were very clever and terribly severe. They were the very type of Thackeray's ideal West-end articles, "dashing, trenchant, and d——d aristocratic." The critic struck right and left, and always struck at noble quarry. Lord John Russell is a man of "strong ambition and feeble intellect." Lord Palmerston is "the great Apollo of understrappers, the Lord Fanny of diplomacy, the Sporus of politics, cajoling France with an airy compliment, and menacing Russia with a perfumed cane." Lord William Bentinck is "a man of perplexed intellect and of profligate ambition," a bustling man without talents. But these letters injured no man so much as they did Mr. Disraeli. They set the House of Commons against him. They made Sir Robert Peel his enemy. Yet they are characteristic specimens of his early style; and it was in this style that Mr. Disraeli tried to take the House of Commons by storm. You may see flashes of this coloured lightning

even now in some parts of Mr. Disraeli's speeches. But Mr. Disraeli now generally trusts to the native vigour of his invective rather than to any of the meretricious arts of this flashy rhetoric. His speech at the Literary Fund Dinner was a very fair sample of his style. Thoughtful and suggestive in its tone, sparkling with terse and vivid phrases, and delivered with that perfection of manner which is one of Mr. Disraeli's most striking traits as an orator, it fell upon the ears of his audience like music in a dream. As an after-dinner speaker Mr. Disraeli is perfect. Elegant badinage, graceful allusions, keen or witty observations, a terse and picturesque style, and an easy quiet manner; these are the gifts and graces required in a successful after-dinner speaker; and these Mr. Disraeli possesses in a pre-eminent degree. No man's speeches "tell" more than Mr. Disraeli's at a dinner-table. There at least he is still the well-bred and accomplished man of the world that he was when, thirty years ago, he was known as the companion of Count D'Orsay and Pelham, and the wittiest of Lady Blessington's cavaliers.

But the Disraeli of the dinner-table and the Disraeli of the House of Commons have less in common than any of our great orators. The genial wit and the graceful orator of the dinner-table is the silent, self-possessed, and inscrutable leader of the House of Commons. Take Mr. Disraeli in that scene of conflict from which he has withdrawn to "slake the thirst of battle at the pellucid stream of literature." Take what is called a grand night in the House of Commons. A fierce party debate is raging. The House is crowded. Princes of the blood, Ambassadors, half the Peerage are in the galleries, packed together like herrings. The fate of a great State institution is under discussion. The seals of office, the highest prizes of English ambition, depend upon the division. The whole of the assembly is in a state of tumultuous excitement. Every nerve is at its highest tension. The very atmosphere is electrical. Where is Mr. Disraeli? There, on that magical bench which General Peel proposes to send to the British Museum with an inscription anything but complimentary to either of our great political parties. He is surrounded by his colleagues, Mr. Hardy, Lord Stanley, Sir John Pakington, and Sir Stafford Northcote. Mr. Lowe is on his legs. He is assailing the right hon. gentleman in his russet Saxon, and in those clear ringing tones of his, the very tones of scorn and hatred. Every sarcasm is barbed. How the Opposition cheer! Mr. Hardy is flushed and restless. Lord Stanley knits his brows closer. Sir John Pakington smiles now and then from sheergaiety of heart; but even his smile is tinged with a little bitterness. Sir Stafford North-



cote shuffles about in his seat. One man, and one man alone, is calm and self-possessed. To Mr. Disraeli all these barbed epigrams are only figures of speech, all that invective only an ornament of debate. Silent, impassive, with his arms folded across his chest, his eyes fixed on the ground, Mr. Disraeli is the personification of scorn and contempt. You will trace no feeling in that dark, brooding countenance. It is as statuesque as the face of the Sphinx. Mr. Disraeli possesses the mysterious art which distinguished Napoleon Bonaparte—the art of concealing his emotions and thoughts as perfectly as a Red Indian under torture. You can read his face no more than you can read a mask. It is expressionless. Hour after hour the debate goes on. Speaker follows speaker. Bright rises; and Mr. Disraeli turns his eyeglass to the clock. It is a mere mechanical act, perhaps only an excuse to take a glance at the orator. Gladstone follows. The House is at its highest pitch of excitement. How will the division go? What can Disraeli say? There he is at the table. He stands like a stag at bay, like a Douglas before a host of foes. He runs his eye over the House, perhaps takes a glance at the galleries as the House cheers. There is an expression of pride in the slight play of his eye. Mr. Disraeli knows his power. "I am the Leader of the Tory party:" that, perhaps, is the interpretation of his smile. As the echo of the cheering dies away, Mr. Disraeli casts his eyes upon the table, and in quiet, composed tones begins his reply. There is no passion, no impatience about him. He is strong, and conscious of his strength. His self-possession is like that of Lord Monmouth. Neither an earthquake nor a Reform Bill can upset it. He states in exact terms the precise nature of the motion before the House, reviews the arguments of the right hon. gentleman the member for South Lancashire or Calne, hits them off in a few terse and telling sentences, and then turns to the personal parts of their speeches. This is where he makes his play. Mr. Disraeli has no match in the arts of satire and invective, and he knows it. Raising his voice and shifting his position, he turns with a gentleness that has a touch of superb artifice in it to the person he is speaking of, now to Mr. Gladstone, now to Mr. Bright, then to Mr. Lowe; and his arrows are instantly flying in all directions. The tone of voice and the manner are exquisite. Every stroke tells. Every arrow goes straight to its mark. Keen as a Damascene sword, speaking in tones of withering sarcasm, using picturesque and striking phrases, rarely rising into what is called eloquence, yet easy and fluent, he is the Paladin of debate, and woe to the man who crosses his path! His power of *repartee* is a marvel. It forms one of the

traditions of the House of Commons. "Take back your Budget like Pitt!" "I do not aspire to the fame of Mr. Pitt; but I will not descend to the degradation of others." There you have a sample of his fire and his wit. It is always at his command. Presently, with a wave of the hand and a scornful glance of the eye at his opponents, all tossed together in contemptuous confusion, the orator draws himself up to his full height, assumes a proud and defiant air, and develops his own ideas, say of the relations of Church and State, or explains his own scheme of Irish policy, in terse and vivid sentences, and then with a swelling mien throws out two or three startling paradoxes,—a sentence or two that will find its echo in the passions or the imagination of the House and the country, and then closes, perhaps, with a pithy, perhaps with an ornate peroration, but always with a few highly-wrought, powerful, and suggestive sentences.

This speech has but one fault; and that is the fault of all Mr. Disraeli's speeches. It is passionless. Analyse it as a work of art: it is perfect. It glistens and sparkles with epigram and wit. Its sarcasm is keen, its invective powerful. Here and there you pause as you read to reflect upon passages of deep and suggestive thought. The declamation is brilliant, often ornate. Its imagery is striking and picturesque. But there you must stop. Artistically wrought as it is, every word chosen with fastidious taste, every sentence fitted together like a piece of mosaic, you still feel as you read and yet more as you listen to this speech, that after all there is something wanting. What is it? Passion. Passion is the soul of oratory. It is the sovereign gift of the orator. Yet there is hardly a spark of passion in Mr. Disraeli's nature. He is the *Sidonia* of politics. Most critics listen to Mr. Disraeli and pronounce him histrionic or heartless. He is neither. He is only passionless. His earnestness and sincerity are transparent; but that passionless rhetoric spoils all. It touches no deep chord of our nature. It stirs none of our emotions. Mr. Disraeli's speeches are works of the intellect and of the intellect alone. Compare them with those of Demosthenes and you discover the secret at once. The speeches of Demosthenes and of Fox, the English rival of the brilliant Greek, glow and coruscate with passion. That, too, is the great charm, often the only charm, of Gladstone and Bright. They play upon the passions as the wind plays upon an *Æolian* harp. This is the explanation of the marvellous power which these men exercise when addressing popular assemblies. But Mr. Disraeli is not a popular orator in any sense of the word. With Macaulay, he always presupposes an intelligent and cultured audience, an audience of the calibre of the House of

Commons. Look at this speech of his at the Literary Fund dinner. How would that tell upon a popular assembly? Yet, addressed to men of reading and thought, every phrase and every turn of thought told. If Mr. Disraeli possessed Mr. Gladstone's passion as well as his own imagination and wit, he would be the greatest of Parliamentary orators. This is his single deficiency; and it is a deficiency fatal to the achievement of the highest success as a Parliamentary orator or as a Parliamentary leader.

This, perhaps, is hardly the fittest place to speak of Mr. Disraeli as he ought to be spoken of as a Parliamentary leader; for such a reference must involve the discussion of topics that are not yet historical. But no sketch of his career can be reckoned complete that passes over Mr. Disraeli as a party leader; and we shall not raise any controversial point by the remark that as a Parliamentary leader Mr. Disraeli is one of the most popular men that ever led the Commons of England. He knows their temper exactly. He knows their weaknesses. He knows their prejudices. He reflects their best tone. Add to this that Mr. Disraeli is master of every question that is brought under discussion, possesses clear and distinct ideas upon every question, a temper which nothing ruffles, a courtesy that never fails; and you have a perfect explanation of the ascendancy which he has achieved as the leader of the House of Commons. His Parliamentary management is nearly equal to that of Lord Palmerston, superior to that of Sir Robert Peel. Yet even here Mr. Disraeli has one drawback. He cannot inspire his party with personal devotion. His ascendancy is the ascendancy of genius, not the personal ascendancy of a man of passionate nature like Canning or Fox, or, we may add, Lord Derby and Gladstone. Mr. Disraeli understands the prestige which passion exercises over the souls of men. He knows, as he confesses in "Coningsby," that it is the personal, and the personal alone, that interests mankind, that fires their imagination, and wins their hearts. "A cause is a great abstraction, and fit only for students; embodied in a party, it stirs men to action; but place at the head of that party a leader who can inspire enthusiasm, he commands the world. Divine faculty! Rare and incomparable privilege! A Parliamentary leader who possesses it, doubles his majority; and he who has it not, may shroud himself in artificial reserve, and study with undignified arrogance an awkward haughtiness, but he will nevertheless be as far from controlling the spirit as from captivating the hearts of his sullen followers." Prophetic words! Yet, notwithstanding this terrible neutralizing influence, Mr. Disraeli has by the power of his intellect accomplished more as a party

leader than did the Duke of Wellington with all his prestige, or Sir Robert Peel with all his transparent honesty of purpose and his courage.

To say that Mr. Disraeli is the type of the Parliamentary leaders of the future is perhaps to hazard a suggestion which most people will at the first blush set down as a paradox. Yet the assertion is most true. Mr. Disraeli is a man of genius and ambition, who has made politics the profession of his life. The House of Commons is gathering all the powers of the State into its hands. It is the heart of our system of Government. There the Premier must be if he is to rule as well as govern: and in the House of Commons the Premiership is the prize of information and eloquence like that of Mr. Disraeli and his rivals on the Opposition benches. Perhaps nowhere are rank and wealth more powerful than in English social life. To get a footing in the higher circles of English society a *parvenu* must, as Mr. Disraeli has very well said, be "either a genius or a millionaire." But in politics wealth and rank without genius are powerless; and nowhere is a millionaire, who is nothing else, so insignificant as in the House of Commons. Ideas there are stronger than property. The largest rent-roll is nothing by the side of genius; and by the force of his genius, and by his genius alone, Mr. Disraeli has vanquished all the powers of rank and wealth. Look at his Cabinet! Is there no lesson in that? Years ago in one of his earliest works Mr. Disraeli drew a fine distinction between government by an aristocracy and government by the aristocratic principle, the key principle of the great aristocratic Republic of Europe. His own Cabinet is the aptest illustration of government by the aristocratic principle that we know in our political history. Representing every rank of the Peerage, Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Barons, as far as rank and wealth go, one of the most aristocratic of Cabinets, this clan of nobles not only acknowledge as their chief and leader a plain Buckinghamshire squire, but a Buckinghamshire squire with no escutcheon but Literature. "The age of Dukeism," said Mr. Disraeli, speaking of Canning's administration, "is past." What is the moral of his own?

## WIMBLEDON.

**A**LL volunteers and small-bore men know that the Wimbledon Meeting will commence this year on the 13th of July, and that the camp will be ready for occupation on the previous Saturday, the 11th. For months past they have been thinking of the coming Wimbledon; getting in for the Queen's or the St. George's, going in for camp, making up parties, hunting up certificates, and corresponding to death the Secretary of the National Rifle Association, have been their constant occupation. But the general public may, in this season of notices, have overlooked the announcement, and it is in their interest that we draw attention to the subject.

The National Rifle Association has existed since 1860, and has, as every Londoner knows, held since then annual meetings lasting a fortnight, at which very valuable prizes both in money and plate have been offered for rifle competition. To the rifle shots of England Wimbledon is the one great outing of the year; men of business arrange their work so as to take their holidays there; volunteers from all parts of England make an effort to put in an annual appearance there, so as to compete for some of the many prizes and to test their powers against those of unknown shots from distant counties. As long as the Association continues as well managed as it has hitherto been, and can offer as many advantages to competitors, there is no fear of its losing interest among shooting men. And to all who take any interest in the volunteer movement, the Wimbledon Meetings should be interesting. Volunteering has now stood the test of time, and may fairly be considered an institution. The first fever of patriotism has burnt itself out, the uniforms which possessed an attraction at first are worn out and the novelty with them, and still volunteering prospers. What is it that keeps men together? We answer, mainly the shooting. Drilling without rifle practice, however enticing (because illegal) to Fenians, would be thought all work and no play by the men who in England give so much of their spare time to volunteering. Shooting is the back-bone of the volunteer institution, and Wimbledon is similarly the back-bone of shooting. Desultory shooting, with the chance of small prizes at county

matches, to be shot for against men whose powers were accurately known, could never possess power of attraction enough to hold together the 150,000 volunteers whom we now possess. Would noblemen and gentlemen breed and train Hermits and Blue Gowns to run in scratch matches or for Queen's Plates at provincial races?

"What has the Association done for us in its nine years of existence?" is a fair question to ask when its merits are being set before the public. Simply, then, it has made Englishmen, to whom nine years ago the rifle was a mystery, the first nation of rifle-shots in the world. During the earlier years of the meeting, people thought it was hopeless for us to contend against the Swiss and Belgians, who were always shooting, and about whose performances travellers had brought home parlous tales. What has been the actual case? No Swiss has ever been able to win a prize at Wimbledon, except the Count de Gendre, and he may fairly be counted, as far as shooting goes, as an Englishman, using English rifles and in the English manner; and as to our friends the *braves Belges*, special prizes and targets had to be set aside for them, in order that they might conduct their competitions after their own manner. Poor Jules Gérard, the lion-hunter, once said to the writer, "One does not require to see the *shooting*, it is quite enough to look at the position of the targets to know what the shooting must be. Why, if we put the targets and firing points as near as that in France, even the Chasseurs de Vincennes would be shooting each other all day long!"

Poor fellow! he was well in for a prize once, but not being aware of the rules, came down too late to shoot off his tie. What a wonderful little fellow he was; quiet and gentle in manner, nothing but the eye told of the pluck within him. "Lions!" he said one day, "talk to me of bull's-eyes at a thousand mètres, not of lions; any child could shoot a lion. Why, you never fire at them at more than twenty paces, *seldom at more than fifteen*; still it is amusing when they are plenty;" and this, mind you, said really unconsciously. One year, three or four Belgians came over to distinguish themselves. One of the first things they visited was the Running Deer. When the method of working the target was explained to them, one, a great authority at the Tir National, solemnly delivered a lecture to his friends, explaining that when the deer ran from right to left it was desirable to follow it a short way with the rifle, and then fire *behind* it, on the principle that the motion given to the rifle would affect the bullet and cause it to "go on!" This principle was accordingly adopted, much to the benefit of people who did *not* adopt it and made bull's-eyes accordingly.

One great peculiarity of the Wimbledon meetings is the absolute equality on which men meet. For this, no sport can compare with rifle shooting. In the hunting field, in the cover, or by the river, the squire is ever the squire, my lord still my lord, but at Wimbledon, duke, lord, swell, tailor, and tallow-chandler are "squadded" according to the counties they belong to, fall in in the ranks, are marched to the firing points, and have implicitly to obey the orders of the officers in charge. Some years ago a lord of the manor was shooting up well for the Queen's Prize, and a north countryman in the next squad said vehemently, that "he feared none o' them chaps, nobbut *yon Spencer lad*." Who can say how far the good of such meetings may go? To men who go to Wimbledon the great names of our aristocracy are not mere abstractions; they read a speech made by such a peer, or such an M.P., and though they may have been brought up to differ with the opinions expressed, they will read them and consider them, for they know the man who uttered them, know what he looks like, can picture him at the time of speaking, and know that, let agitators say what they will, he is by no means a likely person to take a pleasure in the gymnastic exercise known as "trampling on the hearts' blood of a people."

The camp life, too, is admirable training for our citizen soldiers, and those who are best able to judge tell us that the way in which they put up with unavoidable discomforts, and generally conduct themselves under the restraint so necessary for the general benefit, promise well for their efficiency, should they ever be called on for active service.

For the information of the uninitiated, we may say that the matches most interesting to witness are the "International" between picked eights of England, Scotland, and Ireland; the "Public Schools;" and the "Lords and Commons." These always command a large attendance, and Wimbledon on any one of the days set apart for them is a pretty sight, with its white tents, its waving flags, and its eager masses.

The all-important refreshment department is well managed by a Manchester firm, all things needful for the inner man being obtainable on the ground at a fair rate. Amusements, too, are provided for the otherwise heavy evenings. There is an excellent club tent, and theatrical entertainments and readings pass away the time. The sanitary arrangements are, we hear, this year to be managed by the Moule Company, and it is hoped that what has hitherto been a great difficulty may be overcome. At any rate, the earth system will have the chance of a fair public trial, and no doubt the result will be looked for with interest.

We think we have said enough to establish the fact that the Wimbledon meetings possess a national interest, and that the National Rifle Association is deserving of national support, and should not be allowed to depend for its existence on the chances of a successful Wimbledon, but should have a sufficient list of subscribers to enable it to withstand the chances of a wet, and therefore unpaying meeting. And without wishing to prejudge the law-suit as to the various rights on the Common, we sincerely trust that the decision will not be such as to shut up the only available ground for our national rifle meetings.

WYVERN.



## A WORD ON POULTRY.

**I**F you have any superfluous affection to bestow, let it be on chicken kind, and it will be returned cent. per cent." Such is the pithy counsel of the "Scottish Henwife," which practically amounts to this,—you may as well, when you are about it, breed heavy-weight ducks and pullets as light-weights. The old barn-door roosters, some of whose kith and kin in the New World were doubtful whether they should crow for King George or Congress, bear as little resemblance to the feathered Magogs of Bingley Hall, as the flail does to the threshing-machine, or the pitchfork to the straw elevator. Still there are only a few adventurous spirits among poultry breeders, who can devote their energies to shows, and all those thrilling anxieties and searchings of heart which they must of necessity entail. It requires some faith and hope to keep your bird baskets travelling over such a vast circuit as from Falmouth to Aberdeen.

The vast majority of breeders will not set a draft mark against a Dorking cock because he has a stray white feather in his tail, or because his fifth toe is not an independent member, but merely a branch of his fourth. A silver-grey Dorking, and a duckwing game hen, will also have full "benefit of clergy" if they have a little red in the wing; and white flight feathers, and a darkish-green bill, will not be penal crimes in a Rouen. Few will care to give a turkey-cock a white loaf per diem, and attend to his royal whim of only receiving it from hand or dish, or to feed prize chickens on beef. It will pay still less to imitate the enthusiasm which made the late Earl Ducie give a hundred guineas for the Cochinchina cock, Royal George, and to stand bidding half-guinea after half-guinea against Mr. Ambler in the Covent Garden mart, for the possession of a thirty-guinea hen. We may smile at the lengths to which emulation has led fanciers, but it is well that some one will be at the expense and risk of keeping the blood pure at the fountain-head, and of maintaining the canons of the poultry-yard in their integrity. Those canons have unfortunately not become statute law; and on the subject of combs more especially, judges will differ. Hence the paste-board splints, and other appliances with which the fanciers used to keep a Spanish cock's comb erect till the hour of judging was nigh.

and the nervous anxiety about a white feather in his Dorking's tail, which gave birth to the conundrum, "Why is — — like Tom Sayers? — Because he would rather *die* than be beaten." All trades have their little tricks before show times; but judges are so well up to them now, that but for the existence of a very ostrich-like simplicity, they would never be practised. Still, to the end of the chapter, the breeder of gigantic gooseberries will adopt the damp rag dodge at the imminent risk of bursting half his show plate; the Scottish shepherd will sometimes scrape his rams' horns almost to the quick, and then japan them; the Clydesdale men will wash over their bays with buttermilk; and the breeders of Ayrshire stock will not only put in the finer lights after that fashion with soap and gum, but sit up all night with their prize cow, so as to keep her udder rigid by a frame and perpetual cold-water applications.

The ordinary run of poultry breeders leave shows very much to chance, and in fact "drag up" rather than rear their chickens. We can hardly expect them to lift off a sitting hen at a stated time for her daily half-hour's exercise, or examine each egg of a setting by a candle in a dark room on the ninth day to see if there is a foetus in it. Thousands of chickens would be sacrificed if any one but a first-class henwife claimed to regulate nature in this respect. Still it is well to remember that such little matters as damping eggs, cutting them upwards if necessary to help the chickens, tying down the lid of a box of eggs to prevent the jar of nail-driving, and packing birds for a journey in round or oval baskets, are something more than the mere embroidery of the pursuit. Yorkshire and Lancashire cottagers are especially clever in poultry and pigs, and a working-man will often hurry over his dinner and "snatch a fearful joy" during the rest of "twelve to one," in attending to his fowls, or washing or walking out with his sow. As a general thing they stick to the Silver Spangles or Silver Pencils, as the latter more especially begin to lay, if well kept, at sixteen weeks, and finish three or four dozen ahead of every other fowl. These "chaps," or "fellies," or "boys," or whatever else they delight to call themselves, are very keen critics of points as well as productiveness, and very jealous of each other. "Take my advice," said an old Yorkshire judge to "a colt" on the bench, "whenever you judge pigs or fowls in these parts, turn every pig, however bad, out of its pen, and handle every fowl as if it ought to win; it's two to one that the owners will be at your shoulder, and you'll not hear anything to your advantage if you don't." If these ceremonies are duly performed, their sense of fairness generally prevails, and if a good judge has been at work, there is no need for him

to stipulate for the three hundred yards start, which the chief justice at a baby show considered necessary to ensure his safety at the hands of the outraged mothers, before the award list was published.

In Scotland, where the Dorking is "lord of all," the farmers and their wives attend very well to their poultry; but English ones, except perhaps in Norfolk, where the turkey may be calculated upon to pay a solid sum towards the rent, regard poultry too much as a mere appanage of the farm, and not worthy of a thought amid the weightier matters of corn, wool, and horn. It required a dash of Irish poetry in their composition to make even shorthorn breeders feel dubious, as some did at a Dublin spring meeting a few Aprils back, which was the real king of the week, an American cock turkey or the pure Booth bull, Dr. McHale. On most English farms the light corn is considered the poultry's portion, and they are left to find a settlement at night on the cart shed rafters or the carts themselves. As long as a fair amount of eggs are brought in, and a brace of ducks or chickens are forthcoming for the table, it is considered all right. The farmer seldom concerns himself about them, except when a rural policeman arrives, carrying a bagful of fowls with their throats wrung, which he has taken from a fellow in the road overnight, and asks if they can be identified; or when his wife complains that the old cock has lost half the feathers in his tail, and that another duck is missing. As he generally belongs to a jovial association for the prosecution of felons, he cannot avoid, growl as he may, making a quarter sessions business of the first matter; and a vague allusion to compensation, or at all events a leash of pheasants from the master of the hounds, helps to "square" the second. Ask him or his "missus" how many eggs they get during the season, and they will tell you that so many dozen are brought in, "But, I don't know how it is, we ought to get more." They both know too well that more than double tilth is taken of their eggs by some invisible hand, and they do not see how to help it. Egg stealing is in truth the farm labourer's first lesson in larceny. One of our first huntsmen offered no defence, and another had to stand in the dock, but was acquitted, for taking the hounds' oatmeal for his pigs, and hence many pig fanciers will not feed with it, on account of the temptation it yields. On the subject of eggs, however, they are powerless under the present system. Hens lay away in hedge-rows, or make nests for themselves in stack garths and haylofts, and those labourers or lads who have the secret generally use it to the full.

There is no reason why the fowl-house should not be as much considered as the stable or any other part of the farm-steading.

Fowl should not be one whit more regarded in the light of "extra stock" than flesh. It is no absolute condition of health that hens should always be walking abroad, laying, and sitting at random in a house or hedge-row, and scratching on a midden. There should be separate wire-covered yards for the laying hens, the feeding pullets, and the hens with broods, all kept under lock and key by the mistress, and the hens should be not let out for their run on the meadow and the midden till laying time is virtually over. The turkey boy, with his long stick, is a recognised institution of Norfolk farming; and if fowl production were properly extended we should find him on every farm, busy looking after the pullets and hens with broods in the morning, and the laying hens in the afternoon, and perhaps driving them afield, to the newly made furrows for the sake of insects and wire-worm, when the ploughs are at work within reasonable distance. The rooks and the other "winged wardens of the farm" should not have all the tit-bits to themselves. This system of egg-production is so popular in France that on some farms the hens are out in the fields during the whole of the ploughing season, and live and lay in a shed on wheels.

The yards should have a south-western aspect, and, if possible, should be only separated by a party wall from the engine or the boiler-house, so as to have the benefit of the warmth. At Sir Stirling Maxwell's, of Keir, the proximity of the engine-house, over which the roost chamber is built, has been turned to good account for winter eggs, and a plating of zinc is sufficient to foil the fleas. Plenty of sand and fine cinders, with a cover from the rain, and a low round perch with the bark left on, so as not to encourage bumble feet or crook the breast-bone, are great essentials. So are clean water-dishes, as well as clean water (with citrate of iron in it at moulting time), if roup and gapes are to be warded off. Keeping the yards and houses sweet is after all the greatest consideration, as soiled ground, especially under the roost, fairly poisons hens, and it is as hopeless to expect eggs or condition where it exists, as freedom from ague in a marsh. It should be raked out and sanded every other day, and dug over at least once a week. Great fanciers know the importance of this so well, that even when their hens are quartered over their grounds and they are free to range all day, the laying and sleeping-house is on rollers, so that it may be moved and always kept pure. This is a very practical comment on ninety-nine out of a hundred of our hen owners, who wade like Ulysses "through infinite dung," with their egg-basket, and think they have done a good deal if they clean out the hen-house with the pigeon-house once in the twelvemonth.

Change is the keystone of all successful feeding, and London people have it to hand in what is called "Mark Lane sweepings," which have risen with the averages from 4s. to 5s. 6d. per bushel. Nearly a dozen kinds of grain and seed are in this composition, with a fair amount of Indian corn, and it is supposed to be swept by a contractor from the floor of the great city mart after business hours on Monday and Thursday. Fanciers ring the changes on every description of food; a cow is sometimes kept specially for curd, and "linseed is calculated to give lustre to the plumage; and toast, soaked in ale, sprightliness, courage, and strength."

Plain poultry feeders must, however, proceed on much more simple principles, and trust in the main to house leavings and corn tailings, and not spare hemp-seed during the moult. Rice is good for a change, but we have always found hens lay better on potatoes; and rissoles of oatmeal, or "sharps," made up sufficiently dry, so as to crumble in the hand, are an infallible egg-spur. Raw horseflesh is a most potent agent for egg production in the depth of winter, but if much is used the hens are as completely disabled as some of the unhappy rams which are fed up for the Royal Agricultural Show, win their prize, and then, instead of looking "beautiful for ever," lie down propped with cushions for the remainder of their lives. The greedy way in which hens strip a cabbage when they have the chance, proves that green stuff should always form part of their dietary, and a foray on the worm and insect world in their daily run will generally achieve the rest. Even people in towns, who have no green plot for their hens, should not complain that "every egg we get from them costs sixpence." Their best plan is to kill off their hens in September, and get fresh pullets in March; and they should average, with strict attention to change of feeding, plenty of green stuff, and cleanliness, at least seven dozen eggs per hen. Five score, under such untoward circumstances, is a great average, but we have known it reached. For feeding off or "giving them the last dip," as Mr. McCombie, the great Scottish grazier terms it, the plan of putting pullets in a small coop raised from the ground, and made of spars, so that the droppings may fall through, is most recommended. Cleanliness and quiet are the very essence of feeding off, and any inattention to the former, either in the vessels or the water, or in allowing the food to become stale, will counteract the whole effect of what is put into the mouth. Perhaps oatmeal mixed with milk sends them along best, provided it is given fresh, three or four times a day, and ground barley and Indian-corn-meal may occasionally take its place. Milk should never be neglected, as, in addition to its feeding

quality, it produces that sleepiness which is so favourable to flesh formation, which is the reason why pig feeders are partial to it. The late Dr. Bellyse informed us that he gave his brown and black-breasted reds, whose forefathers had won many a main at 4 lb. 10 oz., in the Cheshire and Lancashire cock-pits, no more fattening than four or five days upon bread and milk. We can testify to their fine pheasant flavour, and the unction with which he said, as he pointed to the old box full of "fair reputed silver spurs," side by side with the model greyhound on his writing table, "Three hundred pounds wouldn't have tempted my father to put the knife into one of these darlings, even when he was sending out a thousand chickens a year."

Two-year old hens lay the best eggs for setting; and those from four-year old hens should never be used, as the chickens are invariably lacking in vigour. You can rear good, fair birds in March and April, but the best are generally hatched in the early part of May. Many fanciers will not try and rear any chickens, save bantams, after the first week in June. "Nature," they say, "denies any luck with them when hay time begins." We cannot commend the thrifty system of a Kentish farmer, who is recorded in *The Gentleman's Magazine* of the last century to have economised the hatching power of his hens by letting them sit for ten days, and allowing the heat of the dunghill to do the rest, while the hen was set afresh four or five times. Still there is often an immense deal of egg production wasted at clucking time. Hens are allowed to remain sitting for weeks on nest eggs, or perpetually bothering the layers and the future mothers by getting in beside them. Dipping them in water, or putting them in a coop with a cloth over it, are very tedious and useless processes, as the hen only nurses her desire to be "broody" by crouching down, and may go on for an indefinite time if she is of Cochin blood. Our plan has always been to have a low wire house running the whole length of the day yard, with a small pent house at one end to shelter them from rough nights. Hens not required to sit are slipped in through a little sliding panel, and supplied with a little corn and abundance of water. The sight of the other hens at liberty excites them, and instead of nursing their grief in solitude they are kept in exercise the whole day, walking backwards and forwards at the wires when they are not drinking, and in less than a week, if they are caged early, they begin laying again.

Polish fowls have given way almost entirely before Houdan, Crève Cœur, and La Flèche. "The Scottish Henwife" does not scruple to style Crève Cœurs "the best table fowl in the world." They are also exceedingly hardy, and everlasting layers of large eggs; but so far

John Bull has never been half so alive to their market merits as the French. Houdans hold their own as fine layers of eggs, which rarely fail in a setting, but they cluck late and lack size for the table. They are considered the Dorkings of France, and supply the markets of Paris to a great extent during the year. Still their English mission is more as a cross to improve laying—a talent in which the Dorking seems to be gradually on the wane. The La Flèche scarcely ever sit, but the demand for them has rather slackened of late, owing to the fact that the cocks seem very subject to die of apoplexy. For an epicure, nothing exceeds game fowl; but their comparatively small size and pugnacity has rather put them out of fashion, except for an occasional cross to get quality. A cock of the sort used to a half-bred Dorking and Golden Pencil makes a composite fowl, which for nice size, combined with fine plumage and gaiety, we have seldom seen excelled. Still it is so difficult to get the three sorts to blend exactly, that fanciers have not generally persevered. The fine sized eggs of the Spanish do not atone for its light flesh, on which, like the Alderney cow, high feeding makes little impression. It may be accepted as a general rule, that a breed which is light in the body and runs to leg, never crosses well. There seems to be a lack of affinity between it and other breeds, and crossed with a Dorking hen or cock the produce is too often a bad barn-door black. Brahma Pootras excel as mothers and as winter layers, and a first cross between them and the Dorking have been found very profitable.

“Ne'er wants my table the health-cheering meal,  
With Banstead mutton crowned or Essex veal;  
Here smokes from Lincoln mead the stately loin,  
And rosy gammon of Hantonian swine.  
From Dorking's roosts the feathered victims bleed,” &c.,

are lines of no recent date, but the spirit of the fifth may be found in every English farmyard, though not in the white plumage to which Surrey is still true. Some of the thriftiest English henwives have crossed their “heavy greys” with a common Cochin, or, better still, a partridge Cochin cock, and done so with great success. The cross seems to bring extra vigour with it, as the hens not only sit more but lay more. They are also hardier in winter, and come to maturity a little quicker, and are decidedly better and quieter mothers. Their eggs are perhaps a trifle smaller and richer, but the May chickens, although they come to the same weight, and fetch their 10s. to 12s. a pair at Christmas, have not quite such a good colour when brought to table.

For Dorkings in their perfection we must fall back on our recollections of an October day at Lady Holmesdale's, at Linton Park,

the year before her ladyship's sale. We must fancy ourselves once more at Maidstone, that head-centre of the Kentish hop-fields, in whose market the court gallants of another age, wearied with the formalities of maids of honour, are said to have flirted with the farmers' daughters, "ruddier than the cherry," of their own rich county, as they stood there with eggs, quails, and chickens for sale. Our way lies not by the great political battle-ground of Penenden Heath, but up some steep and weary purlieu, which never seem to end. About the fourth milestone we come to the lodge-gate of Linton Park, which is opened by a woman in a scarlet tunic and a snow-white apron; and wending our way down the drive, whose elm, beech, and fir blend with occasional clumps of yellow gorse, which in a fox-hunter's heart "has but one rival, and that is the vine," we reach the house of Mr. Martin, the poultry manager. He won many cups in the West with Spanish gamefowl and Silver Pencils, but in Kent his energies have had wider range. In 1853, her ladyship (then Lady Julia Cornwallis) began with a few Dorkings for house use, and gradually sent hens, with chequered success, to Maidstone and other bye-shows. Lady Holmesdale's original sort was from the strain of the Rev. T. Boys, who (like Sir John Sebright and Mr. Braddick with their Bantams) was a breeder of renown before Bingley Hall was built, or the "Scottish Henwife" had undertaken that sea journey in which the sight of a pen of Cochins on deck first inflamed her ardour. The Linton Dorkings were crossed with birds from the collections of Lady Louisa Thynne, the Hon. W. W. Vernon, the Rev. T. Down, and others, till a breed was attained which for size and dark plumage has hardly had its peer.

While the Dorkings were coming to perfection, her ladyship was busy in the shows with Silver Spangles, which in their turn were superseded by Silver and Golden Pencils, and Spanish. We also found Brahmas, white Cochins, and Polish fowls, and a Golden-laced Bantam, the last of its clan, in and about the low straw hovel near the weeping ash in front of Mr. Martin's house. Old Viscount, the victorious Dorking, who had been like Wordsworth's Peter Bell—

" All along the lowlands fair  
And far as Aberdeen,"

and gathered ten prizes in his day, stood hard by, ruminating on his latter end. Another veteran, which had been second in a large field at Manchester, and had crossed the border to do battle with heroes from the Carse of Gowrie and many a Scottish henyard, had only one eye left wherewith to look on at the packing for future shows; while



a noble Spanish was under gentle pressure for Birmingham. It was there that "Old Rose Comb" (a much revered memory at Linton Park) met and scattered eighty-nine cocks in that peaceful fray, where steel spurs and Sundleys and Gillivers—with a thumb-nail sharp as a talon to bring out "the last drop"—are happily unknown.

From the commissariat stores we turn to the orchard dell, where the laundry stands, and which goes by the name of "France." We find it full of Spanish and Silver Pencil hens, which have borne their part over and over again in first-class pens; and then we stroll away round the outlying walks, which are each furnished with a house on rollers and a ventilated top, in the four hundred acres of park. These houses are under lock and key, and are moved very frequently. Silver Pencils destined for Birmingham are at the top of the park, and four and a-half brace of Golden Pencil cocks scurry away like noble savages at our approach among the Portugal laurels near the drive. They roost in the trees at night, and it is no very easy task to get hold of them at "the witching hour," so as to wash and prepare them for a show. Dorkings were quartered in the Church House field, and with a parting glimpse at the graveyard, where on some stones the survivors evidently hold themselves in more honour than the dead, we reach the coppice dedicated to the five buxom Dorkings which fanciers know so well. *Punch* was not far wrong when he bridled and saddled his fowls during the mania, as these beautiful Dorking matrons looked quite like weight carriers. Emerging from the coppice, and descending by a series of flower-beds and smooth-mown terraces, we reach Foxes' Hole-walk, and are among the Spanish brigade; and then four Dorking cocks, coming full tilt to greet us, proclaim that another station is reached at South Lodge. One of the four had met with an accident, and our guide might well say with a sigh, that if he could have brought him to the post, he would have been a flyer.

But evening draws on, and at Castle Pond the Silver Pencils are all gone aloft. The hero of nearly three dozen fights is pointed out to us, poising himself most amiably on a bough between a brace of his chosen sultanas. He is from Mr. Archer's strain; but his day is over, and he is only "kept for the good he has done." The sort are very irritable and bad to clean, but their temper is bland by comparison with a son of "Old Rose Comb" a little further on. If he were a true-bred pugilist, he would be content to "walk round and show your muscle," but out he marches with his shoulders up, "boxing" all the way in the spirit, and making so unmistakably at your legs, that it is only when you are equally in earnest with your

stick that he condescends to "a retreat for purely strategic purposes." Such a choleric captain in cock's feathers never crossed our path before. A great many of the Linton Park Dorkings have gone to Australia and the Cape of Good Hope ; and at the sale of 1866 her ladyship parted with 114 of the breed for about 420*l.* The best cocks made 28 guineas and 16 guineas ; and one gentleman, who proposed to devote 50*l.* to pullets and cockerills at from 30*s.* to 50*s.*, beat a retreat without a single feather.

The only failure at Linton Park has been in the Aylesbury ducks, as, owing perhaps to the soil, the bills will come yellow, and not of that pale white or flesh-coloured tint which Mr. Fowler can always get on his Prebendal Farm in the Vale. The bill should be like a woodcock's, coming away flat and broad from the head, and without any spots of black or yellow. As they get older, the bills will become cream-coloured, it may be from the action of the sun. At four months, with high feeding, the ducks will reach 6 lbs. or 7 lbs., and they are generally heaviest at a year before they begin to lay, when a really good duck will scale 8½ lbs., and a drake a pound more. This sort is universal among "the duckers" of the Vale, who rear and feed all numbers from 500 to 3000 during the year. Their prime object is to rear them at Christmas time, so that they may be ready about St. Valentine's day, to take the place of game on the London tables. At seven weeks old they weigh 3½ lbs., and fetch all prices, from 14*s.* to 18*s.* The difficulty is to get hens to sit in December, and "the duckers," who scour the farm-houses of the Vale to find them, will pay as much as a crown for their hire. Both hens and ducks are generally kept on rather spare diet 'up to Michaelmas, and are then very highly forced. The ducklings are principally fed upon tallow greaves boiled and poured over barley meal, and sometimes they have boiled liver with chopped egg. Water they rarely see, except in a drinking-pan. As much as a ton of ducks will leave Aylesbury station in one day, the whole of them picked, but not drawn, and hence "the duckers" might well wonder that they got no mention at Halton Park from the Premier when he spoke of beef and corn and the other Vale delights.

In Norfolk the system is quite different, as the ducklings are not forced by the cottagers who breed them, but sold to the hucksters who collect for Mr. Bagshaw and the other great dealers, about a month before the green-pea time sets in. They are generally guiltless of Aylesbury or Rouen blood, and of the small mixed brown and cinnamon sort. The ducklings come into the dealers' hands at about 3lbs., and after spending a week in the lean yard, and three

in the fat on ground barley-meal and brewers' grains, they are ripe for market at 4lbs. The later hatches are gathered up about the middle of November, and undergo the same process. Mr. Bagshaw will pass at least 30,000 ducks through his hands in the course of the year; and sometimes when the hucksters have emptied their carts on a Saturday at his stores, the last thing they produce will perhaps be a tame rabbit or two. In short, these "judicious hookers" buy anything on their rounds that they can get a little copper profit out of.

Geese are also brought to the dealers in two detachments. The Norfolk and Suffolk commons yield goslings at five weeks old in March and April, which have seven good weeks "under stages," as it is called, on barley-meal, maize, wheat tailings, and brewers' grains, to make them fit for the green-geese market. In August, these counties bring up their Michaelmas reserves, and when they are exhausted, the Irish and Dutch supplies take up the tale till about the middle of October. "The Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society," vol. iii. (N.S.), p. 532, describes Mr. Bagshaw's mode of feeding, which is low fare to begin with, and then on a gradual ascending scale. There is nothing new under the sun; but some farmers as little expected to see their neighbours ploughing "with a kettle o' steam" as geese penned in with hurdles, and eating off turnips with all the relish and far cleaner than sheep, and leaving a more regular "taith" for the next wheat season. When they have Swedes to deal with, a man is in attendance to give each turnip a chop, as well as to keep the water troughs full. Such is the extent of the trade that, during last Christmas, from seventy to eighty tons weight of geese picked, but still in possession of their giblets, were sent off from Norwich station.

The Norfolk turkey rearing trade is on the same magnitude, and the care with which the hen birds and "gobblers" are watched from their "dawn to sunset," and then triumphantly borne by the smaller farmers' wives, trussed and ready for the spit, to Norwich market, where very large ones have made eighteenpence per lb., points a moral for other counties. The celebrated blood sire, Irish Birdcatcher, used to object to our domestic fowls *in toto*, and went half wild if one of them crossed his path when he was at exercise, and his groom used to upbraid him stoutly with his bad taste. We never read the Board of Trade Returns as to the quantities of eggs and poultry which we require from the Continent, without thinking that farmers are equally eccentric in "not caring to see many about the place," and leaving such a fine branch of farm industry only half worked. Mr. Mechi knows far better.

## OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

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TIME, June, 1763. SCENE, the Mitre Tavern, Fleet Street. MR. JOHNSON and  
MR. BOSWELL at table.

**MR. BOSWELL.** 'Tis but ten o'clock, Sir. Let me order another bottle of this excellent port wine.

**Mr. Johnson.** At your peril, Sir. That is (*laughing*), at the peril of being called upon to pay for the same.

**Mr. Boswell.** A penalty I will gladly risk, Sir; for I am assured that the wisdom I shall derive from another hour of Mr. Johnson's conversation will far more than compensate so trivial an outlay.

**Mr. Johnson.** You speak, Sir, in the spirit of a true Scot, who always calculates gain and loss, but you may e'en call Tom.

(*Wine brought.*)

**Mr. Boswell.** Allow me to fill your glass, Sir. It is difficult for me to express the happiness which I feel in being thus permitted the enjoyment of your society.

**Mr. Johnson.** No one has asked you to express it, Sir. Yet a cultivated man should be ashamed to own that he is not the master of language in which to convey his sensations to another. I drink to your good health, and your worldly fortune.

**Mr. Boswell.** My fortune in both worlds, you would say, Sir.

**Mr. Johnson (sternly).** I would say nothing of the kind, Sir; nor would I be guilty of coupling spiritual affairs with a tavern toast.

**Mr. Boswell.** Your rebuke is just, Sir; and I feel that I was wrong in venturing to amend a sentiment proposed by yourself.

**Mr. Johnson.** That is a secondary consideration, Sir; and if you don't see where the real offence lay, I am sorry for you. I hear from Davies that you have resigned your intention to enter the Foot Guards, and I hope that you will begin to think more seriously on religious matters than an officer is likely to do.

**Mr. Boswell.** Pardon my asking you whether an officer who may be called on to resign life at any moment may not reasonably be more disposed than another to consider a future state?

**Mr. Johnson.** Sir, converse like a man of the world. Of what does

an officer's talk consist if you take away his oaths, his intrigues, his gambling, and his grudges against his superiors?

*Mr. Boswell.* 'Tis too true, Sir.

*Mr. Johnson.* What is too true, Sir? I have affirmed nothing. I have simply asked a question.

*Mr. Boswell.* Are you not too hard upon me, Mr. Johnson? The answer was surely implied in the question.

*Mr. Johnson.* Neatly retorted, Sir, and I was wrong.

*Mr. Boswell.* Nay, Sir, I am more humbled that you should say so much. Might I add, that if for a moment I seemed to express myself lightly, it is not my habit, and I come from a country which, though as yet it has failed to secure the honour of Mr. Johnson's admiration, is at least famous for its love of religion.

*Mr. Johnson.* That, Sir, I deny. The Scotch hold by a gloomy superstition which has affinity with a narrow and provincial nature, and to this the obstinacy of their race bids them cling with tenacity, when its abandonment is not demanded by considerations of self-interest. Enough of this. There is a place for all things.

*Mr. Boswell.* Yet, Sir, methinks under the sign of this tavern conversation may without impropriety turn upon sacred things.

*Mr. Johnson.* 'Tis very well, Sir. The jest may pass, though episcopal symbols be no proper matter for jocosity. You are about to apply yourself, as I am informed, to the study of the law.

*Mr. Boswell.* Such is the desire of my worthy father.

*Mr. Johnson.* Did I bid you believe in augury, Sir, I might say that concession to the wishes of a parent is a good omen at undertaking life; but you have a better reflection in the thought that you are repaying parental care by filial duty. I wish you much success.

*Mr. Boswell.* At least allow me to remember that wish as an omen, Sir. Any advice from you would much promote its fulfilment.

*Mr. Johnson.* I will think over it. I have taken a liking to you, and I may prove it in a way which will be disagreeable to yourself, namely, by telling you the plainest truth when I see occasion.

*Mr. Boswell.* You do not compliment me, Sir, by supposing that truth spoken in friendship will be disagreeable to me.

*Mr. Johnson.* Sir, no man likes to be told that he is a fool.

*Mr. Boswell.* Nor would Mr. Johnson be so unwise as to waste advice upon one whom he deemed to be so.

*Mr. Johnson.* The turn is pretty, Sir, and you save your self-complacency thereby.

*Mr. Boswell.* I assure you, Sir, that I am not self-complacent. I

am indeed too much in the habit of becoming pensive, and of reflecting upon the vanity of human life, and its shortness.

*Mr. Johnson.* There, Sir, you talk like an idiot. If life be vanity, the shorter it is the better. But you have no right to be pensive, save when you think upon your own follies. You have youth, health, manners which are not offensive, and the prospect of succeeding to competence. A man who is pensive in these circumstances is either an ass, or wants physic.

*Mr. Boswell (sentimentally).* Can outward prosperity confer happiness, Mr. Johnson?

*Mr. Johnson.* Yes, Sir, and a great deal of happiness. It preserves you from the temptations incident to poverty, and it enables you to perform a vast deal of direct good. For instance (*smiling*), it enables you to order Tom there to bring another bottle of wine presently.

*Mr. Boswell.* I am glad that the wine meets your approbation. I am told that Mr. Garrick asserts that it is impossible to procure good wine at a tavern.

*Mr. Johnson.* The cant of one who has himself sold wine. Sir. It would not prevent his taking his share, were he here, especially if he knew that you were to pay for it.

*Mr. Boswell.* I have heard that he is mean, and I am sorry to know it.

*Mr. Johnson.* You do not know it, Sir; you have only heard it, and you have heard that which is untrue. He is economical and orderly, but he gives away much in charity; and if he be readier to drink wine at the expense of a rich young Scotch heir than at his own, he is surely right, having many better uses for his own money.

*Mr. Boswell.* May it be my good fortune ever to be defended by Mr. Johnson.

*Mr. Johnson.* Nay, wish for the better fortune of never needing to be defended. You talk of travel, Davies tells me. That is well. See men and cities. I would go where there are courts and learned men. Observe carefully, and make notes of your observations. A duller man than yourself may often favour us with useful information.

*Mr. Boswell.* The thought that you suppose me capable of doing so elates me not a little, Mr. Johnson.

*Mr. Johnson.* There is nothing to be elated about, Sir. I have credited you only with ordinary parts and common honesty. And let us find in your writings neither envy, petulance, nor self-conceit.

*Mr. Boswell.* Those epithets, Mr. Johnson, were hardly prompted by the moment.

*Mr. Johnson.* Do not blush, Sir. They were used against three

men who set themselves to a pamphlet against one man's tragedy.

*Mr. Boswell.* I am unconscious, Sir, of having sought to do injustice.

*Mr. Johnson.* That is only saying that you are unconscious of having tried to be a rascal. I will give you higher praise than that, and say that you sought to express a displeasure which you felt. But you dislike the topic, and we will change it with the bottle. [*Wine brought.*] Fresh glasses, Tom. Don't think we are savages!

*Mr. Boswell.* I am very partial to poetry, Mr. Johnson, and I was this morning perusing Mr. Gray's Ode, "The Bard."

*Mr. Johnson.* You might have done better, and worse. But if you addressed yourself to the comprehension of Gray's allusions, you may probably congratulate yourself on having added to your knowledge of history. Gray is not a first-rate poet, but he is frequently happy.

*Mr. Boswell.* Do you admire the termination of that Ode, Sir?

*Mr. Johnson.* Why, Sir, that is a question which may be variously answered. If I accept Mr. Gray's delineation of his Bard, whom he has endeavoured, not altogether unsuccessfully, to depict as a nobly inspired patriot, I may admit that there is grandeur in his death, though the motive of that death be borrowed from classic resources. But when I consider that in the time of Edward the First, a Welsh minstrel must have been an ignorant savage, incapable of other inspiration than that which intoxication imparts to imbecility, I may complain that a ballad singer should be dignified with the death of a Cato. And, Sir, the imbecility must have been coming upon him miserably when he uttered such an anti-climax as precedes his tossing himself over:

"Be thine despair—and sceptred care."

What do you say to that? Be thine consumption—and corns.

*Mr. Boswell.* The rhyme must, I suppose, bear the blame.

*Mr. Johnson.* No, Sir, the rhymester. Nobody compelled Mr. Gray to get up a jingle. Let us drink to the health of King Edward the First, who showed much wisdom in destroying bad poets. But your Scotch prejudices forbid. A man can hardly be a good King of England without incurring the hatred of some of her vanquished provinces. I do not press the toast, Sir.

*Mr. Boswell.* I will drink it willingly, Sir, if you will in return honour the memory of one who dealt with a third province in the same ruthless manner.

*Mr. Johnson.* Whom do you mean?

*Mr. Boswell.* Oliver Cromwell, Sir.

*Mr. Johnson.* No, Sir, I will not drink to the memory of a traitor and a regicide. But I do not deny that Oliver Cromwell knew how to govern Ireland, or that his policy is the only one which will be effectual. I doubt not that O'Farrell had many friends in Ireland, if they had dared to show themselves.

*Mr. Boswell.* The name of O'Farrell is new to me.

*Mr. Johnson.* Don't you know that it was the name of the Irish scoundrel Thurot, the French commodore that plundered Carrickfergus, and who was killed in the fight with Captain Elliot's ships, about three years back. Most rascals have an alias.

*Mr. Boswell.* No fact appears to escape your attention, Sir.

*Mr. Johnson.* Yes, many facts escape it. But the habit of attending to everything is a good one. I would not have you store your mind with trifles; but historical assertions are more severely tested by trifles than by arguments, and 'tis folly to spend a guinea when a sixpence will answer your purpose.

*Mr. Boswell.* That, Sir, is quite a Scotch way of stating the case.

*Mr. Johnson.* Nay, not so. The wildest imagination cannot picture a Scotchman expending a guinea. Did you not sell your very king for a groat?

*Mr. Boswell.* Some day I hope to entertain Mr. Johnson in the north, and to convince him that a Scot can be liberal under his own vine and his own fig-tree.

*Mr. Johnson.* Do not quote Scripture lightly. And (*laughs*) vine and fig-tree! Is there a tree in Scotland under which a man can stand? Yes, I retract the question, there is one, the gallows-tree, under which a good many Scotch have stood; but you must have come over the border and stolen the wood for it.

*Mr. Boswell.* May I take liberty to ask whether Mr. Johnson is engaged upon any new claim to the gratitude of mankind?

*Mr. Johnson.* Why, no, Sir; except some editing, which is uninteresting to the performer and unrecognised by the public, I have done but little. Have you read what I wrote in *The Gentleman's Magazine* about that Cock Lane Ghost?

*Mr. Boswell.* I have, Sir, and with regret, that such a writer's time should be devoted to the exposure of a mountebank, when it might have been employed with so much more glory to himself.

*Mr. Johnson.* The sentiment is natural, young Sir, but wrong. To investigate a fraud which if undetected might have effect upon the minds of many, is a nobler task than the execution of the most finished copy of verses.

*Mr. Boswell.* I own my error, Sir.



*Mr. Johnson.* The acknowledgment befits a man of two-or-three-and-twenty. Ten years hence do not be so ready to make concessions.

*Mr. Boswell.* Not if I am in the wrong?

*Mr. Johnson.* No man should be too eager to find himself in the wrong. He thereby loses the respect of others. But you may be silent. I know of no moral law that compels a man to speak to his own detriment, unless the welfare of another be concerned. My friend Dr. Goldsmith would dissent from this doctrine, but I shall not say how far his opposition might be prompted by his affection for the sound of his own voice.

*Mr. Boswell.* He talks foolishly, I have heard, Sir.

*Mr. Johnson.* You have again heard wrongly, Sir, and your informants appear to be of an untrustworthy genus. Dr. Goldsmith does not speak foolishly, but he could speak more wisely if he allowed himself more leisure for deliberation. He is one of the first men we have as an author, and he is a very worthy man. Sir, you must learn to converse, and you must remember that in return for a valuable observation you are bound to pay another if you can. A mere listener, or assenter, cheats his antagonist and his company.

*Mr. Boswell.* But suppose, Sir, that my antagonist puts down a guinea, and I have only a scrubby shilling to advance in return.

*Mr. Johnson.* Pay it, Sir, as if you thought it was a better guinea than t'other, and take your chance of some one believing it to be so.

*Mr. Boswell.* But is that honest?

*Mr. Johnson.* Where is the dishonesty? You ring your money fairly on the counter, and what more can be demanded. Clear your mind of cant. Conversation is a game of athletics, not a pious office, and he who exhibits should do his best. To be sure, he may sometimes break his shins over his own stick, as happened, physically, to Goldy, at Burke's, when he desired to show that he could jump better than the Fantoccini. But you may know that Chaucer has said—

“The wrastling of this world asketh a fall.”

*Mr. Boswell.* I have not read Chaucer, Sir. I remember Mr. Pope's imitation of that author.

*Mr. Johnson.* It is a vulgar piece, and utterly unlike his original. But there is no need for you to study Chaucer. Many men, women, and children have never heard his name, and many persons have prospered in the world, and died rich, without hearing it. I dare to say that Tom, there, has never heard the name, yet he saves his wages, and may one day be the landlord here.

*Mr. Boswell.* Mr. Johnson will perhaps be less sarcastic upon me when he knows me better.

*Mr. Johnson.* Indeed, Sir, he will not, unless you desire him to care for you less.

*Mr. Boswell.* That thought, Sir, is—but we have no wine.

*Mr. Johnson.* We have had enough, and we will go.

FLEET STREET.

*Mr. Boswell.* How brilliantly this great street is lighted, Sir.

*Mr. Johnson.* To Scotch eyes, I doubt not. Have you oil in Scotland, or do you keep it until your soil shall be enabled to produce a salad?

*Mr. Boswell.* Sir, we have had oil enough to anoint a good many Scottish kings, who have been heard of unpleasantly in England.

*Mr. Johnson.* Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

*Cynthia.* My good big man, do you want to roar down Temple Bar? The watch will be on you. Better come in here out of their way, and treat me to a pint of wine.

*Mr. Boswell* (*indignantly*). Go away, you jade! how dare you address—

*Mr. Johnson.* Be not harsh. No, no, my girl, it won't do. Here's a trifle towards thy supper. [*Gives her money.*]

*Cynthia.* God bless you, Sir, for I am very hungry. You're worth a cartful of cock-nosed prigs like that friend of yours. [*Exit.*]

*Mr. Boswell.* Insolent wretch.

*Mr. Johnson* (*laughing*). Nay, do not be angry. Reflect. You know that you are not a prig, and that your nose is of average merit. Why then be irritated at the pointless sarcasm of a worthless girl?

*Mr. Boswell.* I was angry, Sir, at her daring to speak to you.

*Mr. Johnson.* At fifty-four, I can take care of myself, and am not likely to be hurt by any person's speaking to me, unless it were rascals like Voltaire or Rousseau. Never be hard, Sir, upon these poor creatures. They have more than enough to bear. You and I come from a tavern, where we have had a good supper and much good wine, and that child snatched at sixpence to allay her hunger.

*Mr. Boswell.* It was half-a-crown, Sir. Why understate your charity?

*Mr. Johnson.* As a punishment for not minding your own business, Sir, you shall repay it me. Not now, but at some other time. Pull out no purse in thieves' light. I have sometimes speculated whether our remoter posterity may not devise some bolder and brighter lamp than this miserable oil-dish. Strange, too, that the destiny of the monster of the Atlantic Ocean should be to feed a flame by which a brace of young roysterers like ourselves make our tardy way to bed.

## RECENT RACING.

**T**HE Derby of this year has left a most incisive mark behind it. Many will speak of it, for conformity's sake, as Blue Gown's, and still more as "the finance-agent's." The career of the Marquis of Hastings, the owner of Lady Elizabeth, has been at once brilliant, hazardous, and disastrous. Fortune found him to be a young peer of easy disposition, and she has consistently employed herself for four years in knocking him down and setting him up. He drew a 500-guinea prize in The Duke out of the Hampton Court lucky bag in '63, and by "following the blood," The Earl fell to his nod three years later, for 50 gs. less. *Per contra*, King Charles (1500 gs.) and Robespierre (1650 gs.) were the result of less happy inspirations from the top of a drag, and it is said that the cheque for Kangaroo was nearer twelve thousand than ten. Ackworth's purchase and his Cambridgeshire Stakes victory was a grateful "refresher" early in the day, and two years after, when his lordship seemed to have hardly a horse left in the stable, Lecturer, whom no one but the astute Admiral suspected to be a clever one in disguise, led the forlorn hope, and landed the Cesarewitch and another pot of gold. Like a giant refreshed, his lordship not only met the Quorn as master at Kirby Gate, but went in with such spirit at Hermit, that 103,000*l.* was the Derby balance against him. How bravely and promptly he met his losses is a bright page in turf finance. Fortune was in favour of the appellant at Ascot, with Lecturer and Lady Elizabeth, and the heavier he piled it on the more certain his success. The hoariest croupier might well say that his luck was the wonder of the world.

With the Second October a change came over his fortunes. It was a strangely chequered week. Naïveté, a very highly bred filly, proved a broken reed, and as the Marquis, who had always hankered after The Earl, was persuaded to back Lady Elizabeth very heavily for the Middle Park Stakes, for which she "was left sitting in a tantrum," and only finished fifth, there was another crisis. This race was, curiously enough, the key to both Derby and Oaks. The two leaders were in the same stable with Blue Gown; and Formosa, the Oaks and One Thousand winner, was fourth. Then Fortune was

at her old tricks, and the young peer won such a victory, with his mare, over Julius, at only 9 lbs. for the year, as will be talked of so long as there is a Weatherby's Calendar to read, or a corn-box to sit on. There could be no pretence that Julius was stale or slow; he had only two days before "romped home" first for the Cesarewitch Stakes, under 8 st., and he had reached Lord Lyon's head in the spring. It certainly did look as if the "three events" of 1868 were over. Lord Hastings proclaimed his own belief by printing and distributing his own private prophecy from his own private printing-press. "Lady Elizabeth (1), Blue Gown (2), Pace and The Earl a dead heat for third place. Won by two lengths."

The collateral evidence goes to prove that the Danebury stable had no special belief in the mare, although her van was drawn by four grey horses to Sherwood's. Her training did not begin till late, but still she did, if training reports are correct, plenty of work for a light-fleshed mare. There was certainly a lack of confidence in not bringing her out for so rich a stake as the One Thousand, as, if she was half the mare she was said to be, five thousand was at her mercy there. Still it may be argued that she must have been got quite fit to be sure of beating Formosa over the Ditch Mile, and that it would have jeopardised her more valuable Epsom chances. Again, she was never tried with The Earl, and they have never been prone to shrink from trials at Danebury when they really mean it. Stranger still, when they must have nearly made up their minds to scratch The Earl, the stable did not even take the trouble to bid for Lady Elizabeth's own sister, but let her go for 500 gs. to Lord Falmouth. There may be private explanations of the above modes of procedure, but they can hardly be construed into a vote of confidence on the eve of a great race. No doubt Lady Elizabeth had trained off and this was known. There was such a general wish that Lord Hastings should win, that every one took for granted he must win, and did not think much of these doubtful appearances on the horizon. The hottest indignation was expressed against the betting men who would not come to terms, and they were told that they had lived on the Marquis, and laid him lower odds than they laid any one else. They were right in the main, although it was not indignation against the system, but fear of Lady Elizabeth, which made their protests so energetic. It is in sooth an outrageous state of things which allows a man, who owes thousands for losses in 1867, to be holding men to betting engagements, and purely by the intervention of a commissioner, in 1868. It is no answer that he posts the money he stands to lose, but that very money is really not his to post, and should be

devoted to the payment of back liabilities. A defaulter should not have the chance of winning money from men to whom he is so largely indebted already. If every bet of his lordship's had been cancelled, and The Earl had still been kept in his stable on the Derby day, it would then not have been difficult to say who was keeping him there.

We do not hear that the Days fancy that their mare was got at. They may very fairly say that it is just a case of Achievement over again, with this exception, that one mare did not show temper, and the other did; and that they were as much deceived and disappointed as Dover. In the one case, Custance was discharged by the owner; in the other, Admiral Rous discharged a *Times* letter at owner, "finance agent," and trainer. There was no Earl in Achievement's stable, and therefore the thing was soon passed over. One thing is pretty certain, Lady Elizabeth will cross The Earl's path no more. He had not much to do, but keep on his legs over the hard ground at Chantilly and Ascot, and he won about 9000*l.* In all human probability, a St. Leger winner will be the upshot of this curious Danebury spring-tale, and Lord Glasgow's Young Melbourne will be more sought after than ever for Orlando mares.


Blue Gown's case is nearly as strange a one as Lady Elizabeth's. He carried 8st. 13½lbs. at Doncaster, but the public thought it was more, and could believe in nothing else, while the farmers round Kingsclerc were equally disinclined to follow "the Rose" and "the Green" in preference. Sir Joseph and his trainer seem to have thought differently, although the mare seemed quite out of form, and the horse quite hurried in his preparation, and wanting at least another month of steady work. It seems quite unaccountable that Sir Joseph should have declared to win with one of these two, and that his jockey should have stuck as resolutely to Blue Gown as he did to his sire Beadsman, ten years ago, when Wells fancied him in preference to the Two Thousand winner, FitzRoland. We suppose that Sir Joseph was deceived, and we have an equal right to believe that John Day was deceived, instead of adopting Admiral Rous's hypothesis that he squared touts to tell falsehoods, and played false to Lord Hastings. It is impossible to fathom racing tactics, and why Blue Gown did not go for a Two Thousand, which seems to have been at his mercy? The Ascot Cup merely confirms the Derby running; and it is remarkable that both it and the Alexandra Plate should have been won by a post entry. Lighter weights, and the disadvantage which a horse with a tendency to high action labours under on a hill, may well account for the Duke's little one,

and "the Baron's big 'un," changing places. The latter with a little rest will run very respectably over Doncaster, whose St. Leger is full of interesting questions. Can Rosicrucian be made fit to beat Blue Gown at home; if so, will The Earl be able to stride away from him? Again, will Earl Glasgow's Tom Bowline colt or Typhœus be got sound, and fulfil half what was said of them for the Derby? and finally, can Formosa stay? The Two-Year Old running at Ascot leaves Belladrum still champion of the year, with a number of winners behind him, although Rhysworth's got terribly close to him in the New Stakes. If it had been a length instead of a head, the old followers of the yellow banner would have felt the Dundee and Thormanby impulse once more, and given the list men no rest. The Buccaneer blood is not in quite so much force as it was, but Carnival and Tim Whiffler progress steadily; while Lord Clifden, on the strength of his handsome yearlings, is full for the third season in succession. The Macaroni's stock is said to be very wiry looking, and since Fitzwilliam's downfall, there have been but poor reports of others of the same Blair Athol blood.

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# THE SCIENCE OF CROQUET.

## PART I.

AMES, as regards the scientific element, are of three kinds: 1. Games of chance; 2. Games of skill; 3. Mixed games. Games of chance, such as roulette and rouge et noir, are mere excuses for gambling; requiring no exercise of skill, they excite no interest in the players beyond what attaches to the amount of the stakes. Games of pure skill, on the other hand, such as chess, excite too much interest. The intention of a game should be relaxation; but there is no relaxation in a contest where players can only beat by putting on an extreme strain.

To fulfil the requisites of a healthy game, we must, therefore, look to the third class, viz., those into which skill and chance both enter, as in the case of whist. Here the two elements are so blended, that, though much depends on chance, the players are constantly employed in seeking the most favourable chances in preference to others.

Croquet is a mixed game of chance and skill. As in all games which depend for their accomplishment on bodily effort (as distinguished from sedentary games), the element of skill greatly preponderates. The skill is shown in two ways: 1. In playing for the right stroke; and 2. In playing it in the right way. The following pages will be occupied with an examination of what, in our view, constitutes skill or "science" at croquet.

It will be most convenient first to consider the mode of making the stroke. The desiderata are: 1. Accuracy in propelling the ball, or, in familiar language, making "good shots;" 2. Judgment of the amount of force requisite to leave one or more balls in given positions when they finish rolling. This is called knowledge of "strength."

For our present purpose it signifies very little whether one or two hands are used, the directions being applicable to either style. It may be well, however, to record our experience. Our first essays were with two hands. We afterwards played for two seasons with one hand, and were staunch advocates of one-handed play. Our preference for one-handed play was strengthened by the result of a

match played between members of one of the largest croquet clubs in England. The one-handed players were very few; the two-handed proportionately numerous. Nevertheless, three one-handed players challenged the two-handed. Three were selected, and the one-handed proved victorious.

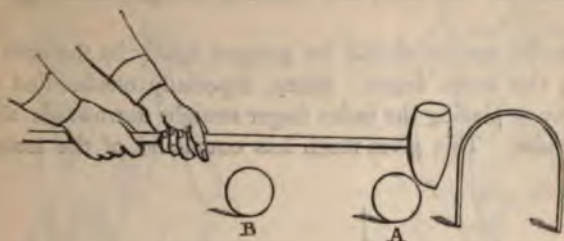
Since then, however, we have seen such extraordinarily fine practice with two hands—the four strongest players we know all using two hands—that we re-considered the matter, and, like all apostates, are now very strongly in favour of the system we formerly objected to. We have ourselves played with two hands all this season, and feel satisfied that a firmer and more decided stroke results from two-handed play, owing to the greater control over the mallet given by two hands. And in playing some strokes, such as long rolling or following croquets, the use of two hands gives so decided an advantage, that, in our judgment, two-handed play must eventually be generally adopted.

A word as to the arbitrary rules which prevail on many grounds to the detriment of real croquet. Some happy but despotic possessors of lawns do not allow two hands; others do not allow private mallets; many require that the mallet shall not be held within a certain distance of the head, and so on, *ad indefinitum*. Now, it seems to us that all these and similar restrictions are foolish to the last degree. Let every one, provided he strikes the ball without "spooning," do it in the manner and with the instrument that best suits his idiosyncrasy. Eventually a general system will be evolved, as has been already done at billiards. The absurdity of the rules we have just referred to becomes apparent when compared with similar rules at the older game. Fancy a player not being permitted to use his own cue in a match, or being obliged to make his bridge in a particular way, or not being allowed to make a bridge at all within a certain distance of the ball. The most "paying" method has already been settled at billiards, and all "professors" follow it. They do not insist on an adversary's playing in any particular way; on the contrary, they are much obliged to any opponent who will play by the light of nature instead of by that of experience, as whatever his natural ability, the accumulated experience of many years must beat him. The same will in the end take place at croquet; but the game being yet in its infancy, is in danger of being taken too much care of by a parcel of old women, as is often the lot of infants.

By way of example: a rule prevails on many grounds that the stroke must be made across the striker's body. Now, this rule com-

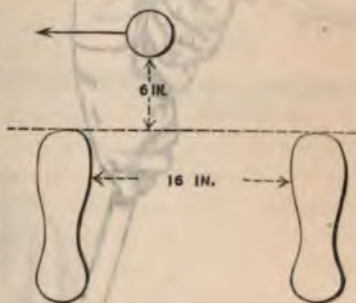


pletely prevents the following very pretty stroke, which, in our judgment, is quite fair. *A* is so near the hoop that the mallet-head cannot be inserted in the usual way, between it and the wire. If held



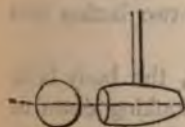
as shown in the diagram, a well-directed blow will result in a roquet on *B*. The exact line is got by bringing the mallet handle over the ball to be roqueted.

To return. The mallet being held by one or two hands, the player should place himself at a convenient distance from the ball he intends to strike, say about six inches. For two-handed play the ball should be rather nearer to the left foot than to the right one, as shown in the diagram, under the left eye when the head is bent forwards.



The player should stand with his feet about fifteen inches apart, and nearly parallel to each other; at all events, not in what dancing masters call the first position. Some players turn out the left foot, leaving the right only straight. We prefer the disposition of the feet indicated in the diagram.

The player should also stand square to his work; that is, a line drawn from the toes of one foot to the toes of the other, should be parallel to the line of direction in which the ball is to be sent (see diagram).



The centre of the striking part of the head of the mallet should be placed nearly touching the ball, and opposite its centre; and the direction of the long axis of the mallet-head should be in the same straight line as the direction in which the ball is to go. The dotted line in the diagram runs through the long axis of the h

of the mallet, and through the centre of the ball, showing the relative positions before striking.

These details may seem very minute and tedious ; but attention to them makes all the difference between straight shooting and reverse.

The mallet handle should be grasped lightly by the entire hand including the index finger. Many, especially one-handed players, have a way of placing the index finger straight downwards along the mallet handle. This gives much less command of the mallet than



Mode of holding the mallet with two hands.  
Complete grasp.



Example of incomplete grasp. Index  
finger improperly placed.

when the grasp is complete. In playing strokes at long distances which require the use of the shoulder, the grasp must be tightened.

In playing with two hands, the lowest part (index finger) of the lower hand should be about twenty-one or twenty-two inches from the head of the mallet.

The player's attitude should be nearly upright, the body being inclined slightly forwards, and the head bent over, looking down to the ball and mallet-head. The mallet should be held nearly perpendicular, but not quite ; at least, this is the result of our experience. If quite perpendicular, the action is cramped. The inclination we find most successful is shown in the wood-cut.

For one-handed play the mallet is held shorter, about eighteen inches from the head, and consequently the attitude is more stoop-



Position in using two hands.  
Side view.



Position in using two hands.  
Front view.



Example of good attitude.—Position in using one hand.

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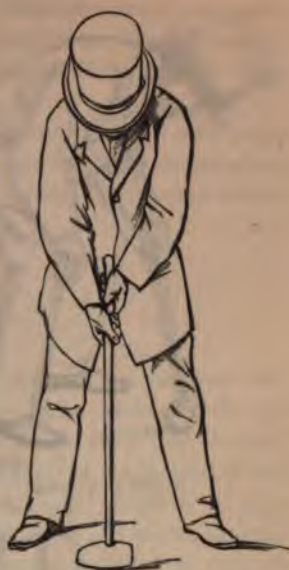
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Example of good attitude.—Position in using one hand.

ing. The left arm should hang loosely down by the side of the player, or in front of his left knee. The ball should be half-way



Position in squatting.



Position in mowing.

EXAMPLES OF BAD ATTITUDES.



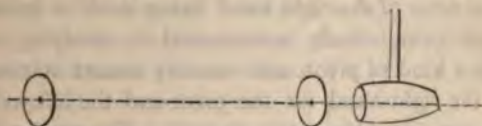
Example of bad attitude.

between the feet, and not towards the left. In other respects the directions already given apply to one-handed play.

Vicious styles of standing, such as squatting and mowing and screwing the body round, when once acquired are difficult to eradicate. Players who indulge in them will find it to their advantage to practise alone for a few hours with the foregoing directions as their guide.

The position of body, mallet, and ball being settled, the next thing is to make the stroke.

An accurate aim being presumed,—that is, a straight line going through the centre of the mallet-head, the centre of the striker's ball, and the centre of the object aimed at, say a ball,—the striker should



take his eye off the object aimed at, and keep it on his own ball and mallet. The "sight" obtained, the striker should make his blow *at once*, not dwelling on the aim, or the sight will become unsteady. At the same time, the stroke should be made quietly and without hurry. This quietness or coolness is most necessary in playing strokes on which much depends. It is of no use to tell nervous players not to be nervous. But if it is borne in mind to play all strokes carefully, and crucial strokes not more carefully, in no way differently from comparatively unimportant strokes, many who are a little inclined to be nervous may thus improve their game.

In moving the mallet to make the stroke, all the energy of the player should be directed to keeping the long axis of the mallet-head in the plane of aim, and at the moment of striking, to hitting his ball with the exact centre of the striking face of the mallet, and precisely in the centre of the surface of the ball presented to the striking part of the mallet. These directions put less technically amount to this: Take your aim; keep your eye on your own ball while striking, so as not to lose your aim; and immediately hit the ball exactly in the middle. In order to test the correctness of hitting, the striker, using a new mallet for some days, and not allowing anyone else to use it, should examine the striking face, when he will find, if he has struck correctly, a black patch or pattern about the size of a florin, in the centre of the face. If the pattern is all over, the hitting has been loose. If not quite in the centre, the striker may be sure there is some error in his stroke, which, however, by the aid of the pattern, he can correct. This correction will probably necessitate some slight change in style. The necessary trials should be made when practising alone, and not

during a game, as though the alteration will eventually lead to a surer aim, the immediate consequence will be, in all probability, an error in some other direction. By far the most important point, the aim once being taken, is for the striker not to let his eye wander from his own ball. We insist particularly on this, as it is just the reverse of the mode pursued at billiards and some other games. Inattention to or ignorance of this simple rule causes the missing of very many easy strokes.

For gentle strokes, the motion of the mallet should be caused by the wrist, the wrist of the right hand being used to raise the mallet, the left hand being chiefly instrumental in steadying it. The left hand acts as a kind of pivot, and remains almost stationary. Some players use the right hand for the pivot and the left wrist for lifting, but we do not like this mode so well. The mallet being raised should be allowed to drop on to the ball, almost of its own weight, but very little impetus being given it by the muscles of the hand. Only just power enough should be used to make the player's ball reach the one aimed at, because, as a rule, the less the force the greater the accuracy. We are speaking now of strokes where the only object is to ensure hitting the ball played at. There are many strokes which are played with the intention of moving the object ball, as well as of hitting it. We shall discuss these hereafter.

When it is desired to cause the ball to travel further than can be done by the mere weight of the mallet, the mallet must be caused to strike the ball with more or less force, still using the wrist, in order to produce the desired result; with how much force is a question of judgment. A knowledge of how softly or of how hard to hit can only be acquired by practice. It may be observed, however, that beginners, on first acquiring a mastery of the mallet, almost invariably strike too hard.

When the distance is so great that a stroke from the wrist cannot send the ball as far as is desired, the muscles of the arm must be brought into play, and for strokes very far off the necessary force can only be got by putting the shoulders well into it. It should be borne in mind that in all strokes, whether played hard or soft, the eye should be kept fixed on the striker's ball. It should also be remembered that when straight shooting is the only object, no more "powder" than will just suffice should ever be employed, as *cæteris paribus*, the greater the force the less the accuracy.

Up to this time we have only been considering how to strike with accuracy when our sole object is to hit, or, as it is called, to roquet, the ball aimed at. This being the simplest case, we took it first.



But it more often happens in actual play that it is not our *sole* object to roquet, or to run a hoop or a cage, or to hit a stick. The stroke is generally played with an eye to the next stroke; that is to say, in addition to playing to make the stroke, we play to place one or more of the balls in an advantageous position for the next stroke. We have not yet got to the tactics of the game, but may here, for the sake of clearness, give a simple example of what we mean by placing the ball or balls for the succeeding strokes. Our ball is *A*. It is placed for its hoop, and we want to run the hoops shown in the diagram. We do it by using *B* thus. We first strike *A* to *A'*, so that it remains just behind *B*. If we do not hit in the direction of the dotted line, but, say to the right of *B*, or if we hit too hard and touch *B* instead of stopping at *A'*, the stroke is comparatively a bad one; in the first case, bad as to its direction, in the second, as to its strength. The result in both cases is that we lose the position on *B*, and so render the succeeding stroke much more difficult than it need be.

Suppose that the stroke is well made, our next stroke should be a sharp roquet on *B*, sending it to *B'*. This is called rushing the ball. The object is to place *B* near the second hoop for our next stroke.

The rushing roquet being accomplished, we then place *A* behind *B*, in such position that a stroke, called a splitting croquet, will send *B* to *B''* and *A* to *A''*, thus placing the balls favourably for a repetition at the stick of the manoeuvres practised at the hoops. By carefully playing these strokes in the way explained, good players on good ground can run almost any number of hoops.

The various strokes which are required at the game of croquet are: 1. roquet; and its variety, 2. rushing roquet; croquet, the varieties of which are—3. tight croquet; 4. loose or open croquet; 5. rolling croquet; 6. splitting croquet, and 7. taking one off. In addition to these there are several fancy strokes, such as 8. the pass, and 9. the jump.

The mode of making the roquet has been already explained. We shall now proceed to describe the other strokes.



Rushing roquet is generally attempted only when the balls are within a few feet of each other. At a distance of two or three feet, and on very level ground the stroke is easy; but to combine strength with it, that is to rush the ball just as far as is intended and no further, requires much practice, and judgment of the pace of the lawn. This varies greatly on different lawns, and on different parts of the same lawn, according to the quality of the grass and soil; and it is constantly altering with the length or shortness of the grass, and with its moisture or dryness. Thus, on a hot day a lawn is much faster when the sun has been on it for some hours, than in the early morning or late in the evening.

In playing to rush, the great danger is of jumping over the ball aimed at. In order to avoid this, the player must be careful not to hit down on the ball, a ball hit above the centre being almost sure to jump. The stroke should be made as close to the ground as possible, and at the moment of striking, the mallet should be carried slightly up aloft towards the left shoulder, or more correctly, parallel with it.



On uneven ground, if the striker's ball is in a hollow, jumping is almost certain. Under these circumstances the striker should take his ball out of the hollow, and place it on the adjoining level portion of the ground, as in the diagram.

We have found that the using of the pointed end of the mallet (see article on "Croquet" in June number), especially on uneven ground, has a tendency to prevent jumping. We are getting more and more into the way of using this end for all rushing roquets at short distances, whether on level ground or not.

The use of the pointed end ensures that there shall be no recoil from the ground owing to the stroke being unintentionally made from above downwards on the ball, the ball in that case being hit above the centre. The stroke with the point is very little below the centre, and hence the tendency to jump is practically next to nothing.

The laws of resolution of force tell us that if the weight of the ball is superior to the resolved vertical element of the force,—as is the case with a croquet ball of box-wood of three-and-a-half inches diameter struck slightly below the centre with moderate power,—the ball will not jump.

In striking with the pointed end, the plane of aim should be perpendicular to the ground, not at an angle as recommended when

using the large end, and the mallet should be inclined forwards over the ball as shown in the last diagram.

In taking tight croquet, it is advisable not to hold the foot on the top of the ball, but a little over, away from the side struck. This answers two purposes: Firstly, when the ball is held thus, it is unlikely that even a very careless or unskilful player will strike the foot. Many players, ladies especially, say they cannot send the ball far in taking tight croquet, the reason being that they are afraid to hit hard lest they should hurt their foot. On adopting the plan mentioned, their fear disappears, and they find themselves sending the ball away as far as any one else. Secondly, the foot being held at a slope behind the ball, the ground and the foot together act as a hollow wedge, and when the ball is struck hard, there is but little fear of its slipping.



Mode of taking tight croquet.

Some players, when taking tight croquet, hold the heel on the ground; others hold the foot parallel to the ground, as in the cut. We prefer the latter method. It gives a firmer purchase as all the pressure, which is intended to hold the ball, comes directly from above. When the heel is put on the ground, more force is required to hold the ball; and this spoils the ground by making dents in it. Besides, there is more danger of slipping the ball when the foot slants from the heel.

Tight croquet should be taken with the left foot.

Thin shoes are an advantage for this stroke. In wet weather, if anxious mammas forbid thin shoes, shoes may be cast away altogether, and india-rubbers substituted, not over the shoe, but over the sock or stocking.

In taking the croquet the eye should be kept on the ball struck, and the aim should be central. These directions have already been given; but they are so important that we repeat them.

In placing the balls side by side prior to taking the croquet, the direction in which the croqueted ball is to be sent should be ascertained by going behind the balls, and looking in a straight line drawn through them when in apposition. If the line is taken by looking down on to the balls when the foot is placed for the croquet, it is, at all events in the case of inexperienced players, likely to be considerably out of the direction intended.

Loose or open croquet requires but little observation. The line

should be taken from behind, and the player's ball hit hard or soft according to the distance it is required that the balls shall go. When it is intended to send the player's ball but a short distance, and the other a long distance, the stroke should be a short sharp tap, made rather from above downwards. A similar result may be got by using the pointed end of the mallet. Some players for this stroke stand rather to the left of the ball, and play above the drive of the mallet. We, however, do not recommend this. Others have a plan of chopping the mallet on to the ball, and of pulling it back. This, however, does not answer. The same delusion possesses some billiard players in playing to screw back. They pull the cue back after the stroke, whereas they should rather try to drive it into the heart of the ball. Practice alone can render the player skilful in placing both the balls at the required distances.

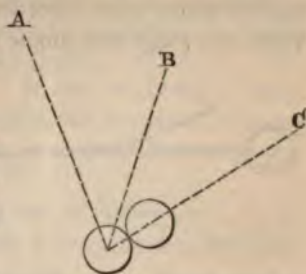
When it is desired, in playing either tight or loose croquet, to take a very accurate line—as, for example, in endeavouring to make the croqueted ball hit the stick, or to make it run a hoop a long way off—the line should be taken from some distance in front of the balls, the hoop or stick intervening between the placed balls and the observer. When the balls are correctly placed, a line drawn through them and through the centre of, say the hoop, should show only one ball, just as in a “plant” at billiards. If any part of the hindmost ball can be seen to the right or left of the foremost ball, the line is not true. It may be objected that the vision being stereoscopic, the hindmost ball will show a little. Practically, this may be disregarded.

In rolling croquet, the player's ball and the one croqueted are sent on together in company. This is done by a prolonged sweep of the mallet, difficult to describe. In order to bring the stroke within the category of fair strokes, it must commence with a decided tap, after which, or almost simultaneously with which, the mallet is trailed on behind the balls, and in fact rolls them by a kind of push, which is not considered spooning provided that at the beginning of the stroke a tap, and only that one tap, is audible. In fact, the mallet must never leave the ball and return to it, or the stroke is a spoon.

The two balls rolled on together may be sent quite or almost in the same line, or they may be divided at a considerable angle. Practised players see at a glance how the balls should be placed in order that they may diverge in stated directions. Those who are less *au fait* at rolling croquet will find the following rough rule of great assistance. It is not strictly correct, but it is near enough to be better than no rule at all; a little practice by its light will

where alteration is required. It is as follows:—Take the line in which the croqueted ball will go, and the line in which it is desired the striker's ball should go, and aim just half-way between the two. The result will be that the striker's ball will travel in the line desired.

In the diagram, *C* is the direction in which the croqueted ball will go, and *A* the direction in which it is desired to send the striker's ball. The aim should be in the direction *B*.



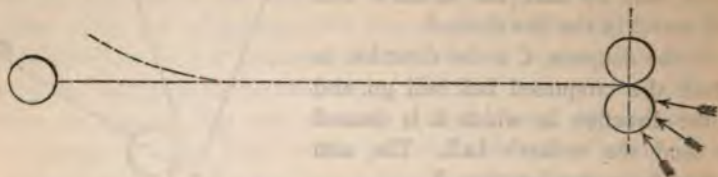
It often happens that, instead of rolling the balls, a clean hit is made to split them in the required directions. This is called a splitting croquet. The direction of the aim should be much the same as for rolling croquet. The angle of separation is, however, somewhat wider than in rolling croquet, so that, referring to the diagram just given, the striker's ball would go to the left of the direction *A*. The sharper the blow, the wider the angle of separation.

A large angle of separation may be got with a gentle blow, by using the pointed end of the mallet. This stroke is particularly useful in little splitting strokes about the hoops. Thus a gentle splitting stroke made with the large striking-face of the mallet in the direction of the arrow in the diagram would send the croqueted ball to *A*, the striker's ball to *B*. But this stroke would involve the danger of hitting the wire, and of preventing the subsequent running of the hoop. The stroke, if made with more force, would send the striker's ball to *B'*, but it would at the same time send the croqueted ball to or beyond *A'*, which we will assume not to be so favourable a position for playing on, after the hoop is run. What is wanted is to send one ball to *A*, the other to *B'*. This can be effected by playing with the pointed end of the mallet, which increases the angle of separation without necessitating the employment of more force.



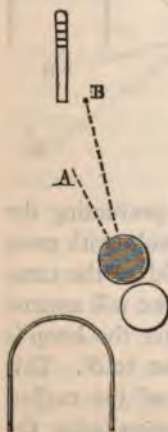
Taking one off (or, as it is absurdly named by many players, taking two off), is only a variety of splitting croquet, the object

being to run to a considerable distance with one's own ball, and to move the croqueted ball but a little. The important point in playing this stroke is the direction to be taken by the player's own ball. There is a rough and simple rule for this as for rolling croquet, which



we have found very useful even in the hands of players of experience. A line is to be drawn through the two balls in opposition, and another at right angles to it is to run from the point of juncture of the balls to the object it is desired to reach. Any stroke on the player's ball which will move the one in contact with it, as in the direction of the arrows, will send the striker's ball straight off to the distant ball, as in the diagram. Of course the stroke must not be in the course of the dotted line running through the balls, or they will both take that direction.

In practice, the ball runs straight for some distance, but as it gets spent it inclines a little in the direction of the stroke, as shown by the curved dotted line. This should be allowed for by placing the striker's ball a little out of the exact right angle, that is, by taking the stroke a very little thicker than as shown in the diagram.



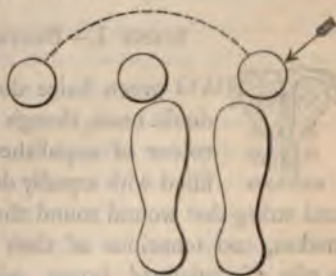
The player who is in possession of this rule, has not to consider what path his ball will traverse. Having once placed the balls by the rule, he merely has to judge how hard to strike, in order that his ball, when it ceases to roll, may remain close to the distant object.

We are often told by our partners at croquet, "Oh! I can't take one off on that side;" *i.e.*, when their own ball is the further one. Taking one off should be practised from both sides of the ball, until it becomes a matter of indifference to the striker whether his own ball is placed nearer to him of the two, or further from him.

The only fancy strokes which we consider of any practical value are the pass and the jump. The pass is a sort of rolling croquet, and is subject to the same limitations in respect of spooning. It is chiefly useful in playing about the stick. For example: it is de-

sired (*vide* second diagram, p. 238) to send the light ball to *B*, the dark ball not further than *A*, so that when the light ball has hit the stick, it may be well placed for a rushing roquet on to *A*, in order to run the next hoop easily. The pass is effected by allowing the mallet to dwell on the ball after the tap, and so to push it on to *B*. The *modus operandi* is not easy to describe. It may be brought home to the billiard player by its similarity to a stroke employed in pushing one ball through another at billiards, commonly known as the Brighton poke.

The jump is a useful stroke for getting out of difficulties. Thus, in rolling two balls up to a third, suppose it happens that they stop in a straight line. We have one more stroke, and we lose the break unless we can roquet the further ball. This can only be managed by making the striker's ball jump over the masking ball. The stroke is not difficult, and is thus effected. The striker must place himself to the left of his ball, not with the ball between the feet, as directed for ordinary strokes, and must hit his ball smartly on the top, as shown by the arrow in the diagram. Similarly, if a hoop or wire intervenes, it may be jumped, but it is much more difficult. For this, except on very hard ground, the blow must be made with considerable force.



We must reserve for another paper our remarks on playing for the right stroke, and on the tactics of the game generally.

“CAVENDISH.”

# THE MEMORIAL WINDOW.

A DRAMATIC STORY,

In a Prologue and Three Acts.

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## ACT THE SECOND.

### SCENE I.—BEHIND THE BAIZE DOORS.

**T**WO green baize doors studded with nails that were no doubt brass, though they had long since assumed the dull colour of unpolished iron; a tier of dusty pigeon-holes filled with equally dusty documents, tied with faded tapes and string that would round them like the vertebræ of long defunct snakes, too tenacious of their prey to let it go even in death; a pile of japanned boxes, with initial letters and names in full, indicative of chancery suits, and mortgages, of legal quibbles and wasted estates; a book-case, full of musty-looking calf-bound law-books; maps and plans of estates here and there on the walls; one or two placards of estate sales by auction; a dingy window garnished with a green blind, through which the light struggled and penetrated in green and foggy and dirty rays, that fell solemnly upon a flat, broad oak desk covered with papers, and at which Mr. Gasford sat, not writing, but talking to his son Harry, who was leaning against the fireplace and disturbing, with his broad shoulders, the dust that had accumulated for many years upon an old pounce box, six big red wafers, a disused taper, and a rusty letter balance.

This was the room into which Mr. Stubbs had shown Arthur Merryvale at Westfield only a few weeks before; since which time Mr. Gasford had thought a great deal about Mr. Merryvale, as also had, in a different way, Miss Bessie Arnold. That visit, too, had caused Mrs. Merryvale considerable uneasiness as the reader has already seen; and, indeed, that visit was destined to bring about results of the highest importance to all the persons in this drama.

“I tell you, Harry, these things *are* worth talking about; I'm not one of those sentimental dreaming fools who get ideas into their heads without any practical foundation for them. The parson noticed



this Merryvale's wonderful likeness to old Bence,—to old Bence living and to old Bence's picture. It struck me when first I saw him, and I had an instinct that the fellow was born to be a trouble to me as soon as he entered this room."

"Is that the reason why you invited him to dinner?" asked the son.

"It is," said Gasford, overlooking the slight sneer conveyed in this brief interrogation.

"I thought, *pater*, you would not ask the fellow to devour your substance, as you would call it, on the mere score of courtesy."

"Now, look here, Harry, no more of this, no more of this; I am in no humour for joking."

"All right, governor," said Harry, looking more seriously at his father, who turned round for the first time during the interview and confronted him, letting his cold restless eye wander over Harry's fine manly form for a moment, and taking in the hale, hearty Saxon-looking young man in one glance of selfish pride and ambition.

"You must marry this girl, and soon; marry her, sir; my whole heart and soul are in the scheme. It is not simply for her money, you know; no, not for that alone, but she will give you position; the Arnolds are of a high family in this county; and, besides, Bessie is pretty, lady-like, and will make an excellent wife."

"Well, we'll say nothing about the latter point, if you please: that was only an after-thought, governor, to coax me and seem moral and paternal, and all that sort of thing. Humbug your clients as much as you like, *Pater Gasford*; but don't try it on here."

"You rascal," exclaimed the father, with something between a chuckle and a laugh, an impatient sort of grunt of disapproval and amusement. "You rascal, Harry, you are too clever by half; but now, look here, you will hurry on the business, won't you? Eh, my boy? won't you now? There's a good fellow."

"O yes, all right, governor; you have had my promise long ago; I'll carry it out; but what's the hurry? I don't care to give up freedom so soon. I have sundry wild oats yet to disseminate, *pater*, and when these are all fairly planted you know, I——"

"Nonsense, nonsense, Harry, marry and sow them all the same. Freedom! Bosh, what has marriage to do with that? marry and do what you like afterwards—you can afford it you know, you rascal. But surely you have done enough in the way of wild oats, eh? I want you to marry, settle down to work, and become member for Westfield. That's the thing, Harry,—that's the sort of scheme, eh, my boy? We'll show them who Harry Gasford is!"

"We will! Depend on me, governor. I'll set to by-and-by."

"Yes, yes, that's right," said Gasford; and then, turning to his desk, he lapsed back from his forced genial manner, which was only genial in ejaculations and assumed good-humour, into his usual quiet cunning fashion.

"Well, I'll be off now," said Harry, dusting his coat and striking his boot with a stout riding-whip.

"Harry," said Gasford, unheeding this remark, "that Merryvale has made an impression on Bessie, and, what is more, I tell you I have reasons for thinking he may be Bence's son."

"What nonsense!" said Harry.

"It is not nonsense," replied Gasford, sharply; "it is not nonsense, sir. I knew Bence when he was a young man, and although I forget the name of the fellow who ran off with his wife, it was something like Merryvale, and he was in the army. This young fellow has been in India and he is the image of old Bence—the image of him, sir."

"That may be," said Harry, impatiently; "that may be."

"Moreover," said Gasford, lowering his voice, "I dreamt it was he; I dreamt that he came here and married Bessie, and got the money out of our hands, defied me, and—and——. But, there, no matter. By Monday you shall arrange when the wedding is to be."

"By Monday!" exclaimed the son. "And all because you have had a dream. Why, governor, governor, you surely are not getting weak and maudlin in your old age."

"Harry, have a care, boy! I am in earnest. That dream is a warning. It is but the interpretation of my own waking fears. I know all that. But, look here; by heavens! if you do not do what I wish, I will ——"

"There, there," said the young man, putting his hand playfully over his father's mouth, "none of that, governor; I'll do it, I'll do it."

"There's a good fellow; well said, well said, Harry!" exclaimed Mr. Gasford, rubbing his hands, and looking as pleasant as his sinister face would permit.

"Mrs. Arnold and Miss Arnold, sir," said Mr. Horatio Stubbs (with a solemn flourish of a quill pen, held firmly in his right hand), bowing gravely to the ladies as they passed into Mr. Gasford's room.

"Proud to see you, ladies," said Gasford, shuffling from his seat, whilst his son came forward and shook hands with them.

There was much constraint in Mrs. Arnold's manner towards the old man; but both ladies seemed to be on the best of terms with his son.

"Private business?" said Mr. Gasford, in an interrogative aside to Mrs. Arnold whilst the young people were talking.

"Yes," said the lady.

"I thought so," rejoined Gasford, twitching at his waistcoat, as if he were preparing for an important encounter.

"Bessie, dear," said the elder lady, "I will call for you at the Abbey very shortly. I shall soon have finished my business with Mr. Gasford."

"I will walk with you, if you will allow me," said Harry, taking up his hat, and opening the door for Bessie.

"With pleasure," Miss Arnold replied; and she spoke frankly, for she enjoyed Harry's society. He told her the latest news from town, chatted about new plays and operas, and was most agreeable in his conversation generally.

The truth is Harry Gasford was not in love with Bessie; he admired her. She was clever, piquant, and pretty; and he had known her from boyhood. Therefore, he had nothing "spooney" to say to her; he did not strive to make himself attractive in her eyes; he was not afraid of her; not continually hunting up his thoughts for fine things to say to her, for compliments, love-messages, and poetic references to the tender passion. None of the fears and doubts and hopes of the lover embarrassed his talk; he rattled away about all manner of things and upon all manner of subjects, and Bessie laughed at his jokes, and wondered at his marvellous stories of London life. But this morning, on their way to the Abbey, Harry Gasford laid himself out to pay extra courtesies to Bessie, in view of that little arrangement which his father was now so anxious to consummate. Harry did not care to marry; none of the sex had excited desires matrimonial in his breast; but, if he must marry, he felt that he would sooner have Bessie than any other lady of his acquaintance.

As for Miss Arnold herself, the chances are that Harry would not have wooed in vain had she never seen Arthur Merryvale; for she liked young Gasford, and in due time might have come to believe that she loved him very much; but now that Arthur Merryvale had crossed her path Harry Gasford would woo and sue in vain for a wife in Bessie Arnold. Ever since that bright, dark, intellectual face had shone upon her beneath the fretted roof of the old Abbey, Bessie's heart had been moved by new sensations. She loved Arthur Merryvale, and she knew already that she was loved in return. Is there not some electric communication between two souls that love at first sight,—some essence of the spirit that discovers its fellow on the instant? Love manifested itself in the eyes and in the voices of Bessie and Arthur; hanging out, as it were, mutual tokens of surrender. Mrs. Arnold saw the tokens, and old Gasford had noticed them. Pro-

bably, had Harry Gasford been present at that eventful little dinner he would have seen nothing particularly amiable or loving in the intercourse of the stranger with Miss Arnold ; but then he was not so interested in discovering Bessie's likes and dislikes as were Mrs. Arnold and his scheming father.

"I really think it is time that business connected with Mr. Bence's estate should be settled, Mr. Gasford," said Mrs. Arnold, when the green baize doors were fairly closed upon her daughter.

"Yes, yes," said Gasford ; "take a seat, take a seat, Mrs. Arnold. You see these things are tedious affairs, very tedious."

"So it would seem ; but there is an end to the most tedious matters of this kind, and I do hope we have arrived at the end of this very long lane, in which you said we had arrived at the turning years ago."

"Well, we shall see," said Gasford, looking at his blotting pad, "we shall see. I will be plain with you, and prompt. There is no beating about the bush with me ; no, not at all, not at all."

Mrs. Arnold felt that Gasford was going to make some important declaration, for he had used those very words fifteen years before when he had been silly enough to offer his hand and fortune to Mrs. Arnold, widow, who had treated the proposal as a joke, and so contrived her reply thereto as not to wound the lawyer, who had established such a control over her property that she could not afford to make him her enemy. With her woman's tact, she had maintained a sort of friendship with Gasford, hoping that time would unravel the intricacies of her business affairs, and relieve her from a certain amount of dependence upon Mr. Gasford's advice and management which had been brought about by the follies of her deceased husband.

"We will soon settle the business. The day when my son marries your daughter Bessie you shall have possession of the property left to you by Bence ; I will execute a deed of release in the matter of your other properties, and I will settle upon Mrs. Harry Gasford forty thousand pounds. There ! There ! Is it a bargain ?"

"Mr. Gasford, you surprise me. I could not have thought that—"

"Fifteen years ago I offered to marry you. I was an old fool to do anything of the kind, no doubt, no doubt. I took your refusal kindly ; yes, took it kindly, Mrs. Arnold, but I have set my mind on this other union, set my mind on it, marm. Is there any obstacle ? Do you forbid the bans ?"

Gasford fixed his restless, ferret-like eyes upon Mrs. Arnold as he asked the question, and she turned her head away in some confusion.

"Don't they like each other, eh? Eh, Mrs. Arnold. Bessie likes him better than you did me, eh? Eh, my lady?"

"Yes, she does, most certainly," said Mrs. Arnold, with a sudden fierceness that startled Gasford. "Your son is a fine, honest, honourable young man: that I do believe."

"Thank you," said Mr. Gasford, "thank you. I suppose he is unlike his father, eh Mrs. Arnold?"

"Very much so indeed, sir; if he were not I should answer you that I would sooner see Bessie in her coffin than married to him."

Mrs. Arnold had lost, in a moment, all that calm control of her feelings which had hitherto aided her in her few interviews with the lawyer. The intense love which she had for her daughter took alarm at Gasford's words, and his reference to the past ignited the latent spark of resentment: an explosion of passion and scorn was the result.

"Like you!" she exclaimed, confronting Gasford; "like you! That were impossible. God has more mercy than to allow the devil to create more than one Gasford."

"Indeed! You are complimentary, very complimentary," said Gasford, as though he were a fiend rejoicing in his clever devilry. "You make me laugh, you make me laugh, Mrs. Arnold," he went on, chuckling and rubbing his hands and looking at her with an air of Satanic triumph.

Mrs. Arnold could not bear this; she felt as if her brain were on fire: so she hurried out of the room, and out into the street, whilst Gasford still stood by his desk rubbing his hands and chuckling, until his face gradually assumed its ordinary cunning, and some other poor victim came to be tortured on the wheel of fortune upon which Gasford himself will be broken at last.

#### SCENE II.—GRAY'S INN.

GRAY'S INN SQUARE! What a variety of emotions have been experienced here. How many anxious eyes have scanned the hard walls and the dingy windows? Heirs expectant, and heirs in fact, how they have glanced along the names painted in black and white at the commencement of long passages, and then vaulted lightly up long flights of stairs to be ushered, all smiles and graciousness, into the rooms of principals. Clients who have lost serious actions at law, and men on the verge of bankruptcy, how their hearts have sunk with abandonment of hope as they have entered the grim portals of this grim locality: to them the smug signboards have been coffin plates, the dim regions beyond mausoleums of their dearest hopes.

Nicodemus Gasford entered the square a few days after the interview described in the previous chapter, influenced by feelings and motives which may be gathered in a great measure from his conduct. He sneaked into the square as if he were on the look-out for some person who was attempting to elude his vigilance. Peering from beneath his shaggy eyebrows up into the windows, which seemed to look back with a mysterious self-complacent air, Mr. Gasford mumbled defiant observations to himself and sidled past the offices of Messrs. Hillyar Betten and Foxwell as if he had not the slightest intention of calling there.

"Ha! Wonder if that young cub will be in the office," he muttered, as he worked his way to the further end of the square. "We shall see, we shall see; so you would double upon Gasford, eh?—upon the old firm of Gasford and Bence, eh? Marry Bessie Florence, when Gasford has made up his mind she shall marry his own son, eh? And your dear mamma is still living, eh, Mr. Merryvale, and you may perhaps turn out to be Bence's son, eh, my fine friend, and claim your rights—and claim your rights, and ask for restitution?"

Mr. Gasford found that, by the time he had reached the archway opposite to that by which he had entered, he had not quite made up his mind what the nature of his interview with the London agents of the old firm should be.

"An awkward business. I'll worm it out, though," he said to himself. If any thing is in the wind to favour Bence's daughter they'll stick to her and not to me, because there is more to be made on that tack than by an alliance with foxy old Gasford. Why do I suspect anything of this kind arising? Eh? Why do I? Because I am always on the look-out; and that Merryvale was sent down to Westfield for a purpose. If he is not old Bence's son my name ain't Gasford. If he is the youngster she carried off, Hillyar knows it, and he would not put him in my path for nothing. His mother is in town too, and his father—*his* father!—is dead. Had he met Miss Bessie before? Of course he had, must have done, he was as familiar with her as if he had known her for years. I see it all; I see the whole business, but it will not do Master Hillyar, it will not do, sir."

Old Gasford did not see it all, nevertheless: what he attributed to design was accidental circumstance, unless some guiding all-powerful hand had moved the human puppets that play their part in this drama, and had deposited Arthur Merryvale in Westfield Abbey by special design on that eventful day when Bessie Arnold was practising at the organ.

"Well, I'll go into the office," said Gasford, at length; and he went accordingly, groping his way up Hillyar Betten and Foxwell's staircase, and finally presenting himself in the outer apartment, a sort of legal sentry box to a small army of clerks beyond, who formed a bodyguard to the private rooms of the several principals of the house.

"He's engaged, sir," said the clerk, who was nibbling a pen, and eating hard biscuits in the intervals of this occupation.

"Oh," said Mr. Gasford, seating himself out of sight of the clerks in the adjacent room; "will he be long?"

"Can't say," said the clerk.

"Humph!" grunted Gasford, putting his hand into his pocket and fidgeting with half-a-sovereign in one corner thereof. "Let me see. Surely it is the same! of course. Two years ago you did a little service for me."

"Not that I know of," said the clerk.

"O yes, you did," said Gasford. "I remember distinctly, and I forgot to make you any acknowledgment."

"It was not I," said the clerk, laying down his pen and his biscuits too.

"You are too modest," said Gasford. "There is half-a-sovereign—say no more about it."

"Well, sir, perhaps your memory is better than mine," said the man, pocketing the money, and evidently preparing to be cautiously communicative.

"Anything been doing lately in Bence's affairs?—My name is Gasford," said the Westfield lawyer.

"Oh, indeed, sir; you are Mr. Gasford, sir. Shall I tell Mr. Hillyar?—Mr. Betten is disengaged."

"No, no, I can wait," said Gasford. "Has anything been going on relative to Bence's affairs that you know of?"

"Well, I can't exactly say, sir," said the clerk; "I fancy not."

"You fancy not! Ah! No copies of deeds made lately—eh? Then I suppose the business which I have come up about has been neglected?"

"I don't think anything is ever neglected here," said the man. "Mr. Hillyar, now I come to think, has had the papers re-sorted and scheduled lately."

The clerk's interest in his employer had elicited what Gasford's golden tip could not discover.

"That's right," said Gasford; "then my visit will not be in vain. You are quite right, things are not neglected here."

"No, sir," said the clerk, commencing to count up the folios in a draft which had been lying on his desk for an hour.

"Is young Mr. Merryvale getting on well?" Gasford asked, with as much blandness as he could possibly summon to his aid.

"Oh, yes, I believe so," said the clerk; "he's a nice young gentleman, very."

"Yes, yes," said Gasford, "very much so; and his mamma, Mrs. Merryvale, is a sweet lady. She comes here sometimes?"

"She does," said the clerk, who vainly endeavoured to resist the pumping to which he was being subjected.

"Charming lady—very, very," said Gasford. "Do you think her handsome?"

"Should think she has been," said the clerk. "You know her very well, sir?"

"Yes, yes," said Gasford; "Mr. Hillyar is her lawyer."

It was a random shot this, but it told.

"I believe he is," said the clerk.

"Shrewd, able man, Mr. Hillyar, very shrewd," said Gasford. "Does she often see him?"

"Really, Mr. Gasford, your inquiries are embarrassing; you know that—"

"I know, I know," said Gasford; "secrets of the office, yes, yes; but I am not pumping. I know my own position as a principal too well for that. I have asked you no question that Mr. Hillyar or Betten could object to; you are too modest—over careful, over careful—"

What more Mr. Gasford might have said was interrupted by the appearance of a lady, whom Mr. Hillyar was courteously showing out from his room. Old Gasford stood aside and looked wistfully at the pale expressive face, as Mrs. Merryvale hurried by and disappeared in the dark corridor beyond. Then, following Mr. Hillyar into the recently vacated room, he shook hands with that gentleman, and proceeded to make sundry inquiries about certain testamentary regulations in connection with Bence's properties. Mr. Hillyar, who had been urging Mrs. Merryvale to put in the claim of her son at least upon the property left to him on the contingency of his discovery, answered his Westfield client with extreme caution, convincing Mr. Gasford more and more that there was something in the wind threatening his interests. His interview with Mr. Hillyar was of very brief duration. But within five minutes after he had left the office he returned to the outer clerk.

"Look here, my fine fellow," he said, with an air of familiar confidence, "when do you go to dinner?"



"I don't go to dinner; but I pick a bit at one o'clock at Mell's tavern, close by."

"Right! I'll see you at one—I'll see you there," said Gasford, and before the clerk could make any further remark Gasford was making his way out into the square.

Some hours afterwards, when Mr. Hillyar's room was empty, when Betten and Foxwell had severally changed their coats and called their cabs; when the body-guard of clerks had locked their desks for the night, and gone merrily home on omnibus knife-boards; when the outer doors of Gray's Inn offices were being locked, and the haze of an autumn evening was creeping about the housetops and settling down into the yard with clouds of blacks, Mr. Gasford, in the presence of the clerk of the outer room, was looking over the papers contained in two boxes, marked severally "Bence and Gasford" and "Capt. Merryvale's exors." At that tavern hard by Mr. Gasford had overcome the clerk's scruples with golden arguments of so weighty a nature that the remembrance of a wife and twins at Islington had weighed up the balance in Gasford's favour, and this was the result.

The papers connected with Captain Merryvale's executors appeared to be far more interesting to Mr. Gasford than those of "Bence and Gasford," and it was not long before he came across a document of very recent date, which disclosed to him an explanation of a secret which his own fears and perceptive keenness had already more than half disclosed to him. This document contained some recent memoranda with regard to Mr. Bence's will and the clauses affecting Bence's wife and son. Notes of this kind would not be found amongst the Merryvale papers unless Mrs. Merryvale and her boy were Bence's widow and son.

"That will do," said Gasford, at length; "good evening." And without another word the Westfield lawyer left the bribed clerk nervously locking the boxes, and wishing Gasford's twenty pounds were at the bottom of the Thames; for this was the man's first bit of chicanery, which, considering how much legal swindling had been done in that office, ought scarcely to have troubled his conscience at all. But the honour-amongst-thieves principle rules in these legal fleecing houses, and the steady, ill-paid clerk who had charge of the offices until the keys were handed over to the old woman who slept on the premises, felt his conscience very much disturbed. There were honest lawyers in the square, and if the clerk had been an *employé* of one of the most honest firms he could not have felt more uneasy.

Whilst he was making the best of his way home along the half-lighted London streets, Mr. Nicodemus Gasford was plotting mischief in the corner of a first-class carriage in the Westfield evening mail.

SCENE III.—THE ABBEY AT SUNSET.

THE sun was setting behind the hills that shut in the western side of Westfield from the great plains beyond. It was a red autumn sunset, and the glimmer of the ruddy light played upon the Abbey windows like a fire.

In a side chapel, near the eastern end of the edifice, Nicodemus Gasford was moving with a crowbar a ponderous stone which had been partly lain in its bed for cementing on the morrow. The tomb of the Bences had been opened a week previously, and a relative of the family had been lowered into the vault the day before.

"There!" said Gasford, when he had finished his work; "that'll do, I think. If he slips into that he'll not get out again in a hurry."

A malicious, fiendish glare was in the old man's eyes as he surveyed the gaping chasm in which the bones of the Bences were lying in cold and hideous corruption.

"He will be surprised to find me here, but that will be the least surprise awaiting him—the sneaking, malignant cub—marry Bessie Arnold, will he? Be proclaimed Arthur Bence, will he? Make old Gasford restore part of his ill-gotten wealth, will he? And Mrs. Arnold shall be righted, shall she? The star of Gasford is waning, is it? Sneaking hound, and he little thought I overheard his love-making, and his boasting. My son Harry has received his *congé*, has he? Not such a bad fellow, eh? Pity he has such a villain of a father, eh? Mr. Hillyar says so, does he? If Hillyar Betten and Foxwell were to act strictly upon the letter of the law, they could transport old Gasford for life, could they? He has committed down-right forgery, has he? And you always feared him, did you Miss Bessie? His star is setting, eh? By all that's infernal it shall set as red as that sun—it shall set in blood if that sneaking, plotting, smooth-tongued young cub comes here to-night."

Gasford's face worked with all the malignant ferocity of his nature, and every now and then he listened for footsteps.

"Not a bad notion to come in by the door in the cloisters—it might have been left open on purpose. Fate has placed the cub in my hands."

By-and-by the western door opened, and Arthur Merryvale entered the grand old building. A stream of coloured light fell upon the

young man as he advanced to the centre of the nave, looking towards the organ, with pleasant memories of his first meeting with Bessie.

"O! how do you do?" exclaimed Mr. Gasford, before Arthur knew that he was not alone.

The young man started at the unexpected salutation.

"Don't be alarmed, Mr. Merryvale," said Gasford.

"You startled me for a moment," said Arthur, taking the lawyer's proffered hand.

"I learnt accidentally that you had got the Abbey keys for the purpose of seeing the old place at sunset; so it occurred to me I would just look in—just look in, you see, Mr. Merryvale," said Gasford. "You wonder how I got in I see, I see. Why, round by the cloisters. Since we have been putting up this memorial window to my dear old partner Bence, I have hardly missed a day coming in to see how it is getting on."

"Indeed!" said Arthur, a little coldly.

"Hope the Arnolds are well to-day. Falling in love with Bessie has made you romantic, eh? And you thought you would like to see her darling Abbey when the sun was setting, eh? Well, youth will be youth, I suppose; grand sight, sir, at sunset. Look at the red light on those rafters, wonderful, eh? wonderful, is it not?"

"It is, indeed, beautiful," said Arthur, still with considerable restraint.

"Don't care for my chatter, I suppose?" said Gasford. "Well, then, I will leave you—just wanted to see if they had put the plinth up at the window to-day—require so much looking after, those workmen."

"Pray do not go on my account, Mr. Gasford," said Arthur Merryvale. "After all, it is rather a solemn place to be in alone, and the sun is going down very rapidly."

"You are not afraid of ghosts?" said Gasford, with a slight sneer.

"Not so early in the evening as this," said Arthur, smiling.

"I hear you are going to marry Miss Arnold," said Gasford. "I congratulate you, sir; you're a lucky dog—a lucky dog."

"News spreads quickly in small communities, Mr. Gasford," Arthur replied. "I cannot deny the truth of what you have heard."

"Why should you? Why should you?" Gasford asked, with an assumption of frankness. "A charming match I should say; you ought to be a proud young fellow."

"So I am," said Arthur, quite thrown off his guard by Gasford's clever acting.

"Ah, I guess what you are thinking about; you know that my

son was rejected, eh? That's it, isn't it? Never mind, Harry will get over it. We must not quarrel with the victor because we are defeated, Mr. Merryvale. May you be happy, sir. There's my hand on it."

Arthur, full of joyous anticipations, and under the influence of the benign and generous, unsuspecting, forgiving influences of love, took Gasford's hard-knotted hand with a real feeling of gratitude for this exhibition of manly feeling. He could not help doubting at once the truth of the ill-natured things which he had heard about Gasford, and the wily old hypocrite (who would not pause even at murder for the accomplishment of his plans, and the satisfaction of his deep and poisonous malice,) understood his thoughts as well as if they had been spoken.

"You have heard me alluded to as a hard, money-grubbing, malicious old fellow—don't believe it, don't believe it. They don't know me—to be a lawyer here in Westfield is to have bitter enemies—they don't know me, Arthur Merryvale!" and the old man sighed like a martyr to some dreadful calumny. "He knew me," he continued, pointing to the half-finished window over the little chapel near the eastern end. "He knew me."

Arthur (who had known the secret of his birth only during the last week, and had taken his mother into his arms and set her fears at rest by the assurance of his undying affection,) felt a strange, irresistible attraction towards the memorial window to his father.

"Bence, dear old Bence, knew me," said Gasford. "I served him, man and boy, and consoled him in a great trouble; but there, how should Westfield know about that. He lies yonder, sir, and if he could speak—but there let it pass, who cares what the world thinks?—who cares?"

Arthur followed Gasford, who moved slowly towards the window and there was that in his heart which he was almost tempted to disclose to his father's surviving partner; but Gasford, he thought, only knew him as Arthur Merryvale, and the time was not ripe for the secret to be told.

Gasford seemed to creep on to the chapel, with a crouch in his gait like a wild beast ready for a fatal spring; but Arthur's eyes were fixed on the light as it streamed in through the red and yellow and purple figures in the window. Watching him askance through his deep-set eyes, and working his bony hands with a claw-like motion, Gasford stepped aside to let his old master's son enter the little chapel where the father lay.

No sooner had Arthur Merryvale put his foot upon the step than Gasford, seizing a mallet that lay by the tomb, leaped upon his companion with a bitter oath, and struck him a tremendous blow.

A cry of pain, a short scuffle, a heavy fall, and then all was still but the tell-tale echoes that wandered about the place as if calling for vengeance upon the unholy, sacrilegious head of Gasford. In less than the time it takes to relate, these fierce condemnatory echoes died away in terrible whispers. The last red glimmer of the sun faded out, and left the Abbey full of tall grim shadows.

To cover up the dark vault with the mason's stone and leave the Abbey seemed to Gasford the work of hours instead of minutes; and when he slunk out at the western entrance and laid the keys on the stone seat in the portal, he clung to the crumbling walls for support. The cry of his victim was still in his ears, the very shadows that surrounded him seemed to stretch out long hands to stay his flight, the tall gravestones moved before him as if to bar his way; the wind rose and moaned through the tall elms; and a bird disturbed at roost flew down and terrified him so that he had nearly cried for help. In a few minutes, however, he recovered himself somewhat, and left the churchyard unobserved; but the wind followed him on his way homewards, and before he had crept stealthily into his room it blew a hurricane.

*(To be continued.)*

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## NOTES & INCIDENTS.

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WE have the authority of Herbert as to good words being worth much and costing little, whilst a still more ancient author, William of Wykeham, tells us that manners maketh the man. Politeness includes both good words and good manners, things that go far to make a gentleman. Outward acts of courtesy beget inward acts of grace, and in both courtesy and grace we are rivalled by nearly every country of Europe—even Russia, can teach us. Passing a funeral *cortège* all foreigners raise their hats, whilst the Briton,—externally,—no more regards a fellow-traveller going to his long home than he would a waggon of coals borne to a neighbouring vault. In Paris the passage of a hearse in the most crowded thoroughfare will cause all men to uncover, be it a league in length, rich or poor, inside or out, from the *gamin* to the emperor—a mark of respect we should do well to imitate. If but a few of the gentlemen of England raised their hats in respect, if not to an unknown spirit passed away, to sorrowing humanity, it could not fail to find imitators, and thus elevate the tone of the masses, who care little for solemnities or sanctuaries, however holy.

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“A LADY of *bas bleu* celebrity” (Disraeli tells the story), “had two friends whom she equally admired—an elegant poet and his parodist. She had contrived to prevent their meeting as long as her stratagems lasted, till at length she apologised to the serious bard for inviting him when his mock *umbra* was present. Astonished, she perceived that both men of genius felt a mutual esteem for each other’s opposite talent; the ridiculed had perceived no malignity in the playfulness of the parody, and even seemed to consider it as a compliment, aware that parodists do not waste their talent on obscure productions; while the ridiculer himself was very sensible that he was the inferior poet. The lady critic had imagined that parody must necessarily be malicious, and in some cases, it is said, those on

whom the parody has been performed have been of the same opinion." We do not know how Messrs. Reade and Boucicault feel towards Mr. Burnand ; but we presume they ought to regard "Chikkin Hazard" as a great compliment. It is worth while pointing out that the *Punch* burlesque is by no means a close parody of the original. Mr. Burnand has evidently attacked several stories, dramatic and otherwise, and the result is a humorous work that may stand alone without reference to the novel which has supplied so much of the material. It would be utterly impossible to dramatise "Chikkin Hazard." The piece at the Queen's Theatre is founded upon the Holborn version of "Foul Play."

THE anniversary of the Newspaper Press Fund, under the presidency of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., is an incident which calls for a note from us. The founder of *The Gentleman's Magazine* was the founder of our system of parliamentary reporting. Sir Simon D'Ewes generally gets the credit of being the first of our parliamentary reporters. He took notes of the discussions in the House from Queen Elizabeth's reign ; and these notes, transcribed in long-hand, may still be seen in the British Museum. But Sir Simon D'Ewes simply took those for his own information. He was an amateur ; and his notes were a species of memorandum, not parliamentary reports. Edward Cave was the first of our parliamentary reporters, and it is to his ingenuity and audacity that we must trace the system of reporting that in our day has been carried to such a high degree of perfection. He was a writer of London news-letters ; and to eke out the scraps of gossip which he picked up in the coffee-houses of Cheapside and Fleet Street, he hit upon the idea of giving an account of the proceedings of parliament. He was soon discovered, convicted, and ordered into the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms for a violation of the privileges of parliament. The House held it to be "an indignity to and a breach of the privileges of this House for any person to presume to give, in written or printed newspapers, any account or minute of the debates or other proceedings." That resolution was passed by the House of Commons on the 28th of February, 1728, a hundred and forty years ago ; and it is still, we presume, to be found in the journals of parliament. But Edward Cave was not exactly the man to be crushed by a fine or a resolution. There was a deep and growing interest in the proceedings of parliament ; and Cave established *The Gentleman's Magazine* partly to minister to this curiosity. He published his first parliamentary report in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1734. It was very short and scrappy ; and it was apparently published only as a feeler to test the temper of the House of Commons. The report took. The House passed it over in silence. In May, Cave lengthened his sketch. He gave an outline of the principal speeches under the initials of the speakers. This plan was kept up for a couple of years, and then Cave added the names. This was too much for the sensitive temper of the House. It was a distinct violation of their resolution ; and so, upon the suggestion of

Speaker Onslow, the House of Commons once more expressed their disapprobation of parliamentary reports ; and Cave, yielding to the menace of the Speaker and Sir Robert Walpole, at once adopted the device of publishing his parliamentary sketches under the disguise of "The Debates in the Senate of Magna Lilliputia." The Dukes in these reports figured as "Nardacs," the Lords as "Hurgoes," the Commons as "Clinabs." By systematically using these titles, and by adding some form of the name of the Speaker, as Bedfyrt for Bedford, Cave still continued to publish an intelligible account of the proceedings of parliament in *The Gentleman*. How Cave's notes of the speeches in parliament were written out by his secretary Johnson behind the screen in the office at St. John's Gate all the world knows. It was hazardous work ; and Cave was frequently in hot water with the Houses about the reports of *The Gentleman*. But in the course of years parliament relaxed its severity ; and then the reports of *The Gentleman* were superseded by those of Perry and his staff of shorthand writers in the *Morning Chronicle*. The rule, however, which was put in force against *The Gentleman's Magazine* is still the rule of the House. It is a breach of privilege to publish any report of the proceedings of the Houses of Parliament ; and either House may any day order the reporters out of their gallery, and carry on their debates with closed doors. Of course neither of them ever will exercise this power again ; and *The Gentleman* may yet perhaps live to see the Speaker of the House of Commons taking the chair at the anniversary banquet of the parliamentary reporters, with the editor of the *Times* on the one hand and the editor of *The Gentleman's Magazine* on the other. Perhaps for the evening, too, Mr. Home might extend the reporters' invitation to the shade of Cave ? and, by way of making the *amende honorable*, the leader of the House might propose a bumper, to be drunk in solemn silence, to the spectral visitor, as the founder of a system which is now acknowledged to be the natural complement of popular government under parliamentary institutions.

THE experiment of a series of performances of French plays at the St. James's Theatre, has been resumed this season, and the plays have attracted distinguished and fashionable audiences. Fortunately, these audiences have for the most part been regaled with worthier fare than was set before them a year ago, when it was apparently the opinion of the directors that the farces from the Palais Royale, were the most likely things to interest a cultivated public. The severe strictures passed by the best portion of the critical press upon "Le Caporal et La Payse," "Chez une Petite Dame," and other pieces of a like nature, must have undeceived the managers ; though even this year we have to regret the presence in the programme of "J'invite le Colonel," and other stories of low intrigue. But good service has been done by presenting to the English public the "Maitre Guerin" of M. Emile Augier, and the "Nos Intimes" of M. Victorien Sardou ; both of them productions which should interest, and which *have* interested, intellectual playgoers. M. Augier is



the deepest, as well as the most polished, dramatic writer of his day; he mixes in his comedies the truest pathos with the bitterest satire. M. Sardou touches more lightly, and perhaps more piquantly, on the follies of the period—though his plays are not without their emotional scenes. M. Ravel, whose Parisian reputation is entirely that of a low comedian, has shown to English audiences that he is a discriminating and capable artist in almost every branch of his profession. He has been well supported by M. Chandora, M. Mercier, and other actors; but the female characters at the St. James's have for the most part been weakly played. Mdlle. Deschamps is a trained actress who rarely makes a great mistake; but she has no original power. Mdlle. Milla, the chief *soubrette* of the company, is really a very unsatisfactory imitation of Schneider: we are to have the original shortly. On the whole, however, there is reason to be content with these performances; though with the Gymnase company—whose advent has been talked of—intellectual London would be still better pleased.

MANY and passing strange are the vagaries of the lightning flash. A newspaper cutting tells us that, during a late thunderstorm which broke over Chambery, in Savoy, some soldiers took refuge beneath a chestnut tree: the tree was struck by the lightning, and one of the men was killed. *On the arm of the dead man appeared the exact delineation of a branch of the tree.* This announcement is very likely to meet with discredit, but it is doubtless perfectly true, for analogous phenomena have been frequently recorded. Four years ago a case occurred in France: a gardener was gathering pears from a tree that was struck; he was killed, and on his chest the branches and leaves of the pear-tree were distinctly imprinted. Bernhold reports that in 1795 a clergyman's house was struck, and the wife was slightly injured by the fluid; she wore a dress of a red-flower pattern, and it was found that the flowers of the design were perfectly reproduced upon the skin of one arm. Again, a sailor asleep at the prow of a vessel was struck by a flash which in its course had penetrated a sail bearing the mark "44," in metal characters; these figures were afterwards found faithfully depicted on the man's breast. A white wall had painted upon it in dusky colour the outline of a person sheltered beneath it and attacked by the fluid. May we not recognize in these curious electrograms the germ of some future mode of telegraphing by electricity?

"FOUL PLAY," by Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault, is a literary curiosity in more senses than one. No serial story has ever been treated so strangely. Written for *Once a Week*, it was parodied, simultaneously with its weekly appearance, in *Punch*. Some time before the story was finished, the public were in possession of the complete work in the usual three volume shape, together with two dramatic versions, one by Reade, the other by Boucicault; and on the day that "Finis" is printed in *Once a Week*, Mr. Burnand produces a burlesque, entitled "Fowl Play," at the

Queen's Theatre. The novel itself is a curious one. When we say that Mr. Boucicault supplied the plot, we need scarcely add that it is not original. But Mr. Reade has worked it out with great freshness and vigour. That part of the story which lingers about the island, is full of quaint, attractive description. The dialogue is sparkling and epigrammatic; and the incidents carry modern novel readers into an entirely new world. In the future, however, Mr. Reade had better rely on his own powers. At all events, he gains nothing by calling in the assistance of Mr. Dion Boucicault.

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THE current daily news contained in one morning newspaper offers a startling contrast to the records of a month in the early days of *The Gentleman's Magazine*. We take up a single paper of a fortnight ago. It gives particulars of the execution of a criminal who had attempted to murder the English Prince Alfred; the name of the successor to Prince Michael of Servia, who was assassinated in open day; and a telegram announcing the death of the Princess Ouka-Constantinovitch, who was wounded during the attack on the Servian ruler. In addition to these startling items of intelligence the paper reported several strange law trials, and printed sufficient foreign gossip from "Our own Correspondent" to have served MR. SYLVANUS URBAN in the old days for volumes of narrative and comment. Fancy Dr. Johnson learning from a sort of wayside letter in the papers that Sir Robert Napier, on leaving Abyssinia, had, as a small token of the English Queen's regard, presented a native king with "eight hundred and fifty-four smooth-bore muskets with bayonets, three hundred and forty thousand rounds of ammunition, fourteen barrels of gunpowder, and numerous other articles."

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IT sounds like a mere truism to say that no city in Europe contains such a store of objects of the highest historical importance as Rome. And we have so often told our readers, in the pages of the Old Series of this Magazine, what has been done and still is being done in the way of exploration and excavation in "the Holy City," that it is all but superfluous for us to add that, while the sanction of the Papal Government is continued to our countrymen, there is no place in the world where so many important discoveries may be made, or so much valuable historical information be gained, by a very moderate outlay of money, as in the city which, to say the least, was the centre of European civilisation and art for more than a thousand years. There are many historical questions for our future Niebuhrs, and Arnolds, and Mommsens, which can be solved only by a far more careful and attentive examination of the ruins of ancient Rome than has ever yet been bestowed upon them. As a proof of this, we would only refer to the church of San Clemente, where recent excavation has brought to light not only the house occupied by St. Clement, the friend and cotemporary of St. Paul, but also the original structure on which that house was built, of as early a date as the old

Roman kings. But besides this, there occur in classical authors, such as Horace, Juvenal, and Martial, many passages where the meaning is disputed, and which, with our present knowledge, fairly admit of two interpretations, but of which the one could be proved right and the other wrong by archæological investigation alone. Now to enable our friends of the British Archæological Society of Rome to carry out these researches, they must be able to see the actual construction of the various public buildings; but the foss-ways of the ancient kings have been so filled up during the period of the empire, and by the accumulation of rubbish of old buildings during the Middle Ages, and in modern times, that many portions of the original constructions are buried twenty feet, or even more, below the surface of the soil. It is plain, then, that it is only by steady and patient exploration that the work can be accomplished, and steady and patient exploration cannot be carried out without means. If money is forthcoming, the work must progress; but if the "sinews of war" are stopped, the exploration will have to be stopped also.

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IF any one desires to enjoy the excitement of a spiritual séance without the assistance of a Home or a Davenport, he may do so by drinking a decoction of hemp-resin or *haschish*. M. Mannel, a French Bachelor of Letters, writes to the editor of the *Scientific Review* to state his opinion that this drug is put into the tea which is provided at the majority of spiritual meetings. He says that its effects are to make the mind become the slave of any fantastic idea suggested by any person present; that under its influence you feel as if you were walking in the air, and that all sense of distance is destroyed. The editor referred to has tried the narcotic, and fully confirms his correspondent's statement concerning its marvellous properties; and he expresses his willingness to believe that it, or something like it, has often been administered by experts for purposes of illusion or delusion. Nevertheless, it does not appear that *haschish* is the spiritualists' *vade mecum*, for at many séances no beverage whatever is offered or taken; so we must still wait for the solution of spiritual mysteries till a medium and a philosopher shall be found who are open-handed and open-minded enough to co-operate for a thorough ventilation of the whole subject.

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ON the 30th day of May, 1868, the last public execution that England will probably ever witness took place in front of the Old Bailey. On the spot where so many seething crowds have assembled to witness the last agonies of condemned criminals, Michael Barrett was hanged for committing the detestable crime that killed, and maimed, and drove mad, so many poor and innocent people around the Clerkenwell prison. The crowd was of the usual sort. An incident occurred that ought to be preserved as an indication of the kind of spirit that was wont to animate these gatherings at public executions. The fatal hour was approaching, and the hungry eyes of the spectators were

beginning to distend with an eagerness only paralleled by the fierce impatience of the beasts at a menagerie as feeding-time draws nigh. Suddenly a disturbance occurred near the barriers that kept the crowd from the foot of the scaffold, and a well-dressed man was thrown over with blackened eyes and bleeding face. He had been roughly handled by the "roughs," and the police were humanely leading him away, when he begged piteously to be allowed to stay to see the forthcoming spectacle. He had come, he said, to see the — hanged, and he would see him. Seeing a police inspector standing by, the bleeding wretch hiccupped forth, "I say, inspector, let me stay to see the — hanged, and I'll stand a bottle of champagne." This shows what kind of influence public executions have had upon men's minds, and may well reconcile us to the new law which enacts that the punishment of death shall henceforth be inflicted within the prison walls.

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ENGLISH honours in the matter of arctic research are in great jeopardy. A German exploring party set sail for the North Pole on May 24, in a brand new vessel of 80 tons burthen, called the *Germania*, and commanded by Captain Koldewey. Their intention is to make straight for the Pole by the east coast of Greenland, and pass it if possible; in that case continuing the route towards Behring's Straits. If they fail to reach beyond 80° lat. by the first of this month of July, the party will stop and make a new survey of Gilliss' Land, to the east of Spitzbergen. The first island or cape discovered is to be called by the name *Breusing*, after the director of the marine school of Bremen; but the most important discovery is to perpetuate the name of *King William*. Then on the 15th of this July, a Swedish expedition is to depart on a similar journey. Several naturalists are to accompany it, and arrangements are talked of for making some important geodetical observations. The Swedish Government contribute an excellent screw steamer, victualled for a year; but (and let this fact be marked) the funds are supplied by some private gentlemen. There was to have been a French arctic expedition this year; we have heard nothing of it lately, but it does not follow that the scheme has fallen through. Strange if there should be a meeting of nations at the North Pole, and England not be there.

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THE foreigner in search of materials for a history of British civilisation would certainly find his most startling illustrations in the Black Country, much as that district is occasionally maligned. A recent incident of the Wolverhampton police court deserves recording as a striking example of that barbarism which Mr. Lowe associates with a large section of the working classes. Two girls, Emma Ford and Louisa Buggins, were in love with the same young workman. They resolved to settle "who should be dearest" by a fight. They fixed a time and place, met, partially stripped, and "set to" in presence of the young man and a large number of spectators. The police interfered, and the combatants were fined for disturbing the peace.

## CORRESPONDENCE OF SYLVANUS URBAN.

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### RED POTTERY FRAGMENTS.

MR. URBAN,—The other day, as the workmen in a gravel-pit near Bedford were removing the upper earth, the subsidence of a portion of the face of the pit showed that the original soil had been disturbed—an appearance which always causes us to look out for Roman or Saxon relics. The section thus made indicated that a small hole about eighteen inches in diameter and two feet deep had been once excavated. The earth filled in was darker than that of the undisturbed sides, and at the bottom there were small fragments of charcoal. I made a careful examination of all the dark earth, and found several fragments of the bright red ware, usually described as Samian. No urn or other relics were there. The red-ware fragments were scupulously collected, and on attempting to join them together, I discovered that no complete vessel could be made up, but that they were fragments of three distinct vessels,—a small bowl, two inches high, one and a half inch diameter at base, four inches at top; a patera, with turned rim, bearing a leaf ornament; and a plain saucer, without rim. Now there was nothing uncommon in the forms of either of these vessels, but the fact of their being found together in a so-called grave, all imperfect,—a circumstance which I have observed several times before—is noteworthy. I have been impressed with the idea, that fragments as well as perfect vessels were deposited on certain occasions, and I beg to offer it for the consideration of better antiquaries than myself. There is reason to believe that this red-ware was imported into this country, and that it was much valued by the Romans, as well as by the natives. We know that the Saxons highly esteemed it. In ancient graves found near Bedford and elsewhere, pieces of Samian ware have been discovered with undoubted Saxon remains, and these fragments of red-ware have been worked into discs and spindle-whorls. Is it not probable that when this pottery was broken, the fragments were still esteemed as articles of rarity, or from having been used by certain persons, were deposited with their ashes by surviving relatives or friends? That this ware was imported, I think there is evidence in the small bowl above described. It bears the stamp of TIBERI · M, who it is known was a Romano-Gaulish manufacturer of this pottery, on the banks of the Allier, near the present village of Toulon, and a little out of the high road from Paris. In *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Dec., 1860, and the "Collectanea Antiqua," vol. vi., notices are given of the potteries

there discovered, with illustrations from an elaborate work by M. Edward Tudot on the subject of the Romano-Gaulish Fictilia. One of M. Tudot's illustrations is an autograph of this Tiberius the potter inscribed on a piece of ware with a stylus; and the cut is also given in the "Collec-tanea," at page 68.

My plea for thus troubling you and your readers with this note must be, that in investigating questions however large, it is not safe to discard evidence even of apparently the smallest import.

JAMES WYATT.

*Bedford.*

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#### THE CHAMPION'S GOLD CUP.

MR. URBAN,—It would have made a pretty foot note to Mr. Cook's article on the "Champion's Challenge" in your April Number, had he mentioned the anecdote of the loss of the gold cups. The incident happened, I believe, to the last champion but one. He was a perfect cripple from gout, and could not move out of his chair. One fine summer afternoon he was sitting in his dining room alone. On the sideboard were ranged (or in a case, but I cannot exactly say) all the gold cups that the champions past and the champion then present had received. He saw a man come in with a bag, and deliberately bag the cups and walk out. He of course roared and yelled and rang the bell at his hand, but it was of no avail. The plot had been well arranged by some London "experts," who had organised a Punch and Judy show in the stable yard, at which all the servants and household were "assisting." And the cool thief got clear off with his booty.

R. H. DAVIES.

*178, Oakley Street, Chelsea.*

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#### HERALDIC ANOMALIES.

MR. URBAN,—Before it is possible to discuss the propriety of the Duke of Norfolk's subscription to his name, as questioned by "A. P. S.," the time, title, and functions of the hereditary office in dispute should be explained. I am not at the present moment within reach of the necessary books of reference, but if, as I believe, the Earl-Marshal is a definite title, with definite duties, it would be as incorrect for his grace to call himself a Marshal, as it would be for a Lord-Lieutenant to call himself a Lieutenant.

The signature of Vane Londonderry arose from the fact that the earldom of Vane was conferred on the late Marquis with remainder to his second son. It was therefore a separate and distinct peerage from the marquise. There are other reasons for adopting a prefix to a title. The present Lord Oranmore, when Geoffry Browne, assumed, in accordance with the provisions of the will of his father-in-law, the name of Guthrie; but succeeding about the same time to the peerage, his lordship feared that, in signing Oranmore, he might invalidate his claim to the property attached to the name of Guthrie. The highest legal opinion was taken

upon the subject, when it was decided that Lord Oranmore should adopt the signature of Guthrie-Oranmore. Similar reasons probably apply to the signature of Noel-Byron, Gascoigne-Salisbury, &c.

I was not aware, till informed by "A. P. S.," that in Scotland the wife of "Chisholm" is called Mrs. Chisholm. In Ireland the wife of "the O'Grady" is Madame O'Grady. While on this subject, may I ask if there is any complete list of those whose claims to these ancient titles is generally admitted; and also whether any authority is ever quoted for some of the more fanciful appellations assumed? The titles commonly recognised, as far as they are known to me, are the O'Connor Don, the Knight of Kerry, the White Knight, the O'Grady of Kilballyowen, the Macgillycuddy of the Reeks and Prince of the Mists, the O'Donoghue of the Glens, the Prince of Coolavin (Macdermot), and the O'Gorman Mahon.—I am, &c.

H. P.

#### CADDY CWM GLAS.

"Robust are the females, hard labour attends them,  
With the fist they could knock down the man who offends them."

MR. URBAN,—The above quaint though not very elegant lines are taken from a poem written by a Birmingham poet on Margaret Uch Evan, whose deeds you have honoured with notice in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for June, and I think them quite as appropriate to her cousin, Caddy Cwm Glas, of whom I have much pleasure in sending you a short account.

Caddy lived some sixty-eight years ago in a very romantic valley called Cwm Glas (the Blue Vale), about two miles from Llanberis, and was best known to the *gamins* of Caernarvon by the name of "the Woman with the Beard." These charming appendages to manly faces were then rarely seen in Wales on male chins. The individual daring enough to wear one would immediately have been written down "a Jew;" but Mrs. Caddy having been given by nature this masculine adornment, never shaved it off. She carried it bravely, and threw many a fall with the miners who presumed to tease her about it; for she, like her relative, Peggy Uch Evan, was a splendid wrestler.

A gentleman, a Mr. David Jones, the proprietor of copper mines in the vicinity, rallied her one day on her great strength, and laughingly said he did not believe half the stories he had been told respecting her prowess. Caddy replied in perfect good humour, promising to give him a specimen of her ability the first opportunity that offered. Next day, as he was standing on the pier at Caernarvon, talking to some of his men who were below in a boat, Caddy came quietly behind him, and lifting him from the ground in one hand held him over the water, declaring she would drop him into it, unless he recanted all he had said the previous morning, and frankly admitted her claim to be called "strong-armed." Mr. Jones, I need scarcely say, gladly accepted the offered conditions, and confessed his mistake.

Caddy's cottage stood in a lonely part of the valley. And as she was

returning home from work one evening she met an ugly-looking fellow walking off with some of her property, in the shape of a bag, which she immediately recognised; so she boldly went up to him, and insisted on his giving back her wallet, together with any portion of its contents which might belong to her. He accordingly produced some cheese and bacon, which she claimed; but on entering the house she discovered a silk handkerchief, which she had left on the table, was gone, and taking the top rail of the garden gate in her hand, she directly started in pursuit of the thief, overtook him, and brandishing her cudgel over his head, seized a second bag which he carried from under his arm, emptied its contents on the ground, selected her own things, and then threw, with more of temper than dignity, the dirty sack in his face, giving him, by way of a parting blessing, two hearty thwacks over his broad shoulders with her rail.

One incident, however, in Caddy's life exemplified to her that great strength is no match for science. She was wrestling at a fair, had thrown several lords of the creation, when a little man, a stranger and an Englishman, offered to *fight* Caddy Cwm Glas. Caddy's friends were scornfully indignant at his presumption, and the lady condescendingly consented to accept his challenge. Pugilistic skill was superior to physical power. Poor Caddy was vanquished.

HELEN E. WATNEY.

*The Lodge, Hambleden, Hants.*

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#### CROQUET.

MR. URBAN,—The paper on "Croquet" in your last is a most useful one. The author's idea that tight croquet should be abolished is partly acted upon in this neighbourhood. We allow it to *friends* only, and the result is quite satisfactory. Ladies' balls are now never sent to long distances, and smaller lawns therefore suffice for the game.

R. V.

*Pershore.*

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#### ANSWERS.

MR. URBAN,—Brinsley Sheridan was the author of the couplet, "You write with ease," &c., quoted in your last, and inquired after by "Anticographus."

With regard to the question asked by Mr. John Noake concerning "Habington's Worcestershire," it is repeated in *Notes and Queries* this week. The editor informs one "F. N. G." that the history proposed to be published by Cooksey was never printed. Everybody knows that. What Mr. Noake wishes to find is the MS. It is no doubt in some old chest belonging perhaps to Mr. Cooksey's executors.

I hope these letters may result in the "copy" being disinterred.

Yours truly,

*Malvern, June 14.*

L. H.



## OBITUARY MEMOIRS.<sup>a</sup>

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### RAJAH BROOKE.

FIRST and foremost in our necrology this month stands the name of the greatest of modern representative men, Sir James Brooke, K.C.B., late Rajah of Sarâwak, a man who has made the English name to be respected and loved in the Eastern seas. He died at his seat in South Devon, on Thursday, the 11th instant, at the early age of 55.

The leading events of his life have been recorded in the daily papers, but a mere record of dry facts does little justice to his character as the model "knight-adventurer" of the middle of the nineteenth century. An "adventurer" indeed he was, but only in the highest and truest and best sense, as a noble and unselfish philanthropist, who if he sought for honour and fame, sought it by advancing the highest and best interests of his fellow-men, and by sowing through the Eastern Archipelago the seeds of Western commerce, civilisation, and law.

It was as far back as the year 1830 that, having lost his commission in the Indian army by accidentally overstaying his furlough, he found himself thrown on his own resources, and forced, as it were, to chalk out a career for himself. As a boy he had loved nothing so well as "Robinson Crusoe," and books of foreign adventure; and he resolved to penetrate those Eastern seas of which he had often read in childhood, and some portion of which he had just seen, and no more, in the Burmese campaign a few years previously. The death of his father put him in possession of the means of indulging this idea, and he purchased a yacht of 140 tons burden, the *Royalist*, in which he set sail, towards the close of 1838, from the mouth of the Thames, with a crew trained to obey him and feel faith in his command. We find him first reaching Sarâwak in the following summer with a cargo of antimony ore, and then lending his services to a native chief, Muda Hassim, uncle of the Sultan, in the suppression of a rebellion. The next step was for Muda Hassim to recommend the Sultan to entrust Sarâwak to the care and government of the able Englishman, and forthwith James Brooke was duly installed as Rajah.

It was in order to carry the blessings of law and civilisation into the Eastern Archipelago that he had set sail for Borneo, and he was not now about to neglect or forget the great end which he had proposed to himself. The natives of the island were given to habits of piracy, and the horrors of slavery were not matters of mere tradition there. These evils, he felt, must be met boldly, and reformed forthwith; and for him to

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<sup>a</sup> It seems to us desirable that we should inform the reader that our "Obituary Memoirs" are not necessarily notices of deaths which have taken place during the current month.

resolve was to perform. He soon attached to himself the native rulers by the tie of affection, and pursuing war as a pastime chased the pirates to their retreats, and scoured them from the seas, as Minos did, or is said to have done, some two or three thousand years before, in the seas around Crete and the Greek Archipelago. But these *destructive* measures were only the preliminary steps to a beneficent and *constructive* policy of amelioration. And what was that policy? It was not the kind of military despotism which was the natural resort of the adventurers of the Middle Ages, who ruled with the strong hand what they had gained by the strong hand, and portioned off their dominion among their followers, made ministers without any qualities of statesmanship. Brooke went alone among the Dyaks, not as a conqueror, but to live among them, in order to be at their service. His opinions as to their welfare were at their call; so were his time, his faculties, and his experience; but he desired them to govern themselves, so far as to agree on the objects and principles of government. They were ruled through their own reason, enlightened by his, and not merely by his will. Indeed, it may be doubted whether anything like this was ever seen before, since Europeans began to go forth among barbaric tribes,

During certain hours of the day he sat or walked in public, like one of the old patriarchs, to administer a rude but even-handed justice among the Dyaks, who all looked up to his "raj" as the centre of authority. He resolved, also, that his sway should not be a source of expense to his people; and that not a tax should be levied upon them while a shred of his own property remained in his hands; and while he himself lived on from day to day in the constant expectation of piratical attacks from strangers to his rule, his own people were progressing day by day in comfort, security, enlightenment, and social institutions.

It is not our business to discuss the policy of England in regard to the Eastern Archipelago. If the advice of Sir Stamford Raffles did not avail to prevent our consigning that important region of the globe to perdition and the Dutch, it is hardly reasonable to hope that Brooke's information and counsel would avail to use the remaining opportunity. It is enough to refer here to the one thing which determined the fate of Brooke and his enterprise: the vacillation of the English government. The British flag once protected Saráwak; and great was the benefit to the community, native and European, and to their friends and their enemies. We had once a settlement at Labuan, and Brooke was the governor; and then again, the government drew back. At one time there was every reason to hope that British protection would give us the benefit of the harbours of Borneo for refuge and for trade; and of the coal which abounds there, exactly in the best place for our steamers; and of the best telegraphic centre that could be desired, for the sake of Australia, China, and India, all extending on different sides: and the anxious hopes of Brooke rose high; and then again they were dashed by some apathy or some mysterious reluctance on the part of government; or overthrown by a mere change of the administration at home. Add to this the fact that for the rude discipline which he was obliged to adopt towards the pirate hordes, his conduct was severely criticised and censured by Mr. Joseph Hume, and other mem-

bers of the Imperial parliament, and his "raj" was made the subject of official inquiry, which he felt to be almost equivalent to an official censure.

But through all these difficulties he carried on his rule just as if the fate of his people depended on himself. He came triumphantly out of an inquiry into his character as Rajah of Sarawak, which could never have been countenanced by any government which understood the man. The result confirmed his influence in his dominions; and the revolt of the Chinese, when his faithful Dyaks saved him from death and his house from burning and plunder, was the occasion of proving what the relation between himself and his people really was. Long before this, the wife of the missionary bishop M'Dougall had written an anecdote of the obeisance of a Dyak before the portrait of his "great Rajah," and had borne witness "how deep in the hearts of the natives lie love and reverence for Sir James Brooke:" and now the love and reverence came out in action, so as to move and convince the most sceptical of objectors.

What hard work in the East could not do, however, was speedily effected by mistrust and jealousy at home working on a sensitive and generous disposition. Some ten years ago he had a slight paralytic seizure which threatened serious consequences, and forced him to return to England. From that time one or two short visits paid to the island of his adoption, filled up the intervals of the forced inaction to which broken health and spirits reduced him, his rule in the East being administered by the hand of a relative. His library and house in Borneo having been burnt, a subscription was raised in England to replace them; and as the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge headed the lists, the amount raised was such as to enable him to purchase a small property in the south of Devon, where he ended his days in peace and tranquillity.

Time, which tones down all things, has made the death of the Rajah of Sarawak a far less important historical incident than it would have been had it occurred a quarter of a century ago. Then it had been a matter for fair debate in Parliament whether the conqueror of the Dyaks was a strong-minded philanthropist or a rapacious oppressor, and the extent to which the national honour was involved in the actions of Sir James Brooke became a matter for grave deliberation. It is unnecessary to revive the discussions which followed the determined suppression of the Dyak revolt, or to minutely trace the incidents of a career which made "the Rajah" a terrible name to thousands of semi-civilised people. That so eventful a history should terminate peacefully, in a quiet English village, and that the country neighbour of the Devon squires—the paralytic old gentleman, whose failing health drew kindly sympathy from the humble people near—should be the Sir James Brooke who created a nationality, and who ruled Sarawak by the grace of his own right hand, has in it something of the irony of events. That the governorship of Labuan is regarded as a kind of parliamentary pension, and should be now held as a reward for party zeal, sounds again like a satire upon the stormy times in which the post was created, and the Rajah made the representative of the English crown.

But Sir James Brooke, as one of the "representative men" of our country, belongs not to this age, but to history. He was no American

filibuster—that corrupt and retrograde specimen of the buccaneer of the Middle Ages; he was no plunderer and maurader, like Walker in Nicaragua or Mexico. An “adventurer” in the best sense of the word, his life was a perpetual, and in the main, successful struggle against circumstances to which weaker men would have succumbed. Once in power he suppressed piracy, aided commerce, and promoted civilisation in his own summary and effective way. Like some potentates nearer home, when his own authority was secured he promoted public liberty within such limits as he himself prescribed. The Asiatics under him were taught some of the forms of constitutional government, and Saráwak is now ruled by a native council who act under the advice but not under the thralldom of the European governor. Brooke was such a nature as Carlyle loves to describe and his far-seeing policy, his romantic career, and bold and resolute deeds, rank him with such men as Blake and Raleigh, as Hastings and Clive.

To use the eloquent words of a high modern authority, Sir James Brooke, instead of seizing on Saráwak, like a buccaneer of old, gave himself to Saráwak; not grasping at the reins of government, so as to get them into his own hands, and found in his own family an hereditary sovereignty, but placing them in the hands of the natives, and teaching them how to use them for themselves. Instead of extorting a fortune from the Dyaks, and returning to England to be created a peer or a baronet, he sacrificed his private fortune for their interests, and spent his worldly goods upon them freely and generously. It has been the world's wonder what sort of Christians Coster and his comrades could have been in their day; and the world now sees, by a plain and unmistakeable example, what sort of a Christian the true knight-adventurer may be. One thing about him, however, is certain; and that is, that his name will not speedily be forgotten, either in England or in the Eastern Archipelago, where the name of Mosor Tuan, the “great good man,” will long recal the memory of the able and impartial ruler of one of the truest and most perfect specimens of nature's own nobility.

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#### JAMES BUCHANAN.

ANOTHER death which we have to chronicle is that of James Buchanan, ex-President of the United States, after some years spent in retirement from public affairs. A native of Franklin county, Pennsylvania, though of Irish extraction, he was called to the American bar in 1812, when not yet twenty years of age. In 1815 he had gained a high position at the bar and was elected to the State Legislature, where he became a strong maintainer of Free-trade principles. In 1831 he was sent as Minister to St. Petersburg, and signed the first commercial treaty between Russia and the United States. His attention was early directed to the slave-trade agitation, and he was one of the first to ask Congress to declare that the question of slavery must be settled by the States severally. He was also one of the strongest defenders of the American position in the Mexican war. Appointed American Minister at the Court of St. James' in 1853, he represented the United States' interests with dignity, courtesy, and

vigour. The Aix-la-Chapelle conference of American ministers in Europe on the Central American question gave him the opportunity of drawing up the state paper which gave him the most lasting fame, "The Ostend Manifesto," as it was called. He returned to America in 1856, and in the November of the same year was elected to the Presidency by the democrats. Entering on his duties in the midst of the anti-slavery agitation, he found his four years of office but stormy ones, having to contend on the one hand with the pro-Slavery Congress-men, and with the Abolitionists on the other, while hampered by the attacks of a third party, "the Squatter sovereignty," the bone of dispute being the question of slavery in the territories. In 1860 Mr. Buchanan gave his countenance to the extreme Southern Democrats, and parties being equally balanced between the rival claims of Mr. Douglas and Mr. Breckenridge, the result was the election of Abraham Lincoln. He laboured to the last for peace, and never gave up the hope of seeing matters in dispute between the North and the South settled by a compromise, though the result showed that his hopes were unfounded. In 1866 he published a vindication of his policy as President, and he always prophesied that he would be the last President of the "United" States in their entirety. The last few years of his life he passed in seclusion and retirement, beloved by his neighbours and the inhabitants of the village where he lived. He was a first-rate orator and debater, and remarkable for his sage experience and knowledge of public men. His administration was strong and vigorous, and his death carries away one of the last, if not the very last, of those statesmen who have combined the maintenance of a vigorous policy towards foreign states with a conservative policy in home affairs.

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#### THE QUEEN OF ABYSSINIA.

LAST month we recorded the death of Theodore, King of Abyssinia. He perished by his own hand on the 13th of March. We have now to chronicle the death of his widow, who survived him only just two months. She died on the 15th of May, in the English camp, and the cause of her death, we are told, was consumption, hastened on, no doubt, by grief at the loss of her consort. She became the second wife of the deceased monarch about ten years ago, and her little son, Dejatch Alameo, now about eight years old, is to be brought up under English teaching, either at Bombay, or elsewhere. She was the daughter of the late king's unfortunate rival, Oubié, and was only twenty-five years of age. She is described as having been graceful and handsome, and it is almost needless to add that she was treated with all becoming respect by her captors.

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#### SIR H. HALFORD.

ANOTHER personage has passed away who deserves a few lines in these pages, Sir Henry Halford, Bart., who was for nearly thirty years the Conservative M.P. for South Leicestershire. The descendant of an old cavalier who fought for King Charles I., and received him into his house

at Wistow, a few days only before the battle of Naseby, he was the son of the late eminent Court Physician of the same name. His zealous and persevering efforts while in Parliament on behalf of the frame-work knitters in his own and the adjoining counties, though unsuccessful in bringing legislation to bear on the subject, were not without lasting fruits in the amelioration of the condition of the working classes of his native county, by whom he will be gratefully remembered. In former years he took a leading part in the management of county business, turning his attention especially to the discipline and treatment of the inmates of the county gaol. Since his retirement from parliamentary life he had spent much time and labour upon researches into the history of the first French Revolution, a work upon which he was engaged when a stroke of paralysis stopped his pen last autumn. He was an accomplished classic. More than thirty years ago he published a translation from Statius, on the marriage of Stella and Violantilla, which is not devoid of elegance; and he was a correct composer in the Latin language, both in verse and prose. He was also a good modern linguist, and acquainted with the works of the chief French and German political philosophers, economists, and historians.

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#### ROBERT CHAMBERS.

ON the 4th of June, in a very humble inn at the village of St. Anthony's, on the banks of the Tyne, there died Robert Chambers, the ex-aquatic champion of the world. Oarsmen of renown are not uncommon in the southern portion of Great Britain; and Thames, Tyne, and Wear, have from time to time witnessed the performances of watermen who could hold their own upon their "native element" against rivals from every quarter of the globe. But Robert Chambers stood by himself amongst all these. He was not only the first oarsman of his day, but the first oarsman whose deeds are recorded in the annals of boating; and now that the passion for this form of a manly sport is every year more fully developed, he ought not to be allowed to pass away unnoticed. His career was, up to a recent period, an unbroken record of splendid victories; and both in its successes and defeats it affords boating-men of every rank some useful lessons. A puddler by trade, he worked in his youth at one of the great forges on the banks of the Tyne; but early becoming acquainted with Harry Clasper, the veteran inventor of the outrigger, now exclusively used as the racing-boat, he became associated with him as a member of the champion four-oared crew which so long maintained the supremacy of the Tyne over the Thames. After taking part in some notable struggles in this character, young Chambers determined to test his qualities in single combat, and choosing a worthy antagonist in the person of Tom White, of London, he challenged him to a race on the Tyne, which, when it took place, proved one of the most remarkable contests upon record. The two men started fair, and kept well together for the first quarter of a mile, but when that distance had been gone over, Chambers, who was rowing hard, came suddenly in collision with a keel, and was detained for several minutes before he could extricate himself. In the meantime

White went gallantly ahead, and had got a start of nearly two hundred yards, when his antagonist was able to resume the race. Everybody believed that the struggle was decided—everybody, that is to say, except Chambers, who, warming to his work, rowed with such wonderful strength and speed that he had overhauled White within a mile, and came in first at the winning post by more than a hundred yards. This one match settled his position as the best oarsman of his day, and when he shortly afterwards invaded the Thames, and defeated its champion, Harry Kelley, by two hundred yards, his victory was taken as a mere matter of course by his supporters. As champion of England he held his own for six years against all comers, easily defeating not only the rivals who sprang up both on the Tyne, but those who came from distant quarters—notable amongst the latter being Green, the Australian sculler. At last, in 1865, the effects of the over-training to which he had been subjected in preparing for his countless matches began to tell upon him, and in that year he lost the championship, which was wrested from him by its former holder Kelley. From this time his wonderful powers seemed to fail, and though he struggled on bravely in his profession, and made many gallant fights, he could no longer hold his own against the enemy who was destroying his vital powers, and after a long illness, he died on the 4th of June, in his 37th year, of consumption, the result of over-training.

When in his prime, Chambers had the best style of any oarsman of modern times. He introduced the long, slow stroke, by means of which the Isis now gains its yearly victory over the Cam; and it was this stroke, "unhasting, unresting," that brought him to the front in so many brave struggles. His bodily strength was almost marvellous, and the saying on Tyne-side used to be, "Bob isn't a man; he's an engine. He was 'cast' at Hawks's, and 'fitted' at Stephenson's." Indeed, it seemed then that no amount of bodily fatigue had any effect upon him, and he would row the last hundred yards of a four-mile race with as much speed and ease as the first. He had other personal qualities which were still more admirable. To a dauntless courage which never admitted the possibility of defeat, was united a resolute honesty that withstood temptations innumerable. He never "sold" a race; never pulled other than "straight and fair," never tried to gain a victory by a foul or a fluke. By the workmen of Tyneside he was simply idolised. Two hundred thousand people have watched him in one of his struggles on his native river; his triumphs were celebrated in rude north country songs; his portrait hung in countless Northumbrian cottages; and when he died, not less than thirty thousand of his friends followed him to the grave. He was something better than a splendid oarsman: he was an honest man. The more is the pity that even he was not proof against the ruin wrought by over-training.

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N. B. WARD, ESQ., F.R.S.

At the age of 77, passed away from among us the other day, Mr. Nathaniel Bagshaw Ward, the eminent surgeon, whose name will be known and remembered, both at home and abroad, as the man who

invented the "Wardian" cases, in which the beautiful ferns of tropical climates are now brought to England, all previous plans for acclimatising them having failed. His exquisite fernery at the back of his little house in Wellclose Square, was thirty years ago one of the sights of London; and a great privilege indeed was it thought to have the *entrée* to it. Mr. Ward, who had retired for some years from his professional duties, was the friend and correspondent of Sir William Hooker, Sir Robert Schomburgh, and a host of naturalists, including the Loudons and Loddiges of Hackney, and one of the oldest Fellows of the Royal and Linnæan Societies.

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#### PROFESSOR J. PLÜCKER.

BONN has lost her most learned son, Professor Julius Plücker, the eminent mathematician, at the age of 57. His industry was great, and with the exception of some two years spent at Berlin, his whole life was spent in scientific research and professional duties. His papers deal mainly with such subjects as magnetism, the optical and magnetic phenomena of crystals, and pure and applied mathematics. He was a foreign member of the Royal Society, from whom he received the Copley Medal in 1866. His latest works include three papers, published in the "Philosophical Transactions," "On the Spectra of Gases and Vapours," "On a new Geometry of Space," and "Fundamental Views regarding Mechanics." He was engaged on his mathematical researches down to the time of his death.

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#### REV. C. GOODRICH.

THE Rev. Chauncey Goodrich, whose death is announced in the New York papers, at the age of 51, was one of a race of scholars, and was a graduate of Yale College. He retired from clerical duty in 1856, from which date he gave himself up entirely to literary occupations. He was best known, perhaps, as the revising editor of several editions of "Webster's Dictionary," and more especially of the large and unabridged edition issued in 1864.

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#### MR. EFFINGHAM WILSON.

ANOTHER death of the month is that of Mr. Effingham Wilson, the eminent publisher of the Royal Exchange, at the age of 85 or 86. He formed one of the last of the literary links between this generation and the last, and was well known in City circles and in the world of literature as an upright, energetic, and honourable man. He published many most important commercial works, and also a variety of pamphlets relating to questions of trade, currency, civil reform, &c. Some thirty or forty years ago, however, his business was of a more miscellaneous character, including many novels and poems; and it is perhaps worthy of note here to record that he was the very first publisher under whose auspices the public made the acquaintance of Alfred Tennyson.



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NOT IN SOCIETY.

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CHAPTER IX.

AT HYDE PARK CORNER.

**I**T is nearly four o'clock. Those gentlemen at Robinson's, whose duties permit them to leave at that hour, are preparing for departure. Mr. Bailey draws carefully a white waistcoat from a black leather bag, and proceeds to don the same. Gently he coaxes the coral buttons through the stiff button-holes, so that the garment may not be creased.

The unusual glory of his apparel attracts the attention of his fellow clerks, Mr. McCalmuck and Mr. Tayleour.

These gentlemen are a little jealous of Bailey's ability, so they salve their wounded vanity by deciding that he is socially their inferior.

They exchange winks as they observe the waistcoat.

"Going to do the Park to-day, Bailey?" inquired Tayleour. "We don't often see you in the Row."

"No," said Bailey. "I have no horse, and I don't care about leaning over the railings to be splashed by the hoofs of other people's cattle."

"Well, now," said McCalmuck, "I had made up my mind when I saw that waistcoat, even without alluding to the buttons, that your motto for this afternoon would be 'Westward, Ho!'"

"More likely 'woa-ho!' for I have promised to drive down Alderney's drag, and a precious job it will be."

"And who may Alderney be?" inquired Tayleour.

"Why, you ought to know, who have the peerage at your fingers' ends."

"The Duke of Alderney?"

"Gustavus Adolphus Augustus Lionel," read Bailey from the *Imperial Calendar*, "Duke of Alderney, Marquis of Serk, Viscount Jethou, and a Baronet."

Messrs. Tayleour and McCalmuck exchanged glances of incredulity.

But at this moment a groom, on whose buttons the sharp eye of Mr. Tayleour detected a ducal coronet, came round to Bailey's desk, and said,—

"The Duke is waiting, sir, and the horses are very fresh."

"Tell his grace I will be with him immediately," said Bailey.

Then finishing his costume by pulling on a blue frock coat with a velvet collar, a white hat, and white buckskin gloves, he nodded to Messrs. Tayleour and McCalmuck, perhaps a little condescendingly, and departed.

A week had elapsed since the Sunday at Richmond. The Duke had been rather seedy the next day, possibly from the effects of the champagne, so the drive had been postponed until the Monday following.

As they entered the Park they passed a brougham, from the window of which a little handkerchief was waved. Bailey was occupied with the horses, and did not see it.

"Is that the way you trifle with your 'house's fortunes?'" said the Duke.

"I do not understand," replied Bailey.

"Why, Clara Merton was waving her handkerchief to you, and you would not see her. Never mind; don't blush about it. We shall meet her again, I have no doubt."

"It is this infernal mare," said Dick, lashing that animal in a most unfair manner.

The Duke's prophecy was right. When they returned to Hyde Park Corner they were obliged to pull up by the cross current of carriages which was still setting in from Belgravia. Within a short distance they espied the brougham once more; and Dick had the honour of raising his hat to the fair actress. About two minutes afterwards a footman handed him a little twisted note, with a superscription in pencil.

He read it, smiled, gave some verbal answer to the servant, which the Duke could not hear, and then placed the note in the pocket of the immaculate waistcoat.

"A *billet doux* in the Park," said the Duke, shrugging his shoulders with an affectation of horror.

"It is only an invitation to supper to-night," replied Dick.

"*Tête-à-tête*?"

"Oh, no. To meet Smith and the Kelsons."

It was a peculiarity of the Duke's, that while he never cared to go anywhere when he was asked, he was always most anxious to make one of any party to which he had not been invited.

"Do you know," he said to Dick, "I have been longing to meet the Kelsons for an immense time. I am sure they must be great fun. I wonder whether Miss Merton would mind your taking me with you?"

"I have no doubt she would be very glad; but I will ask her, if you like."

"I wish you would, there's a good fellow."

And accordingly Dick transferred the reins to the owner, and walked across to Miss Merton's brougham. He could not help smiling as he saw Tayleour and McCalmuck leaning over the identical railings he had anathematised in the morning.

When Dick had preferred his request to Miss Clara, that young lady did not seem over-pleased.

"Bother the Duke," she said; "he is always pushing himself in where he is not wanted. We were just eight without him. You and I, and the Kelsons and Fanny Milford, Smith, Westsea, and Lord George. However," she continued, "I do not wish to be rude. Pray, bring him. I shall always be happy to welcome any friend of yours." And the last sentence was accompanied by an arrowy glance which pierced the snowy waistcoat, and left its barb in the organ which is occasionally found beneath that garment.

The eyes of Messrs. Tayleour and McCalmuck were fixed on the brougham during this conversation.

When Bailey withdrew his head from the window, their curiosity was gratified, for just as he was leaving Clara bent forward, and they heard her say,—

"Tell the Duke I shall not forgive him if he makes you late."

As Bailey took off his hat, and exchanged a parting bow and smile with the actress, it suddenly occurred to his fellow clerks that their previous estimate of their friend had not been perfectly accurate.

"I always liked Bailey," said McCalmuck.

"Deuced close, don't you think?" inquired Tayleour.

One of Mr. Tayleour's weaknesses was a fondness for dilating on his aristocratic connections.

The parties of his aunt, lady Snuffkins, were his favourite theme. That lady was the widow of Sir Thomas Snuffkins, who had been knighted for presenting an address to his late Majesty, King William IV., from the loyal inhabitants of Puddleborough.

Mr. Tayleour had occasionally held out hopes to Bailey that on some future occasion he might obtain for him an invitation to one of those fashionable *réunions*. He now remembered that when he had given a delicate hint of his magnanimous intention, Bailey "did not seem to care about it." At the time he had considered this to be merely obtuseness on the part of the young man, who was unable to appreciate the importance of the introduction. Now he began to fear that his overture had been scoffed at, and that while listening to his accounts of family magnificence, Bailey had been laughing in his sleeve.

## CHAPTER X.

### A CHARMING HOSTESS.

"THERE is one thing I like about supper," said Lord Westsea. "It occurs at an hour when the duties of the day are really over. If you have done them, you can enjoy it with a good conscience; if you have not, it is evidently too late to begin, so, as Smith would say, you may as well make yourself as happy as existing circumstances will permit."

"Ever since Westsea made that one speech on the Game Laws," said Smith, "he has been imagining that he is a man of business—the most frightful delusion the nineteenth century has witnessed."

"Yes," said Lord George, "he is found rushing about the club library, opening volumes of Hansard and continually carrying a great bundle of papers under his arm. I know it is always the same bundle, because the outside ones are so dirty."

"You should not chaff him, Lord George; he might make you his private secretary some day," said Kelson.

"Never mind me, Georgy," replied Westsea; "you stick to Alderney, he is the rising man."

"Mind, Alderney," said Smith, "if they offer to make you Chancellor of the Exchequer, it will be a personal insult."

"Why?" inquired the Duke.

"Because they say in the city they don't want clever men for Chancellors of the Exchequer."

"R. said the other day Parings is the man for Chancellor; *he* is not a clever man."

"Don't let Smith make you uncomfortable, Alderney," said Westsea; "I don't think they will offer it to you."

"A glass of wine with you, Bailey," said Smith. "Westsea, will you join us?"

And when the bows had been duly exchanged, Lord Westsea said, "Allow me to compliment you on your skill as a charioteer, Mr. Bailey. I can assure you that your driving was the admiration of the ring."

"Let us hope you will never share the fate of Phaeton," said Lord George.

"Mr. Bailey was driving a drag when I saw him, not a phaeton," said Fanny Milford, in the most perfect innocence.

"The great princess of burlesque ought to be better up in her mythology," said Clara Merton to Bailey, when the laugh had subsided.

When they were sitting down to supper, Clara had said: "You are the only stranger, Mr. Bailey, so you must sit by me, and then I shall see that you are properly taken care of."

Whereupon Lord George remarked: "I wish I were of a modest turn, then perhaps some one would look after me; but Alderney has monopolised all the bashfulness of the family."

"Of which he gave a proof when he invited himself to supper," whispered Clara.

"It is very rude to whisper," said Mr. Kelson.

"And ruder to notice it," observed his better half, who was addicted to snapping him up.

Altogether the supper passed off most successfully. There was a great deal of pleasant personal *badinage*. Everybody bore the jokes very well, and some laughed the most at those which told against themselves.

When supper was over, the weather being hot, sherry cobbler were manufactured on a grand scale.

"Of all the liquids I know, sherry cobbler is the most insinuating," said Westsea.

"It is very unkind of you to say so before the ladies have taken their second glass," said Mrs. Kelson, passing her tumbler for some more ice as she spoke.

"These things were first introduced into England when I was at Christchurch," said Smith; "I remember an uncle of mine, an arch-deacon, coming up to see me; it was just such weather as this; after dinner, he took it, as if he had been brought up on it by hand. Next morning, we thanked him in the warmest manner for the comic song with which he had favoured us the evening before. He jumped

up as if he had been shot ; and I believe until this day he remains in a state of uncertainty as to whether he really did sing."

During the progress of supper, Bailey had been gradually petted by Miss Merton into an utter oblivion of all sublunary things.

He lived in the light of her eyes alone. In his heaven of the hour those twin stars had taken the place of all other constellations.

From his earliest boyhood he had been passionately fond of the theatre, and, like many boys whose home is in London, during the holidays he had been often taken there. His father liked the old five act comedies, and had inoculated his son with a taste for them which was not shared by many of his companions. There was scarcely a single part in which Clara Merton had appeared which Bailey did not know thoroughly ; and she was astonished to find that his knowledge of that class of plays to which she especially devoted herself was more extensive than her own.

"I wonder you have never tried Miss Dorrillon," he said.

"Do you really think so," she replied ; "you must take care what you say, for I have the highest opinion of your judgment, and you do not know what importance I attach to your advice. To show you that I am in earnest," she continued, "I will put it to the test. Will you come and read with me to-morrow ? Can you get away as early as three o'clock ?"

If Bailey had known there was to be a run on the bank, it may be doubted whether he would have remained beyond that hour, to shovel out the sovereigns.

It must not be supposed that, during her conversations with Bailey, Miss Merton neglected her other guests. A good actress almost always makes a good hostess. Ever and anon she would plunge into the *mêlée* of wits, and break a lance fairly with Smith, Westsea, or Lord George ; then turning again to her young admirer, she would sigh a little sigh of relief, which seemed to say, "I have done my duty in the outer world, how glad I am to come home to you." Nor did she ever lose the thread of their conversation—after each sally she returned to the same point she had left.

As the evening wore on, with womanly kindness, and perhaps a little feminine vanity, she became anxious that Bailey should appear to greater advantage before her guests than he had done as yet, whilst devoted solely to the legitimate drama and its fair exponent.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the hostess, tapping the table with her fan, "Mr. Bailey will do us the favour to sing one of his popular little ballads."

The gentleman thus distinguished seemed suddenly to wake up

out of a sort of happy conversational dream. He was evidently surprised and nervous; and the glances which he saw exchanged between Mrs. Kelson and Fanny Milford did not tend to re-assure him. But when Clara Merton said, "Sing to me," in that tone which never reached other ears than those for which it was intended, he forgot everybody else, and sang to her and her alone.

Bailey sang remarkably well; and he did not forget the words of the fair hostess, "Sing to me." There was quite an enthusiastic burst of applause when he had finished; but the amateur vocalist only heard Clara Merton's quiet commendations, only saw her tender look of interest.

And long after the party had broken up Bailey was consuming the small hours in recalling Miss Merton's pleasant words, and Miss Merton's gracious smile.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE TWO OPERA BOXES.

THE Ulysses Insurance Company continued to take up a great deal of St. Patrick Smith's time during the month which followed his first introduction to Mr. Stanley. The elder gentleman had his other business to attend to, and was very glad to find a younger man who was ready to undertake the larger share of the work which had to be done, and who was able to do it well. There was a great deal of detail which Smith had to learn, and many points on which it was necessary that he should consult Mr. Stanley. He, therefore, availed himself pretty frequently of a general invitation which that gentleman had given him "to drop in to dinner whenever he liked, and talk things over."

A small amount of business conversation after dinner always had the effect of sending Mr. Stanley to sleep, and Mr. Smith to the ladies.

A more intimate acquaintance with Ada Stanley did not tend to decrease the admiration which St. Patrick had felt for her at their first meeting. In the first place she was perfectly fresh—fresh in looks, in manner, in mind, in heart. It is difficult to imagine a greater charm in a woman than this to such a man as St. Patrick.

She had read a great deal for so young a girl. All the most popular works of the day, of history, travel, or fiction, delivered by Mr. Mudie's cart in its weekly rounds, had been carefully perused and she formed her own opinions upon them all; sometimes right more frequently wrong, but always original.

As for St. Patrick, not even when acknowledged to be the

and soul of the most brilliant dinner-party of the season, had he appeared to greater advantage than in those long twilight conversations with Ada.

She had never taken a fancy to any one whom she had met at the parties in Uttoxeter Square. Bailey was clever, but he was too near her own age, and she thought him conceited. He looked down upon her as some young men will look down upon girls whom they have known since they were in short frocks, and she returned the compliment. In their search for foreign flowers they miss the violet at their feet.

St. Patrick paid that graceful deference to Miss Stanley's opinions which all women like, but which is doubly sweet to the young who receive it for the first time. Even when he differed from her, she could feel that her views always had some weight with him. Then again there was no subject they discussed on which he could not tell her something new. He had been over the ground described in many of her favourite books of travel, and would call up from his memory pictures which to Ada were graphic, vivid realities.

She felt that she had found some one to whom she could look up, whilst at the same time he seemed to sympathise with her in every taste, and to understand her. There are few things more pleasing to a woman than the idea that she is understood; that is to say, that her character is interpreted as she wishes it should be.

With a clever girl in an isolated position, isolated either in reality or in her own imagination, the wish to be appreciated is likely to absorb all other feelings. Frequently, indeed, it is only an affectation and a pretence on the lips of the pseudo-sentimental, and when utterance is given to the complaint, it will generally be found to be groundless. But with some the desire is a reality, and it is not unnatural that it should be felt. In the present day every branch of literature is so easily accessible to any one who has the slightest taste for it, that one member of a family may become highly cultivated, whilst the knowledge of the remainder may be measured by a very humble standard. A girl who reads much is pretty sure to devote a fair portion of her time to poetry and fiction, studies which tend to develop all the latent romance in her character.

But in Ada the vein did not crop out to the surface. The blue eyes were more often mischievous than dreamy. Brothers, and sisters, and friends, all agreed that she was "capital fun." But when in the balls of Uttoxeter a young gentleman from the city, with pink shirt front, malachite studs, and massive chain, would, after a prolonged polka, proceed to touch on tenderer topics than the heat of the



room, and the peculiarity of Jones who persisted in wearing a velvet waistcoat, the attempt was never attended with success. Ada would not have objected to a little flirtation, if the gentleman could have performed his part well; she was prepared to act the shepherdess to an accomplished shepherd, but the actor cast for the part was not equal to his fortune.

On one occasion—it was in the small conservatory at Mr. Bailey's—she laughed so unconscionably at a remark having some reference to moonlight, that she made Robin Redbreast quite uncomfortable. He confided, afterwards, to Robin Redbreast Number Two, that Ada “was a jolly girl to dance with, but had no fine feeling.”

We doubt whether Mr. St. Patrick Smith could have confirmed this verdict; but, possibly, astronomy was not Ada's favourite science.

She had been singing, one night, to St. Patrick some of Moore's melodies, songs of which her father was very fond. Her voice was not very powerful, but she sang with a great deal of feeling, and you could distinguish the words also—a sensation for which some people have a foolish liking.

Smith had never been able to get her to sing to him before; for, to tell the exact truth, she was a little afraid of him at first.

When he had praised the singing—not more than it deserved—the conversation turned upon the opera; Ada had never been there. Mr. Stanley had peculiar notions upon the subject. He liked the theatre, and made a point of taking all his family to the dress-circle three or four times in the year, carefully selecting a play which had been running for some nights. But the opera he considered an expensive amusement, appropriate to the aristocracy alone; and neither his wife nor his daughters had ever been able to persuade him to take a box for them.

When Smith had discovered the state of the case, he said directly,—

“I can always get you a box any night you would like to go. I must talk to your papa about it.”

Any request Mr. Smith made, Mr. Stanley felt he could not very well refuse.

He did not know very much about Smith, for he was not aware that he was a sleeping partner in the great house of Billing, Smith, and Billing; but he had dined with him once at The Grange, meeting an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, a baronet, an eminent Queen's counsel, and a celebrated burlesque writer. And, also, he felt that a man who behaved as Smith had done with reference to the “Ulysses,” was not an acquaintance to be slighted.

It was arranged, therefore, that they should go, if possible, to the next representation of "Don Giovanni."

When Smith stated that he could always get a box, he did not exaggerate; for he had a box of his own and knew the manager so well, that he might count upon the favour of an additional box at any time. But he preferred obtaining the Stanleys' box by paying for it; a process which had the advantage of being simpler, and on this occasion more satisfactory to Mr. Smith.

Smith's own box, on the pit-tier, was a favourite place of réunion for his varied acquaintance.

Whilst, therefore, he often placed it at the disposal of many of his friends, it was not exactly the place from which he wished Miss Ada Stanley to witness the performances for the first time.

Reading the paper on Monday morning, he saw the opera they had selected advertised for the following Thursday. By that morning's post he received a note from Mademoiselle Rosalie (whose engagement as *première danseuse* at the other house was to commence the following week), asking him for his box for that night. She was an old friend of Smith's, and was anxious to witness the exploits of her new rival, Madame La Cicala.

"Thomson," said Smith, throwing the note over to his secretary, "write to Rosalie and tell her she can have my box for Thursday; and go down this morning and get the best box you can, on the second tier, for the same night, and send it to Mrs. Stanley, No. 13, Uttoxeter Square, Islington."

Thomson was not a man who often made mistakes, but it so happened that this morning he had to receive five hundred pounds on an outsider which he had backed to win a great handicap, at a hundred to one, before the weights were out. Under these circumstances it was not unnatural that he should be a little excited. It is pleasant to know that you have won; but, in these days, your happiness can scarcely be said to be complete until you have received the money—not to say, cashed the cheque. With this sum in crisp bank notes in his pocket, Mr. Thomson went down to the opera-house. He obtained a remarkably good box on the second tier, according to orders; but he sent it to Mademoiselle Rosalie, instead of to Mrs. Stanley enclosing Smith's own box to that matron in its place.

This exchange was not agreeable to either party. The *danseuse* was placed where, she said, "there was only ranged people," instead of being the centre of attraction to all the loungers in the stalls, which she would have formed in Smith's box.

Mrs. Stanley and Miss Ada, on the other hand, were a great deal more stared at by those gentlemen than they liked.

Smith was to have dined with them and escorted them, but at the last moment his groom galloped up with a hurried note of excuse; he said, however, that he still hoped to join them in the house.

A young cornet, a cousin of Smith's, had had an attack of delirium tremens. The people of the house were horribly frightened, and had sent for Smith. Under the circumstances, he found it impossible to leave him.

When Mrs. Stanley received his note, it was too late for her to get another escort. She was a tolerably strong-minded lady, and considered herself quite capable of taking care both of herself and her daughter; so they went alone.

They were surprised to find themselves located in a box large enough to hold a dozen, but they made themselves quite comfortable, and enjoyed the opera very much.

Certainly Ada would have preferred having Smith by her side, if it had only been to talk about the performance between the acts. During those intervals the number of opera-glasses turned on their box was very great. They could not help remarking it. Ada would not have been pleased if she had known that she was mistaken for Mademoiselle Rosalie. This was the first appearance of that lady in London, and Smith had mentioned to one or two men that she would be in his box. Later in the evening there were several knocks at the door; when Mrs. Stanley opened it, gentlemen bowed, and asked for Mr. Smith. These were men who had just entered the house and come straight to his box. At the beginning of the last act arrived Smith himself. He was very angry when he saw the mistake that had been made, and the numerous glasses levelled at Ada; but it was too late to remedy it. He joined the ladies and made his apologies. Directly he showed himself his box was crowded with young men anxious to be presented to the great *danseuse*. He undeceived them, and introduced one or two of the most respectable to Mrs. Stanley and to Ada. The ladies could not help noticing that the gentlemen did not appear at their ease.

Smith had never in his life experienced such a sense of relief as he felt when the curtain fell.

## CHAPTER XII.

## MR. MIFFKINS PERFORMS "AN UNPLEASANT DUTY."

It has been mentioned that Mr. Miffkins was a sporting man. He frequented a reading-room where, for the small sum of one penny, he had an opportunity of perusing all the sporting papers, and of comparing the vaticinations of their various prophets.

He did not depend, however, on these sources alone for his information, but when he could succeed in seeing that gentleman before a great race, he generally invested his half sovereign on the recommendation of Mr. Robert Chivvers—more popularly known as "Chivvy Bob."

Five years before the date of which we write, "Chivvy Bob" had been a clerk in the same house with Miffkins. The two clerks had gone to the Derby of that year together, they made up a sovereign between them, and backed the winner at twenty to one.

They both determined to invest their winnings in speculating on the Oaks; but they differed as to the animals that should carry their money.

Miffkins went for the favourite, and lost his little all.

Chivvers was again fortunate in "spotting" an outsider, and realised a hundred and sixty pounds.

With this capital he commenced life as a betting man. Ostensibly he kept a small cigar shop, but his real business was to make a three hundred pound book on every race of any importance.

His fortunes were of a varied character; sometimes he rented a villa at Kilburn, and drove into town in a mail phaeton and pair. Like John Gilpin, he was careful not to take his equipage too near to his shop door, though it may be presumed that his anxiety to avoid display was caused by different reasons from those which influenced the worthy citizen. This was at a time when he was part owner of three race horses.

After a bad week at Newmarket or Doncaster these splendours would all disappear, and he would live in the little parlour behind the shop, and dine on a plate of boiled beef sent in from the eating-house opposite, until fortune changed, and he "skinned the lamb" once more.

He had just won two thousand pounds on the same event which had caused Mr. Thomson to make the unfortunate mistake about the opera boxes.

Whenever he was in luck, nothing gave him so great pleasure as

the exhibition of his magnificence and liberality to his old chum Miffkins.

Happening to run across him as he was coming back from Bride Lane the day after the race, he said, "Come and dine with me at Verrey's, and we'll go to the opera afterwards."

Thus it chanced that Mr. Miffkins and his host were located in two of the best stalls that money could obtain, the same night that Ada and her mother occupied Smith's box.

Chivvers was really very fond of the opera, and whenever he was in funds it was his favourite amusement. Between the acts he amused himself by pointing out to Miffkins the different celebrities who happened to be present.

As he made the circuit of the house with his lorgnette, he said, "I wonder who that pretty girl is in Pat Smith's box?" giving that gentleman the *sobriquet* by which he was known to a certain class upon the turf.

Following the direction in which Chivvers was looking, Miffkins also perceived the object of his admiration, and said immediately,—

"Why, that's Ada Stanley, an old friend of mine."

Then, in answer to several inquiries which Chivvers made, he told him who Ada was, the position of her parents, and various other particulars about her.

When Chivvers had heard all this, he said in reply,—

"Well, if she is a young lady as you say, she has no business in Pat Smith's box."

"Why not?"

The peculiar position which St. Patrick Smith occupied, and the internal arrangements of Brompton Grange, combined with the fact of his not going into society, had caused a number of extraordinary stories to be circulated about him, of which very few had any foundation in fact.

Some of the most discreditable of these Chivvers related in answer to Miffkins' question.

When Smith came into the house, Chivvers called Miffkins' attention to him.

"There," said he, "if you want to see Pat Smith, now's your time."

It had not occurred to Miffkins before that this might be the same Smith he had met at Bailey's chambers, and at Mrs. Bailey's house in Uttoxeter Square.

When, therefore, he recognised him, he told Chivvers the circumstances under which Smith had first made Bailey's acquaintance.

Chivvers, on hearing his account, said, "I don't know a downier

card than Pat Smith. You may depend upon it he's after no good, sticking up to those people. If they are friends of yours, I think you ought to put them up to his little game."

Miffkins had the highest opinion of his friend's sagacity; at the same time, he was by no means deficient in self-conceit. Accordingly, when he turned the matter over in his mind during his walk to business the next morning, he came to the conclusion that it was his duty to wait upon Mr. Stanley and inform him of the state of affairs.

He was not induced to take this step either by a disinterested sense of duty or solely by a desire of putting himself forward, but he disliked Smith who had snubbed him on both occasions when they met, and he had a sneaking penchant for Ada himself.

Miffkins had met Mr. Stanley twice at the Bailey's, and had been invited once to a party at his house. This acquaintance he considered sufficient to justify his friendly intervention. So, sacrificing the hour allowed him for dinner on the altar of friendship, he was ushered into Mr. Stanley's private room at ten minutes past one.

"Mr. Stanley," he with an ugly attempt at solemnity said, "I have come to perform an unpleasant duty." (To these words he endeavoured to give a tone of appropriate solemnity, imitating the gentleman who performs the heavy fathers at the City of London.)

Mr. Stanley bowed.

"As one who has experienced your hospitality I feel bound to go through with it to the best of my ability." (Here, unconsciously, he changed the tone of the heavy father for that of the persuasive villain.)

Mr. Stanley waved his hand in a deprecatory manner.

"Happening to be at the opera last night, I saw Mrs. Stanley and Miss Ada in Mr. St. Patrick Smith's box." (As he brought out the word opera a sense of personal dignity overcame every other feeling, and he thrust his thumb into the arm-hole of his waistcoat with an air that defied competition.)

"Well, sir, and what then?" said Mr. Stanley.

Miffkins, after explaining, in a stupid sort of way, that Mr. Smith was "not in society," repeated the stories which he had heard from Chivers. One of these was an old anecdote of the Marquis of H—, which some narrator, anxious to give it a more modern point, had kindly transferred to Smith.

"Well, Mr. Miffkins," said Mr. Stanley, when he had listened to it all, and detected the parentage of the H— story. "I suppose I ought to say that I am much obliged to you; but I scarcely know how to do it. You may depend upon it, however, that I shall inquire into the matter. Good morning."

Mr. Stanley had some difficulty in arriving at a conclusion with regard to the information he had received. Part of it was evidently false, and the rest might have no better foundation ; but, on the other hand, the very fact that such stories were in circulation suggested that too intimate an acquaintance with Smith might not be of advantage to his family.

At the same time he felt that he was under considerable obligations to Smith, and, besides that, he could not help liking him. He therefore rejected the idea which had at first occurred to him, of making inquiries with regard to the foundation for the stories he had heard, and decided that he would go to Smith at once, and tell him plainly what had been said about the opera box. He felt sure that he should be able to judge from the manner in which Smith received the communication what course he ought to take for the future with regard to the continuance of their private acquaintance.

Calculating that he should probably find Smith at the Ulysses Office about that time, he set off there at once.

*(To be continued.)*

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# AMONG THE PICTURES.

## PART III.

### SOME CONSIDERATIONS ON CONTEMPORARY LANDSCAPE-PAINTING.

**D**EPRESSED by the injustice of the Academy, landscape painting may almost be said to have taken refuge, for the moment, in the Water Colour Societies or Exhibitions. For those who delight in the representation of the simpler and more familiar aspects of nature—in the reproduction, without any distinct attempt at impressing the imagination, of that which delights us on our own coasts, by our own rivers, in the many picturesque nooks of our own richly varied island, or amid the wilder scenery of Scotland or Wales—while the Academy Exhibition does a little through such pictures as Vicat Cole's, Leader's, and Creswick's, and others mentioned in my last article, there is no such pleasure to be found as in the rooms of the Water Colour Society and Institute and the Dudley Gallery, or such well-selected dealers' exhibitions as those of Wallis and Cox, or McLean and Tooth, in the Haymarket. The Dudley Gallery has the advantage of non-connection with a society, and it is to be hoped will duly value and cling to this freedom, which has given us hitherto, and ought to continue to give us, exhibitions of more fresh and varied interest, though naturally showing a lower average of skill and less completeness of achievement within a defined range, than we find in the exhibitions of the older and more sharply limited societies. It is to be hoped that the Dudley Gallery Exhibition of cabinet works in oil, first attempted last winter, will be continued this year. Some such exhibition is much needed to replace that of the British Institution, and supplement that of the Academy. But it is the Dudley Gallery Exhibition of Water Colours which has brought prominently forward many new painters of distinguished merit. Among them may be named, as conspicuous for various qualities, George Mawley, whose English landscapes breathe a sweet or solemn sentiment, which lifts them beyond the level in which the subjects themselves range; Frank Walton, a painter of the same class of subjects, hardly less true, but not nearly so imaginative; G. L. Hall, a very



powerful painter of the sea and sea-coast ; Arthur Severn, who has shown a commendable and rare sense of the grandeur of the subjects furnished to the painter by London and the Thames ; A. Ditchfield, who composes both with intention and invention, and is a sweet and tender colourist ; H. and J. C. Moore, the former a vigorous painter of English landscape and sea, the latter of Italian landscape, distinguished by its harmonious arrangement of line and sober dignity of colour ; Albert and Henry Goodwin, two young brothers, the one with a fine sentiment expressed chiefly in twilight and sunset effects, the other as marked in his power of representing wide expanses in grey, sombre, or showery weather ; Spencer Vincent, with much of the quality of G. Fripp, both in composition and colour ; Herbert Herries, singularly refined as a colourist, and delicately true as a draughtsman ; Field Talfourd, simple, but impressive, whose power in landscape was unsuspected by the public till he exhibited his water-colour drawings ; and the Colemans, brother and sister, the former a clever imitator of Birket Foster's, the lady still very young, but having shown more of the qualities which made Hunt's flowers, fruit, and still-life so precious, than any of his many followers. Most of these artists may be said to have first won public notice in the Dudley Gallery, though they all, doubtless, had their own circles of purchasers and appreciators. But this Gallery has given men already distinguished as oil painters—like Walter Field, F. Dillon and J. W. Oakes, Marks and G. Leslie—an opportunity of showing unexpected skill in water colours—a valuable opportunity, considering how systematically the landscape painters among them have been snubbed by the Royal Academy—while it has introduced to other than a theatrical public our greatest living scenic artist, William Beverley, and proved him little less consummate a master of water colour, applied especially to marine subjects, than of distemper. Seldom, if ever, has a finer drawing of water and shipping been produced by any hand now living than W. Beverley's large composition of a North-country fishing-smack getting under weigh, in the Dudley Gallery Exhibition of this year. As yet this artist has not given the public any opportunity of judging his power as an oil painter ; but in water colour he has established his right to take rank among the best of the many able artists bred in the scene-painter's room, the nursery of so much various power, from Lambert, Barrett, and De Louthembourg in the last century, to G. Chambers, D. Cox, Roberts, and Stanfield in our own time. It is a pity, in these days of small and literal landscape, that the art of the stage should be so evanescent. For there, in the "cloths" or "sets" of some pantomime opening

or extravaganza—which runs its short and merry life, and then is seen no more—is to be found some of the noblest and loveliest landscape-work of our generation. And the best invention of this kind, since Stanfield painted at Drury Lane, we owe to William Beverley, whom it is not extravagant, I believe, to distinguish as the Turner of distemper.

It would be ungracious and unreasonable to express dissatisfaction with such landscapes as are yearly produced for our delight by such painters as George Fripp, Edward Duncan, Samuel Palmer, Alfred Hunt, George Boyce, George Dodgson, Birket Foster, Thomas Danby, James Holland, Jackson, Newton, Naftel, Powell, and other members or Associates of the Old Water Colour Society; Hine and Mogford, Bennett, D'Egville, and E. Warren in the Institute; and the contributors to the Dudley Gallery already enumerated.

Considering how peculiarly landscape art, as we understand the word, is at once of modern and English growth,—for modern French landscape was budded on an English stock, and dates from the first exhibition in Paris of some large landscapes of Constable's,—it is startling to find it at this moment left so completely in the cold shade in the distribution of Academic honours. But in spite of all the discouragement arising from the continued exclusion, for some thirty years past, of landscape painters from the Academy—an exclusion which unhappily tends strongly to perpetuate itself—and the unfairness in the treatment of landscapes sent to Trafalgar Square for exhibition, resulting from this and other causes, there never were so many clever young painters, I believe, giving their very best energies to working from nature; never was landscape study so close and persevering in observation, so earnest, exact, and honest in representation; never was such laborious training of hand and eye, as far as these can be educated by sheer out-door labour. But all this toil and study has not up to this moment given us one landscape painter who deserves to be called "great," as the epithet is applied to Turner, none even who can be classed with Gainsborough, Constable, old Crome, Calcott, old David Cox, Copley Fielding, in the finest examples of him, or De Wint. There is no man painting landscape at this moment who so carries away, stores up, re-casts the facts of nature, as to invest them with a new and grand or beautiful significance upon his paper or his canvas—none who deals with nature as at once her master and servant, never false to her truths, never forgetful of her conditions, but yet making these truths subservient to his purpose, and forcing these conditions to accommodate themselves to his conceptions—using nature's haec

forms, and phenomena to body forth his own meanings and moods, and subduing the spectator's mind by aid of composition, colour, and chiaroscuro, as imperiously to his own will as he compels to his service the facts of the outward universe. Our landscape painters seem at this moment to be scholars, not masters of nature; hardly even scholars whose service is ennobled by the hope of being one day masters. It is true, as I have said, that within a narrow range of subject, and at a humble level of aspiration, we may find almost perfect representation of nature, especially in her more tranquil moods, reaching its utmost perfection in such drawings as T. Danby's, A. Hunt's, G. Fripp's, G. Boyce's, and E. Duncan's. But serenely beautiful as may be Danby's Welsh lakes and valleys, A. Hunt's reaches of Thames, or G. Fripp's Highland straths and deer-forests, or whatever the solemn sweetness of sentiment and colour with which Boyce invests even the unloveliest compositions, it is impossible when we compare their work with that of the leading English landscape painters of the generation just passed away, not to feel that it ranges lower, looms smaller, and impresses us less altogether. What we now see seems to be art struggling with nature in her interminable details, and at a hopeless disadvantage, instead of art selecting and arranging the fruits of ripe and faithful study of nature in subordination to the pre-determined and well-weighed purpose of the artist. If we go to any gallery including good examples of our earlier landscape, say the Water Colour Gallery at South Kensington, or the excellently selected one now open at the Leeds Exhibition, which I should earnestly recommend all lovers of fine art to visit, we shall find in the works of Girtin, Cozens, Robson, Glover, W. Turner, and Varley (taking examples of their earlier manner), Barrett, Copley Fielding, Prout,—in such drawings as the "Wrecked Indian," now, if I remember right, at Leeds,—De Wint, and D. Cox, to say nothing for the moment of J. W. M. Turner, a largeness and breadth of style quite distinguishable from emptiness or scantiness of particulars—a gravity and solemnity of sentiment, a directness of purpose, and a combination of renunciation with selection of detail, which impress the mind with a sense of power never given by the more elaborately manipulated, more ambitiously coloured, more closely imitative, more strikingly clever and obviously effortful drawings of the present day.

Before the former, what is uppermost in our minds is the *intention* of the painter, not his *skill*. We feel the sentiment of the subject, not the labour of conveying it. Before the latter, it is hardly possible to exclude the thought of the painter's technical dexterity, of the

pains he has taken, of the profusion of work he has put into a small compass; and in this profusion we can seldom find or follow the clue to his thought, and feel no sense of a sentiment embodied or an intention realised, other than that of faithfully representing the facts of the subject before him.

Some critics, professional ones especially, are inclined to attribute much to misdirection of aim, to the attempt to give water-colour the effect of oil, and to reach this mistaken end by the use of body colour. There can be no question of the mischief to water-colour-art resulting from these technical mistakes, but the cause of the defect I am insisting upon lies deeper.

Is it the inevitable result of the distraction of impressions resulting from profusion of detail, or the consequence of the painter having, in a great measure, discarded selection, and abandoned the aim at expressing a sentiment, as being in the nature of an imper-tinence? Are we to accept the doctrine that the landscape painter's true function is that of a faithful reflector only of the nature before him? It seems to me that both this danger in practice and this perversity in doctrine are at work, and that they play into each other. In the absence of a predetermined purpose, of any wish even to permit a mood or sentiment to guide the eye and hand in the interpretation of the subject before him, the painter has nothing to fall back upon but detail, always infinite in amount, and infinitely difficult of consummate imitation. The habit of making pictures on the spot, and direct from nature, has not only allowed the faculty of swiftly recording effects to become paralysed; it has tended to make the artist the bond-slave, instead of the taskmaster, of outward appearances, and has crippled at once the powers of composition and selection,—of arranging the materials of a picture with reference to the highest pleasure consistent with the kind of emotion specially in view, and deliberately sacrificing particular truths, in consideration of a more general truth meant to be kept uppermost. I cannot but feel that the very conception of landscape-painting has been undergoing a change in this direction. This is no doubt attributable to a great variety of causes, some more recondite and general, others more obvious and limited. Among the former are the aggregate influences operating in the direction of realism in all branches of art. Among the latter I would class photography, the revolt against the red-tapeism of art-schools which found expression in pre-Raphaelitism, and, still more potent, the influence of Mr. Ruskin's writings, in their bearing on views both of nature and art. Ruskin, at once a passionate lover and an ardent, if fanciful, questioner of nature, seems—whatever he may have

written of a different import here and there—at the bottom of his heart hardly to reserve any other function for art than that of faithfully recording facts. Never, however, did any artist in words so assert as Ruskin that absolute authority over the facts of nature which I have claimed as the right of the landscape painter. He never describes a landscape but he makes it take the shifting colours of his sentiment. But his unequalled power as an interpreter of nature, his singular faculty of focussing his imagination, and his inexhaustible fertility in discovering hidden analogies and meanings in outward things, have worked, together with other influences, to impose nature authoritatively upon the artist, and to annihilate, as it were, the painter's imagination and individuality in the presence of an outward world that seems so lovely in the glamour of Ruskin's description, or so mysterious in the alembic of his analysis. Never, I believe, have the pencils of a generation been so guided by a pen as those of our younger painters were long, and probably still are, by that of Mr. Ruskin. This influence, I believe, can only be displaced by that of some painter who is as great a master of form and colour as Ruskin of description; with not less insight than his into the facts of nature, and not less respect for her laws, but with a painter's power of showing *by pictures* that, strong and strange and beautiful as nature may be, the great painter's art is still stronger, stranger, and more beautiful to human souls, and that the true master's function is to make nature do *his* bidding and deliver *his* message.

Of course the change I have noted in landscape—from generalisation to detail, and from use of the artist's mind as a mould to use of it as a mirror—did not come about without good and sufficient reasons, though, like most reactions, I believe it to have gone too far. There had grown up a slightness and slovenliness, the parody in second-rate practice of the breadth and generalisation of first-rate men. Even in landscape, truth had been partially lost sight of, in deference to conventional rules, but at the same time it must be protested that this perversion was least palpable in landscape. *That*, in England at least, had never at even the darkest time been entirely crushed under the burden of conventionalisms, and crippled by the fetters of prescription, like figure painting. Whatever might be charged against Gainsborough or Constable, on the ground of "blottesqueness," of lack of discrimination in their forms of trunk or foliage, rock or cloud, there could be no charge sustained against them of deadness to nature, of defection from love of her. But while the young rebels of pre-Raphaelitism were figure painters to a man, Ruskin, their prophet,

was above all a student and lover of landscape, and had made his *début* in literature as a maintainer of the glories of the modern landscape painters against the classical worthies, whom he attacked with something of the indiscriminate fervour of a Puritan iconoclast, smiting down loveliness and deformity, ape and angel, alike. His direct influence was thus exerted mainly in the direction where it was least wanted, upon the young landscape painters, and it turned them all not only into close students, observers, and recorders of detail,—which, so far, was a good,—but made them forgetful, for the time, of the fact that study is but the road to mastery, and must be tested from time to time by trials of strength in other than student's work; that careful rendering of details is the means, not the end, of art; and that mere practice in shaping the letters of the alphabet is useless, unless with an eye to their free use in forming words and embodying thoughts. This was not, of course, the fervid writer's meaning or intention: it was the young, passionate, and half-educated art-student's perversion of it. What Ruskin meant, and probably if his writings be carefully sifted, what he will be found to have expressed, amounts to this, that all the student can do to develop what real artistic talent he may have had entrusted to him is to study nature; that the development of the fruits of such study, in the shape of invention, will come in due course; and that there can be no profitable forcing of such fruits. But whatever the master's meaning, the fact is, that while his influence has been paramount among young artists, we have produced no great landscape painter, however many excellent painters of studies for landscape; and that all the men now living who take highest rank among English landscape painters, had attained that rank before Ruskin's books appeared. It may be that all this is but natural, that we are in one of those periods of reaction, pause, and languor which will follow seasons of great productiveness, and that with Constable, Turner, D. Cox, De Wint, Copley Fielding, Prout, W. Hunt, and Stanfield, just passed away, it is no wonder if we should have fallen on a race of smaller artistic stature, or it may be that those of them destined to be giants have not yet come to their maturity. And certainly a generation that can already count such men as the best members of the Water Colour Societies and Exhibitions already enumerated, and among our oil painters old Linnell, W. Dawson, Anthony, as he has been, H. W. B. Davis, W. Davis of Liverpool, a man of rare gifts cruelly ill-appreciated, Mason, and Walker, has no reason to sit down and cry over its own sterility. Nevertheless, it seems to me time to be looking for more fruits than have yet been seen of the long-con-

tinued painstaking study of our younger landscape painters ; and I cannot but think that the growth of these fruits will be hastened by insisting more and more that the function of landscape art is the embodiment of aspects and effects of nature, answering to, and coloured by, moods of mind and phases of sentiment, and expressing great dominant ideas of grandeur or beauty, by means of the storm or calm, the glory and terror, or the amenity and loveliness of the visible world. It is precisely the terror of tempest and the sweetness of calm, just what is most awful in the majesty of mountain or might of sea, most marvellous in the changing beauty of cloud-land, and the glamour of sunlight, that is most unattainable by direct out-door study and laborious painting after the fact.

We should be looking, in a word, for results of the study of nature, not as carried on with the leisurely, mechanical, imitative toil, appropriate to him who paints from a draped lay figure, but as employing the swift perception, guided by knowledge, that takes in through the eye and gives out by means of the hand the movement, play, and momentarily changing expression, of the living frame.

Of late, it has seemed to me, that a perception of this need is growing up, and that some of our older painters, particularly G. Fripp, E. Duncan, and G. Dodgson, in the Old Water-Colour Society, and some painters of figures in landscape, particularly Poole, in oil, and Gilbert, in water colour, have never lost sight of it ; while some of the younger members both of that and other associations, notably A. Hunt and Walker, in the Society, G. W. Hine in the Institute, G. Mawley and A. Ditchfield in the Dudley Gallery Exhibition, Mason, and Walker in the Academy, and H. Wallis in a lovely though very simple landscape in the first Winter Exhibition of Oil Pictures in the Dudley Gallery—a flat heath, traversed by a river and backed by woods, with two female figures, one listening to the other's reading of a letter, under a sky still flushed with sunset after the sun had set—are developing a power of composition and an aim at the expression of sentiment through nature which are of happy augury, and point to a new quickening of landscape art in its most impressive form.

TOM TAYLOR.

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## HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE TO BATHE.



FONDNESS for cold water is one of the manias which foreigners in general like to fasten upon that anomalous creature, the Englishman. It is not that our continental neighbours do not use it: what they exclaim against is the abuse and absolute waste of the liquid element which, as they conceive, goes on in this country; whilst we view with contempt, not unmixed with nausea, the quart of not over-clean water which suffices them for their "matutinal ablutions," and point with pride to the "tubful" which an English gentleman requires for his morning "bath." But here lies a difference. We are in danger of confounding, under the latter term, two distinct purposes in the use of water. The fact is, the Frenchman washes, the Englishman bathes.

Now, as utility comes before ornament, and health before pleasure, we are bound to give the first consideration to the more simple, but most useful purpose to which water can be applied, viz., the cleansing of our bodies, or washing. Physiology points out that these two uses of water are quite distinct from each other. We wash in order to be clean, and to promote and sustain the healthy function of the skin; we bathe in order to obtain the physiological effects of water, hot, cool, or cold, upon the system at large. And these effects vary again according to the time when the bath is taken, its temperature, and the condition of the body as to health or disease; so that its effects vary from those of a powerful stimulant to all the vital energies, down through various stages to the greatest possible depression of the same forces. And if a *raison d'être* of this article be required, we place it in the necessity for caution lest that love of bathing which has become universal amongst the better educated classes of this country, and the prevailing familiarity with its use in all kinds of ways, and in all conditions of the bodily health, may produce a recklessness with regard to its undoubtedly powerful operation, for good or for evil, upon the human frame, which its thoughtless devotees may live to deplore.



But first of washing. The man or woman who daily washes effectually has no absolute need of bathing, at least whilst in health. Let this be a consolation to those numerous persons, even amongst the respectable classes, who have not the time or means at command for the regular use of the bath with comfort and decency. Many others are deterred by weak health, or timidity of the effects of bathing. It is important, therefore, that all such should be enabled to estimate the value of the effects which may be obtained by a proper system of washing alone. And it may be stated generally, that if this be properly and regularly performed, bathing is reduced to a mere luxury, in health, or to a medicinal agent in the case of sickness. To be enabled then frequently, quickly, and effectually to cleanse the *whole surface* of our bodies from all impurities is to possess one of the most powerful promoters of high health and cheerful enjoyment of life which the whole range of sanitary science presents to us. Moreover, personal cleanliness, grown by use into a habit, associates with it so many other excellences, that it may well take rank as a social virtue; and so the old adage that "cleanliness is next to godliness" may have had its origin in the feeling of moral elevation which accompanies and results from scrupulous bodily purity. Without it, the intercourse of refined society would be impossible; for its neglect not only indicates a want of proper self-respect, but a disregard of the feelings of others, which argues in the offender a low tone of the moral sense. All nations, as they advance in civilisation and refinement of manners, pay increasing attention to the purity of the person, which now becomes, in fact, "a religion of humanity," far less questionable than that propounded by the great French Positive philosopher, and one quite as conducive to the moral elevation of the species.

It does not come within our intention to lay down here rules for this complete system of ablution. Suffice it to say, that the hundreds of pores which open upon every one of the *two thousand* square inches of skin that cover an ordinary sized person, and act as sewers for the body, must have their mouths effectually washed out every day, so that all the solid and liquid matter which they have brought to the surface shall be effectually removed. Nothing less than a complete sponging of the whole surface of the body with water of a temperature varying according to the season of the year and the reactionary powers of the system, to be followed by all necessary friction for quickly recovering the warmth of the body, temporarily depressed by the process, will fulfil the required conditions. The nearer the approach be made to *cold* water the better

and by cold water is meant, for this purpose, water of the temperature of the air in the dressing-room, *i.e.*, from fifty-five to sixty-five degrees of Fahrenheit. If soft water be used, no soap is necessary; indeed, for many skins its use defeats the purpose of bathing by irritating their delicate texture and inflaming the secreting follicles.

Here we may mention that one whimsical modern writer, the author of the "Original," has promulgated a theory worthy of Diogenes himself, in which he disputes the necessity for washing the skin at all. He asserts that this membrane possesses a self-cleansing power, and if left quite alone will throw out all impurities by means of what physiologists call the *vis-à-tergo*. Even if this were ever true, however, it would only be so in that primitive state of society in which few, if any, clothes were worn; for the dust and fluff of our garments would soon choke up the delicate pores which, I have just said, act as so many minute sewers to the whole system.

By the robust, especially amongst the more refined and leisured classes, this complete washing above mentioned is best performed in connection with the morning bath, of which we are now to say a few words.

The one thing to be desired in all kinds of bathing is to procure a stimulant effect without too much excitement, or else a soothing one which shall not be followed by depression.

The cold bath used on rising in the morning is intended to give a gentle stimulus to the system, somewhat enervated by the repose of the night. But because of that very enervation it should be taken with caution. Due allowance must be made for season and for the reactionary powers possessed by each individual. This morning bath should, therefore, in all cases be of *short* duration, to be followed by plentiful friction to secure the restoration of the circulation to the surface. The blood temporarily thrown in upon the vital organs must be solicited to return with all speed; and the glow of red, even if it be like that of a boiled lobster, will be a welcome sight, as indicating that the reaction is already accomplished. If the whole body be immersed, *three* minutes will be long enough for every good purpose; if for a longer time, it might be followed by too great depression. If nothing more severe than a sponging bath be used, the regulation "tub," then from three to seven minutes may be required in order to cleanse well the whole surface.

Now it may be laid down as an axiom that there is no man, woman, or child, except the very invalid, who ought not to perform at least this modified kind of bathing every morning of the year. The temperature of the water and the duration of the process are the only

things which require to be modulated to the peculiarities of each person. Children and persons in delicate health may use water ten degrees higher than the temperature of the dressing-room ; that is, from sixty-five to eighty degrees ; and the immersion may be complete or partial, as in a sponging bath, according to the reactionary results.

Ought this process ever to be repeated during the day? There is no necessity for it. But the comfort of a repetition, under certain circumstances, is unquestionable. After the heat and bustle of a summer's day, how delightful it is to rush to the dressing-room and get a "cold tub" before dressing for dinner! But if a bath be used, and not mere sponging, it should be a very rapid one, lest the powers of the system, reduced by the fatigue of the day, should not re-act with sufficient energy. If there be much weariness, tepid water—say of ninety or ninety-two degrees—will be both safer and more agreeable, and may be longer indulged in. Again, after the severe exercise of the hunting- or shooting-field, or of boating, when the joints are stiffening and the body begins to feel chilly, how refreshing to get a tepid bath, or the warm foot-pail now supplied to the guests in every country house where "what's what" is both known and practised, and how one enjoys one's "slippers and a mild cigar" afterwards!

Many people ask if a cold bath taken on retiring to bed is injurious. We think it is. At all events, delicate persons, as those with weak hearts, should never take it, and the robust will be none the better for it. But here is the place to speak of the warm bath—the bath, that is, ranging from a temperature of ninety-six to a hundred degrees. The objects for which this bath is used are just the opposite of those which are sought to be accomplished by cold bathing. To allay pain, to soothe irritation, or to draw the blood from the inward parts towards the surface when we feel chilly, is the proper function of the warm bath. Here everything points to a sedative effect; and although at the commencement of the warm bath there may be a slight degree of excitement, it is quickly followed by a pleasing quietude and languor. The warm bath may therefore be taken at any period of the day, the later the better, after exercise, especially dancing, and whenever the system has been unduly excited, and the prospect of sleep is uncertain. But warm bathing is only really of use to the healthy and robust after great fatigue, or strain or over-tension of the muscles. It will be found, however, a most soothing remedy for that dry and irritable condition of the skin which annoys many people after a railway journey, and it is the

best counteractor of that irritability which most of us, even the best-tempered of mortals, suffer during the prevalence of easterly winds.

The first symptoms of an approaching cold may be properly met by a rather hot warm-bath of from half an hour to an hour's duration. In short, as a remedial agent to restore the balance of the circulation when disturbed, to open the pores of the skin, contracted by cold or illness, to soothe the irritability of any organ when over-worked, and last, but by no means least, to allay irritation of mind from whatever cause it may have arisen, the warm bath is one of the most efficient agents in the whole range of the doctor's armamentarium. But most people fail to reap the full effects of the warm bath by not remaining sufficiently long immersed. From twenty to forty minutes is the usual time, whilst, to obtain the full soothing effects of warm water, from three-quarters of an hour to an hour and a half is requisite. Of course the temperature must not be allowed to fall, or a chilling effect will be produced, which will cause the whole process to fail in its object. Warm bathing should not be frequently repeated. By doing so we produce a sedative effect upon the system, which reduces the powers of re-action against cold. It is thought to be beneficial, however, to the aged, and persons of very feeble tone; and thus it has been said by Hufeland and others, including the celebrated Italian centenarian, Louis Cornaro, to be inducive to longevity.

The hot bath is still more seldom required than the warm bath. Its direct effect upon the healthy is to produce much excitement of the circulation, as well as of the nervous system, which is generally followed by a corresponding depression. A hot bath may be of any temperature from  $98^{\circ}$ , that of the blood, to  $110^{\circ}$ , beyond which water is sure to scald and inflame the skin. The proper occasion for a hot bath is after a cold, wet ride or drive, when the surface of the body has been chilled for a considerable time, and shivering is threatened. It should be of short duration, not longer than ten or fifteen minutes, and the person should go to bed immediately afterwards, with a view to promote perspiration. It is scarcely safe for the laity, as the doctors call the general public, to tamper with the hot bath under other circumstances than these, seeing that the immediate effect of the hot bath is to violently stimulate the circulation and excite the nervous system, which in some cases might have a dangerous tendency. The heart beats with tumultuous action, and the blood courses along the vessels with greatly increased rapidity, which, if long continued, may exhaust the power of the heart, and produce fainting or other symptoms of prostration.

## SEA-BATHING:

We must devote the small space that still remains to us to the subject of sea-bathing. This is the king of baths, the crowning point in the use of the limpid element; by many considered as the only kind of bath worth speaking about.

Sea-bathing is always *intended* to have the effect of stimulating the vital functions, of exciting them to increased action, of restoring their vigour after debilitating diseases, or bad habits of living. This is the effect of the *sea-water*. But that effect is enhanced by a number of other circumstances which accompany us on our seaside holiday; as, for instance, the pure air and the direct solar light and heat which may be enjoyed in a greater degree at the seaside than elsewhere. Then, the season of the latter summer, and autumn, with its bright and stimulating atmosphere, the pleasure of the trip, the absence from business cares and anxieties, and, not the least, the presence of charming society, all conspire to make for the jaded, the weary, or the invalid a sojourn at the seaside a real *restoration*, a *new creation* of power, and with it comes a real rejuvenescence. The feelings of youth return with the constitution of that period; and yellow-visaged old fogies of sixty, and matrons upon whose features the crow has dared to plant his foot, become once more boys and girls in their gambols, and, for a time at least—and alas! only for a time—exchange the colour of the apricot for the bloom of the peach, and the wrinkles of threescore for the plumpness of eighteen.

It has been our aim in the preceding remarks upon what may be called *home-bathing*, to lay down rules for the guidance principally of the young, the delicate, and the timid, including in one or other of these terms the fair sex, and those who have not been fairly initiated into the regular use of cold water. In what we now have to add respecting sea-bathing we shall keep in view the wants of the same classes of persons, leaving the robust of both sexes to follow their own inclinations in this matter, as, for all we can say, they undoubtedly will. Nevertheless, a word of advice to these. If they really wish to enjoy to the utmost the excitement of a fierce combat with old Neptune, let them eschew the well-frequented beach and the prying eyes of the curious and the purient, and seek some lonely headland or quiet land-locked bay, where one plunge will carry them safely down among the fishes. Here the swimmer can strike out to sea without having his gambols observed through a score of telescopes, held alas! by hands whose delicacy puts to shame that of their own

thoughts. It is hard to say it, but the scenes on some of our fashionable beaches, French and English, cannot fail to raise the question as to which *is* the modest sex after all! But we forbear to scold, hoping for better things.

The first thing to be done with regard to sea-bathing is to make choice of a suitable station. Now the choice of this is by no means so simple and easy a matter as some may think. The sea breezes by no means bear on their wings the same balmy influences in every part of our coast. They are very different, for example, on the east coast of England and on the south—at Scarborough, Filey, and Cromer, and in the balmy coves of Devon and Cornwall. And, if we cross the channel, we find the same differences there. Boulogne and Dieppe are not warmer than our own Margate or Dover; whereas, on the west coast of France, along the shores of the Bay of Biscay, there are bathing stations which almost rival the Italian shores, and even the famed Madeira itself, in softness.

A great fallacy still pervades the public mind on the subject of heat. Heat and relaxation are supposed to go together. This notion is fostered by the result of *tropical* heat, combined with excessive moisture, upon the constitution of Europeans; whereas, in our climates both constitutional and acquired debility are benefited by a warm, *dry* atmosphere, and increased by a cold moist one, such as prevails in the northern and western parts of these islands. All our best authorities insist upon a proper temperature at the bathing station; and for the best of all reasons, viz., that as the bather should pass most of his time out of doors, this can only be safely done where the climate is of a moderate character. We have generally found that when persons have returned from the sea-coast complaining that they have derived but little, if any, benefit from their sojourn, that the weather has been cold and chilly, or the station ill-chosen in respect of climate.

The bathing station, then, should be chosen, first, with respect to the season of the year, and secondly, to the constitutional condition of the bather. The delicate and the invalid must avoid the cold, bleak, and humid shores of the northern part of this country, at least in spring and early summer, and seek the milder air of our southern coasts, or the still warmer stations on the south-west coast of France; Hastings, St. Leonards, Bournemouth, the Isle of Wight, and so round to Weymouth, Sidmouth, and Torquay, and, later in the season, the Mumbles and Tenby, will afford an ample choice with only slightly varying degrees of warmth and shelter. These places have a mean annual temperature from one to two degrees above that of London;

and yet, whilst in spring the balance is still more in favour of the coast, they have a summer temperature below that of more midland districts—the consequence of the cooling effect of the delicious breeze from off the sea which generally sets in towards evening.

Moreover, our bathing station should stand on a dry and sandy beach, open to the full sea, and, above all, free from the proximity to the embouchure of any considerable river. How can we expect to find pure water in the estuary of a great river, where twice every day the tide rolls back the dark mass of mud, soil, and other impurities which the current has brought so far in the vain attempt to unload them into the sea! Old Ocean refuses to be polluted by the offscourings of the land, and leaves them on the beach to exhale into the atmosphere at every ebb of the tide. Yet there are places, and those of tolerable fashion, where, from this cause, there is neither pure sea water nor sea air to be met with! Persons who frequent such places need not wonder that they find so little stimulation and increasing energy result from their sojourn at the sea (?) side. It is only from water unpolluted, and from air undefiled by these noxious exhalations, that the full benefits from a visit to the coast can be expected to be felt.

“Oh! but the iodine in the mud!” exclaim the apologists of these muddy beaches. “Everybody knows how stimulating and beneficial that is in numbers of cases.” But iodine has still, we believe, to be discovered in a free state, even in the real sea-breezes, and therefore it is too palpable an attempt upon our credulity to tell us of its existence in the atmosphere over the muddy shores of rivers. Indeed, its only source is the decomposition of marine vegetation on the real sea-shore.

But the robust and practised sea-bather will turn his steps northward, in search of a more bracing and invigorating climate. And he will be right. No people know so well the advantages, or luxuriate so much in the feelings which are to be experienced by breathing a cool, breezy, but *dry* atmosphere, as the English! To a healthy person, merely debilitated by hard work or a short illness, to the young and tenderly reared, yet healthy, child, or rapidly growing youth, there is nothing so restorative as the air of our more bracing sea-bathing stations. It is good also for the more delicate after they have become initiated in sea-bathing at some of the milder places, to journey northwards to complete the season; and so, beginning with the south, go round to Aberystwith and the other places on the Welsh coast, finishing at Scarborough, or even still farther north. Before this can be done it may be necessary, in cases of great de-

bility, to take one or more seasons entirely at a mild southern station, and, as the constitution becomes invigorated, to exchange it for a more bracing one.

After all, the choice of locality is a question of degree chiefly, and wherever there is any doubt as to the effect of the climate of any particular bathing station, a physician skilled in this special knowledge should be consulted before starting for the coast. By making a good choice, and passing from one place to another, the weakly and delicate may often reap the benefit of sea-air and sea-bathing from May to October—a long season.

What is the best time of day for taking a sea bath is a question often asked, but which can only be properly answered to each individual. The robust and practised bather will suit his convenience or his pleasure generally with impunity. But the novice should observe certain rules, until he finds he can do without them. The first in importance is, that the sea-water should not be too cold, or, if cold, his own person should be warm, at the time he plunges into the water. Now the water will be warmest when the tide has just come in, and especially if it be a sandy beach upon which the rays of a hot sun have been playing some hours. There is often a difference in this case of five or six degrees between high water and ebb tide. Hence it follows, that the forenoon, or about noon if the tide serve, is the best time. A bath before breakfast, or late in the evening, is only suitable or even safe for the robust, and those whose reaction is vigorous. The stomach should have been already fortified with breakfast, and for delicate persons a glass of wine is no bad preparation for the bath. *Never bathe on a full meal.* It is of importance where children and weak persons are concerned, that they should have their dip during the flow, and not during the ebb of the tide; not only because there are less impurities on the beach during the flow than the ebb tide, but because the force of the waves often overthrows them. But if overset during the flow of the tide, they are propelled towards the shore, and into shallow water; they accordingly find themselves in safety, and may laugh at the mishap. But if the same thing occurs when the sea is "going out," they may be sucked back by a receding wave, and losing their footing, may get terribly frightened on finding themselves carried almost out of their depth.

There are a few other directions usually given in works on bathing which appear trivial, but which to most bathers are of real importance. The old and hackneyed advice, handed down from the days of Currie, "never to go into the water when the surface of the body



feels chilly," is as old as the days of Celsus, who gives a very practical direction how to avoid this when a bath must be had on a cold day. "Rub the surface well all over before going down into the water, and until it is in a complete glow." It is a great mistake to suppose that the shock will be more felt when the surface of the body is warm than when it is cold. The very opposite is the case, as those who have undergone the cold douche on coming out of the Turkish bath well know.

The time for remaining in the water may vary according to the warmth, either of the water itself, or of the bather's body. A mere dip and out again must suffice for the mere novice, and persons in delicate health, increasing the time a minute or two at each immersion, always taking care to use plentiful friction so as to induce the *necessary* reaction. From three to ten minutes will be proper for children and aged persons; and even the robust will derive more real benefit from a bath of fifteen or twenty minutes than they will get by remaining in the water, as some do, for the greater part of an hour. There are two tests by which we may know if the sea-bathing agrees with the individual, and will be productive of real benefit. The first is, a feeling of elation which should succeed to the first shock of the water; a desire to remain in and battle with the waves, the body feeling warmer as we proceed. But this, which forms the enjoyment of the robust and practised bather, is not often felt by the more delicate. It is sufficient for the latter if reaction or glow comes on whilst dressing (using plentiful dry friction to produce it), or at latest on taking a brisk walk on the beach afterwards. If reaction of this kind be persistently absent after two or three attempts, then bathing in the open sea should be given up, and exchanged for a warm or tepid salt-water bath at home, or at the baths usually found at seaside places. An increase in the appetite, with a desire for exertion, soon follow when bathing agrees; although for the first few days there may be some degree of languor and inertia. Sea-bathing may generally be made to agree, however, by using some preparation for it before starting for the coast. For this purpose the surface should be well sponged every morning, or even twice a day, in the dressing-room, with quite cold water, to which may be added a few handfuls of Tidman's sea salt. Should matters be even worse than those just mentioned, and blue skin with a tendency to collapse appear after the bath, the sufferer must be got into a hot bath as quickly as possible, and stimulants should be administered with plenty of warm clothing afterwards.

Within what limits as to age is it safe or profitable to use cold sea-

bathing? Our knowledge of the weak and easily-depressed circulation in the young, tells us that it is not safe as a rule for very young children. Under seven it must be used only with the precautions mentioned above. Strong children, however, may be *dipped* without danger. Again, the vigour of the circulation begins to abate in most people at or before fifty-five. The heart and great vessels are often at that age the seat of incipient changes, which although they may be unknown to and unfelt by the owner, will not allow him to bear any severe or unusual strain like that of a *sudden* plunge into the sea, without risk of danger. Such persons should at least proceed with caution; preparing for the sea in the manner above stated, going into the water gently, covering the head as quickly as possible, and remaining in only for a few minutes. If we may be allowed to quote what we have written in another place, we should say that it is young men and females who derive most benefit and pleasure from sea-bathing; the former because their circulating powers are in their fullest vigour, and the latter because the body being partially covered, the shock of immersion is less severely felt, and because they commit fewer indiscretions whilst in the water and afterwards than the other sex.

WILLIAM STRANGE, M.D.

## OUR GRAMMAR SCHOOLS.

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### II.—AS THEY ARE.

SECONDARY education, embracing in that term all the wide realms of instruction that lie between the primary schools on the one hand, and the universities on the other, is at present supplied to the English public by different kinds of schools. There is the public grammar school, founded upon an endowment, and ruled by statutes more or less ancient; there is the proprietary school, established by individuals for purposes other than those of personal profit; and there is the private school, established as a business speculation by the individual who conducts it. Each of these schools has its special characteristic.

The public grammar school is, to some extent, a charitable institution, giving an education gratuitous either in whole or in part. This enables it to be more independent than either of the other two kinds of schools. As it gives something for nothing, it can itself dispense on the terms of giving. The master is, in great part, independent of the results of his teaching. He is appointed under the regulations of the school, and so long as he fulfils their conditions, he is safe in his position, no matter whether his mode of management be satisfactory or unsatisfactory. He has no occasion to please parents, either in the character or the quality of his teaching; and as a natural consequence the education given by public grammar schools is less elastic and less energetic than that given by the other kinds of schools. The proprietary school is a school established by parents to secure to their sons the kind of education that they desire should be provided for them. The parents are either dissatisfied with the curriculum or the society of the public grammar schools, or there is no good grammar school in the neighbourhood; and so they subscribe to provide a school in which they shall have the exclusive right to send their sons, and to decide collectively the kind of education that shall be given to them. The private schools, again, are schools established purely

and simply for the profit of the master, and they are used by people who either cannot send their children to grammar schools, or who desire them to obtain a different sort of education from that obtainable there. The last-mentioned kind of school is obviously the most elastic. It exists purely in consequence of a demand, and it necessarily shapes itself to the nature of that demand. Whatever parents desire to be taught, is taught in those schools; sometimes well taught, oftener ill taught; but still professedly taught. Each of these different kinds of school has its advantages and its disadvantages, which in the present condition of middle-class education it is important to weigh and compare.

An exhaustive inquiry, made under the authority of a Royal commission, the results of which are being given to the public in a report of twenty stout volumes, shows us that all these kinds of schools put together do not supply to any reasonable extent the educational wants of the middle classes. The means of giving their children a good education has by no means been placed within the reach of all middle-class parents. In fact, if we compare the educational facilities of the middle classes with those possessed by the lower and upper classes, we shall find that they are the worst-off class in the community. The British or National schools give to the labouring classes very fair facilities for the acquisition of primary education, and the Universities supply to the upper classes magnificent means of acquiring a superior education. But for the classes who seek the standard of their education between these two extremes very few facilities exist. There are schools of the three sorts we have spoken of—and there are good, bad, and indifferent schools in each of the three classes—but there is no *system of schools* to which a middle-class parent can commit his son, confident that in them he will acquire a sound secondary education, suitable to his opportunities. Each school, whether endowed, proprietary, or private, recognises its own standard only; and unless a parent can satisfy himself by particular evidence that the character of the school is such as he desires, he is very likely to send his son to a school quite unsuited to his requirements.

An inquiry into the character of the schools for secondary education in England discloses, moreover, far more that is unsatisfactory than that is satisfactory. The proprietary schools are generally good, but they are by their nature exclusive, and their advantages are confined to a favoured few. There is unfortunately but a small number of people among the middle classes of England who take sufficient interest in their children's education to build proprietary colleges in

which to prosecute it; and in considering the educational question we may safely leave those proprietary establishments out of sight.

The endowed grammar schools and the private schools are as a whole unsatisfactory. Some of the grammar schools are very good, and some of the private schools are equally excellent in their own way; but no one can rise from a perusal of the reports of the commissioners without feeling that they, as a whole, fall very far short of the requirements of the age. It is very evident that much of this weakness arises from the want of due organization and regulation. There is at present no system, and no common standard. Each school is straggling along upon its own path, taking no account of other schools, paying no heed whatever to the common interests of education, but acting in every way as if it were the only school in the world. This want of co-operation causes an enormous waste of teaching and learning power. It obliges each school to provide for the wants of all classes of scholars, and each scholar to enter a curriculum which, as likely as not, is quite unsuited to his prospects. The only way in which this difficulty—and it is a most serious one—can be met is by creating a comprehensive educational system, under which schools can be classified according to the requirements of the people who use them.

Such a classification can be most easily accomplished in the case of endowed schools. The fact that they are endowed gives the public a certain right to control them; for whatever the express instructions of particular founders may be, their most obvious intention was to benefit the cause of secondary education. They left their money to promote education in the way best known to them in their time, and the fact that they did not provide for the requirements of modern society is simply a proof that they could not foresee what was to occur in ages then far distant. Private schools stand upon a different footing. The keeping of a school is simply a business; and as the State gives the master of a private school nothing, it would be unwise and unfair to subject him to subordination or regulation against his will. At the same time, it is very possible that an educational system that shall at first only embrace the endowed schools, may be made so attractive that the private schools will voluntarily seek admission. Meanwhile, it is with the endowed schools that Parliament can alone act, and it is therefore with the present condition of those schools that we are now mainly concerned.

There are in England and Wales nearly 3,000 endowed schools. Of these about 2,200 are simply village, or other primary schools

devoted to the education of the labouring classes; 782 are "grammar schools" in the legal sense of the term; but it is a matter of fact that a very large proportion of this number of schools is devoted mainly to primary education. Their deeds describe them as "grammar schools," and probably a very few boys are instructed in the dead languages; but essentially they are elementary schools, and have no place in considerations affecting the question of secondary education. Let us see what relation the supply of endowed schools that really do give secondary education bears to the population requiring that sort of instruction, including in our consideration the whole of the 782 grammar schools so far as they give instruction above the elementary. These 782 grammar schools enjoy a net income of 195,184*l.*, together with 14,264*l.* in the form of exhibitions; and they educate a total of 36,874 scholars, of whom 9,279 are boarders and 27,595 are day scholars. To this number may be added 2,956 scholars receiving secondary education in the nine great public schools, and 12,000 who are being satisfactorily educated at proprietary schools; and we get a total of something under 52,000 boys who in England and Wales receive their secondary education at public or proprietary schools. Now, Dr. Farr calculates that there are in England and Wales about 255,000 boys of the age and social status to require secondary education; so that we find over 200,000, or eighty per cent. of the whole number of boys for whose benefit these schools were established, are unable or unwilling to use them. These 200,000 boys are educated in private schools, whose character as a whole we know to be very unsatisfactory.

This state of matters shows that the endowed grammar schools of England fail to supply what their founders meant to supply—that is, the means of obtaining secondary education to all and every one who seeks it. Less than twenty per cent. of the children requiring secondary instruction get it at the endowed schools, and the rest are forced to seek it in private schools that give no satisfactory guarantee of character, and are subject to no kind of inspection. This fact must have arisen either from the insufficient supply of public schools, or from the unsuitableness of the education given in them,—we shall probably find from both causes combined. The endowed schools start with so great an advantage over private schools, that only inability to find a convenient endowed school or unwillingness to accept its mode of instruction could induce a parent to use the private school. The first consideration must be the active one in a large number of cases, for the distribution of endowments leaves many important towns altogether without a public school. In

304 towns with more than 2,000 inhabitants there are endowed schools; but in 228 towns of that size there is no such endowment, and in the majority of them the inhabitants have no choice but to use private schools. Other districts, again, are over-supplied with endowed schools, and the people do not value privileges that are so common.

If we compare the condition of the public and private schools in many localities, we cannot avoid the conclusion that it is mainly want of confidence in the grammar schools that induces the parent to send his children to private schools. Under the very shadow of a rich endowment that is being spent in maintaining a half-empty school, private "academies" live and flourish. They live and flourish because the parent believes that he can obtain in them the sort of education he requires for his son. He may be greatly mistaken in his choice of subjects; but he is the proper judge, and must be allowed to enforce his opinion. The want of organization is to a very great extent responsible for this popular distrust of grammar schools. That want of organization greatly limits the supply of the kind of education mostly in demand. Secondary education is divisible into three grades—the first in which the scholar pursues his education to the age of eighteen, the second in which education ends at sixteen, and the third in which it ends at fourteen.

Now, nearly all the grammar schools aim at giving education of the highest grade. Their curricula are arranged on the expectation that boys will stay until they are eighteen, and go to the universities afterwards; and they consequently include Latin and Greek, and sometimes Hebrew. It is very well known that in a community like ours only a very small proportion of our middle-class youth can continue their education up to the age of eighteen. The majority have to leave school to begin remunerative employment at a much earlier age, and if their school time is to be well spent it must be spent in passing through a curriculum specially constructed in accordance with their respective opportunities. Thus, it is but little use for a boy who will have to go to shop or counting-house at fourteen years of age, to begin the study of Greek. He will never be able to pursue it to any real use, and he will consume time that ought to be employed in acquiring branches of education fairly within his opportunities, and that would be of use to him in his future career. Yet this is just what such a boy has to do if he goes to a grammar school. In the majority of such establishments the learned languages are the chief, and in some the only, business; and no matter whether a boy is to go to a shop at fourteen or to a university at eighteen years

of age, he is made to grind away at the Latin and Greek grammars to the exclusion of other studies. The results of such a school can easily be foreseen. If it can induce a few youths of good parts to stay long enough, it will make scholars of them; but it will inevitably send away the great majority of its boys, who have to go to business early, in a lamentable state of ignorance.

With a perversity that would seem very curious did we not see it to be a natural outgrowth of the ancient condition of these establishments, the classification of grammar schools such as there is, is in exact inversion to the classification of scholars. The poorer sort of people must always be the majority; yet the grammar schools arrange themselves just as if they expected the rich people to be the majority. There is an abundant supply of public boarding-schools for that small minority of people who can afford to continue the education of their sons till the age of eighteen. For the much larger number of people who can only afford to keep boys at school till sixteen years of age, the supply is much smaller; and for the vast majority who have to take them away at fourteen, there is no provision of public boarding-schools whatever. This statement explains at once the prosperity of the very doubtful class of private boarding-schools established for the poorer sections of the middle classes. The grammar schools refuse to accept boys of this class, unless to give them the first instalment of a classical education that they can never finish, and they are compelled to seek such education as they can get at private schools. This tendency of grammar schools to carry out a curriculum that requires attendance to an advanced age, is a tendency that was purposely given to them by their respective founders. When these schools were established no one dreamt of popular education in the sense in which we now understand it. It was considered well to give an opportunity to particularly bright youths to acquire a superior education, but it was never intended that every boy of what we now call the middle classes should be systematically educated. The curricula of grammar schools were accordingly arranged for the use of those exceptional youths who might devote themselves to learning as a profession, and who would probably stay in the school until it was time to go to the university. The gulf that yawned between illiterate ignorance on the one hand, and heavy learning on the other, was not then, as now, bridged over by many degrees of education; and the only object a schoolmaster could have in taking a boy into a secondary school was to make a classical scholar of him.

The condition of public day-schools is hardly more satisfactory than that of the boarding-schools. They are more numerous, but



they are living a very feeble life, as will be seen from the following description by the Schools Inquiry Commissioners:—"Very many of them are in a languid state, unwilling to relinquish classics, unable to give them full play, struggling feebly to accommodate themselves to the discordant aims of the several parts of the community. And the circumstance in many cases that the school is bound to give a gratuitous or mainly gratuitous education, makes it merely a successful rival to the National school in point of attraction, and a most unsatisfactory substitute in point of quality. Those who wish for a better education, or for school companions of a higher social level, may be quite willing to pay for it, but they cannot get for money what they want. In at least two-thirds of the places named as towns in the census there is no public school at all above the primary school, and in the remaining kind the school is often insufficient in size or in quality."

We have thus seen that the supply of schools adapted to the wants of the second and third grades of scholars is very scanty, even if the quality were good. The great majority of middle-class scholars cannot get what they want in the public schools. Only those who desire a lengthened *classical* education can find what they seek in the endowed schools, for people who desire their sons to pass through a lengthened course of education in which science shall have the chief place—such an education as a candidate for admission to Woolwich would require, for instance—can hardly find a single public school to meet their wishes. The boys who can only stay at school until sixteen years of age can find very few schools with a curriculum fully adapted to them. Some few schools have attempted to meet this want, but the attempt is very crude and weak indeed. As for the numerical majority, the boys who can only stay till fourteen years of age, there is no better public means of education existing than the upper classes of a National British school, or of an endowed school of the same standard.

It would be some consolation to know that the small fragment of an educational system that these great deductions leave to the middle classes, was good as far as it went. If a man is compelled to let his son spend all his school days in learning the grammars of dead languages which he does not want, it would be at least gratifying in some degree to know that the teaching was good of its sort. But the Commissioners do not allow us this consolation. They tell us that "the schools, whether public or private, which are thoroughly satisfactory are few in proportion to the need." An inquiry into the results obtained by endowed grammar schools is exceedingly discouraging. Let

us take first the great aim and object of the higher class of grammar schools. That aim and object is to prepare youths for the universities. To that aim everything else is subordinated. Schools that might with great advantage to the districts in which they exist give education suitable to boys of the second and third educational grades (boys who stay only till fourteen and sixteen years of age respectively) adhere to a curriculum suited only for boys who mean to stay till eighteen, mainly for the sake of preparing for the universities. Their founders desired that the schools should prepare for the universities; exhibitions have been founded in connection with them, to encourage preparation for the universities; and the only kind of emulation that exists between different grammar schools, has reference to the number of students sent to Oxford or Cambridge. Now, there are 166 endowed schools in England and Wales professedly sending boys to the universities. The nine great public schools and the Marlborough College send about half the total number of students; 23 schools send an average of nineteen each, 47 have an average of five each, and the remaining 83 have only an average of  $1\frac{1}{3}$  each in three years. If we strike off from this account, as we reasonably may, schools that are sending less than one scholar a year to the universities, we find that there are only between 80 and 90 of all the endowed schools in England that are really preparing boys for the universities, and that less than half of these send as many as three students each every year. When we consider the extent to which the curricula of our 700 endowed grammar schools are governed by the wish to send boys to the universities, this result appears to be miserably inadequate to the sacrifice. The great majority of the scholars who use, or would like to use, these 700 schools, are forced into an unsuitable curriculum, or kept away altogether in order that 80 or 90 schools may send a small number of students annually to Oxford and Cambridge.

Judging by another test, that of the Oxford and Cambridge local examinations, it appears that the grammar schools are very far from being brilliantly successful. Not one in ten of all the endowed grammar schools have succeeded during the past three years in obtaining a first class in the lists of either university. This fact prepares us to find that the high standards professed by most of our grammar schools in classical learning are, in great part, delusive—that those schools do not in the majority of instances perform passably well the work which they insist upon making their speciality. The assistant commissioner who examined the schools of the West Riding says:—  
“On the whole, the classical learning prescribed by statute *in the large*

*majority of grammar schools* may be safely pronounced a delusive and unfruitful thing. It is given to very few in any form. It is not carried to any substantial issue in the case of five per cent. of the scholars. \* \* \* It furnishes the pretext for the neglect of all other useful learning, and is the indirect means of keeping down the general level of education in almost every small town which is so unfortunate as to possess an endowment." The reports of the other assistant commissioners are very much to the same effect. The boys are kept so constantly grinding at their Latin and Greek grammars, that they have been taught nothing else, are unable to write from dictation a single English sentence, or to perform a simple sum in arithmetic; and yet when they come to be examined in those classical studies that have absorbed all their time, they are found to have little more than parrot knowledge acquired by constant reiteration.

The causes of this unsatisfactory state of matters in our grammar schools are numerous, and yet are very easy of comprehension. The want of organization to which we have repeatedly alluded is the chief of them. By all aiming to accomplish something that is possible and desirable only in the case of a few schools, they have failed to accomplish that which is possible and desirable in the case of all. Each planted on its own independent endowment, and ruled by its own independent statutes, our grammar schools have neither been amenable to public opinion nor to public authority, and, if they have gone to decay, they have only followed the natural course of all uncared-for things. Beautiful and fragrant flowers when left untended degenerate into rank and noisome weeds; and our grammar school system, once so good, has fallen into its present state of decay simply because it has by its original constitution been deprived of that healthy control and stimulation which is required by all human institutions. With a central power, authorised to apportion the work of each school according to its own capabilities and the wants of the district, and to control without destroying the authority of their governing bodies, the grammar-school system of England will yet become a most useful public institution.

Besides the want of organization, several radical defects appear in the present constitution of these schools. The principal of these relate to the admission of scholars, the tenure of the office of head master, and the composition of the governing bodies.

It was the intention of the founders to place the means of higher education within the reach of the poor, and in order that that intention might not be frustrated they either ordained that the poor alone should be admitted free, or that no fees should be paid either by rich

or poor. In order to retain the benefit of their foundation for *secondary* education many of them established a preliminary examination, to ensure that the applicants had previously received the elements of education at a primary school. This latter salutary rule has been in many instances abandoned, and the result is that some grammar schools have sunk to the level even of infant schools. Thus it was found that in the "grammar school" at Butterwick the fifth class could not read, and the third and fourth classes were lisping in words of two syllables. At Brigg many of the boys had never heard of Europe or of the Thames. The rule as to gratuitous instruction has been partly adhered to and partly abandoned. In the cases where the receiving of fees was absolutely prohibited it could not be uniformly adhered to, for in not a few of them changes in the value of money had made the endowment so inadequate, that the only choice lay between exacting fees and shutting up the school.

The decision of Lord Eldon in the Leeds case confined the gratuitous education in grammar schools to Latin and Greek, and enabled masters to charge fees for everything else; but this mixed system has not been found to work well. The general result of the gratuitous system has been either that the trustees have provided a low class of education for all boys who choose to claim it, or that a system of selection has been established. Neither result has proved satisfactory. Of the schools that remain entirely gratuitous the Commissioners say:—"The school becomes flooded with those who seek the merest rudiments of knowledge. They would have to pay something—a trifle, it is true, but still something—at the national school, and they consider that they have a right to the grammar school. Claiming it as a right, and making no sacrifice for it, the parents are careless of their children's attendance and careless of their conduct \* \* \* The only result of the founder's bounty is to give the parents an alms of a shilling or two a week, and to save the well-to-do residents of the town or village their subscription to the elementary school." This indiscriminate admission deprives promising boys of the humbler classes of any real benefit they might get from it, for it rather lowers the school to their level than raises them to a higher.

The system of admitting free scholars by selection is also liable to serious drawbacks. Such a selection is usually made by the governors, either collectively or individually. In the case of collective nominations, some of the most serious evils of indiscriminate admission are repeated. The governors most frequently elect the poorest to enjoy the benefits of the foundation, and unless the poverty of the scholar

be accompanied by a capacity to avail himself of superior educational advantages, the endowment is in great part wasted. When the governors nominate individually a whole host of objectionable considerations comes in. Personal favour, political interest, and many elements entirely unconnected with education have a prominent part in the selection. Well-to-do people residing in the neighbourhood of richly endowed free schools come to rely upon these schools in a manner that is most unfavourable to the educational interests of their children. A parent with some little interest knows that he can get his son into the school sooner or later, and in the mean time he takes no trouble about his education, but quietly waits until the opening in the free school occurs. The result is that boys of advanced ages are constantly being sent to these schools in a state of dense ignorance. An assistant commissioner saw a newly admitted boy of fourteen years of age examined by the head master to see what he was fit for. He spelt wrong "roung," and did not know the name of any river in England, or of any English king but Charles I., or the capitals of Scotland, Ireland, or France, or how much thirty pence made. And an instance fell under the notice of the same gentleman of a boy sixteen years of age, and the son of parents rich enough to keep a carriage, who could not even read or write. His parents, expecting that the school would ultimately teach him everything gratis, had let him run wild until the expected vacancy should occur. The only good system of selection of free scholars is by competition in the elementary schools. This has been successfully tried at Doncaster, and when we come to consider the proposals of the commissioners, we shall see that they recommend its general adoption in our grammar-school system.

A most serious defect in our present system arises from the tenure upon which head masters hold their offices, and the manner in which they are paid. They generally hold them by a freehold tenure, at a fixed salary, and they are thus perfectly independent of success or failure. Old age, deafness, blindness, or laziness may interpose to prevent a due discharge of the duties of the office; but there they remain in possession of house and salary until removed by death. Some curious instances occur in the reports of the assistant commissioners. At the school of Ottery St. Mary, the assistant commissioner found six pupils only. The boarders' dining-room was occupied by two of the master's carriages, the night study was a laundry, and the large dormitory a billiard-room. The head master of the Kington school was candid enough to tell the assistant commissioner that it was not worth his while to push the school, as with the endowment

(about 200*l.* a year,) and some other small source of income, he had enough to live upon without troubling to do so. At another school an assistant commissioner found *two masters*, with an endowment of 400*l.* a year and a good house, teaching *one scholar!* On the commissioner asking the head master on what pension he would be willing to retire, he replied, "I don't want to retire at all." "But," said the commissioner, "you have only one scholar!" to which he promptly replied, "And I don't want any more. Why should I? I am an old man. This is a good house and garden, and the place is better than a curacy. I will not retire if I can help it, and certainly not on less than the full salary. Why should I?"

These gentlemen obviously regard their offices as existing for their own benefit only. In the Suffolk district there was found one master who did no work at all, but supported an old age in the comfortable schoolhouse; a second who was almost helpless from paralysis; a third who declared himself to be past working; a fourth who was deaf, and three more who were not equal to their work by reason of declining strength. More than a fourth of the grammar schools of this county were suffering from the bodily infirmities of the masters. In striking contrast to this state of affairs is Mr. Fearon's description of matters in the Scotch burgh schools. In Scotland the masters claim to hold their offices *ad vitam aut culpam*, but their emoluments are so arranged that it is not worth the while of an incompetent man to remain in office.

The Scotch schoolmaster receives only a trifling salary, and derives the bulk of his income from the fees paid by his scholars. If he does not teach well and gain the confidence of parents his school will remain empty; and if his school remains empty, he has hardly the means of supporting life. Certain it is that in all Scotland there could not be found a schoolmaster with six scholars and two carriages, or one with a single scholar and a comfortable official income. The result is that the schools in Scotland are far ahead of English grammar schools in every essential respect. The teachers, having a direct pecuniary interest in success, exert themselves to succeed; and in cases where incompetent men have been appointed the system itself compels them to resign and seek more suitable employment.

Mr. Fearon, who went down to Scotland to compare the two systems, has returned very deeply impressed with the advantages of the Scotch system of small salaries and payment in chief by fees. The contrast which he draws between the working of the two systems is exceedingly striking. Of the English grammar school he says:—"I wish that I could picture to the Commissioners the interior of

such an English grammar school as I have often seen it both in town and country at about three o'clock P.M. The long room empty and vacant in the middle, with the massive and old-fashioned desks ranged round the walls. The three seats for the teachers carefully graduated in size; the largest and most imposing for the master at the top of the room; the second at the bottom for the usher; and at one side a smaller desk, inferior in comfort and dignity, for the occasional French master. The 30 boys divided nominally into six forms, of which the sixth contains two or three boys, boarders, who are reading 'Greek Play,' and one of whom is said to be preparing to try for an open scholarship at the university. The fifth form perhaps 'vacant' just at present, and the bulk of the scholars in the lower forms classified according to their different degrees of proficiency in Eutropius, Caesar, and Ovid. The master, well clothed and fed, lounging in his chair of state, hearing the sixth form, who sit or lean round him in every variety of posture that can indicate indifference or weariness. The usher, an ignorant, untrained drudge—to whom is committed the care of the boarders in their bedrooms, and the instruction in those inferior subjects known as 'the English branches,' wearing the listless look of one who has known or been vainly hoping for better days. The whole scene one of sleepy, monotonous existence, resembling rather a gathering of the priests and worshippers of Morpheus than of the Muses."

Then he describes the "Class room of a Scotch burgh school, crowded with 60 or 100 boys and girls, all nearly of an age, seated in rows at desks or benches, but all placed in the order of merit, with their keen thoughtful faces turned towards the master, watching his every look and every gesture in the hope of winning a place in the class, and having good news to bring home to their parents at tea-time. The dux seated at the head of the class, wearing perhaps a medal, the object of envy and yet of pride to all his fellows; fully conscious both of the glory and insecurity of his position, and taught by the experience of many falls the danger of relaxing his efforts for one moment. In front of this eager, animated throng stands the master, gaunt, muscular, and time-worn, poorly clad, and plain in manner and speech, but with the dignity of a ruler in his gestures, and the fire of an enthusiast in his eye; never sitting down, but always standing in some commanding position before the class; full of movement, vigour and energy; so thoroughly versed in his author or his subject, that he seldom requires to look at the text-book which is open in his left hand, while in his right he holds the chalk or the pointer ever ready to illustrate from map or blackboard, or perhaps

flourishes the ancient 'taws' with which in former days he used to reduce disorderly newcomers to discipline and order. The whole scene is one of vigorous action and masterly force, forming the greatest possible contrast with the monotonous, unmethodical, ill-seconded working of the English teacher."

No one can doubt that a very great part of this difference of result is due to the difference between an invariable income depending in no way on success, and one depending almost entirely upon success.

Important changes are also called for in the condition of the governing bodies, but it will be more convenient to discuss these in the concluding paper of this series, in which we shall have to sketch the probable future of our grammar schools as shadowed forth in the comprehensive scheme recommended by the Commissioners.



## HOME AGAIN!

**H**OME again! Spared the perils of years,  
Spared of rough seas and rougher lands,  
And I look in your eyes once, once again,  
Hear your voices, and grasp your hands!

Not changed the least, least bit in the world!  
Not aged a day, as it seems to me!  
The same dear faces—the same dear home—  
All the same as it used to be!

Ah! here is the garden! Here the limes,  
Still in their sunset green and gold,  
And the level lawn, with the pattern in't  
Where the grass has been newly roll'd.

And here come the rabbits, lumping along,—  
No! That's never the same white doe,  
With the pinky lops and the munching mouth?  
Yet 'tis like her as snow to snow.

And here's Nep in his old heraldic style,  
Erect, chain-tightening all he can;  
With Topsy, wagging that inch of tail,—  
What, you know me again, old man?

The pond, where the lilies float and bloom!  
The gold fish in it, just the same,  
Too fat to stir in the cool,—yes, one  
Shoots and gleams, and goes out like flame!

And yonder's he tree with the giant's face,  
Nose and chin against the blue;  
And the two elm-branches here, with still  
Our famous swing between the two!

No change! Nay, it only seems last night  
That I return'd your fond "Good-byes,"  
As I heard the rain drip from the eaves,  
And felt its moisture in my eyes.

Only last night that you throng'd the porch,  
While I choked the words I couldn't say,  
And poor little Jim's white face peep'd out,  
Dimly seen while I stole away.


Poor little Jim! In this happy hour  
His wee, white face our hearts recall,  
And I miss a hand and a voice, and see  
The little crutch against the wall.

So all life's sunshine is fleck'd with shade,  
So all delight is touch'd with pain,  
So tears of sorrow and tears of joy  
Welcome the wanderer home again!

WILLIAM SAWYER.

## MUSIC IN VANITY FAIR.

### PART III.

S far as amateur music is concerned, our Fair for 1868 is at an end. Every fashionable booth is closed.

Lady Mortgage's afternoon receptions are over—the ices all melted—the last cup of tea has been poured out and emptied. The drawing-rooms in which talking and music contended with each other for supremacy until both were overcome by the heat, are now silent and deserted; sober brown holland covers the luxurious couches on which beauty reposed awhile; the blinds are down, and the carpets, it is believed, are up. Spasmodic vocal music no longer comes through open windows, startling passengers along the streets; lackeys no longer throng the doorsteps; the amateur queens of song have migrated, and with them all Belgravia seems to have departed. The stately *Diva* of private life, whose ringing tones electrify all hearers, now seeks repose at some Rhenish *Bade Anstalt*, and goes through a water cure as arduous as any course of training. It is a change certainly from the feasting, dancing, singing, and late hours of London, to rise with the lark, breakfast early, dine at one, and go to bed in reasonable time. Much good may the change do her, and may the ringing tones be stronger than ever next season, when all who admire dramatic singing will rejoice to hear Abigaille's "Ambita gloria" once again triumphantly proclaimed. The *prima donna* of the Grange is now inhaling her native highland air, and rambles joyously through the heather, caroling "the nightingale's trill" to the utter confusion and shame of all other warbling bipeds thereabouts.

Marguerite far away from Faust, Mephistopheles, and all their works, hums her favourite valse after the fashion of a modern Undine, without the pianoforte accompaniment which she plays so cleverly, in the waters of Boulogne or Biarritz. Maddalena wends her way slowly towards Rome to delight the painters who do her homage. The quartetts and trios, to rehearse which necessitated so many pleasant meetings, occasionally marred by a difference of opinion, are now dispersed, and the sopranos, contraltos, tenors, and basses,

distributed in various parts of the civilised world, sing their respective solos independently and regardless of time or tune—a freedom they did not altogether renounce when in company with each other.

How vigorously the *maestro* used to work to keep the *ensemble* in order, and how vexed Maddalena appeared when any of the party had failed to keep the appointment for practice! She was always up to time—chronologically and musically exact—and treated the quartets and trios so seriously as to make one fancy the whole duty of man and woman too were involved in their proper execution. They were well performed when her exhortations were obeyed, for her knowledge of music is extensive, and her appreciation of all Art invariably correct. The richly toned voice of the contralto brunette who joined in some of those *morceaux d'ensemble*—now sounding melodiously above all others—now blending deliciously with the rest—added greatly to their effect. The same fair singer took part in the operettas that were given early in the season, and exhibited much talent for the stage, declaiming every word as well as every note allotted to her with appropriate expression; distinct articulation of the text is indeed one of the many favourable characteristics of her singing. In the operettas at Cromwell House a soprano who has attained distinction as a song writer under the assumed name of *Marina*, also appeared, and fairly divided the honours of the performances with the contralto. Having a most sympathetic voice well under control, Marina played and sang her *rôles* with great dramatic feeling and artistic skill.

The musical performances that have been heard recently in the London *salons*, go far to upset the oft repeated aphorism that very good amateurs make bad artists. There are some ten or twelve of our female amateur musicians who by constant practice have acquired greater musical proficiency than many professors of the art possess. The vocal attainments of these accomplished ladies rival those of our most popular public singers. They have pursued the study of music conscientiously, and mastered its difficulties accordingly. Their performances are as artistic as those of the recognised artist; their position alone exempts them from criticism, but even judged by the highest standards of excellence they would pass successfully through the severe ordeal. More perfect vocalisation than that of the amateur soprano for whom Sullivan composed many of his songs, and Blumenthal his "Pilgrim," cannot be desired. There are others whose playing and singing are a delight to listen to, and whose musical efficiency establishes their claim to con-

sideration as true musicians, though they do not follow music as a profession.

How difficult it is to draw the line between professional musicians and amateurs when the latter determine to excel in the art they love, is shown in the case of Miss Gabriel, the composer of so many admirable works. As a *pianiste*, Miss Gabriel evinces extraordinary talent; as a composer of light melodious music, she has few equals. There is but one distinction to be made in such a case between those who adopt the art as a means of livelihood, and the fortunate *dilettante* who is independent of its pecuniary rewards, and that distinction is money; none other is admissible, for the superiority of talent and attainments is on the side of the non-professional.

Although highly cultivated musical talent may be so often met with among the fair sex, first rate male amateur musicians are very rare. More time is necessary for the study of music than men are generally disposed to devote to it. No one can take it up after a certain time of life, treat it capriciously, and make a reputation even as an amateur composer or executant. To acquire any proficiency at all, requires hard work at some time or other. The possession of a tenor voice has led many erroneously to suppose that nothing more was wanting than to learn a few songs in order to make a fortune. Men amateurs who come before the public—emerging from their obscurity into the light of day—are not often successful, owing to the want of adequate preparation.

Mario is one of the very few instances of an amateur having succeeded as a professional singer, and, if he were asked, he would relate how laboriously he has had to study, to gain the position he now holds against all comers. His example has induced many to follow in his footsteps, but who, wanting his pluck, patience, and good luck, have fallen by the way, and had to repent them of their self-sufficiency.

It was one of the many youthful hallucinations of a distinguished nobleman to believe he had a tenor voice of the same quality as Mario's. He consulted all the singing masters of the town; some encouraged the delusion, others, more honestly told the truth. At length Stanzieri, a clever Neapolitan, arrived in London, bringing with him letters of warm recommendation from Rossini. He was at once retained, and made to pass judgment upon the voice. "La Sonnambula" was the opera chosen for the trial, the tenor part being sung by the infatuated lord. On this occasion the high notes were taken with ease; the scena "Tutto è sciolto" seemed ridiculously facile.

Stanzieri was hailed with delight; he alone had enabled his noble pupil to sing properly; the pupil was not aware that the cunning musician had transposed the songs a fourth lower, and that the tenor voice was no higher than it had ever been before. A trick very similar to this was wickedly played on an amateur who used to thrust himself before the public. He really had a splendid voice, without the slightest intellectual ability of using it. His knowledge of music was so limited that he was, and may be still, unable to distinguish one chord from another. On an occasion when announced to sing a song without accompaniment, he requested the conductor of the concert to give him the key-note; he did so, and struck a chord just a fifth higher than that in which the song could be sung. The tenor proceeded with his performance, but after singing a few bars found it impossible to go on. He turned round and discovered he was alone on the platform, the conductor had vanished; the singer followed him, and brought him back to play the accompaniment of the song, the effect of which had been so jeopardised.

As solo singers, the men certainly are inferior to their gentle companions, but when trained to sing in a body they make amends for their individual deficiencies by vocalising most harmoniously; no body of singers can surpass the Moray Minstrels, for instance, in the perfection of their *ensemble* and complete subjection to the conductor's stick. It is as soloists that the male amateurs fall short. There are, however, one or two exceptions, the most distinguished being a tenor who is in great request and has hard work during the season, having made singing a *spécialité*. He sings well. His *repertoire* seems limited, and it would be a pleasant change if he substituted other songs for "My Queen" and "Una furtiva lagrima," albeit the latter is one of the most impassioned love ditties ever thought of, which the former certainly is not. A baritone who took part in "Box and Cox," and sang Sullivan's pretty music in that piece of extravagance with remarkable effect, is also an exception to those male amateurs of the day who do so much to prove the truth of what the satirist has said of singing men. Music affords as much scope for the expression of manly feeling as any of the other arts. A tenor song need not be sung in so lackadaisical a manner as to bring ridicule upon the manhood of the singer. Grimaces and a woful countenance are not necessary to the execution of a plaintive ballad. To look at some of the tenors or baritones of society when they are obliging their friends, you would suppose they were suffering the most unpleasant pains, and feel inclined to offer some antidote to

relieve the agony they seem to endure. They frown, turn up their eyes, throw their heads back. Heavens! what contortions! Can it be that they are intended to give expression to passionate feelings of affection? If so, what an infliction such feelings must be on the unfortunate object who inspires them! Some amateurs with less expressive physiognomies, shout loudly and unintelligibly. They ignore the presence of people with delicate nerves, and care nothing about the meaning of the words which they should speak more plainly. What a noise they make, and how senseless it is! Nevertheless, so great is the rage for singers in society, that any one who has the courage to stand up and open his mouth, will be listened to, no matter how or what he sings. It is to be regretted that so many bad performances are tolerated, criticism silenced, and common sense outraged, by mistaken good nature.

After the numerous concerts and musical performances of a London season, it is worth while considering whether any innovation has been observable in the ever changing and constantly recurrent forms of musical expression. The most recent innovator seems still to be Gounod, who, although he has not created a new school of composition, has, nevertheless, written more really original music than any other composer whose works have become popular during the last few years. His love music is the most tender and impassioned ever conceived by any Frenchman; his orchestral combinations are masterly, yet no especial character pervades his compositions, such as in those of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and others, whose styles denote distinctive epochs in the art, and enable the experienced hearer to recognise the composer almost instinctively. Verdi's forms are newer, and he has had more imitators than Gounod, but his music is too impetuous, too reckless, so to speak, to last. His genius is like a furious volcano exhausting itself in a series of fierce eruptions, and leaving nothing but dead ashes to tell posterity of its having once existed. The true lights of all art burn for ever. Since Mendelssohn, no composer has evinced the originality of genius he did. His individuality glows in every bar he wrote; it has been imitated by scores of plagiarists, and more or less affects the whole school of modern compositions of any importance. His merit was sooner recognised than that of almost any other original thinker. There seemed to be a necessity for some new style, and Mendelssohn was hailed as the musician who had supplied it.

The disciples of the music of the future, the followers of Schumann and Wagner, have long struggled to bring about the popularity of their masters' works; but hitherto, as far as this country is concerned,

without any encouraging result. It is now the future of those days when the portentous prophecies were made as to the change which was said to be then imminent. We are still where we were: no change has taken place in our tastes, excepting, perhaps, that we have learned to estimate music more correctly, and according to its intrinsic value.

As history repeats itself, so does art. To descend to a lower order of comparison—in the making of any article of dress, we find that the designs come into, and go out of, fashion regularly during certain periods, the old ones returning into public favour as surely as the newer styles are set aside. Improvements in the manufacture are made, but the designs or patterns remain: so with music. We tire of novelty, and, in spite of ourselves, revert to the rococo for the sake as we believe, of the associations it brings with it as much as for its merit; but, in doing so, we are obeying an immutable law of ethics, as applicable to art as to every other human attribute. In one respect, nevertheless, music is ever changing, and rarely recurrent; and that is in the form of expressing the universal sentiment of love. Every age seems to have its especial musical phraseology for the expression of the tender passion. Take the love-songs of the last century, and mark how different they are from those of our time. There are some in Clayton's operas which, compared with those of Balfe, afford a most laughable contrast. Play Handel's secular love-music against that of Mendelssohn or Gounod. Their inspirations intended to portray other sentiments are not so distinct, neither do we identify passionate love with the music of former times. It is almost impossible for modern ears to find any sentimental meaning in the songs and scenas of the florid school, according to which a tenor was supposed to convey the most touching thoughts to his prima donna in a series of runs and passages which take one's breath away to contemplate. Imperceptible though it be, love-songs are constantly undergoing change. If Gounod can claim any right to the title of a musical innovator, it is by reason of his originality in this particular branch of composition. Otherwise, reflecting upon the music that has been produced during the last two or three years, I do not see that any very remarkable change in style has taken place during that time. Revivals are not, of course, to be taken into account; they only prove the general proposition that art repeats itself to be correct, and that all which is true and excellent must prevail, though it may for a period be obscured.

Returning to our Fair, from which these sapient observations have led us astray, we find nearly all the high-priced places of amusement



closed: the delicacies of the season, being no longer in demand, have vanished. The advertising columns of the *Times*, devoted a few weeks ago to concerts and gay doings of all sorts, are now filled up, not inappropriately, with the announcements of when ships sail, and of other means of escaping from the stifling metropolis. Staple amusements, such as the theatres, keep open for the entertainment of country cousins; and that most wonderful palace of all palaces, the Crystal Palace, still issues its hydra-headed advertisements, telling all holiday-makers that now is the time it should be visited. It is, indeed, a marvellous institution, offering as it does facilities for the national receptions of heroes and royal princes,—a home for hairless horses, and wonders great and small,—a place for actors and actresses to go mad in;—conducted upon the principles of high art, and so managed as to combine every popular attraction tempting to the multitude. It has done more to humanise the populace of London than all the mechanics' institutes and systems of popular education could effect in half a century. The gardens and works of art improve the minds of the most ignorant, and are the best of teachers, because the least intrusive; while the habit of mixing in large crowds such as assemble almost weekly, with the common object of relaxation, has of itself a beneficial influence upon every pleasure-seeker. How London amused itself before the Crystal Palace was established will be a subject of interesting inquiry to future antiquarians; its opening is an epoch in the social history of the metropolis. How London would manage now without some such people's palace is a theme upon which any political economist of the day might not unworthily dilate.

As a permanent branch of the great International Exhibition scheme it is a more graceful monument to the memory of Prince Albert than "storied urn or animated bust," shaped by the most skilful sculptor out of the most enduring material.

It is now some years ago since I suggested to the directors of the Crystal Palace that concerts should be given in the centre transept. A band was then the only music allowed to disturb the high-art character of the building. The suggestion, after some hesitation, was carried out. Madame Alboni was engaged. Crowds flocked to hear the renowned contralto in such a novel locality, and the experiment was a success.

More recently I advised the directors to erect a stage in the transept, and to give representations by daylight of such operas as "Norma," "William Tell," "Mosé," and other works in which large numbers of choristers and instrumentalists might be employed. I

consulted Grieve and Telbin as to the scenic arrangement, and plans were prepared by those artists showing how daylight might be made a substitute for gas, and the representations be more real and life-like than any theatrical display yet attempted. The masses of colour and grouping, the movements of the large bodies of choristers in the operas named, could be so managed as to be of great effect in such a space as the centre transept.

The proposal was declined, and the more expensive undertaking of the Handel Festival entered upon instead. The partial success of the opera given during the past month on the occasion of Mr. Mapleson's benefit, shows that the suggestion merited consideration, although the "Nozze di Figaro" is not in any way adapted to the locality either as regards music or action. The stage on which it was performed was ridiculously small in proportion to the locality. Operas on a large scale by daylight in the transept have yet to be tried, and when tried, if judiciously done, will, I believe, prove successful. Another purpose for which that particular space when enclosed might be made available is, dancing—not necessarily such as is associated with Mabilie and Cremorne, but dancing parties under the patronage of royalty, and admission to which should be obtained by vouchers from some reliable committee. The directors need not despair of increasing their dividends as long as they have such attractions as operas by daylight and afternoon dancing parties in the centre transept to fall back upon.

The Italian Opera concerts, once the chief feature of a Crystal Palace summer season, have this year been almost obscured by the innumerable *fêtes* that have been celebrated. The operas themselves have a powerful opponent in the Crystal Palace, and it is a question how far Mr. Gye and Mr. Mapleson do injury to their respective interests by allowing their singers to appear at all at Sydenham. The opposition was not of so much consequence so long as the Palace was closed in the evening; but now that it is kept open until late at night, and is at times a more favourite and fashionable resort than the operas, it must be an important point for the managers of the latter to consider whether a Crystal Palace engagement be a sufficient set-off against the damage sustained by the artists being heard at lower prices than are charged at the theatres, and so often as to lessen their powers of attraction in their more legitimate sphere.

Both houses are now closed. Covent Garden, fulfilling one of the promises of its prospectus, produced, on the last night but one of the season, Auber's "Domino Noir." It was hardly necessary, and the manager must have been forced to give it by some inexorable subscribers.

The cast was not attractive, though efficient. Charming music though it be, the opera is not suited to Covent Garden. To be properly appreciated, it must be heard in a house not larger than the Opéra Comique, and in its native tongue.

There are other works Mr. Gye might have produced with greater effect, but the repertoire of his theatre appears rich enough to avoid the imperative necessity for novelties. No theatre in Europe can boast of such a list of grand operas complete and ready to be given at an hour's notice.

The last *débutants* at Covent Garden have not been fortunate as yet ; but the new tenor, Chelli, promises well. He possesses the means of becoming a good singer, if he has but common sense to make use of them. As an enthusiastic Englishman once said of Ireland, he requires development. Mdlle. Lucca's indisposition interfered considerably with the arrangements of the season, and was one of those unforeseen circumstances which ruffle the tranquillity of a manager's career. Singers—to enable those who are in any way dependent on them—should be made of india-rubber, or some such material, free from the ills and caprices that flesh is heir to. Can nothing be done to improve the Covent Garden chorus? Mr. Costa must really look to his laurels, lest they be withered by the discordant noises he occasionally allows his old favourites to make. It is to be regretted that performances, such as are given under his direction, should at any time be marred by carelessness.

In the Drury Lane prospectus "Gustavus" was promised, and so was Wagner's "Lohengrin"—neither have been given. Both were looked forward to with much interest. Why the first was not performed remains "a secret of the prison house." The absence of the latter is not so difficult to account for. It is terribly hard music to master, and may have been beyond the learning-power of the Italians in so short a time. Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" is far more intelligible, and is, perhaps, the most melodious of all his dramatic works. It would be easier to "mount," and far more likely to please the public ear than "Lohengrin," the story of which is as mystified as the music of the future to which it is set.

For the last six weeks both Italian Operas had to contend with an unexpected antagonist at the St. James's Theatre.

Madame Schneider has been, financially, the success of the season. The St. James's Theatre was crowded nightly; the pit, converted into stalls, had all the appearance of a social assemblage in high life, where the reigning authorities of fashion gathered together to enjoy the raciness of the French stage. It was a matter

of complaint that "La Grande Duchesse" was shorn of its piquancy in its transplantation from foreign soil—a complaint made in all the bitterness of disappointment by those who went to the theatre hoping to hear some *jeux de mots* which should tickle their fancy but make them blush, and to see a dance which might oblige them to peep at it from behind their fans. "La Belle Hélène" was, consequently, given in its integrity, and proved too highly flavoured with Parisian salt to be relished by English palates. Its shamelessness was so barefaced, not to use any harsher term, that society was shocked; and, after a few representations, "La Belle Hélène" was withdrawn, and the more modest "Duchesse" announced again instead. A loss was thereby sustained in the disappearance from the scene of the incomparable Ravel, who was included in the "Hélène" cast. Madame Schneider is the very incarnation of Offenbach's music. She is sentimental, nay, even tragic at times; but as often as she exhibits real dramatic energy, she pulls up suddenly and seems to apologise to the audience for the ebullition; she must turn all sentiment into ridicule. So it is with Offenbach. No sooner does he express any deep feeling in his music than he appears to regret having done so, and returns to the gay and frivolous style which is so peculiarly his own. The operas were well performed. A better *seconda donna* would have been desirable, the other *rôles* were satisfactorily filled.

One whose name is inseparably associated with music, and who is—

"Loved in every home in England  
As a friend long known and trusted—  
As a kind familiar spirit,  
Ever faithful—ever present,"

has come across "the fathomless Atlantic" on a *voyage de luxe* in Europe. To Longfellow, who is, probably, the most popular poet of the age, a public reception might have been given, or at any rate some especial notice taken of his presence among us. By those who have the pleasure of knowing him personally, he has, as a matter of course, been warmly received. A fellow countryman, an American, Bierstadt, the painter, did that which should have been done by some one of our public men. He gave a banquet to Longfellow and invited some hundred friends to meet him. The feast took place at the Langham Hotel. Statesmen, naval and military men, painters, and a few literary celebrities, were among the invited guests. It was stipulated by the poet that no speeches should be made after dinner, and the old English custom seemed at one time likely to be done away with on the occasion. However, late in the evening, as

Mr. Gladstone was leaving the room, Mr. S. C. Hall, the author (shirt-collar Hall as Douglas Jerrold used to call him, from his initials and a peculiarity of dress,) rose from his seat and requested the eloquent senator to propose Longfellow's health. Mr. Gladstone hesitated some time, trying to avoid breaking through the stipulation made by Longfellow, but the outcry for a speech was too unanimous to be disregarded. Returning to the table, Mr. Gladstone said he felt bound to say something in consequence of the glorious past which the two countries—England and the United States—possessed in common. It became them to break through even the restrictions which the authority of their respected guest had imposed upon them, and to give vent to those enthusiastic feelings which one and all entertained on that interesting occasion. It was impossible to sit at the social board with a man of Mr. Longfellow's world-wide fame without offering him some tribute of admiration. Let them, therefore, simply but cordially assure him that they were conscious of the great honour which they did themselves in receiving this great poet among them. There was no class of persons less able to do justice to an event of that kind than those whose career destined them to tread the toilsome and dusty road of politics, and who were therefore too little sensible of the influences which were brought to bear upon mankind in general by the priest of the muses. But, at the same time, they were not so wholly dead to the sentiments which were naturally awakened on an occasion of that kind as not to be glad to render the tribute of hearty admiration to one whom they must regard not only as a poet, but as an American citizen. They rejoiced to recognise in Mr. Longfellow one of the distinguished brotherhood of letters, whom they all delighted to honour, and in whose writings they felt an especial interest whenever any international event occurred to bring together representatives of the literature of England and the United States. Mr. Gladstone concluded by calling upon all to drink most heartily and cordially to the health, happiness, and fame of Professor Longfellow. Mr. Longfellow acknowledged the compliment with great brevity, expressing his hearty thanks for the generous welcome which had been accorded to him. The Duke of Argyll, in response to a general call, proposed the healths of Admiral Farragut, of the United States' navy, and Sir Hope Grant, of the British army.

Mr. Chaplin Henry, accompanied by Mr. Hatton, sang "The Village Blacksmith," the words of which are by Longfellow, and the company separated. A very interesting *souvenir* of the banquet was presented by Bierstadt to the poet, in the shape of an original oil-

colour sketch, illustrating the departure of Hiawatha "on his long and distant journey :"—

“ And the evening sun descending,  
Set the clouds on fire with redness,  
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,  
Left upon the level water  
One long track and trail of splendour,  
Down whose stream as down a river,  
Westward, westward, Hiawatha  
Sailed into the fiery sunset,  
Sailed into the purple vapours,  
Sailed into the dusk of evening.”

These lines were affixed to the bill of fare, which was placed at the back of the picture. Such marks of attention from one man of genius to another, prove that worldly success has not blunted the feelings of sympathy which should always exist between them.

No poet has been more freely used by English composers than Longfellow. His hearty Saxon English words seem better adapted for music than those of any other writer. The fact of his name having become so familiar in this country is mainly owing to the numerous settings of his shorter poems. It must cause him no little surprise to see, if he ever does see them, the different versions that have appeared of some of his most popular stanzas. His books have been mines of wealth to our musicsellers and booksellers, and a source of delight to every lover of English literature.

The latter reflection may afford the poet sincere pleasure, but the former, unless he be of a most philanthropic turn of mind, must bring with it some regret that the international copyright laws between England and America should still be in such an unsatisfactory state.

WALTER MAYNARD.

## "FOWL PLAY."

### MY FIRST NIGHT UNDER CANVAS.

**W**ITHIN the pleasant shadow of the Malvern Hills, a few weeks ago, was encamped the county battalion of a local force of volunteers. It was a fine sunny day when I marched in as first lieutenant of a crack corps; and everything seemed favourable to a pleasant inauguration of my new experience. At 10:30 I parted with a couple of agreeable guests, and then set about putting my tent in order. I unrolled the regulation blankets, I brought out my two linen sheets which wisely regard for my comfort had contributed to my baggage, I made my bed, hung my lantern on the pole, donned my night-shirt, and then, enveloped in an ample cloak, stepped outside to smoke a last cheroot and take leave of exterior objects.

The moon was shining gloriously upon the tented field, throwing into shadow the graceful outline of hill in rear, and edging in the plain with a misty band of beauty. By midnight the camp was quiet. The review being fixed for the next day, everybody seemed inclined to prepare for extra labour by extra sleep. With the tramp of a distant sentinel in my ear, and the drowsy hum of voices from a more distant tent, I entered my canvas house. I turned down my sheets, I decapitated and slew in various ways forty earwigs, and then laid me down to rest. I tried very hard to believe that I was enjoying myself. The close atmosphere of the tent and the effect of a heavy drill during the day soon lulled me into a gentle doze, in which I continued more or less pleasantly for at least two hours, when my slumbers were strangely disturbed.

Muttered whispers came in through the half-strapped entrance of my tent. Then some monstrous living thing forced its way in and

"Stood at the foot of my truckle bed,  
Painfully nodding its weary head."

A brandy-and-sodaish laugh was all I heard outside, followed by retreating footsteps. Wide awake now, I sat up in bed, and a gleam

of moonlight fell upon the nodding head of a winged monster that stood by me like a drunken sentinel,

“And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each canvas-curtain  
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terror never felt before.”

Stepping gently to the ground I drew my sword and struck a light, in momentary fear that the wretched bird would begin to fly about and struggle to escape. It did nothing, however, but stand solemnly by my bed and nod.

It was, indeed, a remarkable sight in the moonlight, this winged monster with the palsied neck; stranger still by lantern-light a few minutes afterwards. We must have made an odd picture, that same bird and I, as we stood there looking at each other; the very antithesis to Poe and his Raven. My midnight visitor was a turkey, and a very melancholy turkey too. I traced a gleam of extreme sadness in his eye as he winked and blinked in the lantern light. He seemed mutely to apologise for the idiots who had deposited him there, and he suffered me to dress in peace, although he must have seen that I was a little angered at his unwarrantable intrusion.

“I think I know the gentleman who brought you here,” I said. “I shall take you back to your friend again.”

The turkey shook his head in mild expostulation, as much as to say, “Let me go home to my family on the common; I came not here of my own free will.”

“I shall take you to Ensign Mildew's tent,” I repeated.

The turkey acknowledged my remark with a deprecatory nod.

“I shall, indeed, sir: don't look at me in that way.”

Thereupon my visitor said “Goggle-goggle,” in a faint apologetic sort of way, and fluttered his wings.

“Do, if you dare! Move but an inch, flutter but another feather, and thou'rt a dead bird,” I said, raising my glittering weapon.

The bird stood still, and winked and blinked insanely in the gleams of the brightening lantern.

“You deserve instant decapitation for permitting that great plethoric Ensign to capture you. Why came you so near our tents? Know ye not that you and your whole race, and your companions, the cackling geese and ducks of this common, are all intended for our daily mess? A turkey with any brains would avoid such dangerous ground.”

The poor bird seemed heartily ashamed of his position, and more so when I roused up a comrade in the next tent to join me in the painful expedition of “passing him on.”



I could not help laughing (though it seemed to pain the bird much that I should sneer at him so) when my comrade, half-dressed, his shirt fluttering in the breeze, took up the unhappy turkey in his arms.

"To the left face," I said, "forward!" And on we marched to the tent of my charming friend, whose notions of volunteering are of such a humorous, if not military, character.

"Halt," I commanded here; "unbuckle tent."

No sooner said than done.

"Hi, hollo, what's that?" exclaimed the jaunty occupant.

"Your bird come home to roost," I said; and with that my comrade with the fluttering shirt flopped the goggling turkey in upon the funny gentleman, under whose numerous curses we beat a hasty retreat.

Returning to my quarters, I met an artilleryman half clad,—a wanderer amongst the tents. I deemed it right to question him.

"There are more turkeys abroad to-night than one," said the bluff sergeant-major; "but, by Jove, if I could lay my hand upon the man who disturbed me, I'd make him remember turkey all his life."

"Relate your adventure, sir," I commanded.

"I was fast asleep," said the sergeant-major, "when something fell upon my face, something soft and prickly. 'Confound it,' I said, 'there goes my busby.' I thought it had fallen from the pole, and rolled upon me. I put out my hand to reach it, and found it alive! I yelled ten thousand murders. 'What's the row?' sang out my comrade. 'For heaven's sake, strike a light,' I said; 'there's something dreadfully wrong here.' Then I yelled again, for I was terrified; the devil himself could not have frightened me more. And when we got a light, there stood an infernal great cock-turkey staring at us."

After a hearty laugh that startled more than one sleeper, I sought my couch once more, to find it again occupied by sundry aldermanic-looking earwigs. Ejecting these, I folded my cloak about me, laid my sword by the bed in case of another attack from without, and slept the fitful sleep of all first nights in camp, awaking for good at last, cold and damp and earwiggy.

H.

# THE SCIENCE OF CROQUET.

## PART II.

**H**AVING in a previous part considered how to play the various strokes which present themselves at the game of croquet, it remains to discuss what stroke to play for. This is not so easy a matter as at first sight appears.

We are met with a difficulty on the very threshold. There are several ways of playing the first stroke of a game, notably two, and neither of them is to our mind satisfactory. One mode is to play to go through the first hoop, and failing to make it, to take up the ball, and on the turn of that ball coming round again, to play at the hoop as before, and so on until it is run at one stroke. This plan is open to the objection that it is highly unscientific. At no other point in the game is the player allowed to strike his ball, and failing his object to remove it with his hand from the scene of action. According to the plan now commonly followed, the player who misses the first hoop, often obtains an advantage; whereas a moment's thought will render it obvious to all, that so gross a blunder as missing an easy hoop, ought, in a scientific game, to entail a large measure of retribution. If, for instance, the ball were required to remain where it lies, so that it could not get through its hoop under two strokes; or, better still, if it were considered in play, so that it could be made use of by the adversary, missing the first hoop would meet with an appropriate punishment.

The more this point is considered, the more apparent it becomes that to allow the taking up of a ball out of harm's way because it has made a stupid stroke, is unsound in principle. The beauty of croquet depends on the combinations that follow as soon as two or more balls are in play; and this being so, a rule that gets the balls in play at once, *i.e.* immediately after the first stroke, is evidently in harmony with the genius of the game.

Again, since a player may obtain an advantage by missing the first hoop, it consequently happens that he may miss it on purpose; avowedly if he thinks it fair so to do. On some grounds, in order to avoid this, the player is required to make a *bonâ fide* shot for the first hoop. This is a bad rule, as it places the striker in a false

position. An unscrupulous player might play carelessly, and so gain his end, without tampering much with the remains of his conscience; and the scrupulous player, perhaps from over-care, might miss and miss until he was suspected of unfair play.

Where it is not compulsory to run the hoop, we have known two players, each desiring the other to begin first, to keep on "muffing" the first hoop designedly, till it became obvious that, under the existing rule, the game could not be played at all. This in itself shows the unsoundness of such a mode of commencing, or rather of not commencing. It could not possibly happen if the ball were in play as soon as struck, because the second player would then play to run the first hoop, with the intention of using the ball that had missed.

This also not unfrequently happens, that a player missing the first hoop with his last ball, will not go through with that ball till the adversary has got on so far in the game as to have his position commanded, by a hard shot through the second hoop. The advantage to a good player of getting the break thus even once in the game is so considerable that having missed with the fourth ball, it is often the game for this ball not to run his hoop for several strokes. And as before observed, to keep a ball thus out of play is to spoil the combinations of the game.

To obviate these defects, the plan of lying up for the first hoop was devised. Under this system the ball may be shot at the hoop, or if preferred, the player may bowl himself towards and in front of it, or as it is called, lie up for it. The consequence is, that all the balls get in a cluster round the hoop, with the professed intention of going through to a "moral" next time. But in practice it is found disadvantageous for one ball to go through without the partner; and hence, if the first player goes through, the second instead of playing at the hoop, will roquet the third away, or in front of the hoop, so that he cannot run it under two shots, while the second and fourth players get through at their leisure. This leads to a great deal of roqueting about the first hoop, and it often results that no ball gets through under half a dozen shots, because nobody will go through first, unless there is a good chance of his partner's getting through at his next turn. This prolongs the game, which is already quite long enough, if not too long; gives an enormous advantage to the partners who first get in—the advantage of the first player being already too great; and introduces a quantity of knocking about at the first hoop, which is not croquet: for, inasmuch as the balls lying up have not gone under a hoop, they are not considered "in play" in the technical sense of the word, that is, they lie on the

ground, *inutile lignum*, not being able to take croquet, or indeed to do anything but to displace each other from position. They are, in fact, in play and not in play at the same time. They can make one stroke, but having made that, they are dead again unless they run the hoop, which they won't do.

Now it seems to us that there is a very clear way out of all this fog. Make it to the interest of the player to run the first hoop, and all difficulties vanish. If his ball is in play as soon as struck, it will be in most cases better to run the hoop than not to run it, especially if the starting point is put so short a distance from the hoop that running it is practically a certainty.

Let the starting-point be three feet from the hoop (not a mallet's length, which is indefinite, but three feet), and directly facing its centre, so that the ball cannot command a very large portion of the ground by going through at a considerable angle. Let there be no compulsion to shoot at the hoop, unless the player likes. He is not bound to run his hoops at any other point of the game, why should he be at this? But let the ball struck, whether through the hoop or not, be "in play," that is, let it be able to roquet, croquet, and be croqueted, just as though it had passed this croquet player's *pons*.

This looks to us like common sense, and, therefore, we do not expect it will be generally adopted; common sense being, as Abernethy used to say, "a very uncommon thing."



We quite admit that going through at a considerable angle introduces an element of skill in the first stroke that it is not advisable to remove. We would certainly allow a player to go through at any angle he likes, but not at such a distance as three feet from the hoop. If he is anxious to combine position with the stroke, let him do so by all means, provided he stands further back, so as to make the stroke less easy. This causes him to run the risk of missing, which on our plan is disadvantageous. If the stroke succeeds, an advantage is gained for which a risk has been run; and this is as it should be. A rule similar in principle obtains in shooting-matches, where the gun is allowed to use more shot, provided he stands back, or, what comes to the same thing, to stand in, if he uses less shot.

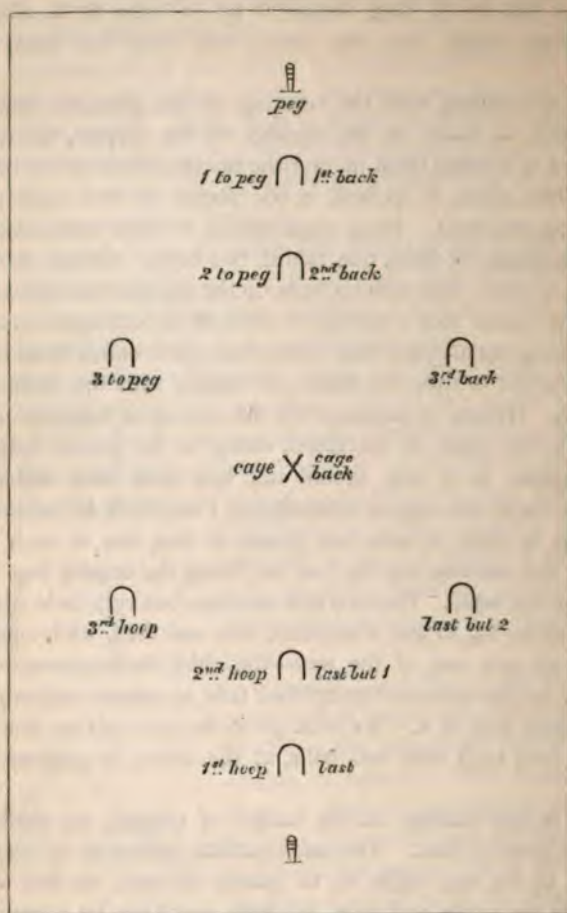
Science can readily be accommodated by drawing a crease on the ground, as at cricket. The ball may start from the point of the crease (see diagram) or anywhere behind and within it. Individuals, of course, can make the crease wider or narrower, as they deem it advisable; but in no case should it be so wide as to render an oblique shot easier than the direct one from the apex of the crease.

Before proceeding with the opening of the game we have some observations to make on the number of the players, the order of going in or of putting them in, and the nomenclature of the balls and hoops. The game, at its best, is one played by two equal players, each taking two balls. Next come games of four, each playing one ball; and games of three, one taking two balls. Games of six take very long to play; and with six balls on the ground there are so many to help the striker that a mistake is often of no consequence, as, with a little management, there may always be a spare ball at hand to make use of. Added to this, the chance of fluking with five balls to play at is large. Hence, in games of six the science is reduced; and the interest in the game is decreased, owing to its greater length. A popular game, as a rule, should not last more than half-an-hour. Games of eight are simply interminable; and it is far better, when eight want to play, to have two games of four, one at each end of the lawn, the starting peg for one set being the turning peg for the other, and *vice versa*. The two sets interfere but very little with each other; and having to wait a moment, now and then, while one of the opposite set gets out of the way—the chief inconvenience—is far preferable to the *insouciant* game that fails to amuse anybody, when eight persons join in it. We even go so far as to advise, four at one end, and two, each with two balls, at the other, in preference to a six-game.

Hence in our remarks on the tactics of croquet, we shall always suppose a game of four. The same general principles of play apply to games of six and eight as to games of four; so that we lose nothing in principle and gain much in simplicity by assuming four balls only to be engaged.

If three players wish to join, the usual plan is to let the best and worst play together against the other with two balls. The advantage, however, to one player with two balls (using the term player in its philosophical sense, as a person who can play) is so great, that where the difference is not large, we have often known the worst of three with two balls win of the two superior players, each taking one.

Where four players each take one ball, either the best and worst play against the others, or one good and one indifferent against the other good and indifferent. And here a little headwork comes into



play in putting in the sides. As a rule, it is an advantage to go first, as we shall presently endeavour to show; but with one good and one moderate player on each side, it is advisable to go in last. The adversary will probably put in his indifferent partner, and if he does so, the other side should follow with their "crack." If, however, the adverse "crack" puts himself in first, the second side should follow with their indifferent player. The reason is, it is a constant "pull"

to a good player to play after a bad one, as he thus has the opportunity of taking advantage of the weak performer's mistakes ; and this he is likely to do much more satisfactorily than his weak partner. The good player is also less likely to leave an easy game for the one that follows him, *i.e.*, for the "crack" of the other side ; and, hence, the opponents' game is cramped all through.

In the four-game, which we always suppose, the balls are blue, pink, black, and yellow, and they play in the succession stated. Blue and black are partners against pink and yellow. Sometimes partners are called friends, and the other balls enemies. When blue is the striker or player, pink is next player, black is the friend or partner, and yellow is the last player, and so on *mutatis mutandis* with the others.

It frequently happens that players require to be told during a game which hoop some ball is for ; and this information can most readily be given by having a short name for each hoop. The plan of pointing to a hoop, and saying, "That one," is not so satisfactory, for instance, as saying, "Two to peg," or whatever the name may be.

The following is the simplest mode of naming with which we are acquainted,—first hoop, second hoop, third hoop, cage, or if there is no cage, middle, three to peg, two to peg, one to peg, peg or stick, first back, second back, third back, cage back, or if there is no cage, middle back, last but two or three to go out, last but one, last hoop (see diagram, p. 342). A ball through the last hoop is called a rover ; when a rover hits the winning peg he is "out" or "dead."

The distances between the hoops on a ground sixty yards by forty, should be about as follows :—The pegs each ten yards from the boundary. If the ground is only fifty-five yards long, then the turning peg may be put five yards from the boundary, still keeping the starting and winning peg ten yards from it. It is not advisable to have the winning peg nearer the boundary, as then, by a hard blow, the striker is able to place a ball to a certainty within a short distance of the stick. This makes pegging out too easy.

The first hoop should be five yards from the peg ; the second, another five yards ; as also the first and second back ; the cage half-way between the pegs, and, consequently, ten yards from the second hoop, and ten from the second back (see diagram, p. 342). The side hoops should be ten yards to the right and left of the second hoop and second back. They are sometimes placed in the same line with these hoops ; sometimes a little forward, as in the diagram, and sometimes back.

We will now suppose the game opened by two players of equal strength, each taking two balls. Blue leads, and runs the first two hoops, and then places himself somewhere in front of the third hoop. He should place himself so far away as not to leave pink a certain shot. On a full-sized ground this is easy enough; but on a narrow ground a chance must generally be left; still, by playing far in front of the hoop instead of close to it, the requisite distance can be obtained.

Pink follows, and runs two hoops, and then comes the question—what is to be his next move? He may have a shot at blue; but this by the hypothesis is uncertain. Placing himself would be madness, as he would then be ready for blue to use when it comes to his turn again. His best game, as we think, is to play himself to the right, somewhere about the last hoop but two, on the starting peg side of it. The exact distance pink should go is a matter of judgment, and it varies with the abilities of the players. If black, the next player, is a tolerably sure shot at ten feet, pink should go about twelve feet away. If pink himself is a tolerably sure shot at twelve feet, this distance would be perfect. But at all events pink must be put so far that if black shoots at it the chances are he misses it.

Black now has to play; and, under the circumstances, he will not attempt to go after pink, but, having run his two hoops, will take a shot at his partner, with such strength as to lie near if he misses.

Yellow now runs the two hoops, at a slight angle, starting to the right of the crease, and then has a shot with gentle strength at his friend. Should he miss, blue gets the first innings, or break, and, taking one off, sends pink away, and either rolls yellow and himself back to blue, and places himself, or attempts a splitting stroke, leaving himself behind and yellow before the third hoop, with the intention of going for a long break. If he fails in placing himself, he then goes to black.

Should yellow, having run two hoops, be fortunate enough to hit his partner, he either takes one off to blue and black, and separates them, sending blue away, and using black; or, if confident that he can roll himself to blue and black, and his partner's ball to the cage, he can then send blue away and use black, having a chance of a fine break.

This is, we believe, the best opening, especially as regards the second player; but, however he contrives, he must have an uncertain shot with yellow at pink, and if he misses it, blue and black get the first break.

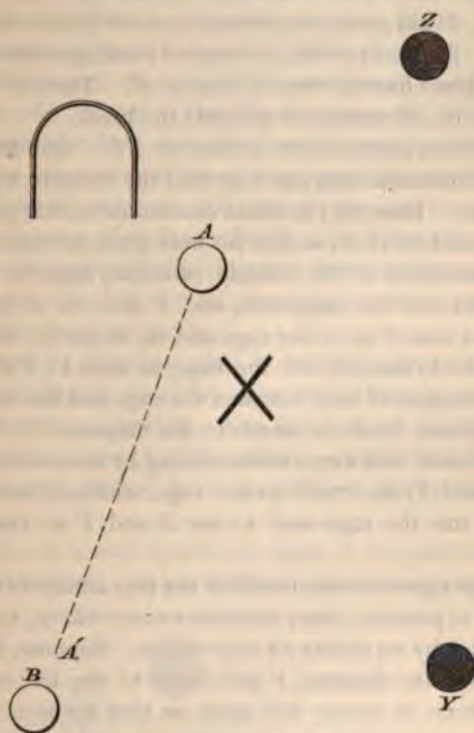
It more often happens than not that the first player does get the first break, and hence it is an advantage to go in first. The odds of



playing first, if given by a somewhat stronger player, tend to equalize the match.

The players are now fairly launched in the game, and endless are the situations that may arise. Into these, of course, it is impossible to enter ; but we can state and explain the general principles which should guide the play, and illustrate them by means of examples.

The first mistake beginners make at croquet is, that they endeavor



to run their hoops without reference to other considerations. But it must not be forgotten that there is a partner in the case, who is to be helped, and adversaries who are to be obstructed. This helping and obstruction, when well managed, leads to collateral advantages ; for without a ball to help, the player cannot run more than two or three hoops at a time ; whereas, with a ball to help, there is no limit to the number of hoops that may be made by judicious play.

It follows that a hoop or so is of secondary moment, as compared with helping one's partner, and throwing obstacles in the way of the

adverse partners helping each other. Hence the two fundamental principles of croquet—

1. KEEP YOUR OWN BALLS TOGETHER ; and
2. KEEP THOSE OF THE ADVERSARY APART.

As examples of these, suppose *A* and *B*, the light balls, are playing against *Y* and *Z*, the dark balls (see diagram, p. 345), *A* is placed near his hoop, the one shown in the diagram, and the chances are that he will run it. It is a cross shot, and he does not feel certain of it. If he misses, *Y* will go to his partner *Z*, and *B* will be left with only a long shot. If *B* fails in this, *Z* roquets *Y* and gets the break.

*A* should place himself near *B*, say at *A'*. Then if *Y* goes to *Z* and does not hit, *B* roquets *A* and gets the break.

*Y* might if he pleased have a shot at *A B*. But though in the diagram the shot looks easy, on a ground the distance would make a shot uncertain. However, to avoid discussion on that point, we will suppose *Y* wired for *A B*, so that his only game is to go to *Z*.

As an illustration of the second principle, suppose *B* is for the cage. *A* goes to *A'* as suggested, and *Y* goes to *Z*, but does not hit. *B* might rush *A* up to the cage and try to run it ; but his better game would be to rush *A* past the cage, as near to *Y Z* as possible, and then to croquet *A* back between the cage and the hoop three to peg, in fact, about where *A* stands in the diagram. *B* should then roquet *Z* and send him away, endeavouring by the same stroke to get position behind *Y*, for a rush to the cage, which, if well made, will enable *B* to run the cage and to use *A* and *Y* in continuing the break.

The example given is one in which the play admits of scarcely any doubt. But in practice, many situations occur where, to say what is the best play is by no means an easy matter. Suppose, for instance, instead of, as in the diagram, *Y* and *Z* are to the left of *A*'s hoop, and about fifteen or twenty feet apart, so that for most players the shot is uncertain. It becomes a question of judgment with *A* whether he shall attempt to run his hoop, with the intention of remaining near *Z*, and of separating the adversaries still further, or whether he shall risk the shot of *Y* at *Z*, and go this time close to *B*. The answer must depend partly on *A*'s own ability, or estimate of his own ability, and also on his knowledge of *Y*'s shooting powers, and (if *A* has not himself for a partner) on his knowledge of *B*'s powers in case *B* gets in.

It often becomes a question of judgment whether to run after the adversary at once, or to continue to play for hoops, *i.e.*, to make a break while the adversaries are close together. As a rule, the latter

is unsound play. The break will probably be played nervously, and whatever nerve and accuracy may be at the striker's command, accidents will happen to the best. A little too much strength, or not quite enough, a momentary carelessness, or a twig or a worm-cast, may upset the best conceived plan. Hence the supplementary rule, *separate the adversaries before proceeding with your own break*. If the player is good enough to ensure making a lot of hoops, he is good enough to ensure fetching one of the adversaries by taking one off to them. Having done this he can run his hoops, at all events at his next innings, without any risk.

The supplementary rule is liable to exceptions, which each player must work out for himself. Thus if every hoop run brings us nearer to the opponents, and we feel confident of not breaking down, we may delay the separation of the adversaries till we get close to them. We have observed, however, that players are apt to rely too positively on their power of making a break. We have seen many games lost because the striker would "just run these two hoops first." The safe rule is the one laid down; and whenever the striker departs from it, he does so at his peril.

It must not be forgotten, that it is almost as dangerous for the player to leave his ball near the adversary's that he plays at as to leave the adversaries together. For the turn of the ball played at comes before the next turn of the striker. Hence *in taking a shot at an adversary's ball, play it hard enough to be away from him if the shot is missed*.

The reverse, of course, applies to shots at the partner's ball, as is shown in the diagram. *A* has to play at *Z*, but is not sure of hitting.



*A* should play sufficiently hard not to leave himself near *Z* in case of missing. In the case given there is another reason for playing hard, viz., that *A* may remain near his partner *B*, if *Z* is missed.

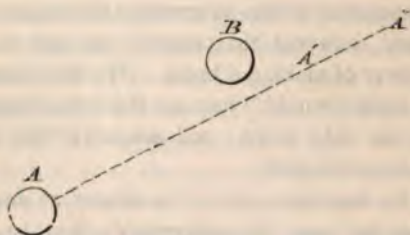
In the reverse case of *B* being where *Z* is, and *Z* where *B* is, *A* should on no account play harder than just to reach his friend.

Nor must it be forgotten that it is almost as dangerous to leave the next player just in front of his hoop, commanding a large portion of the ground, as to leave two adversaries together. For though at the moment this player may not bear on the point where the striker is at

work, the position of the balls gets shifted after every hoop, and during the excitement of the break one is apt to forget the commanding ball; and even if it is remembered that part of the break upon which the next player bears down is likely to be played nervously.

The ground may also be commanded by two balls placed close together, one in front of the other, after the roquet, so that on the partner's turn coming, a hard rushing roquet will send the front ball well into the play. This combination is most dangerous to the adversary, and should always be disturbed as soon as possible.

On some grounds, if the balls are left touching, it is considered that the roquet is taken on the turn coming round. In order to

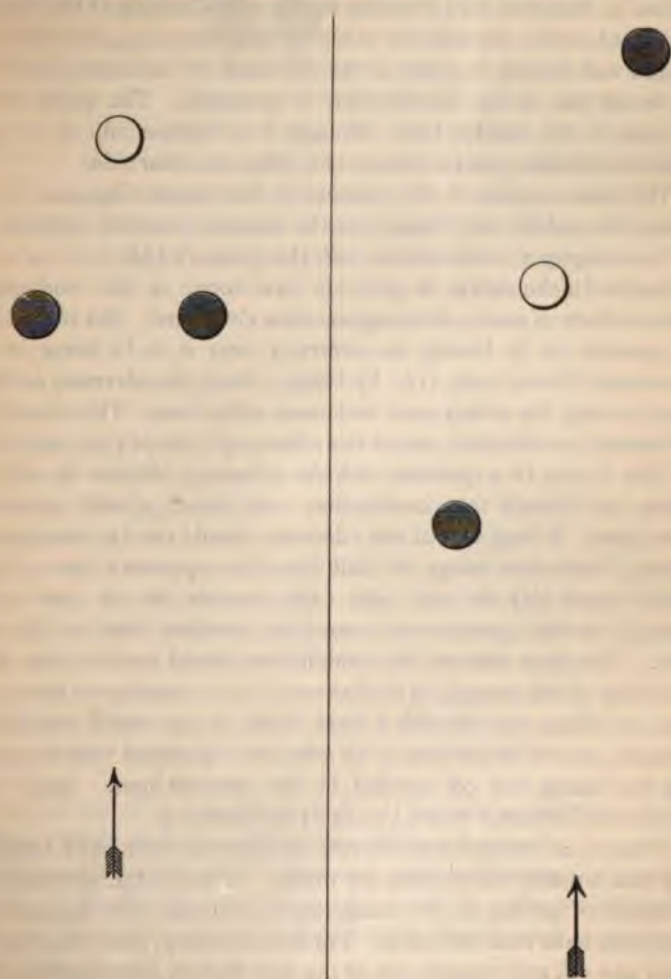


avoid the loss of a rushing roquet on this score, it is only necessary, where such rule prevails, to croquet the partner's ball very, very slightly away.

To carry the principle still further, it may be laid down as a rule, not only to put a stop at once to such commands or combinations as those mentioned, but invariably to leave the next player as little to get at as possible, or still better, nothing at all, not even a long shot. This point is constantly lost sight of. By most players it is thought sufficient to leave the next player a long distance off. But, in addition, a place should, if possible, be chosen where hoops or sticks

intervene, or are likely to intervene. When once stated, this is so obvious as not to require a diagram.

Failing to put a peg or wire in the way, the next point in safety is to leave the balls in a line, so that there is only one to shoot at; and where this is impracticable, the balls should be left at such intervals



that a well-directed long shot at one ball is not likely to fluke on to another. Thus, *A* has to go to the ball *B*, but wishes to be on the far side of it (see diagram, p. 348). *Y* has to play next. *A* should not go to *A'*, as that leaves *Y* two balls to shoot at; but rather to *A''*.

At this distance *B* is sure to hit *A*, and *Y* has only one ball to aim at, as a good stroke in the direction of *B* cannot fluke on to *A*.

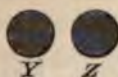
When several balls lie in a nest, the striker should not let fly at random into the midst of them, if there is room to go between, but should pick out one ball, and aim at that, generally the nearest ball. There is, however, an exception to the rule of aiming at the nearest, and that is when the balls lie as in the diagram, p. 349, the ball to be played with having to come in the direction of the arrow, and being so far off that at the best the shot is uncertain. The game is then to aim at the middle ball, although it is furthest off, as a slight error in direction gives a chance of a fluke on either side.

The same applies to the position in the second diagram, p. 349, where the middle ball, though not the nearest, is not the furthest.

In arranging a combination with the partner's ball, it is as a rule advisable for the striker to go to his own hoop, as the combination effected there is more advantageous than elsewhere. But if the hoop is guarded, as by having an adversary near it, or by being in the adversary's line of play (*i.e.*, by being a hoop the adversary is likely soon to run), the striker must find some other *venue*. This should be, of course, in a direction not in the adversary's line of play, and so far off that it may be a question with the adversary whether he will run down and disturb the combination next time, or will pursue his own game. A long shot at the adversary should not be attempted as a rule, if such shot brings the ball into the opponent's line of play. Much better play the ball right away towards the far part of the ground, so that partner may come and combine there at his next turn. The place selected for combination should not be close to the boundary of the ground, as in that case it is a certainty to the adversary, on taking one off with a hard blow, to get within easy hitting distance, as will be obvious to all who are acquainted with the rough rule for taking one off detailed in the previous part. (See "The Science of Croquet," Part I., in the July number.)

There is an exception to the rule of keeping both balls together, and that is when one or both are rovers. Then, if the adversary has a chance of getting in, it is dangerous to play one, very dangerous to play both balls near the stick. For the adversary, if he does get in, takes one off, and roquets one of the two that are near together, then goes behind the other, rushes it up to the stick, and puts it out. If two rovers are near together by the stick, and the adversaries can get the break next time, it not unfrequently happens that it is the game to take a long shot at the opponents, instead of remaining near the stick. For example: *A* has already roqueted his partner *B*, and has

rolled him up to the stick ; but has failed to put him out. If *A*, in accordance with the general rule, goes to *B*, it is almost certain loss of the game. For *Y* takes one off *Z* to *A B*, and having two balls to play upon, is almost sure to put one out. *A* has another shot,




and his best use of it is to fire at *YZ*. If he fails to hit them, he is no worse off ; or, indeed, rather better off than if near *B*.

It follows, that if the stick is doubtful, as we will suppose it was in *A*'s case, *A* should not have played for it at all. He should have taken one off to *YZ*, have sent *Y* (the next player) away, and have rolled *Z* and himself back to *B*.

The two principles, combine with your partner and scatter your enemies, are the key to the whole game. The principles which follow are all, more or less, dependent on these primary ones, as will appear in the concluding part.

“CAVENDISH.”

## PIGS TO WIT.

 BIT of good Pig Racing," said a country philosopher to us, "is worth all yon horse-running business. It's twice the fun sure-ly, and nobbut one hundredth part of the expense. It taks up a yale afternoon, and t' Leger don't tak four minnits." It would have been hopeless to meet such an argument, especially when propounded by a brawny mason, in his Sunday best, with unkempt hair, and collars up to his cheek-bones, and a visage absolutely beaming with the proud recollection of how "old sow wan." The turfite, who feebly suggested that he didn't see the great difference, as an owner could now eat his horse if he didn't run well, was at once suspected of "chaffing" (which countrymen hate of all things), and received a broadside, in unshackled Doric, such as our "steel pen"—whatever Col. Penn's might do—would despair of reproducing. The fact is, that pig racing, *alias* pig showing, is a very solemn British institution. Go into a local agricultural show in Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire, and the vast majority of the rustics never get beyond the pigs, the poultry, and the washing machines. Booth and Bates cows are wholly lost on them, and Lady Derwent and the hunters are a drug in their eyes, except when they are "asked a question" over the hurdles.

No town in those vast hives of industry is more devoted to its agricultural show than Keighley. It is the high festival of the year, and on one occasion every window was illuminated. Choice quintets from the Brauches, Townley, and Warlaby herds have met for the cup in its ring. Sheep-dogs and rabbits are not kept back from honour, and the owner of the donkey in the best condition is rewarded with a sovereign. The "neddies" step out very differently since this stimulus was applied, when they

"Gang for the coals i' the morning,"

and "prods" will soon be a thing of the past. Still Keighley reserves its highest sympathies for the pig, and 30*l.* is given in "labouring men's classes" alone. For this, forty to fifty pigs, of about 300*l.* value, and nearly all of the middle breed, compete.



The pig is the very *Apis* of the locality. At dinner-time the men devote half an hour rigidly to the sty. They sit and scratch their grunting idols if it is wet; they walk them out if it is fine; and they seldom throw away the soap-suds on Saturday night, till they have been put to do double duty. The Society keeps a special van, which it lets out at a shilling a ride for conveyance to and from the show ground, &c., and the best rug or blanket in the house is freely given up for the candidate pig, if the day happens to be cold. A Court of Error, quite as learned as the bench in swine points, watch all round the ring; and it is a fearful moment when the cup entries have been called out, and all save two or three "toppers" are put back. The white, blue, pink or green (for "extra") rosettes are placed that night with as much pride over the mantel-piece, as a Knight of the Garter's banner above his Windsor stall.

"Drunken Barnaby," in his Northern Tour, spoke of the inhabitants of Keighley, as—

"Jovial, jocund, jolly bowlers,  
As if they were the world's controllers;"

and they certainly keep up the character right royally on their August show day. There are two grand stands, and three thousand people in them, or looking on below, when the pigs come out for the Challenge Cup, and 500*l.* has been taken at the gates. Carriage loads of visitors are driven off to lunch in the town, like tallies of voters going up to poll. There is venison from Bolton Park, ling-fed Lonk nearly equal to it in shade and flavour, and grouse from every moor in the West Riding. Regalias serve as toothpicks, and Roëderer and Clicquot don't spoil in ice. The volunteer tent was used on one occasion for a bazaar, and, as a wind up, pug-dogs and "chintz-cats" were raffled for. Among the most curious components of that throng are the "Cowan Headers," who for many years bore the name of "the moon-rakers," owing to a rooted belief that one of them mistook the moon's reflection for a cheese, and tried to rake it out of a mill-dam. They are rather shy; and at their feasts lads dance with lads and lasses with lasses, during the early part of the evening. Later on, however, Mr. Spurgeon, who so much approves of that arrangement, would decline to be M.C. The Haworth and Wath Valley one-tram line, puzzled them sorely. At last one of their philosophers gave the company his mind pretty sharply upon the point: "Did they think he was syke a fule, as pay to gan and hev to walk back—you've nobbut line one way."

Mr. Tuley, a Keighley weaver, first inoculated the locality with

high art pig-feeding. He showed at The Royal, and called his cottage "Matchless House," after his pet prize sow of the large breed. No small portion of the eighteen shillings a week, which he and his wife earned at the loom, was spent in oatmeal for his pigs; and Mrs. Tuley once "shaved a pig for our maister," when the judges preferred them without hair. He was a great man for pig pedigrees, and he could generally get 5*l.* for the large sort at two months.

The enthusiasm for pig showing also rages at Leeds, but does not take quite such a legitimate form. The Leeds system is in fact rather pig buying than pig breeding. Some of the owners keep public-houses, where people meet, not to troll (as we have known rustics do for nearly an hour over their ale) that dreary Wiltshire ditty:—

"Heigho! my dinner, oh!  
Bacon and potatoes, oh!"

but to hear at the bar the result of the summer "pig races" by telegram, and to make sows and boars the theme of their discourse. Professor Simonds and his tooth-screw are names of dread, and when friends do begin to let out confidentially over the ale, there are some very awkward stories of pigs borrowed and rules defied. One of their great legitimate victories was when they "walked into Wainman" and Carhead Duchess, with Lady Havelock at Chester. The news was telegraphed to Leeds, and the whole of the owner's family circle arrived on the Roodee next day. The gude wife was especially communicative, and said that there was "some sense in those judges," and that "Tom would niver have sent her but for me." They must have pretty well spent the 10*l.* prize over the trip, and at night we met them in an inn drinking ginger-beer and giving away oranges in the gladness of their hearts. "The missus" had a large basket on her knee, and pressed them after her hearty Yorkshire way on every one, in honour of the event. "There, maister, you're welcome if you'll ha' yen,—old sow's wan." The pair were pretty equal, but Mr. Fisher had four more shyes at her, and won the odd trick. The conductress of Lady Kate was quite as enthusiastic as the Leeds dame. She rode about the country on the railway truck with "the lady" and her litter (exciting thereby the deepest devotion on the part of the porters), and sold her infant charges at 5*l.* apiece. That summer she and her Lady Kate gathered many a rosette in Yorkshire and Lancashire; and she delighted to sit by her sow, and to reckon up on her fingers its thirteen crosses from the Chineze. This was the poor girl's only summer in the show

yards. The trip had been undertaken to divert her mind from her fate, as she died soon after from cancer of the breast.

Some of the rich Manchester men are also rather fond of the sport, and do not scruple to play off practical jokes on each other. One of them, who was not very sure that his pigs would win, overtook his friend's lot on the road. "You may turn back," he said to the swineherd; "your master's dead." He had, therefore, the show pretty well to himself. His friend did not upbraid him when they met on 'Change, but he bided his time. As Mr. Disraeli observes, "the opportunity came at last, as everything does in this world, if men are firm and calm." Finding his friend's pigs in their crates at a station, bound to a local show, and no one with them, the "dead" man changed the directions and dispatched them to York; and the owner, like the bereaved father in "Lord Ullin's Daughter," was "left lamenting."

Mr. Wainman of Carhead, in the Keighley district, had the most remarkable career as a breeder and shower of pigs during the twelve years he was at it. He took very little interest in the pursuit himself; and the whole management devolved on his steward, Mr. John Fisher, as great a genius among pigs as Mr. Culshaw, the Townley "Talleyrand of trainers" is among shorthorns, or the late George Newton, of Mr. Sanday's showing-days, amongst Leicesters. No pigs to speak of were kept at Carhead until 1853, when Mr. Fisher bought some of the Tuley sort, and crossed them with another purchase, Mr. Swan's Midas. It is not, however, our intention to go into particulars of crosses, or to tell how Miss Emily, the first high purchase, was the principal mould in which the middle breed were cast and quickened. The composition succeeded best by the union of a large sow and a small boar; and the Carhead average has generally been about 34 stone of 14 lbs. at twelve months for the large breed, 30 stone for the middle, and 25 stone for the small. Midas was more adapted for store purposes than the show-yard. Still, at Ripon, Mr. "Val Barford" fought hard to place him first, and kept on saying to his brother judges, "Look at his gammons, gentlemen!" However, if they did look, they "didn't see it;" and he got the blue instead of the white rosette. A cottier bought him at last, and sold one of his fitches to a Bradford provision merchant. Part of it found its way to the kitchen of a municipal dignitary; but the fumes were all over the house when the cook tried to toast a rasher for the parlour. The dealer, being sarcastically apprised of its strength under fire, gave away the rest of the fitch to the children on "Collop Monday;" and thus freed himself for life from all "Pray ye a collop" levies, as even those strong-stomached innocents would "have no more of that old

horse." The cottier kept very dark as to what he did with the other fitch and the hams. All he would say was, that he "had fettled somebody with them," and that he "had made mony a waur bargain than that." In truth, an aged boar should be buried with all the honours, and turn, like "Imperial Cæsar," to clay, and not to bacon.

The first large-breed sow at Carhead was bought by mere chance in Lancashire. A working-man turned her out of a sty for her mid-day run into a croft near Colne, and Mr. Fisher (who won the Beverley Cup on Falcon as a boy, and was second horseman for ten seasons to Mr. Hall of the Holderness), chancing to ride past, was so delighted with her symmetry and action, that he drew rein, and bought her for 8*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* The "uncontrollable impulse" was a correct one, as she became the dam of Chelmsford Duchess, the first Carhead winner at the Royal, as well as the Salisbury Boar and Carhead Duchess. Chelmsford Duchess was sold for 40*l.* to the French Government, and Yorkshire Prioress went to Salisbury the next July. She turned 11 cwt. 2 qrs. 27 lbs. at Kildwick station, when she was put on the rail in Yorkshire. During the journey water was thrown upon her, and she would stand up and drink, whereas Lady Airedale never drank on her travels in the hottest weather, and seemed to sulk at the sight of water, although she would eat for ever. The Salisbury clock struck ten when the London cattle special cleared the great chalk cutting, and arrived at the station, where a goodly multitude awaited it. "Dick" and "Kit," who were then Mr. Fisher's gentlemen-at-arms, drew the crate, with Yorkshire Prioress in it, off the truck, and distinctly remembered hearing the sow rise on to her feet. She was only left for eight or ten minutes while the other pigs and the luggage were looked up, but she was never seen alive again. One theory was, that she had been suffocated by the crowd; but Mr. Fisher considered that it had been done purposely with a little chloroform, which would tell almost instantly on so fat a subject. Almost before he could believe she was dead, a lot of rough fellows showed an immense anxiety to purchase the carcass. Her throat was cut, and, after a good deal of chaffering, a bargain was struck at 7*l.* In the course of the week he espied some of the most talkative vendees presiding over a bread and fat bacon counter in a tent, and felt more sure than ever that he had a key to the sow's mysterious fate. "Dick" was inconsolable and wished to return at once to his native vale, but the sale of the Carhead Duchess litter insensibly revived him, and enabled him to bear up under the dispensation. And well it might, as they were going off by 10 gs. and 12 gs. a-piece. One noble lord stood

cheapening a pair, while the agent of another kept stirring the pets of his fancy on to their legs. They were pigged on April 12th, and the eleven which went to Salisbury cleared 116*l.* 10*s.*

The best of them, Sir Roger de Coverley, to whom the Carhead large breed owed so much, both for good and very large litters, was kept at home, and after winning sixteen prizes, was sold to the Russian Government at three years old for 20*l.*, and got suffocated on the road. The Golden Dream strain was not so big as the Chelmsford Duchess one, but the old sow was a wonder of fertility, and had 153 pigs at thirteen litters; while her daughter, Golden Days, had three litters of eleven each, and won nine prizes before she touched twenty-two months. Lord of the Wassail, the first middle breed boar that ever took a royal prize, had a coat of hair 8½ inches long, and Mr. Wainman, who is a very keen fisher both on the Wharfe and the Spey, was wont to dress his flies with it. He was so proud of it, that he kept a perpetual sample of this porcine Esau in his pocket-book. If "Wassail's" hair was the best, Fresh Hope beat everything for bulk; as when she was sold for 20 *gs.* and yielded up her hams to the slaughter, they weighed 94 lbs. each. Those who descended to view these salted remains in the cellar, declared that but for their being "nearly all real sandwich meat," they might have pertained to a hippopotamus. For thickness of hide, no pig came up to Carhead Duke. It was found that it would only do for blacksmiths' aprons; but as it would not make three, and only cut up to waste for two, it was converted into a partition wall for a tap-room at Keighley. In that position, it is made the text of much sound pig doctrine, and is always alluded to with the deepest respect.

Arch Trespasser, was only beaten once, and appeared at the Royal in three different characters. At one year he was the small breed; at two years old, the middle; and at three years old, the large: and no general or special demurrer was lodged. He died at last of tumour in the chest, and was buried six feet deep in the Carhead stack garth, with a silver "perfect cure" ring in his nose. It has no legitimate hall mark, seeing that Mr. Fisher invented it, and it will give the Yorkshire archæologists some trouble as to its date and use, if a century hence they hold a picnic in Airedale with their pick-axes, and invade this good boar's barrow. One of the departed's journeys was to the Royal Irish show at Clonmel, where he took the gold medal as the best boar in the classes. The Earl of Kimberley, the then Lord-Lieutenant, was looking at him with his suite, when an outraged Paddy planted himself at his lordship's elbow, and said, "And sure if I had been a judge, I'd not have given that pig a prize

at all at all." "Don't bother yourself," retorted Mr. Fisher, "you never will be a judge at all at all:" and the critic retired without having the best of it. Irish pig-leaders are most unremitting in their blundering efforts to square the judges. "Give us a prize!" said one, nudging a friend of ours as he entered the yard, "by my sowle, you'll know the pig again, anyhow; he's got a big scratch with a nail on his back."

The large breed of boars are very difficult to make up for show. Smaller ones sleep more, but their big brothers should live in solitude, as they hear and smell each other, and are always on their legs champing. Silverhair, from Mr. Unthank's (of Cumberland) sort, crossed with King of the West, a Watson boar, began the Carhead small breed, and Silverwing, their beautiful daughter, showed the light offal and short head of that "silver" strain to perfection. She won nearly thirty prizes "off malt dust and turnips;" but she went at last both in the loins and the muscles of her hams, and became lumpy, as pigs will do when they are brought out over and over again. King Cube, her "constant pardner," as Mrs. Gamp observes, was also by King of the West, and Mr. Wainman smoked many a cigar over this beautiful pair, when he did not care to look at anything else. Missing Link, Happy Link, and the rest of the "Links," were of the middle breed, and combined the size of the large breed with the thriftiness and quality of the small, but there was no keeping some of them within growth bounds. At Lincoln, Mr. Torr would not allow that Missing Link was of the small breed, and placed her second. She was afterwards the best middle-bred sow at Battersea, and finally took the cup at Keighley, when she weighed nearly 40 stone.

Mr. Wainman's greatest victory was at the Worcester Royal, where he won eight-firsts and a second. In this year (1863), the Carhead pigs attended 33 shows, and won 121 first prizes and 50 seconds (many of them "to their own stable"), making 464*l.* 10*s.* besides one silver cup, six silver medals, and one bronze. Fresh Hope led the way with nineteen firsts and a second, and King Cube backed her up with fifteen and three. The last victory was at Birmingham in 1866, with a pen of five got by Fresh Fire, and then the whole were sold, Mr. Jacob Wilson, going in for Dream of Pretence and Golden Link.

Their show-season generally opened, at Accrington, in April, and lasted till the Leeds Fat Show. Big Kit—whose biceps muscle was a marvel to behold—and Little Kit were found everywhere from Edinburgh to Exeter with the precious crates. Their heaviest reverse was at Newport, where they descended in charge of four clippers, and

had to strike their flag without a prize or a mention, before "those Irish-looking blacks and whites." Sometimes the army of Wainman Whites would be off in two divisions commanded by "the Kits," and then Mr. Fisher would meet them with the main body from Carhead, and they would close their ranks for a grand descent on the Yorkshire or the Highland Show. They very seldom went to the Smithfield Club, but at Birmingham, in the halcyon days of pig prices, when a fox-hunter boasted that he got three days a-week hunting out of two sows, Mr. Wainman has made 15*l.* each for pigs out of a prize pen, under six months old. The late Lord Berwick was the first to pay it, and 10 *gs.* to 12 *gs.* was by no means unusual. French buyers always fought out the point of "*No ginney! No ginney! Von pound!*" and when the bargain was struck, Mr. Fisher was generally seen sketching in chalks the imperial *fleur-de-lis* of *La Belle France* on his late charge's hams.

Nineteen young pigs, chaperoned by Silver Wing, Silver Beard, Duke of York, Rival Duchess, and Middle Link, went to the Hamburg show in 1864. The seniors, as a fitting reward for their excellent sea legs, got pretty nearly all they could from a committee, which attached more importance to gilt cards and waterfalls than prizes; but very few of the nineteen recrossed the German Ocean. At Hamburg, a crate end came out with one of Mr. Bowly's Berkshires in it, just as it was being hoisted over the side, and the sow sank with a deep, sullen splash into the Elbe. For nearly a quarter-of-an-hour the German sailors stood craning over the side of the vessel in mute expectation that the fresh pork would reappear, but poor Fritz saw nothing but a few bubbles. Yorkshire and Suffolk worked very amicably together, and especially in one instance. A foreigner came up to Mr. Fisher to buy the last of the Carhead lot. "Ah! I see de beautiful gentleman; vot de prize (price)?" "*Fifteen guineas!*" "Fifteen guinea. Ah! dat ginney again. Yah! Fifteen pound!" The bargain had got to this stage, when the mistake as to sex was explained. "Ah! de beautiful lady; if I could buy de beautiful gentleman for de beautiful lady, I would buy de beautiful lady." So Mr. Fisher took him round to Mr. Crisp, and for 30*l.* he got "de beautiful" pair. The price was paid in thalers of three shillings each, and the two Kits carried them in a basket slung upon a pole. There was no telling where to keep them all day, so a hole was dug in the pen, and they were buried with a crate above them till the Kits could resume their burden, and convert them into a banker's draft.

Yorkshire and Lancashire breeders generally run on the middle or large breed, and fanciers on the small. Scotland and Ireland are all

for the large, and so are Australia, America, Prussia, Holland, Spain, and Germany; and the Emperor of the French purchased large and middle for three successive years. At one time Mr. Wainman had about 220 pigs a year, and sold about 1000*l.* worth. Until the cattle plague came, there was a brisk trade; but the regulations interfered and closed the English and Irish markets. In England the pigs were perpetually stopped at stations, owing to some informality, real or supposed, and, to save further expense, the butchers got them. Between Carhead and Forfar, five passes were required; and, after such a severe check, high prices became a dream of the past.

Mr. Wiley's small breed are remarkable for neatness and quality, and he has always got very high prices for them. The old gentleman, who is upwards of 91, and is still enjoying a sort of immortal youth, has not been a very extensive shower; but he very seldom missed Birmingham, and won constantly till there were more "black judges" on the bench. Lord Wenlock's pigs are always very fat, and his lordship has never shown finer pens of the small breed than those at Battersea and Leeds, when the young sows were declared by the judges to be "magnificent," as in truth they were. Before Mr. Wainman came out, Mr. Harrison, of Stockport, beat every one with small, middle, and big. Carhead caught him up at Canterbury and Leeds, and Mr. Wainman bought his Worcester Duke at Battersea for 23*l.*, and won thirteen firsts and four seconds with him. Victor, one of Mr. Harrison's boars, did Mr. Duckering a great deal of good, and corrected the coarseness of the Lincolnshire sort. Mr. Duckering has sows chiefly for the middle breed, but he has shown all three for some years, and beat Mr. Wainman, at Plymouth, with his Dexter Chief, who was beautifully got up. His two sons assist him, and they keep a coal staith at Kirton Lindsey. Mr. Hickman, of Hull, was once an extensive shower; and for two or three years he was very successful. Among the Leeds pig fanciers, Mr. Gavin held a high place; but Mr. Dyson is quite the emperor of them now, and buys and shows a good one of the large breed whenever he can. Mr. Sagar, of Saltaire, is a great local shower, and once took a second at the Royal, with a sow of Mr. Wainman's breed, beating Golden Link. This sow won the Keighley Challenge Cup, which is decided, not by marching out all the winners, but by special entry before the classes are judged, so that the cup pig is got out of the way, and not allowed to compete in its class. Mr. Mangles is the largest Yorkshire pig breeder. He was a pupil of the late Mr. Watson, of Bolton Park, Cumberland, and got a rare boar, Bendigo, from him, of the small white breed. Latterly he has stood more on the middle



breed, and always prefers the small boar in the cross. He has won two royal prizes; but Birmingham has been his field of the cloth of gold. Three to four hundred are sometimes in the Givendale styes, where Essex, black Leicesters, and Berkshires have all been bred. He has also "composed" a nice flecked pig by crossing blacks and whites; but sometimes it only comes out with a little blue on the quarters. Black-eyed Susan was a very nice sow, and she and the celebrated Brutus were both by The Squire, and full of Thormanby blood. Mr. Mangles maintains that bacon should be fed for less than 6*d.* per lb., and that pigs should pay for all they consume without taxing the manure. New milk, to encourage sleepiness, warmth, cleanliness, and regularity, keeping the styes rather dark, and laying down ashes for the pigs to root over when they are not in the field, are very salient points of his system. Mr. Peter Eden has been very successful at the Royal Meeting lately with the blood of King Lear.

Mr. Watson, the whilom Cumberland champion, began with the Lady Solway breed, and then gave Mr. Unthank five guineas for a little sow pig of Watkin's Thormanby, and Wiley blood, which he brought home in his trap. It was crossed in due time with Earl Ducie's Liberator, and thus the small Cumberland Whites were fashioned. Mr. Watson may be said to owe his heads and hams to Liberator, and his backs to Thormanby, and to make assurance sure, he had double crosses of the sort. Miss West was a prima donna at the Carlisle Royal, but Faith eventually proved more level and sweeter in the head. Faith, Hope, and Charity were Mr. Watson's first prize pen of sows under six months' old, at that meeting, and their names created some comment. "And pray which of these three is Charity?" said an old lady, after adjusting her spectacles, and taking a protracted survey of the pen. "Which is Charity, marm?" said the attendant. "Of course the biggest of them is Charity."—"My dears," said the old lady, turning to her daughters, "I never saw it put in that practical light before." "We, Shall, Win," was another specimen of Mr. Brown's neat triple naming, and the three made nearly 80*l.* at Salisbury, two years after. Mr. Fisher amplified the idea into "Advance Quality, Advance Symmetry, and No Surrender!" and it sank at last into "Ain't, We, Stunners!" Mr. Watson's were generally of a less sort than his neighbour's, Mr. Brown, of The High, and were kept, like his, principally upon new milk, and oatmeal and barleymeal mixed. After a fortnight they would be got to drink a quart of new milk at three or four times. They would then have a pint at each end of the day, but never more than two quarts at any time. The Highland Society

was Mr. Brown's great show sphere, and Liberator, Wenlock, and Thormanby blood his delight. His pigs might often be picked out by the blue spots on their quarters and back. It was give and take between him and Mr. Watson, when they met; and Faith, Hope, and Charity had opponents worthy of them at canny Carlisle. Mrs. Brown looked well after pig matters, but her husband never knew when to sell. He refused good prices, and brought back sows, tried to reduce them for a year or two, and found them barren fig-trees after all. Prices went down when he and others were watching for them to go up, and at last, 4*l.* or 5*l.* could hardly be got, where 10*l.* or 12*l.* had been given without scruple before.

Mr. Fisher's Hobbs best creation in a life of very varied-bucolic activities was the improved Essex black pig. He had been struck with the cubic conformation and small bone of a Neapolitan pig,<sup>a</sup> and bought three from Lord Western. These he crossed with the original black sows of Essex. The males did well, but the females' digestion was faulty, and they ran to lard instead of flesh, and came black and white at times. He then put the Neapolitan boar not to the narrow-chested Essex sows, but to sows of a cross between the Essex boar and Berkshire sow. The litters fell black, with a fine pectoral cavity and development of lung and viscera. Their digestion improved with their breathing, and they made more lean flesh. His last step was taking in a dash of Berkshire, and there his pig composition ceased, and the fine bone and thriftiness were permanently attained. He won at the Oxford Royal with a boar and a sow, and called his sort "Essex and Oxford," and afterwards "Improved Oxford," till they merged into "Fisher Hobbs's sort." As years went on he won so often that, from a feeling of delicacy, he would not show them.

At Mr. Stearn's pig lecture, before the Farmers' Club, he made a very interesting speech, in which he stated that he had kept three families for twenty-five years, and had not gone from his own breed, and he spoke of the day when a black pig was "hunted down like a wolf in Suffolk." In spite of the argument that black keeps heat longer, and that walls are painted black to attract the sun, he held with Mr. James Turner, that black pigs don't crack in the sun as the white do. Red bricks in a piggery were his abhorrence, from their tendency to absorb moisture; he considered asphalte slippery,

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<sup>a</sup> The Chinese pig is small white, and the Neapolitan small black. The Chinese are generally more symmetrical, with sharper snouts and fatter chops, not so long in the body, and with fewer hairs.

and hard concrete, made with a bushel of lime, sixpennyworth of gravel, some hard cinders, and a little chalk, the most healthy floor. Of Berkshires he was a great admirer, as they have so much lean flesh, and he never wearied of impressing upon you that nothing made so much meat in a short time as a pig, and that ten would make a ton of meat in six months, if they were "sent along" from the teat. Against giving barley-milk to sows he always protested, as being calculated to inflame the milk; and "let your pigs grow into the warm weather" was another of his sterling maxims.

Mr. Stearn's "model piggery," above which a tricolour floats to celebrate every great victory, or welcome a pig-loving visitor, stands about midway in the pleasant village of Brandeston, in Suffolk. "Red, white, and blue," are the predominant colours of the edifice, which is made of poplar, at 1½*d.* per foot, with larch posts, costs about 25*l.*, and is calculated to wear about as many years. It has three compartments for litters, and two pens behind for re-creation. Mr. Stearn has occupied his winter evenings by making a miniature model of it on the scale of an inch to a foot. The straw is split and cut into lengths, and the troughs and ventilators would satisfy a taste committee in Lilliput. The roof is made of little lead tiles, and pigs of soap, and a pigman *cum* pail of gutta percha are not lacking. The real building is roofed with tiles or slates, which are reeded or plastered beneath so as to prevent the extremes of heat and cold, with a ventilator on the top, and half doors, and falls both back and front. Each pen is ten feet square, with an asphalte floor slightly sloping, and a latticed floor above it, which should be taken up twice a day and cleaned. A pig-house so contrived can be kept warm in winter, and cool and sweet on the hottest day. One of its indispensable features is the shifting rail, which should be about eight to twelve inches high, to suit the size of the sow, and project from the wall about nine inches, so that she cannot crush her young ones.

Until three or four years since, Mr. Stearn's pigs were all white, as he found them stand cold better; but he has now nearly as many black. Almost simultaneously with this change, and without any assignable cause, his pigman's hair, as if to square matters, changed from black to white. He showed at Framlingham, twenty-two years ago, without much success, some of his father's old stock, which he eventually handed over to his brother. In 1860, having "taken time" as a beaten parliamentary leader always observes, "to consider our position," he began again with Empress and Duchess, two sisters of Duke of the old Stearn sort, with Victoria 2nd, and

Alexandrina, two of Duchess's daughters. Empress was entered too late for Canterbury, but he took her with her fourteen pigs, and fitted up the model piggery for her hard by the Society's gates.

Some thousands turned aside to have a look at the happy family just by way of a foretaste, and the seven boars and seven sows fetched 127*l.* 9*s.*; Earl St. Vincent leading off as purchaser of the first pair. This sum was inclusive of the challenge money which Mr. Stearn had won with the same sow and pigs at Framlingham in the previous June. Mr. Stearn, whose pugnacity in these matters is as boundless as his pluck, gave a challenge for 100*l.* to Mr. Sexton's sow, which won at Canterbury Royal and Norwich, and it was taken up for 10*l.* Mr. Charles Austin, Q.C., the celebrated parliamentary counsel, and a resident at Brandeston, has told how the anticipations of the contest thrilled through the parish, and how two households in the county were "in the ecstasy of hope, and the agony of apprehension. Each morning there was some fresh rumour. The little pigs had their bath of soap suds, and their meals of milk and sugar. The sow rode to Framlingham in her private carriage, and I was on the point of offering a parasol a-piece for the pigs." Flowers and evergreens made up quite a triumphal bower in the waggon, and it was accompanied by young swine herds, as out-riders, in white trowsers, red jockey jackets, and blue caps, with red tassels, who dismounted and ranged themselves as guards of honour, at the corners of the model piggery, which was fitted up in the Framlingham tent. The Brandeston's sow was first in the tent, all ready to

" pay thee back again,  
In summer among the flowers,"

with which the tent abounded, and Mr. Stearn, imitating Mr. Boswell's conduct to the Kintore ox, sent the waggon and outriders to bring Mr. Sexton's sow from the station. Matters were in fact managed with the most knightly courtesy and good humour.

Twenty thousand spectators paid at the gates, and Mr. E. Cook and Mr. Rigden were on the bench. Mr. Sexton's black had thirteen at the teat, and Mr. Stearn's white had fourteen. There was no question as to which was the best sow, but the majority and quality of the white litter just won the day for Brandeston. This celebrated sow brought up ten litters in all, which never averaged under twelve and thirteen. Mr. Stearn has also done remarkably well with his blacks, in which Mr. Sexton and Mr. Crisp are so great. A saponaceous bishop once announced that he weighed a little above thirteen stone when he came out of his bath; and he was instantly "countered" with

the pertinent query, "Without the soap, my lord?" We can say with confidence, that three of Mr. Stearn's best blacks (which know no invidious grades of small, middle, and heavy weights) averaged 36 st. when under fifteen months, without that strange composition of lard, oil, cream, soot, and grease, against which Hanover Square issued its tardy ukase.

Mr. Brandreth Gibbs's annals of the Smithfield Club, where H.R.H. the Duke of York gained a prize for a pig in 1805, show that the pigs of the royal farm have taken the gold medal three times with Suffolk and Prince Albert's Windsor, which is a mixture of Wiley, Ducie, and Wenlock. About twenty sows of this small white breed are kept at the Royal Home Farm, and ten Berkshire sows elsewhere; and as much as 700*l.* worth of produce have been sold out of these piggeries in a year. The Smithfield Club gold medal for the best pen was only established in 1846, and Earl Radnor has won it four times with his Coleshill whites, which combine symmetry and great weight with wonderful heads. They won last December, and Mr. James Turner, whose name as a pig judge and "pig dentist" has been at the top of the tree for many a year, and who has a mysterious closet full of skulls and isolated jaws, declared that one of them was the finest pig he had ever seen. In seven years out of the twenty-two, Mr. Coate of Hammoon, has come to the fore with his "Improved Dorsets" at all ages, from 15 weeks to 70 weeks. He sent a capital first prize pen last year, and one of them which was killed at 5½ months scaled 20 st. 3 lbs. (of 8 lbs.) dead weight.

Ireland is emphatically the land of the pig, but although the general improvement in Paddy's pet is of very slow growth, some of the farmers are very eminent breeders, and you may ride many a hack to a standstill in "the royal county" before you find Berkshires to beat Mr. Joyce's. In the northern parts of Scotland pigs do not flourish. There is a religious feeling against them in connection with the devil entering into the herd at Galilee; and an old shepherd once rose to his feet, when floored by a Cheviot ram, with the angry comment that he was "nae better than swine." A cow, and not a pig, is the Scottish peasant's aspiration, and his taste for porridge has much to do with it. In Shetland, a couple of sows and a boar have made up the pig ranks at the one annual cattle show. The fishermen and cottiers of the Orkneys have a small trade in "fishing pork," which is raised principally on sea-weed, fish offal, and salts to rather a high yellow. The crofters on the Ross-shire coast are the greatest sheep-stealers of the day, but they hate ham and bacon, and send their pig with a rope round its waist to Kildary great fair, where

the southern factors pick it up. In Banffshire the Neapolitan cross has answered well, and a large trade is done by the curers. In fact, they buy them up so close, that much of the bacon and ham which is used in Banff is cured and imported from Yorkshire. The Aberdeen Lunatic Asylum has always been famous for the size of its pigs, which have such fine leavings from the house. A good joke is told of an Aberdonian pig shower, or rather of his bailiff, who dare not tell his master. He showed three very capital ones in a pen, and one of them died from the hot weather. The judges had not yet come into the yard, so the bailiff whipped out his penknife and cut its throat to get what blood he could, and then sewed up the place. The deceased's eyes were almost closed with fat, and it lay between the other two, and the judges gave the pen the first prize without having them out to see how they stood on their legs. Berkshires are found both in the Kinnaird Valley and at Lord Kinnaird's, and they report of them as most prolific and easily fed. In Argyleshire and Stirlingshire the black Essex is preferred, and in Skye pigs of no breed and dogs seem to be at perpetual variance. If a pig walks into church on his mazy wanderings, the shepherd dogs, which always attend worship with their masters, drive it out, and run it with all the energy of foxhounds a good ring of a mile or more over crops and heather. Pig-breeding is much more prevalent about Glasgow and the Ayrshire milk districts. Mr. Findlay is the Wainman of Scotland, and has formed his small breed from a combination of Wellock, Windsor, and Brown, and his large from Harrison. A small room is attached to his pigging house, and a woman lives there for some time after a sow has farrowed, and keeps an eye upon her day and night. "Harry," at the Royal Home Farm, always slept, not in an adjacent room, but on a truss of straw near his charges, as the Christmas shows drew near, so that he might adjust the roller beneath their noses, and perform other little offices of friendship. In Ayrshire the milk is so abundant, that the pigs grow quite beyond "Cumberland bacon" size. The pork is therefore merely pickled and sold for coal mines and jerry shops, but size confers great additional value on the hide when it measures above four feet. The Dumfries pork market is principally supplied by Dumfriesshire and the Stewartry; but Fifeshire, Perthshire, and Stirlingshire also send supplies. "Bacon and Ham Term" extends from November 22nd up to the second week in April, and the dealers are sometimes waiting two or three miles along the main roads out of Dumfries long before light on a market morning, to have the first offer of the pigs. Curers like them about ten months old, of about 14 st. or so (of 14 lbs.), and

fed on oatmeal and potatoes. This makes the hams from 16 to 20 lbs., the largest that can meet a ready sale. Cutting up and laying the flitches and legs level in salt is a great science, and they must never be in the salt more than sixteen days. Ham is best after being kept eighteen months, but on a four-year-old ham there is no profit. Some of the greatest Cumberland curers, who draw on their own county as well as Scotland for supplies, will cure 2400 pigs a year, and have the hams all hanging together, tier above tier, with braziers below in their drying-house.

A great deal of curing goes on in Leicester, where the largest firm kills pigs on the American principle. This consists in hauling the pigs up by a pulley, cutting their throats, and then sliding them along, by rods attached to the ceiling, through the scalding tub, down to the skinning counter, and finally landing them in the curing house, all ready to be cut up. The saving of labour and time is enormous. It is not the fashion there to cure the ham after April, but it is then split, and becomes part of the flitch. A good deal of Chinese and Berkshire blood was infused into the Leicestershire pig through the Odstone and Frolesworth cross. Still it is not a pig-breeding county, and the jobbers bring up porkers of five weeks from Herts and Bedfordshire. They thrive gaily on the cheese farms, as the whey flows through pipes from the dairy into the tank, and is pumped out of it into the pig troughs.

The legs, loins, and loose meat are used by the Leicester and Melton-Mowbray men for the manufacture of pork pies, but a Leicestershire, or in fact a Midland Counties farm-house, seldom lacks one of its own making at Christmas-tide. Melton Mowbray has had a large trade for nearly forty years. According to their hamper labels, some claim to be "eminent," and others "celebrated," pork-pie merchants. The late Mr. Henry Colin, who stood on his prescriptive rights, and did not call any of these adjectives to his aid, was quite the head of the profession. He was cook to the celebrated Sir Harry Goodricke, from 1822 until the baronet's death in 1833, and so clever with the trigger and in dog management, that Sir Harry always took him out as an attendant on his Scottish moors or his Norfolk stubbles. As long as he had the use of his limbs he was as celebrated for his pointers as his pies, and he united the latter business with Stilton and Eddish cheese. He was a great authority upon all matters of taste, and full of pleasant stories of Mr. John Moore—the head of the Old Club in the days of the four M's of foxhunting renown,—who always said that a real good Stilton should be described by the four R's:—"red, ripe, rusty, and

rotten." His order book seemed to include half Debrett; and we remember once asking him how he would make a very special pie if he had orders for it. His reply was, that he would feed the special pig on baked potatoes.

The *Mark Lane Express* thus epitomises the trade. "November to April is the season, and some of the makers fill up the intervening months with veal-and-ham pies. A few of them do not content themselves during the season merely with buying legs and loins, but kill pigs for themselves, and cure the flitches. The pies are made of all sizes, from 1 lb. to 20 lbs. The smallest ones are principally consumed at railway stations, and the 2 lb. and 3 lb pies are destined for higher class customers, and go to the universities and all over the kingdom, for breakfast and luncheon. Some of the makers turn out from 400 to 500 pies a week, and calculate the rate of baking in a fast oven at one hour for a 1 lb. pie, and 2¼ hours for a 3 lber."

A lady whose enthusiasm for "the red, white, and roan," was such, that she and her maid brought back her first short-horn purchase, against all railway precedent, in the mail train with them, was wont to say that she repeated once, if not twice a day, Mr. Douglas of Athelstaneford's definition of what a good one should be. Pig fanciers who want great leading principles both of structure and management defined, may very safely take Stearn upon Fisher, as their Coke upon Lyttelton. The former thus defines his model pig. Its chief points are "a rather small head, with wide heavy chaps, short snout, broad deep chest, ears rather small and thin, with the ends sharp, pendulous, and pointing a little forward, roundness of rib, shortness of leg, small feet, long body, thigh well dropped close to the hock, shoulders and hams thick, neck rising well behind ears, small bones in proportion to the flesh, broad and straight, or slightly rising back, tail small and curled and placed high, and finally, hair thin, long, fine, and silky." Both authorities agree on the points that the sow should be larger than the boar, and Mr. Stearn makes ten teats the minimum. Mr. Fisher's definition of a perfect pig differs in some respects from his Suffolk compatriot. He says that the forehead should be wide, and the nose "moderately short," and lays great stress on the ears being thin, erect, and pointed forward. He gives as his reason that when ears hang down over the eyes, pigs cannot readily see the objects which approach, and that therefore they are more liable to accidents. The under jaw should show an inclination to roundness, which indicates thriftiness. The length of body should not be great, or they will be clumsy, and overlay their



pigs; the flank should be low, and only slightly arched, and "the belly deep and thick that the flitches may be thick in the thin parts." The legs should not sink much at the fetlocks, so as to throw the weight on the heel and pasterns; and plenty of long, bright, and vigorous hair is the most truthful index of a large amount of lean meat in proportion to the fat in the carcass. It also prevents many of those scratches which are always thrown into the scale against the seller.

As regards the time for pigging, Mr. Stearn considers that a sow may be used as a breeder at ten months, and breed in January or February, when the litter can have eight or nine weeks warm with her; and again in August. Mr. Fisher, it would seem, does not care to see any arrival before March, and again in September; and also holds that, save in exceptional cases, such as very cold weather, a sow is better left to herself and old nurse Nature when she farrows. Mr. Stearn, on the contrary, hands each of the new arrivals into a hamper as they are born, and nips off their side teeth with a pair of pincers. He does so, because he has found that if they once bite the sow and draw blood, she will very often eat them. It is a curious fact that Mr. Fisher has never seen sows eat their young, and considers it "an unnatural and revolting charge," and, perhaps, confounded with her eating those which were born dead and left within her reach.

On the different points of feeding it is not our intention to enter. It is allowed that breeding sows should have their liberty and grass, with small coal at hand. The Carhead ones used to sleep in a large open shed; and oat dust and rice mixed in a tub and steeped in cold water formed a great portion of their food, at the cost of 2*d.* a head per day. Mr. Stearn is a great advocate of washing and brushing over to keep pigs in health, and he has invented a feeding-trough, whose great merit is, that it not only prevents all waste and spoiling of food, but allows a pig with the heaviest chap to feed with as much ease and comfort as one that can dip into a quart pot. And there we leave our pig, deep in the pursuit which it loves best, since it had only the primeval crab-apple and the acorn to crunch.

H. H. D.

## MY LAST SESSION.

No. II.

**I**T is the last fortnight in July, and we are in *articulo mortis*. Everybody is glad the Session is nearly over. We have been tossed about in a short chopping sea of politics, and no one is quite satisfied with the Session. It has been a harassing and fatiguing time—a Session of few “counts,” and long sittings. Towards the end the “whips” have required whipping, and lords of the treasury and comptrollers of the household have scarcely been kept up to the mark in “making a House and keeping a House,” even after severe ministerial “wiggings.” Many fellows have “paired” and left town a fortnight ago, and others have been running down to their constituencies for two or three days every now and then to see how matters were going on.

It requires some courage and nerve, in default of a contented and confiding constituency, to remain in town up to the actual day of prorogation, when a general election is certain to happen during the recess. You get urgent letters from the Chairman of your Election Committee, or your confidential lawyer, or some private friend whom you trust more than either, imploring you to “come down and show yourself.” Perhaps the enemy is actually in the field, and the most intense paragraphs in your local paper about the shabbiness of canvassing the electors “while our patriotic member is compelled to remain in town in the discharge of his Parliamentary duties,” fail to choke him off. It often happens that your friends are frightened without occasion. Your private letters hint, for example, that your vote on the Maynooth, or the Sunday Liquor, or the Dumdrusky Railway Bill, has given offence in certain quarters, and that So-and-So is sounding some of the electors about a requisition to So-and-So, to come and oppose you. In any case you are told that your presence, if only for a few days, will have the happiest effects, and one writer adds that this is the decided opinion of “mine host” of the “County Arms,” where you put up. If you are a young hand, it is exceedingly difficult to receive these missives without getting “funky.” You ask your “whip” to find you a “pair” for a week, alter your mind on

reading the *Mudborough Gazette*, which represents your constituency as living only for the pleasure of returning you to Parliament, and you finally determine to stay for Lady Ptarmigan's last *fête champêtre*, where you hope to meet the heiress, or the pretty widow who was so grateful for that ice. In one case only do you open your private letters with equanimity—when you have determined that the last Session of the Parliament shall be the last Session of your Parliamentary career. Then you receive these murmurs and menaces of opposition with fierce contempt. You have passed your own Emancipation Bill, and you thank Heaven (if there be any grace left in you) for your approaching deliverance from what I shall venture to describe as the mill-horse drudgery of modern M. P.-ship.

To a member of a cynical turn of mind, the last Session of a Parliament offers amusing and congenial food for reflection. Everything reminds you of a fact that you had almost forgotten, namely, that you have a constituency. The electors on their part are suddenly reminded, not less to their surprise, that they have a member. More letters are written in the Library and Committee Rooms in the last Session of a Parliament than any other. House of Commons note paper is preferred to that of the club, for does it not vouch for the punctuality of your Parliamentary attendance? There is a greater run upon the Vote Office, for it is a cheap civility to send down bills and reports of Committees and Commissions to influential constituents. They like to be asked to favour you with their opinion upon them. A deputation sent to town on a local Bill, or to get an interview with the Home Office, or the Board of Trade, is a godsend. You go with them to the Minister; introduce them; congratulate them afterwards upon their speeches, and the effect they evidently produced; invite them to lunch with you; and get them into the Speaker's Gallery, or the still more complimentary benches under the clock, to hear the debates. The deputation is sure to contain some fellows who voted against you, and if you are a man of the world, and know how to use your opportunities, you will send the blues home saying: "Well, I don't like Mr. Eydel's politics, but certainly nobody can attend more to our local interests, and, after all, that, you know, is the great thing in a member." A little private gossip—I would even say, a little scandal—about political notabilities, is amazingly relished with their sherry by local deputations. If you hint that some statesman, who seems raised up by Providence to defend the Protestant institutions of his country, is not thought to be exactly a Joseph, or that some other statesman who makes imperial finances and small economies his peculiar care, is shrewdly

believed to be hard up, and to live in daily fear of the bailiffs, the provincial mind is in a glow of ecstasy. Every man who carries off a bit of small talk for the delectation of his own private circle will work for you like a nigger at the next election.

When fortune does not send you a deputation in an expiring Parliament, you must make the best use of the opportunities you have. If there be a thing you detest at other times, it is to run the gauntlet of the Members' Lobby, and to hear your name called out by some of the people waiting about there. As a rule, they always want something for their own advantage, and not for yours. They either require orders for the House, or expect an invitation to breakfast, or have come to town to get some Government situation for their sons or nephews. If you walk down to the House—which I seldom do myself—your anxiety begins at Whitehall, rises to fever-heat in New Palace Yard, and culminates in the Members' Lobby. If you go down in a brougham, put up the windows, sit well back, and make the coachman drive into the private entrance in New Palace Yard, just beyond Westminster Hall: you can always gain the members' staircase without interruption. But there remains that dreadful "middle passage," filled with cruisers and pirates bent on "cutting out" expeditions. If you are active and rush into the House as if you had a question on the paper, and the Minister was waiting for you, the portals of the House may be gained, and you are safe,—unless the infernal door-keeper sends you in somebody's card. When I hear my name called out when crossing the lobby, I find a momentary access of deafness very convenient, taking care, of course, not to turn my head as if I heard anything. Yet even at the last moment, by a dexterous flank movement on the part of some energetic constituent, who has chosen his point of attack with judgment, and who has not scrupled to break the line, and rush past the door-keeper, have I been arrested and brought up with a "round turn," just as I thought I was safe and under the protection of Mr. Speaker.

These tactics are for ordinary Sessions. In the last Session of a Parliament, and especially in the last weeks of a Session, it is well to look round the lobby for a possible constituent, and to look hard at any face you think you recognise. It is better to walk now than to ride. One should be ready to speak to the humblest voter outside Westminster Hall, and to give him an order for the House. Now is the time to see that subscriptions to local charities are duly paid up. If new claims to your benevolence flow in—and it is wonderful how accurately a certain class of constituents gauge the "situation"—prudence enjoins that they should receive the most favourable con-

sideration. It does not matter whether you send the check yourself or make the payment through your steward or agent, so long as the latter are posted up. In that case it will be their duty to see that justice is done to "our liberal and public spirited member" in the local newspaper. In elections, as in rifle matches, every hit tells, and there are few members of the Lower House who do not find it necessary to cultivate a certain amount of personal popularity. The English aristocracy would be the haughtiest and worst-mannered in the world if the heirs of the greatest houses were not expected first to serve their parliamentary apprenticeship in the Commons.

Reform Bills, Ministerial crises, and Irish Church debates have taken up so much of the time and attention of the country during the last two or three Sessions that the average and non-official M.P. has had little opportunity of distinguishing himself, unless he "jibbed," and got into a "tea-room" or a "cave" of some kind. Almost the only chance of "coming to the front" has been by studying the newspapers to see what question might be put to some Minister of the Crown. My own opinion is that this is being a little over done. There are often from twenty to thirty questions on the paper on all sorts of conceivable grievances. One member puffed a friend's book the other night, by asking some Minister whether, before doing something or other, he would not read somebody's history of some mediæval period or other. The question time at half-past four sometimes runs over three-quarters of an hour, and instead of being a brisk and smart *lever de rideau*, our English interpellations are now becoming a bore, and hardly worth reading. Ministers are partly to blame, for, instead of answering questions briefly, as Palmerston did, they make speeches. A certain Indian Minister is terrible, in the accuracy and fulness of his details.

The rule is a sound one for the last Session of a Parliament, never to miss a division, unless indeed your vote is certain to offend an influential section of your constituents. There are a good many men, I can tell you, who do not thank Mr. Gladstone for running a sharply defined line between political parties, and more or less compelling every one to choose a side at the next election. In Palmerston's time, which is already spoken of as "the good old time," there were safe questions on which a man could go into the lobby without hesitation or misgiving, and doubtful and dangerous divisions which he might shirk. Take, for example, a motion by Newdegate, for inquiring into monastic and conventual establishments. If you voted against the motion you would be certain to offend some influential church clergyman beloved of Exeter Hall; if you voted

for it you would be sure to have every Roman Catholic against you at the next election. The remedy was easy. You listened to the debate, cheered and encouraged the speakers on your own side, and then, while the division-bell was ringing, you joined the stream that ran deep and strong out of the House into the lobby, and so got away without voting at all. But now, what between Disraeli on Reform and Gladstone on the Irish Church, all the members of the present House will go to the country ticketed and labelled like hollyhocks at a flower-show. It will be a stiffish job to persuade some church parsons I know, that Mr. Softy "acted in the best interests of the Church of England by voting for the disestablishment of the Irish Church." Nor will it be the easiest thing in the world, on the other hand, for my friend Smooth to convince some Roman Catholics of my acquaintance that he did right in going into the lobby against Mr. Gladstone. These are difficulties incident to the particular epoch of our representative system at which we have arrived. Although great they are not insurmountable, and I shall look for some ingenious mystification, and not a little special pleading in the hustings' speeches next November.

You will see at a glance that the candidates not in Parliament this Session will have an immense advantage, for it will be open to them to declare that there was some *via media* unaccountably overlooked by every one in the House, which would have settled the difficulty to everybody's satisfaction. I did that myself when I first stood for Blankshire, upon some ticklish question or other; and it was thought a great *coup* for a young beginner.

The fight on the hustings next November will be so exciting that I am tempted at times to throw myself into it again. I do not remember the eve of a general election when both sides were so well satisfied with their respective cries. We fight the battle over by anticipation, of course, in the smoking-room. "That! for your cry of 'Church in danger!'" exclaims Sir Peregrine Progress, snapping his fingers; "I would not desire a better motto than 'Disendowment of Irish Church.' Lots of statistics. So many parishes with no Protestants at all. Proportion of wealthy Protestant flock to their State-endowed pastors, so much. Proportion of poor Roman Catholics to their unendowed priests, so much. A few statistics—not too many—always tell on the hustings; please the voters who say, 'Give me facts.' Then we shall pitch into the House of Lords for kicking out the Bill. England, in this age of enlightenment (I shall say), is not to be dictated to or dragooned by a few irresponsible hereditary peers. And if (I shall tell my constituency) you send

up a majority now to pass, not a Suspensory Bill, but an Irish Church Disendowment Bill, and the Lords throw it out, I shall call upon the people's William to dissolve Parliament, and send us back to take your pleasure upon a Reform Bill for the House of Lords. That will 'bring the House down,' I know. Have you any shot as good as that in your locker, eh, Lord Linger?"

"Quite," slowly draws Linger, between the puffs of his cigar. "We never had such a chance since Pitt stood up for George the Third. We, the great Conservative party, have been falsely charged with distrust of the people. But what has our great and gifted leader done? Given you a Reform Bill more liberal than the Whigs would have bestowed upon you for half a century,—so liberal that even John Bright shrank from it. That is an answer to the charge that we cannot trust the people. And you, working men, who have been admitted within the pale of the constitution by Mr. Disraeli, in spite of the hostility of the Whig and Radical factions, shall I tell you what use to make of your newly-won franchises? Go and vote for the men who gave them to you. Vote for the true friends of the people—the Conservative candidates!"

"Bravo, Lord Linger! that's a doosid good point, if your fellows knew how to work it, and you certainly owe it to Dizzy," struck in Cartwright Quaver. "But I would not change places with either of you. I am a tea-room mutineer, and there'll be no bearing me on the hustings next November. I shall tell the new electors that they owe their privileges, not to Whigs, or Tories, or Radicals, but to me and a few others. I shall describe to them what a lovely and beautiful thing it is to rise superior to party on great occasions, to think only of measures not men, to support good and useful legislation from whatever side it may come. It gave me great pain (I shall say) to separate myself from those with whom I usually act, but I saw it was a moment for lofty and independent action. When the great factions were fighting for place and power, I was thinking only of the people. When household suffrage and popular representation trembled in the balance, I threw myself into the scale of freedom. I knew that my motives would be misrepresented. I knew that I should be, for the moment, the object of popular odium, if not of execration. But I also knew that in time my countrymen would do credit to my discernment and patriotism. I knew——"

"Thank you. That will do," interrupted Sir Peregrine. "You will be the most insufferable bore in the whole country, if you go on in that way."

"I hate you horribly in advance," said Linger, "for giving yourself such infernal airs. Fortunately for us, the British elector will detest you for political coxcombs, as much as we do."

Quaver laughed. "You will see!" said he. "Roebuck is our chief; and did he not tell the non-electors the other day, that they are now electors, in a great measure, through his instrumentality? Our pretensions will be equally lofty."

"We have all a good case," said Sir Peregrine; "but Quaver will spoil his through his insufferable pretensions. We are all disposed to go into it with spirit, and to spend money. But then the prospect of a visit from one of her Majesty's Judges to inquire into corrupt practices! Will that make our men more cautious, and save our pockets?"

"The best whip we have had in the House for years," said Lord Linger, "used to say that no man should come into the House of Commons unless he has a good competency. Young Trevelyan told some people in Scotland, the other day, that one of the reasons why he leaves Tynemouth, is that he was expected to subscribe to concerts and local charities, and that the representation cost him 300*l.* a year. Is it desirable we should have in the House a class of men to whom that sum is an object? I agree with the Whip, and say, 'No!' He knew that they were always coming round him for something or other, and that they 'listened to reason' whenever he opened his mouth."

"I don't see what Trevelyan has to complain of," cried Sir Peregrine. "M.P. after a man's name is worth 1000*l.* a year in the City in ordinary years, and was worth three times that in the year or two before Black Friday. Almost all our needy men and men of doubtful social standing, take to directorships of public companies as naturally as ducks to water. So if a man pays it in meal, he gets it in malt."

The conversation was here interrupted by the sound of the division bell and the appearance of two rival whips, who abruptly put a stop to the conversation, and made us throw away our cigars. I shall ask Trevelyan to propose a vote in the estimates for "cigars thrown away on hearing the division bell."

EPICURUS EYDEL, M.P.



## THEODORE THE KING.

“Annulus ille, Cannarum vindex !”



WHAT a bitter little scrap of Latin that is! How Juvenal's lip seems to curl with contempt, and to taste, as it were, the fine sweet flavour of old heathenish revenge as he utters it. “Annulus ille, Cannarum vindex”—“The ring that did avenge the rings of Cannæ!” The phrase is like the thrust of the dagger into a dying gladiator. A Christian satirist would never have dared to write such words. They come from a thorough-going Pagan, a Pagan heart and mind—from a writer who had heard the “*Habet*” screamed and shouted in the circus, when the blood smoked out upon the sand, and the Roman thumbs, elevated or depressed, as the mood took the citizens, settled the mortal business of some Gallic or German slave, or gave him leave to get his gashes healed, to make sport and die another day. And certainly it was strange that Hannibal, who sent to Carthage all those bushels of gold rings from the fingers of the Roman knights slain at Cannæ, should die himself of a ring! Poet, Heathen, and patriot as he was, Juvenal cannot resist chuckling over the irony of fate. It was such a bloody memory for Roman gentlemen, that battle-day at Cannæ! The perfidious Carthaginian ploughed the dry plain up the day before, so annals told, to make plenty of dust; which the wind blew into the faces of Varro's army; and then he came down upon them with his Africans and Spaniards; crumpled up their *Velites*, routed their *Hastati*, cut their stout *Triarii* to pieces where they stood; till at the end of the fight, the tent of Hannibal was pitched far on the road to Rome, while

—“half the Roman senate lay in blood  
And groaned as he caroused.”

Forty-seven thousand citizens dead, together with eighty senators! and those twelve bushels of golden rings plucked from the dead men's fingers, to go to Carthage! Had the African listened to Maharbal he might perhaps have won even Rome herself, and filled a trireme with trophies. But fate had her awful eyes upon the one-eyed conqueror,

and by-and-by he dies of a ring. "Annulus ille, Cannarum vindex!" Clearly Juvenal enjoys in contemplation that other scene, when the great Hannibal,—beaten, despairing, betrayed by the unkingly king, Prusias, of Bithynia,—set the hollow signet to his lips and sucked out of it the poison hidden in its *pala* against such a moment. Did they ever get possession of that fateful trinket at Rome? Did they put it before the public sight in the temple of Fortuna Victrix? Did the Romans go to see it?—young and old, men and women—and quote Juvenal's line, and talk of the odd ways which the gods have with men,—black and white, great and small alike, ancient and modern—setting them up and plucking them down; giving them the cup of glory, or pride, or bliss, to drink; and then when the lips are deepest in the draught, snatching away the chalice?

" Oh faciles dare summa Deos, eademque tueri  
Difficiles!"

Ah! mocking gods! who give to take away, and raise high to bring low! Perhaps Juvenal had himself seen the ring side by side with one of those old signets from Cannæ, and a sense of the strange tricks of destiny, with some touch of the passionate "Civis Romanus sum" feeling, made him break out with this savage little half line—"Annulus ille, Cannarum vindex!" "Little ring! that paid for all the golden rings crusted with the best blood of our great houses! Well done, little ring! well jested Fate! well played, Nemesis! Aha! our enemy, gone to the infernal gods! You never thought, when you went a gleaning sardonyx and gold by bushels from Roman digits, that a thumb-ring would be the end of you!"

Ought we, Mr. Sylvanus Urban, to feel like Juvenal, as we gaze down at South Kensington, on this show-case full of victorious trophies, *spolia opima* of our late enemy, his Majesty King Theodore of Abyssinia? Yet the irony of the exhibition is certainly as intense in its way as Hannibal's poison ring. It is all "annulus ille" over again, if anybody can think it worth while to enjoy the flavour of the old ferocious heathen contempt and vengeance, as he looks upon article after article of this African regalia. These be the leavings of him who laid hands on British subjects. Poor rash royal Libyan gentleman, what a scurvy trick Fortune hath played thee! A polygamous ambition (and too much *tej* in thy latter days, say thy detractors) have ended in this, that a glass-case in the museum of South Kensington encloseth thy sorry royalties, as six feet of Abyssinian earth encloseth thee. Thou wert surely more royal, nevertheless, than thy royalties, Theodore! for these be but paltry belongings for a "king of kings,"

however hard-up, and short of a civil list to show as proof of his Divine right. Here is a blue robe hung with what look like extinguishers, and warlike effigies punched rudely out of silver, at which



Abyssinian Trophies.

a Wallachian peasant dressed for a holiday would turn up his nose. And here a grubby "tarboosh," with silver bars, sorely the worse for wear, and lack of plate powder; as also a melodramatic crown of the stage pattern, which was to be the hereditary diadem of a line of "Negus-Negests," but has come hither at the price of twenty dollars by hand of Mr. Holmes: so ill is it to clap chains on the Britons, and so satirical is Fate. But her best joke lies on the other side of the show-case. This blue "kincob" dress with the violent ornamentation—"common *kutch*a stuff" as any Delhi tissu-

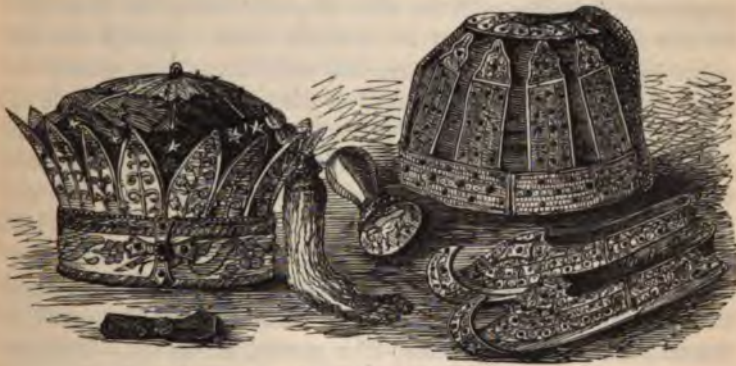
merchant would say—was meant, it is declared, for a present of tender kind to the Queen of England. Oh, Theodore! Fate was very merry with thee! It is bad enough for a common man to hear his love-letters read in the merciless atmosphere of the Court of Probate and Divorce, when all the gay colours of "love's young dream" are exposed by the horrible spectrum-analysis of a junior counsel; but for a "king of kings" to have his love-gift suspended thus like clothes hung out to dry in a back yard, or ancient garments offering for sale in Petticoat Lane! Was it quite decent of Fate? Is it quite gentlemanly or right of us? Of course

"Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind;"

and his Majesty's conduct in presuming to detain our countrymen, because he could get no answer to his letter, was perhaps enough to make this piece of votive clothing un-sublime. Yet how he would have "fallen to their throats," and especially the reverend throats, if he could have seen that his pledge of royal affection would decline to this. How the tropical lightning in the eye of the "Black Prince" would have flashed out and consumed Messrs. Flad and Blanc and Stern, and all the other valuable persons whom we have now re-purchased for 7,000,000*l.*, had his Majesty foreseen the fate of his blue and gold chemise. And then this big seal, with the Abyssinian lion and the tremendously arrogant inscription! It is only eighteen-pence in a cab to the shop where they cut it to his order, with a view to stamp the edicts of Magdala and seal the mandates of the "king of kings." This seems more startling than even Hannibal's ring: one would think there hung a spell about the agate and a mystery in the metal. It were as if the Punic leader had sent to Rome to have his poison-ring made by the goldsmiths of the Forum. We should like to ask Mr. Strongi'th'arm to tell us more about this sigillary of Fate. Did he have a mysterious commission from one of the Parcae—a severe-looking female with a distaff and pair of shears? Did a lady of majestic appearance, in a Greek dress and holding a pair of scales, who gave the name of Nemesis, and the address Hades, call and bid the engraver cut that ramping beast upon the silver,—type of the British lion which was to "break in pieces" the kingdom of the king, and teach him what comes of laying hands on British subjects, and "making eyes" at a British queen? Better for Theodore to have stuck to native manufacture, like this other piece of the engraver's art in the greasy silk bag. Destiny sealed his doom with this very seal as he ordered it, because

he fancied it would be a fine thing to be emperor of the united realms of Great Britain and Abyssinia, and afterwards took such liberties with our consulars and the clerical gentlemen, when affairs did not go as the fiery heart expected.

Yet I am sorry for Theodore, as I stand gazing at this case full of tinsel and royal rubbish, and I wish we had not been obliged to buy them and the missionaries of the Fates for seven millions sterling. A bargain is a bargain, and I do not forget the necessity of the expedition, nor the *prestige* it has recovered for England, nor the



Abyssinian Trophies.

noble and knightly conduct of the chief of our Anabasis, which makes it a land-mark in the chivalry of war. I salute that gallant and resolute soldier, Lord Napier of Magdala, and thank him that he executed pure justice in Ethiopia, and did his function with the precision and completeness of a minister of Destiny. But I have been also looking at another trophy from Abyssinia,—Mr. Holmes' little sketch of Theodore's head as he lay defunct and bloody on the hill-top at Magdala. Anybody that has studied physiognomy cannot mistake that sardonic visage for a vulgar countenance. It is writhed and twisted with the death-pang; but the last of the king's thoughts must have been a stern and princely thought of savage kingliness to leave that air of unsubdued pride upon his jaws and lips. What does it matter whether or no, as he gave out, his line descended straight through all the dusky generations from Solomon's baby-son, who had Makada, the Queen of Sheba, for nursing-mother? The story is likelier that he was the bastard of Aitetegeb, who swept the tent of Waldo Gurgis; but there are spirits born in the purple as bodies are, and an eagle may be hatched in a crow's nest. This was

no vulgar Negro whom we have effaced, and left rotting, like an Abyssinian eagle killed in its own eyrie. He had ideas. He was "Porphrogenitus" from the very breast of Aitetegeb the sweeper, and the one born patriot and reformer that Eastern Africa has produced since her majesty Queen Makada's day. His programme was magnificently impossible; he meant to root El Islam out from the face of the earth, to be king of Jerusalem—if not of London—by right of his ancestor David, and the Gospel according to Abunas. When he used to sit with his face buried in his hands, while the Hubshis fired futile mortars at his orders, and blazed away unlimited experimental powder, with the effect of gently lulling him to thought, he was meditating this mad but splendid dream. Strange and even palpable visions, it is said, fostered his ambition. They pretend that as he rode one day on the borders of the Lake Tsana, when he was only "Kassa, the free lance," a thick cloud rose from the water on his approach, which developed into a throne with a seated figure upon it, whose voice hailed the young Ethiopian as "king that shall be." And if valour could prove him royal, young Kassa assuredly did not belie the pedigree that he claimed. He fought in fifty raids like a black Paladin, with no armour but his cotton shirt. At the river Rahhad the Egyptians wounded him, and the Hubshi doctor who cured the wound asked a bullock, instead of a guinea, for his fee. Theodore was as short of bullocks as of guineas, and therefore applied to the mother of Ras Ali at Gondar for the animal. She sent him no more than a quarter of beef and an unlady-like message with it; in return for which he captured Gondar. At Tchengar he killed a great chief, Biriu, in single combat, and tearing the tobe of gold and green from the body, he stuck it on his spear-head, and made a standard of victory out of the bloody vestment. Let us not spurn this carcase—it was a brave man once!

He was as eloquent as he was sanguine and brave, making fiery speeches to his warriors before fighting—one especially on the eve of the battle of the Deraskie, when he finished with the prophetic words, "Follow me, and, by the power of God, to-morrow my name shall be Tedros of Ethiopia the king, not the man Kassa—the Kosso-seller's son." At this time, with the lion's courage he had also the lion's magnanimity. He was gentle to his enemies so soon as they were once defeated, clement in victory, and when a knot of chiefs conspired against his life, and were detected, this hard bitter face, which grins so fierce in death, in Mr. Holmes' sketch, melted with gentle ruth towards them, and spared their lives—a thing as strange in Africa as Lord Napier of Magdala and his Christian soldiership. The first edict he

issued at this time from his new throne, ran thus: "Let every man return to his labour, the ploughman to his plough, the trader to his shop, the blacksmith to his anvil. I am come to give peace to Abyssinia." He swore he would by-and-by forge all the swords into field-hooks; and "make a yoke-ox sell dearer than two war-horses." He opened caravan-routes, cut off the hands or heads of robbers, laid out roads, exploited for minerals, sent to Europe for Western artificers, and like an Abyssinian Henry VIII., sequestrated the church property for the benefit of the poor. He forbade the slave-trade, set his face firm against polygamy; and towards his first wife he was ever true and tender, affording an almost unknown example in the land, of chastity and noble love. It seems as though he buried in her grave the high and the beautiful hopes of his strange life. She died, and the savage peoples among whom he lived failed to understand Theodore's radical reforms. Rebel after rebel lifted the spear against him, till the king's heart caught at length the fire of that anger and disappointment which altered all his nature. The good and evil in him were seen contending at the date when Plowden and Bell died for his cause. He was so sorry for Plowden's death that his passionate hands sought to take away his own existence; and when Bell fell murdered in Woggera, he not only with his own spear killed the assassin, but like another maddened Ajax, plunged and re-plunged the weapon into the dead murderer, and dreadful to add, cut off the hands and feet of 1700 prisoners, and piled their bodies into a pyramid, as a ghastly monument of his white friend. At that time this red-handed king loved us English well. Next to the psalms of his "great father" David, he delighted to get his Briton to translate to him passages of Shakspeare, which he called "Bell's Bible." Did he ever, we wonder, come thus across the wooing of the Prince of Morocco in the "Merchant of Venice," and did Portia's black lover put into his head a certain unlucky letter, which might well have run—

"Mislike me not for my complexion,  
The shadow'd livery of the burnished sun,  
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.  
Bring me the greatest creature northward born,  
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,  
And let us make incision for my love,  
To prove whose blood is reddest, hers or mine.  
I tell thee, lady! this aspect of mine  
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love I swear  
The best regarded virgins of our clime  
Have loved it too. I would not change my hue  
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen!"

Pity, in that case, not to have read a little further forward with friend Bell, and so have come to those other lines—

“ the greater throw  
 May turn by fortune from the weaker hand,  
 And so may I, blind fortune leading me,  
 \*           \*           \*           \*           \*  
 Perish with grieving.”

From the time of Bell's loss the heart of Theodore grew hot and evil. He cut upon his cannon the legend “ Tedros, the scourge of God ;” he mingled his daily draught of “ tej” with human blood and tears ; he was like one of his own Hubshi people when they are ill of *bouda*, and the soul of a hyena, as it is thought has entered into them. The grief he felt at the “ badness” of his subjects, was exemplified, *more Africano*, by leaving his hair unplaited, and without the pat of salted butter which finishes the Abyssinian toilette. He lived in a simple soldier's dress—the white cotton tobe with the red border ; and spent his days in the field, with a moving city of black and grey tents, in the centre of which were three coloured silk marquees of the king and his women. For by this time he had, along with other casual loves, taken a new empress to share his restless and furious fortunes—that same “ darke ladye” whom we buried on the road down to the sea—Woizero Tournish by name, mother of the little prince “ Allamayou,” whose name, “ I have seen the world,” is another specimen of the satirical presence of Destiny at christenings and elsewhere. He saw Woizero Tournish kneeling at her prayers in a church, and won her by releasing her father, the Prince of Tigrè, from chains ;—her, but not her heart, for she was proud and cold. Two stories about her paint for us a remarkable woman, an Ethiopic Sophonisba. Once, when Theodore in his cups threatened to strike her, she stopped him with a flash of brilliant scorn and wit mingled. “ What !” she cried, “ will you so affront the Queen of the King of Kings ?” And another time, when she was reading, and did not rise as his majesty entered the scarlet tent, he was piqued, and inquired why she took such scant notice of him :—“ I am conversing with a better king than you, David of Israel,” was the reply. Yet she was true to him in his great danger, in spite of his infidelities ; and, on the day before his death, Woizero Tournish (very near to her own demise) was reconciled, it is said, to her dusky lord. What changes to be sure a vote of the House of Commons has made in the domestic and political affairs of this Ethiopian royal family ! His Majesty is in his grave at Magdala, the



Queen is in hers at Sooroo, the Prince is in knickerbockers at Plymouth. *Non hæc pollicitus tuæ*—you never discussed the probability of all this with handsome WoizeroTournish, King Theodore!—not to mention the naked warriors slain by the Beloochees and Fusiliers, and the fair land of Abyssinia handed back to Kassai of Tigrè, and the Wagshum. A fair land it is described to be, even by unenthusiastic military persons and correspondents, principally anxious about the subject of their stomachs. This African Switzerland is the land whither Homer's Jove used to go down from Olympus to dine with the "blameless Ethiopians." It seems beautiful enough for a god's outing—a lovely wilderness of hills and valleys, torrents and lakes and passes—where there are rich groves and marvellous flowers, butterflies and humming-birds of wonderful colour, and that "Kolquol-tree," above all, like a vast green candelabrum, with fiery-coloured blossoms at the end of each branch for the lights.

As I stand before these souvenirs of Theodore, I think of him in scenes of his singular life, which make me sorry he is "expended." He used to come forth at daybreak and sit all alone on a stone, with his head buried in his hands. Sunrise from Magdala reveals a glorious land—too rich to lose without a bolder and better struggle than Tedros made. Why did he wait for us? Why did he never send a message of defiance or curiosity as the avenging British army engineered its way up? We don't understand Theodore yet, and it is too late now to try to understand him; but, considering that none but enemies have described him, a just mind finds itself looking at these relics with a misgiving that the late owner might have left us something in the way of vindication, had he been given to the weakness of autobiography. How wonderfully well, on the whole, he behaved to those trying persons, the missionaries! His toleration of Mr. Stern appears saintly and inexplicable; and then his liberality in the way of *tej* to his captives! and his amazing patience as Lord Napier approached. Which was it—the patience of a wild beast, crouched to spring upon his hunters, and careless of his prey for the time being; or the patience of a king, with great schemes yet working in his head, and only his power grown little, as he sat on the stone thinking in the grey of the Magdala mornings?

That ghastly sight below the cliff, where his butchered victims lay, inclines us to the "wild beast" view. Theodore's evil genius—his infernal spirit of anger—makes these garments appear, indeed, like the hide stripped from a tiger, as one reflects on the frightful day when he rushed upon his captives, sword in hand, and hacked and hewed till

he was weary. If that story be true, the Gaoler of Magdala was mad with danger and despair when our troops began to come into sight, and he deserved his death. Still we wish we were quite certain that his ghost will not haunt the amba of Magdala, complaining of British perfidy. It is an ugly doubt whether Theodore did not think, like Agag, when the lowing of his cattle was heard in the English camp, that "the bitterness of death was past." It appears as if he was inclined to come to us "delicately," and really believed that he was to get terms when the prisoners were sent in, and the cattle were not refused. It is an uncomfortable misgiving, and one which it is idle to discuss now; nor do we think Lord Napier of Magdala to blame. But "somebody blundered," or else the fierce Prince had never let those throats pass from the edge of his knife, nor would he have wasted upon his enemies a thousand head of excellent mutton and beef. A bad but a mighty heart played the fool in pride and rage when he rode out and fired his musket in our faces. A nature meant to be useful and noble collapsed in a simoom of scorn and ruin when he set his pistol to his mouth and avenged on himself his myriad victims. Good or evil, reformer or tyrant, there is an end of him and his dynasty, unless the little Allamayou lives to claim his father's throne, and to take this crown back from South Kensington. Stranger things have been—and among them is that curiously triumphant expedition which Mr. Disraeli has so Disraelitishly styled "the march of the soldiers of Europe, accompanied by the elephants of Asia, over the Highlands of Africa."

EDWIN ARNOLD.

88

The Warrior Patriot.

**T**HEY brought him from the battle field,  
And laid him scarred and bleeding down ;  
His patriot love had been his shield,  
And won his country's high renown.

He drew his sword to carve the way  
To Freedom, by a despot chained ;  
And on his bier a hero lay,  
His garments with his heart's blood stained.

His faithful kinsmen round him prest,  
And heard him breathing faint and low ;  
And from the gash across his breast  
Beheld the warm blood slowly flow.  
His eyes were closed, his face was pale,  
And seemed the sad abode of pain ;  
How changed ! at morning bronzed and hale,  
With gladness thrilling every vein.

He asked, " How goes the battle now ?  
The turf with precious blood must reek ;  
Fight on, my comrades ! make a vow  
That Freedom shall no longer shriek !"  
He paused ; and then a shout was heard,—  
" The army of the king has flown !"  
Then every heart with pride was stirred,  
And victory on the trumpets blown !

The patriot tried in vain to speak,  
To sound the joy that in him burned ;  
His heart with gladness leapt, though weak,  
As though death's grasp it proudly spurned.  
'Twas but a moment life seemed strong,  
For closely soon his thin lips met  
In death ; but he had conquered wrong,  
For ages in his country set.

Then cold and gory there he lay,  
 His hair in long dark masses tossed  
 About his face, where seemed to play  
 A smile that death had faintly crossed.  
 He'd grasped his sword with iron will,  
 Though dead yet looked a martyr brave,  
 So simply grand, so stark and still,  
 They laid him in his hallowed grave.

S. H. BRADBURY.

# THE MEMORIAL WINDOW.

A DRAMATIC STORY,  
In a Prologue and Three Acts.

## ACT THE THIRD.

### SCENE I.—THE WESTFIELD HISTRIONIC AND LITERARY CLUB.

**T**HAT same wind which followed Nicodemus Gasford home on the night of his terrible crime, banged about the swinging sign of the Blue Cow with more vigour than ceremony, making it creak, and wheeze, and groan, to such an extent, that Mr. Horatio Stubbs, and a certain select party of young Westfielders, voted it a nuisance, and resolved upon representing the case to the landlord.

The bare notion of a sign-board being permitted to interfere with the intellectual proceedings of the Westfield Histrionic and Literary Club was an outrage which must be resisted firmly and with dignity. Such, at all events, was the opinion of the chairman of the society, though Mr. Horatio Stubbs, the vice-president, ventured to suggest that a ladder and a pennyworth of oil would put an end to the disturbance. Indeed, he went on to argue, that the dignity of the club did not require any more than this, and if it did, the dignity of the club would not, he was satisfied, receive any further consideration from the proprietor of the azure beast. Whatever their able and worthy chairman might advance to the contrary, the real and indeed the only trespasser upon the repose of the club this evening was his Boreaic Majesty, the wind, who evidently intended to make a night of it, as somebody had said, and their best course was rather to defy the monarch and his machinations than to complain of his noise. Let them exclaim with Macbeth,—

“ Blow wind ! come, wrack !  
At least we'll die with harness on our back.”

Everybody said, “ Hear, hear ;” and the wind bellowed down the chimney in chorus, covering the members of the dramatic club with

smoke and soot, and extinguishing two out of the four candles which lighted the little up-stairs room where the genius of Westfield was assembled.

It was certainly a most unpropitious kind of night for the dramatic and literary exercises of the ten gentlemen who formed this ambitious society. Even the exertions of Mr. Horatio Stubbs failed to infuse into the proceedings the spirit and geniality of former meetings. Mr. Stubbs, as Shylock, had already demanded his bond with a fierce mien and defiant air; a draper's assistant, as Wolsey, had indulged in a melancholy dialogue with a young surveyor as Cromwell; the sexton of Westfield had "orated" as Mark Antony over the imaginary body of Cæsar; and Mr. Horatio Stubbs was in the midst of his favourite recitation, "Mary, the Maid of the Inn," when the vagaries of the signboard created that diversion in the intellectual proceedings to which we have referred.

After this brief discussion about the creaking of the Blue Cow, after the two extinguished candles had been re-lighted, and the members of the society had shaken the soot off their clothes, Mr. Horatio Stubbs proceeded to finish his reading of Southey's well-known poem, which, by the way, he had read before a distinguished audience on the occasion of an amateur entertainment three months previously. It was generally conceded, however, that Mr. Stubbs had never recited the piece with such thrilling dramatic force as upon this memorable evening. As he raised his finger and repeated in hushed hurried words—

"The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over head;  
She listen'd,—naught else could she hear,"—

the club fairly thrilled with suppressed excitement, bursting forth into thunders of applause when the two ruffians appeared with the corpse.

It seemed as if the old incident of the Abbey had entered their very souls on this occasion; for they began to discuss Mary's sensations and her courage, and the moaning of the wind put in a sort of eloquent commendation of her daring and prowess.

"I'll lay a wager," said the sexton, "that Mr. Horatio Stubbs dare not go alone now into the vestry of the Abbey and leave 'Mary, the Maid of the Inn' on the mantelpiece."

"Pooh!" exclaimed Mr. Stubbs, "I dare do anything that may become a man."

"Nothing would be likely to give you a better appreciation of the poem than such a feat at midnight," said the national schoolmaster of the district, who gave the club elocutionary instruction gratis.

"It's only ten o'clock, and he dare not do it now," said the sexton, removing the blind and looking out into the thick black darkness of an early November night.

There was no gas as yet in Westfield, and ten o'clock was comparatively a late hour.

"Now I'll tell you what I'll do, Horatio," said the son of a local builder. "There's a loose stone over old Bence's vault which we have placed nearly ready for cementing to-morrow. You can move it with a crowbar. There is a short ladder close by. If you dare take this knife and stick it into the floor, or leave it in the vault, so that I can get it in the morning, I shall think you a brave fellow, and I will stand a bowl of punch."

"Why, you remind one of the story of the German student," said the schoolmaster, "who, emboldened by a taunt to do something of this kind, went to a certain vault in the night for a wager. When he was leaving the place, the door closing unexpectedly, caught his coat, and holding him back, literally frightened him to death. There is another story—I have heard it in Lincolnshire—of a similar kind. A man took a knife, made a wager he would, in the middle of the night, stick it into a certain coffin, and leave it there. Stooping down to complete his adventure, he accidentally pinned the tail of his coat to the coffin; and rising to go away, he was detained as if by some unseen hand. The shock was so great that he died of it."

"It were a bold deed to accept my friend the builder's challenge after this," said Mr. Horatio Stubbs, with a dramatic wave of the hand.

"It is just the night for it," said the chairman; "but it is one thing to read Southey's story about the abbey, and another to emulate the heroism of Mary."

The chairman said this with a slight sneer, and Horatio Stubbs cast a tragically defiant glance at the chair.

"If my young friend of the brick and mortar persuasion," said Mr. Stubbs, "will order a bowl of punch to begin with, perhaps one might think seriously of his challenge."

A bowl of punch was ordered at once, and produced amidst some excitement.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Stubbs, "a want of courage has never been charged against me from my youth upwards."

"Hear, hear," said the club (the chairman excepted, for he envied Mr. Stubbs his popularity).

"Coward has never been implanted upon this marble brow. It hath been well said by our noble bard, the Swan of Avon, that courage mounteth with occasion; my courage mounteth now."

Immense cheering greeted this announcement.

"It is not that I am tempted by mere bravado; but one of the members of this club suggests that by placing myself in a similar situation to that of the heroic maid, I shall the better understand that magnificent poem, which is now so intimately associated with my name in this picturesque old town of Westfield."

"Bravo! Hear, hear! Well done," exclaimed the club, always excepting the chairman, who began to have serious notions of resigning his connection with the society.

"Gentlemen," said Horatio, in conclusion, "I go to probe to the depths the grandeur and beauty of Southey's matchless poem."

There was a dead silence as Mr. Stubbs moved towards the door, until the builder's son, seizing him by the arm, said,—

"Stay, my friend, let us have this all straight and above board. Here is my knife; you lay that upon one of the coffins in Bence's tomb, and the wager is won. I'll bet five pounds you don't do it. There!"

"I say, done," exclaimed Stubbs; "not for the sake of filthy lucre, but in vindication of my own courage and for the sake of philosophy. Where are the keys, Mr. Sexton?"

"You'll find the cloister door-key under a stone by the latch. It's put there for the masons in the morning."

"Who comes with me to see that I do it?" asked Stubbs at this juncture; whereupon the chairman burst out into a loud fit of hoarse laughter.

"A capital joke that," he said, by-and-by, when he had laughed himself very red in the face; "who will go with him?"

Stubbs made no reply to the bitter taunt, but scowling upon the chairman, and taking the pocket-knife held out to him by the young builder, he said, "Gentlemen, in half-an-hour I will rejoin you to take a parting glass."

"We will watch him into the Abbey Close, and see him go into the cloisters, at any rate," said the schoolmaster. "He may go home, and leave us all here looking at each other like a parcel of ninneys."

"You do not know Horatio Stubbs!" was that gallant clerk's only reply, as he stalked forth into the dark night, followed by the schoolmaster and a companion to see a portion of the task completed.

The wind moaned like a giant in pain, and it tossed the autumn leaves about like a giant in passion. Neither moon nor stars looked on; here and there lights glimmered in bed-room windows, but only to make the darkness seem more intense.

The adventurers had gone but a few yards, when Mr. Stubbs



turned back. He must have a light when he got to the Abbey, or how would he find his way. This point was at once laid before the club and conceded. A lantern and matches were provided, on the distinct understanding that they were not to be used until the gallant and undaunted Stubbs was in the Abbey.

"I may be arrested as a thief, or taken up for 'trespassing,'" said Stubbs.

"Ho, ho! Ha, ha!" exclaimed the chairman, in a fresh burst of ridicule; "he funks at last."

"We'll see that all is fair, Stubbs," said the sexton. "No chance of anybody apprehending you."

"Or comprehending him either," said the chairman, with a sneer.

"We shall see," said Stubbs, with a flourish of the lantern.

"Lead on, lead on," said the chairman.

"'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself," said the school-master, quoting from Lear, and mentally patting himself on the back for it.

"A truce to foolery. Follow me, those who dare!"

With this defiant remark, Horatio Stubbs strode forth to fathom the depths of Southey's poem and win his wager.

#### SCENE II.—THE LITTLE CHAPEL.

HORATIO STUBBS soon entered the Abbey, and the watchers shuddered as they heard his footsteps upon the pavement leading to the cloister door.

They stood shoulder to shoulder beneath one of the tall elms that trembled in the storm, until they heard the door close, and saw a light glimmer for an instant through the keyhole. And then holding their breath and clinging to each other, they slunk away into the road and wished Stubbs had never been tempted to leave the Blue Cow.

The wind sobbed and moaned through the trees, and rushed by the watchers now and then like a real presence. They almost felt as if they had brushed shoulders with a ghost.

How slowly the time passed! When the Abbey chime signalled the hour of eleven, and the great bell tolled it out solemnly and slow, it seemed as if they had been standing in the road for two hours at least. The wind dashed off with the great clock's message of time, and carried the sound away in echoing vibrations. "The hoarse ivy shook overhead," and the trees made a noise like the sea.

The watchers said not a word, but as if by spontaneous resolve

returned to the inn to report what had taken place. The chairman had gone home to bed. He was not going to be made a fool of, he said. Two other members had followed his example, and the remainder were anxious to depart. The landlord of the Blue Cow had intimated his wish to close the house. The sexton said he should get into a row with his wife, and the young builder was afraid his father would lock him out. The schoolmaster and his friend insisted upon acquainting the landlord with the evening's exploit; and the landlord, who vowed he had once seen a ghost himself, said he had not the slightest doubt that poor Stubbs had been carried off by a spirit, and that the club would be hanged, every man Jack, in consequence. The schoolmaster pooh-poohed this remark, and said the best course would be for a searching party to start off at once to the Abbey, and find out why Stubbs did not return. The sexton, getting alarmed for his office, volunteered to head a party; and four gentlemen, all that now remained of the club, started, armed with two lanterns, a horse-pistol, and a pitchfork.

On through the slumbering town, along the highway beyond, through the Abbey gateway, and into the cloisters, went the adventurous band, accompanied by the moaning of the wind which had shaken Gasford's house almost to its very foundations. Their lanterns gleamed fitfully on storied urn and monumental brass, on recumbent knights of marble, on old oaken seats with grinning bosses; and at last they cast two long columns of light into the little chapel under the memorial window. The sexton led the way, and the silence was awful. A black chasm yawned at his feet; the stone had been removed, and the top of a ladder protruded on one side. Curling one of the prongs of the pitchfork against the stone, and hanging the lantern thereon, the sexton lowered it into the vault. His companions peered fearfully in, and then retreated with a cry of horror. Two bodies lay at the foot of the ladder: one was that of the gallant Horatio Stubbs.

And now something more than the moaning of the wind smote the ear of Gasford. The Abbey bell boomed out loud and full; it sounded like his own death knell. All Westfield rose up at the unusual sound. Only fire or murder could produce such hurried, pealing alarms. The sexton pulled with all his might, whilst his companions hurried to and fro in the darkness. Boom, boom, boom rolled out the sonorous notes over all the town. Harry Gasford hurried to his father's room at the first sound.

"There's something wrong, father," he said, as he flung open the door.

"It's a lie, it's a lie!" shouted the old man, staring aghast at his son.

"That's the Abbey bell. It's a fire or a murder."

"It is not the Abbey bell," said Gasford, fiercely, his deep dark eyes looking appealingly up into his son's face.

"Why, governor, what is the matter with you?" the young man exclaimed.

"Nothing, nothing. I'd lay my life down for thee, lad," said Gasford, stretching out his arms.

"You've been drinking, governor."

"Yes, yes; I've been drinking. Wither his arm, whoever is ringing that bell!"

"I'll go and see what it is all about," said Harry.

"No, no!" exclaimed Gasford, seizing his son by the arm. "They'll say you did it. Back, back, you fool!"

"I shall go for all that," said Harry. "Why, I never saw you so groggy before, governor."

Gasford clung to his son fiercely as the wind flung the sound of the bell against the rattling casement.

Meanwhile, a crowd gathered about the Abbey, and, by and by, a body on a stretcher was borne along the road. Harry Gasford met the lantern-lit procession in the town; and the old man, crouching in out-of-the-way places, watched it at a distance with that terrible crying in his ears for ever.

### SCENE III.—THE BEST BED-ROOM OF THE BLUE COW.

No; he was not dead. Arthur Merryvale still lived. Wounded and sore, almost unto death, he lay asleep on the great four-poster of the old hostelry when the morning came.

Bessie Arnold was there, and Harry Gasford; and in an adjoining room Horatio Stubbs and several leading members of the Histrionic Club, Horatio having for the tenth time endeavoured for their edification to recall the varied sensations of fear which had fallen upon him when a groan saluted his entry into the vault.

"It was awful, gentlemen, awful; and, excepting that I remember falling into the arms of a dead body, I know no more than you do about it. I suppose I fainted."

"You were not hurt," said the chairman of the club. "You hadn't fallen down the ladder?"

"No; I walked down the ladder. At the bottom a deep, heavy groan arrested my footsteps."

The little group of *Histrionics* looked silently at each other, and shuddered for the tenth time at this period of the story.

"A deep, heavy groan. I forgot all about the heroic maid, gentlemen all, at this, and let the lantern fall in afright; and then it came again. My foot touched something soft, like a human body, and I fell."

Again the *Histrionics* gazed into each other's faces, and shuddered.

"I fell as if I were dead; and the next thing I remember is walking into the *Blue Cow* between two of you; and the next, sitting by the fire, with my feet in hot water, and my nose in a hot glass of brandy."

"He will have his little joke," said the sympathetic school-master.

Then, hearing a movement in the best bed-room, they all stretched their necks towards the half-open doorway, and listened.

Just at that moment Arthur Merryvale had spoken: he had said one word, and Bessie Arnold had leaned over him with beating heart and swollen eyes to catch this first strong sign of life and hope.

"Mother," was Arthur's first word—"Mother."

And in less than an hour afterwards his mother came. From the first she had feared some sad issue to Arthur's Westfield journey; and all her forebodings culminated on this night in terrible dreams. The wind had been loud and boisterous in town. Could it have carried to St. George's Square the cry of distress which the Abbey echoes had repeated? Mrs. Merryvale had passed through a night of fear and alarm; and so strong was the influence upon her of some terrible presentiment of danger to her son that, at seven in the morning, she rose, and took the first train for Westfield.

In the sombre gray mist of a November morning she stood once more in her native village,—stood once more near that old Abbey where she had sworn to love, honour, and obey the man whom her poor, broken father had chosen for her. Once more she was here, the torn branches of the great trees strewn about her footsteps like her own torn and scattered hopes. She pulled her shawl closely round her shoulders and never once removed her veil, as if she feared to be recognised. She could scarcely have understood how much she was changed. Not a soul in Westfield would have detected, in that wasted figure, the fair and lovely daughter of the once rich and popular Colonel Compton! For a moment it seemed as if all the years had come back; but this was only the mockery of the almost unchanging trees and fields and hills that surrounded her, with the tower of the Abbey preaching its solemn sermon of human

decay. Only for a moment did she walk in the past ; the present forced itself upon her in those strange, stern fears for her son.

On past the Abbey, and through the town, went Arthur's mother, like one in a dream, until she was arrested by a group of persons standing about the doorway of an inn.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked, in soft, gentle, anxious tones.

It was the same sweet voice as of yore : there was no change in the music of those tender tones which had captivated the heart of that brave young soldier of old.

"Is anything the matter?" she inquired again.

"Yes, marm," said a bystander ; "they do say as a young gen'leman 'as bin nigh murdered."

"I knew it!" said the woman, raising her veil. "I knew it! take me to him!" And she forced her way through the crowd into the house.

"Where is he?" she asked, as the landlady stood gazing at her white face and glowing eyes.

"He be upstairs, marm."

"It is my son! I know it! My own dear Arthur! My child! my dear boy!" she said, hurrying upstairs and into the darkened room, where she found him soon after he had whispered her name.

A long, low wail gave vent to the agony of the mother's heart when she saw her boy lying senseless in the bed : and then she kneeled down and thanked God that He had brought her to the sufferer,—thanked God, and prayed that His guiding hand, which had directed her, would rescue her boy from death.

Neither Harry Gasford nor Miss Arnold spoke to the woman. They seemed to understand at once that this was Arthur's mother, though no one had sent to tell her of what had happened. The doctor came, and when he saw that pale face bent over his patient's head, he knew, too, that Arthur's mother had come. And so the morning passed.

It was long after noon before Arthur spoke again, and then the only word he said was "mother;" and oh! how it went to her heart to hear him say "Mother."

"I am here," she said, in a sweet, fond whisper, "dear Arthur, my son."

And, lo! he opened his eyes, and behold she was with him indeed ; and he knew that it was his mother.

From this moment Arthur began to recover his senses, and on the following day he asked for Bessie ; but nothing was said about his

accident, or how it came about. The doctor could not account for the wound at the back of the head by the theory of the young man having fallen into the vault. Moreover, as he explained to Mr. Gasford, who had called upon him on that second day, there was the heavy mallet with the blood upon it; and Mr. Stubbs distinctly stated that he found the stone drawn over the vault, and moved it before he could descend.

Gasford said it was no good listening to a fool like Stubbs, as it was clear enough that Merryvale had fallen whilst looking at the Memorial Window, and gone head foremost into the tomb. The doctor said this was impossible.

Meanwhile, the police had made inquiries, and discovered that two persons were seen in the Abbey during the evening; and the superintendent of the district, with a magistrate, had called twice at the Blue Cow to take Arthur's depositions, but without avail.

Some days passed before Arthur recovered sufficiently to be questioned; and during this time Mrs. Merryvale made the acquaintance of the Arnolds and of Harry Gasford. The lawyer's son was assiduous in acts of courtesy and politeness towards Mrs. Merryvale; but none knew her except one, and he avoided her. Gasford had wormed out her secret long ago, and he had seen in Bessie Arnold's love for Arthur, and in his mother's claims on the estate, the destruction of all his schemes.

Wearily the time went on until that last evening at the Westfield hostelry. The Arnolds had invited Mrs. Merryvale and her son to pay them a long visit. Arthur had already been moved into the best parlour during the day, and here were assembled on this last night the Arnolds, Harry Gasford, and Mrs. Merryvale.

During the day a local magistrate and the chief of police had been with Arthur. He had borne the interview so well that Mrs. Merryvale had resolved to take Mrs. Arnold back with her into the memory of her past life. Arthur, who had already been made acquainted with his parentage, saw that the secret was out when the two women came back into the room (after an absence of half-an-hour) hand-in-hand. It was a delicious moment to him: his own mother and Bessie's mother sitting close by each other, happy and hopeful.

"May I?" presently asked Mrs. Arnold, kissing Arthur's mother on the cheek.

"Yes," the woman whispered, after a pause.

"Harry Gasford, let me introduce to you our long, long lost friends, the late Mrs. Bence and Arthur her son," said Mrs. Arnold.

Bessie started at the declaration; and Harry, after a half-doubting

appeal to Mrs. Arnold, who reassured him and whispered something in his ear, shook hands with Arthur's mother, and then with Arthur.

"If it were possible that anything could lessen this sad calamity of Arthur's it is this discovery; for it gives us all the right of old friendship to devote ourselves to you, and help to make you happy," said Harry, addressing Arthur.

"Does it not, my dear Miss Arnold?" he added, taking her hand and leading her up to Arthur's chair. "Some day, Arthur, if you had not come here, I, who never cared for anybody, should have made a confession to Bessie; now, my dear fellow, I can love you both."

With which remark, his eyes glistening with satisfaction, Harry Gasford placed Bessie's hand in Arthur's, at which moment there was a hurrying and trampling of feet below, and a hum of voices outside the house.

"It is necessary, justice demands it, and I insist," said a stern voice on the stairs; and the next moment the local magistrate, the chief of police, Horatio Stubbs, the schoolmaster, sexton, and chairman of the *Histrionics*, entered the room, with Nicodemus Gasford in their midst, and Parson Wildwood bringing up the rear.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I beg you will pardon this intrusion. I have the assurance of Mr. Merryvale's medical adviser that he is well enough to undergo this trial of his patience and memory. There is reason to believe that some frustration of justice has already been attempted in this case. Mr. Merryvale, in the short statement he has already made, has not said all he knows about the attack which was undoubtedly made upon him. Mr. Wildwood has made a communication to the police, and so has the sexton here, which has rendered strong measures necessary. A person has this morning been apprehended on suspicion; and, in deference to his position, his request has been acceded to, and that is, that he should confront you, and at once settle the horrible and, he says, ridiculous charge that has been made against him."

Arthur, at sight of Gasford (who came forward and shook hands with the Arnolds), leaned back and closed his eyes as if to shut out an ugly vision; and Mrs. Merryvale remembered the sharp, sinister, scrutinising eyes which had followed her out of the lawyer's office in Gray's Inn.

"For the present, I have simply to ask you, sir, who was your companion in the Abbey on the night when you were attacked?" said the magistrate.

"Was he attacked? Was he attacked? Ask him that," rejoined Gasford, quickly.

"Were you attacked, or did you fall into the vault? Will that satisfy you, Mr. Gasford?"

"I was attacked," said Arthur.

"You were attacked. At that moment who was your companion?"

There was a dead pause, during which time the chief of police whispered to the magistrate,—

"I have learnt to what extent he would have benefited by the young man's death—the sum is a large one."

"Yes," said the magistrate, in quiet response; and then, turning to Arthur, he said, "You must answer the question—it is the only one at present that we shall trouble you with."

"Mr. Gasford was the only person I saw," said Arthur.

"Oh my God!" exclaimed Harry, throwing himself into a chair.

"You lie, you lie, you interloping thief," shouted Gasford, rushing at the invalid; but only to be seized from behind, and promptly handcuffed by the chief of police and his assistants; upon which operation we ring the curtain down, leaving the reader to group the tableau according to his own fancy, not forgetting to put Mr. Horatio Stubbs into a dramatic attitude suitable to the occasion.

#### THE EPILOGUE.

Another marriage. Another death. Thus speed the teeming years. The prayer of the repentant old man in the Prologue is answered, after years of trial and affliction. Bessie Arnold and Arthur Bence stand at the altar in a little church above the Westfield valley. Two women, who were friends in early days, two happy mothers at last, sit by with eyes too full of tears to note the joyous faces of their children. Once again there are flowers strewn in the pathway, and the bells are ringing merrily; this time they tell a really happy story of loving hearts; let loving hearts interpret that

"Music nighest bordering upon heaven."

\* \* \* \* \*

The early morning light of an autumn day struggles through the bars of a prison cell. In that dark corner to the left the cold chill beams fall upon an upturned face. A wretched prisoner has died in the night. Untended, unwept, with no loving hand to close those ghastly staring eyes, the avaricious son of greed has passed from earth. No cunning device of human mind could stay the avenging punishment



that must come with sin at last ; no bars of iron, no adamantine walls could stay that departing soul, released for weal or woe by the Divine hand that gave it.

By-and-by the world will be awake. Travellers through the Westfield valley will look up at the Abbey, and tell each other the story of that Memorial Window ; whilst prim sempstresses go to their daily work in the county town, and dapper clerks nib their morning pens. The hum of voices will come up to the prison windows ; the weary watcher of the night will listen once more at the prisoner's door, and then, in an official report, carry to the governor's room the concluding link of this wayside tragedy,—“Relieving guard this morning, we found dead in his cell the old man, Nicodemus Gasford.”

JOSEPH HATTON.

## NOTES & INCIDENTS.

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DO YOU bruise your oats?"  
"Yes." "And brush  
your horses by machinery?"  
"No. Who ever thought of  
such a thing?" Well, try; and  
make the same flywheel that  
turns your chaff-cutting machi-  
nery do duty to put a polish on  
your chestnuts, and they will  
shine like satin. Hair-brushing  
by machinery is hardly applicable  
to human heads; none but the  
shortest crop of bristles and the  
toughest of skins being able to  
support it, whilst fine hair, if not  
torn out by the roots, is apt, if  
long, to get round the spindle

and scalp the patient before he can say, "Hold, enough!"—a thing not likely to occur in dressing the horse. Grooms, of course, will for a time be against the method, and old hands sadly bothered to use the rotating brush; but with several horses to dress, the saving will be great, the flying polisher passing over the surface with ten times the velocity of the hand. The use of the machine would not abolish the hand-brush, any more than the lawn-mower supersedes the occasional use of the shears for trimming round shrubs and borders. The scheme is well worth a trial. It saves seventy-five per cent. of labour, and with far more brilliant results.

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THE very modern practice of fêting successful generals or other distinguished personages at the Crystal Palace, is one that ought to be recorded as a feature of our times. In the days when *The Gentleman's Magazine* was young, such a kind of triumph would have been impossible. A victorious soldier or a popular prince might have been stared at in the streets, or cheered by a couple of thousand people in a theatre; but to be fêted by thirty or forty thousand people assembled under one roof, was a

thing beyond the wildest dreams of those days. During the past month we have had thirty thousand people assembling by road and rail in the People's Palace to welcome back our Sailor Prince, escaped, by God's mercy, from an assassin's hand on the other side of the globe, and we have had nearly as many thousands gathering to do honour to the gallant general who did his work so well in Abyssinia. The two receptions were characteristic of the two gatherings. Your "five shilling people," as the Palace officials call those who are willing to pay five shillings for admission, are not very demonstrative, and prefer to level opera glasses at a piece of real royalty, rather than give him a good hearty cheer. The "shilling people," who did honour to Sir Robert Napier, are of another sort, and the cheers that greeted him were thunder when compared with the gentle acclamations that rippled through the building in honour of the Duke of Edinburgh.

THE truth that there is nothing new under the sun is curiously illustrated by a collection of ancient weapons at the Leeds Art-Treasures Exhibition. When our armourers applied the rifling process to our smooth-bore muskets and cannon, so as to overcome the divergence of the projectiles by giving them a rotatory motion, they were thought to have discovered something very ingenious; and certainly they effected a vast improvement in the power of our weapons. But they simply applied to our small arms and ordnance a principle that was thoroughly understood in the earliest ages of which we have material remains, and which is at this moment understood and practised by savage tribes in America, Australia, and Africa. The best-finished specimens of arrow-heads in the Leeds Exhibition, whether ancient or modern, are so fashioned as to give the projectile a rotatory motion after leaving the bow. Take a flint arrow-head of ancient Britain, and we find that of its four facets the first and third are hollowed out, and the second and fourth rounded, so that a transverse section would have a certain resemblance to the screw-propeller of a modern steamship. This is equally seen in arrows used by the Indian tribes of Canada, as well as in ancient arrow-heads found in Ireland and Denmark. It is interesting to see how the same idea has developed itself in the minds of savage armourers at such distant intervals of time and space.

A RACE without starters is not an amusing spectacle; yet by no happier simile can we describe the recent exhibition of the "Aëronautical Society." Presumably it was a show of aerial ships and engines, but nothing went up; nothing took the air without the aid of a suspending wire. The original programme was a pretentious one, and it had been in circulation for some nine months before the date of the exhibition; ample time for the sanguine aëronauts to have produced something more creditable than the collection of childish toys that really came forth, and for satisfying themselves of the capabilities or incapacities of their inventions before submitting them to the public. Some of the schemes

were truly absurd, as, for instance, one in which a man's *own weight* was to be his lifting power ! All, as the end has proved, were futile, for we saw no single machine or model lift itself a single inch. The society, we are privately informed, rejected many articles ; small would have been the loss to their science and to the world had they discarded more. The catalogue was a ludicrous document ; it was as much a list of what was not shown as what was. The Duke of Argyll, the society's president, appeared in it as the exhibitor of a working model to show progressive motion by the flapping of wings ; but the compiler blandly told the reader that it was "doubtful whether this model would be completed in time." A similar announcement was repeated three times on one page. All interest was centred on a Mr. Spencer, who had long boasted of having flown over a distance of 160 feet. He and his apparatus were named in the catalogue, with an apology for the probable absence of both on account of the *possible* unfitness of his flying appurtenances ! Another kite-flier, "who had raised himself to the height of several hundred feet," was excused in similar fashion. There was to have been a captive balloon for the delectation of the public ; but the proprietor, a Frenchman, misled the authorities by bringing a Montgolfier that was to ascend by fire instead of gas. He paid the penalty by the loss of his machine, which was accidentally burnt to tinder ; providentially while it was on the ground. Altogether, the exhibition was of a character to crush the most sanguine hopes of aspiring aviators.

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How the world is governed by phrases ! Look at that old saying that history never repeats itself. How it lives ! The *Times* reproduces it on an average at least once a month. Yet it is transparently false. History, like poetry, is, after all, only a reproduction, with slight variations, of a single set of ideas ; and those ideas are, for the most part, of Eastern origin. Our religion—what is that ? Asiatic to the very roots. Our system of jurisprudence ? Roman, both in form and spirit. Poetry, the drama, sculpture, painting ? An imitation—in many parts a servile imitation—of Greek models. Our system of weights and measures is of Assyrian origin. Our watch-faces are a device of the priests of Baal. Solomon was quite right. There *is* nothing new under the sun. That idea of self-help by co-operation, which finds expression in our trade and friendly societies, is generally thought to be a pure product of Anglo-Saxon thought. Yet even that is second-hand. It is only the reproduction of a Greek idea. Mr. Tomkins, the chief clerk in the office of the Registrar-General of Friendly Societies, has been puzzling out some mystical inscriptions on the ruined tablets of Greece ; and there, written in stone, he finds the history of scores of friendly societies, characterised by all the virtues, and some of the vices, of our own. The object of these Greek societies, like that of our own, was a mitigation of the miseries of life, and the decent burial of their members after death ; and their machinery was identical with ours. It was a system of self-help by

co-operation. The analogy is closer still; for most of these friendly societies of Greece were a species of trade unions. What the subscriptions to the Greek societies were, we cannot ascertain. But Mr. Tonkins has discovered the accounts of a Roman society founded at Lanuvium; and, calculating from analogy, we should say they were very small. The entrance fee to the Lanuvium Society was an amphora or jar of wine, and a hundred sesterces (say 15*s.*). The contributions were 2*s.* a year, or 2*d.* a month. The return, of course, was correspondingly small. It was 2*l.* 5*s.* for a funeral; and out of that the friends were required to set apart 7*s.* 6*d.* for distribution at the burning of the body. Most of these societies appear to have led a very precarious life. They were generally on the verge of bankruptcy. The contributions were on too low a scale, and even these were not kept up by the members with anything like regularity. The Roman societies had a rule confiscating the contributions of members who did not pay up promptly, and striking their names out of the lists. Probably the Greeks had also; but they seem to have been particularly fortunate in the selection of their secretaries and treasurers, for I find that these officers frequently put their hands into their own pockets to eke out the funds of the societies. That, as far as I can see, is the only striking and suggestive point of difference between English and Greek friendly societies; and that deserves a note.

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THERE are no longer alchemists who believe in the transmutation of metals, the base into the precious; but those still exist who hold it possible to make diamonds from worthless materials. One of this class has proposed a solution of the famous problem to the French Academy, and the august body has smiled *upon*, not *at*, the project. M. Caliste Saix is the happy discoverer who has found the way to cheat Nature out of her riches, and with praiseworthy disinterestedness he has given his method freely to the world. The process consists in passing a stream of chlorine gas over fused cast-iron: a perchloride of the metal is formed and volatilises, leaving the carbon present in the mineral intact. According to the author the carbon must, under the circumstances, crystallize and appear as diamonds. Sixty grammes weight of jewels are to come from one kilogramme of iron; the raw material costing 20 francs, and the precious product realising 75,000 francs. The process is creating some stir in France, but we cannot hear that any diamonds have actually been made by it.

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WHATEVER may be the real state of the case with regard to the asserted decline of the British drama, it is pretty certain that the Dramatic College Fêtes yearly held at the Crystal Palace are on the wane, and must die out of interest if the executive does not bestir itself. Like the national drama, their chief failing of late has been want of originality. Year after year the same fare has appeared upon the bills set before the guests, and each succeeding year has seen it served up in a more diluted form. The stalls

of the Fancy Fair have grown fewer, the displayed goods more trashy and less tempting, consisting for the most part of Houndsditch wares, useless nick-nacks, and trumpery toys. The sellers of these articles are not the fair and famous dames who presided over the well-stocked counters of the earlier bazaars, but, with few exceptions, are of second or third class notoriety,—representatives not of the drama, but of the drama's parasites, extravaganza and burlesque. Then, as to the entertainments;—can the united brain-power of authors and actors conceive no variation upon the monotonous "Richardson's Show," "Pauly-Tooly-Technic," "White Lilies of the Prairie," the common-place country-fair juggling and Punch-and-Judying that have constituted the staple amusements for years past? The comparatively scanty attendance at the late gathering, and the dispirited air of the visitors—due allowance being made for the height of the thermometer—ought to be a sufficient warning to the committee that the public has tired of the stale meats, and expects something fresh and new in return for its liberal patronage. Last year certain laxities of propriety made the diversions a little too fast: mild censures were administered, and this year the objectionable features were absent, the reaction making the "revels" somewhat slow. For the sake of the College and its deserts, let us hope for better things next year.

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THE *London Gazette* has informed us that Sir Robert Napier is gazetted a peer of the United Kingdom, under "the name, style, and title of Baron Napier, of Magdala, in Abyssinia, and of Caryngton, in the county palatine of Chester." So that there are now two Lords Napier in the peerage, and, curiously enough, both of them holding public posts in India—the Scottish peer as Governor of Madras, and the new lord as Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Bombay. It is very doubtful, however, how far the genuine Scotch feeling of loyalty to the head of the clan Napier, will quite acquiesce in the selection of such a title; and the Scottish peer, whose title dates from 1627, ought to have been consulted on the subject as a matter of course, if not of courtesy. Nothing, indeed, is more certain than that a member of the Upper House resents any intrusion upon the domain of his title, even though it be not strictly territorial. We are quite aware that there is a Lord Stanley of Alderley, and a Lord Stanley of Bickerstaffe; that there is a Marquis of Hastings and a Baron Hastings (to say nothing of a triplicate Lord Hastings in the person of the Earl of Huntingdon's eldest son); that there is a Lord Stafford and a Marquis of Stafford; that there is a Duke and also an Earl of Devon or Devonshire; we are quite aware that there is an Earl Grey, and that there is a Lord Grey of Groby, and a Baroness Grey de Ruthyn; that there is a Lord Monteagle and also a Lord Mouteagle. But then it must be remembered that most of these duplicate titles were issued afresh from the Patent Office, when the originals were presumed to be dormant, or else that one of the two duplicates was borne only as a second title. The former was certainly the case in the creation of the Marqui-

sates of Stafford and Hastings ; and the latter remark applies to the Barony of Stanley of Bickerstaffe. But if we remember right, it has always been held by the owners of peerages that when they paid their fees on creation, they purchased for themselves a monopoly of the title by which they were to take their seats. And we believe we are not wrong in asserting that when Sir Colin Campbell wished to select the title of "Lord Campbell of the Clyde," or of Clydesdale—we forget which—his request was so strongly opposed either by "plain John Campbell," Lord Campbell, or by the late Duke of Hamilton, who wished for no poachers on his Marquisate, that Sir Colin was fain to be contented with the watery title of Clyde ; for which, by the way, he had a precedent set him in the Duke of Wellington's second title, that of Marquis of Douro. Nay, the jealousy lives on in families even after the title is extinct. Lord Lyndhurst's children, we may be sure, would protest against any re-grant of the Barony of Lyndhurst to a successful lawyer ; nor, we fancy, as long as there are Cowpers in existence, would a fresh grant of the titles of Melbourne or Palmerston be made by the Crown without a very strong remonstrance ; just as when Lord Talbot de Malahide was created an English peer he chose the title of Tyrconnell, which had been borne 200 or 300 years ago by a collateral ancestor ; but he found himself obliged to waive his claim and make a fresh choice, by the remonstrances of some relatives of the Carpenter family, who had enjoyed the title in the last and present century.

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THE state of the drama in the regions of the minor London theatres is at present such as to claim the serious attention of society. Plays that have a direct tendency to encourage dishonesty—that are, in fact, thieves' literature dramatised—are performed nightly in more than one theatre that is patronised by the class of people most likely to be influenced by them. At an East-end theatre, a new version of "Jack Sheppard," with a new name, in which "Nix my Dolly, Pals," is sung to the accompaniment of the file cutting the hero's prison chains, has been brought out with the licence of the Lord Chamberlain. The play is written in such a manner as to carry the sympathy of the audience throughout with the bold thief and against the officers of the law, and when the escaped prisoner succeeds in shooting the head policeman dead, the delight of the unwashed auditors knows no bounds. The writer of this note was present at a performance of this play, and it struck him that no better mode could possibly be devised of teaching uncultured people to despise law and admire crime. We observe that another minor theatre advertises "Cartouche, or the French Jack Sheppard," and that a third announces a piece with the suspicious title, "The Knights of the Road." What is the value of the Lord Chamberlain's licence ?

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## CORRESPONDENCE OF SYLVANUS URBAN.

### ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH, NEWCASTLE.



**M**R. URBAN,—The steeple of St. Nicholas, or as it is often called, "the Mother Church" of Newcastle-upon Tyne, has for ages been looked upon with pride and pleasure by the inhabitants of the North. Its unique beauty has been admired by historians, and celebrated by poets, and yet of the hundreds of persons who pass it daily on the North-Eastern Railway, not one in fifty looks at it, or makes any remark about it whatever. The historian Brand says, "No idea of the elegance of the design of the forgotten architect, or the lightness of the execution of the masonry of the pinnacle, or upper part of this steeple, can be conveyed by descrip-

tions of the pen." Pennant writes : "The tower of St. Nicholas Church is very justly the boast of the inhabitants." Dr. Stukeley, "It is of very ingenious model." Bourne, "This steeple is supposed, as to its model, to be the most curious in the whole kingdom." In Grey's "Chorographia" is a riddle on this steeple by Ben Jonson, which runs thus :—

" My altitude high, my body four square,  
My foot in the grave, my head in the air,  
My eyes in my sides, five tongues in my womb,  
Thirteen heads upon my body, four images alone.  
I can direct you where the wind doth stay,  
And I tune God's precepts twice a day ;  
I am seen where I am not, I am heard where I is not ;  
Tell me now what I am, and see that you miss not."

The old Norman church of St. Nicholas is said to have been founded as early as the year 1090, by Osmund, Bishop of Salisbury, a Norman, who came over with William the Conqueror, was created Earl of Dorset, and afterwards became Chancellor of England.



I may mention here, that "St. Nicholas lived about the beginning of the fourth century, and was Bishop of Myra, a city of Lycia, a province of Asia Minor. He conformed so strictly to ecclesiastical rule, that when an infant, his mother could only induce him to take food once on Wednesday and once on Friday. He restored two murdered schoolboys to life, and was chosen as the patron of scholars and youths, who anciently on this saint's day, the 6th of December, chose a boy bishop. This saint was also "the patron of sailors." Bourne says, "At the north door of this (St. Nicholas') church, it is observable, that the large flag which is the first step into the church, is cut all along the surface with uneven lines, in imitation of the waves of the sea. This is a silent remembrance of the saint the church is dedicated to; for St. Nicholas, the Bishop of Myra, who lived in the time of Constantine the Great, is so famous among some for his miracles and apparitions by sea, that he has merited the title of the patron of sailors." The old church was destroyed by fire in the year 1216, and the rebuilding was finished about the year 1350.

"During this year an indulgence of forty days was granted to all such (having repented and confessed their sins) as performed certain things, viz: To those who came to mass at this church on the feast of its patron, and certain other days: who followed the body of Christ and the holy oil, when they were carried to the sick, or who went round the churchyard praying all the while for the dead: to those who gifted this church with lamps, books, chalices, vestments, or who gave or left to it by will, gold, silver, or any part of their substance: and, lastly, to those who devoutly prayed for the soul of Catherine de Camera, whose body was buried in the church, and for the healthful estate of John de Camera, Gilbert de Dukesfield, and Agnes, his wife, as long as they lived, and for their souls when they were dead."

The rebuilding of the church was probably commenced at the east or choir end, which was often finished and rendered fit for service before the nave was even commenced, and, lastly, the steeple was added. The choir end of the church has undergone so many alterations that few remains of its original formation are left. The large east window has certainly been twice rebuilt. According to Grey, the window was rebuilt by Roger Thornton, probably about the year 1600. And within the last few years, it has again been enlarged and rebuilt, and now stands as a memorial window to the late Dr. Ions, organist to the church. About the year 1780 it was resolved to entirely alter the arrangements of the interior, and no longer to permit burials within the choir, the churchwardens selling all the old tombstones in that part of the church which were either not claimed or belonged to extinct families.

After reading of such a barbarous and unjustifiable outrage, we are not astonished to read at the end of the paragraph—"But the worst feature in this business is, that the churchwarden's book does not give any account of the money received for the marble tombs."

The tower, which stands at the west end of the church, is divided from the base to the battlements into three separate parts or stories. The first forming the western entrance to the church. The third is set within the lower ones. At the angles of this story are flat buttresses, rising over the

battlements and resting against the turrets, terminating with a human figure on a bracket. Each side of the tower is divided into two equal spaces, by a buttress rising up square to the battlements, then with a small arch it is canted off, forming an octagonal turret. The tower terminates with perforated battlements. Eight turrets and pinnacles rise from the angles and sides of the tower. The angular turrets are considerably higher and larger than those of the sides. From their base spring four segments of arches, at the intersection of which is supported a square lantern; at the angles of the lantern are again buttresses, surmounted by pinnacles, the whole being surmounted by a lofty pinnacle ornamented by crockets.

The resemblance in the general outline of the whole to an imperial crown has been frequently remarked; it has also been likened to the ornamental cover of the box in which the consecrated host is contained. The entire height is one hundred and ninety-three feet; from the ground to the top of the battlement, one hundred and seventeen feet.

Such is this very beautiful steeple, many times repaired, and now being again restored and strengthened under the care of Mr. Scott.

For some time fears have been felt for its safety during every high wind. So far, it seems to be able to defy every blast. Bourne has a very amusing tradition of its having been made use of as a means of defying the enemies of the town. "In the time of the civil wars, when the Scots had besieged the town for several weeks, and were still as far as at first from taking it, the general sent a messenger to the mayor of the town, and demanded the keys, and delivering up of the town, or he would immediately demolish the steeple of St. Nicholas. The mayor and aldermen, upon hearing this, at once ordered a certain number of the chiefest of the Scottish prisoners to be carried up to the top of the old tower, the place below the lanthorn, and there confined. After this they returned the general for answer,—that they would upon no terms deliver up the town, but would to the last moment defend it; that the steeple of St. Nicholas was indeed a beautiful piece of architecture, and one of the great ornaments of their town; but yet if it fell or be blown into atoms, it should not fall alone; that at the same time that he destroyed the beautiful structure, he would bathe his hands in the blood of his own countrymen, who were placed there either to preserve it from ruin or fall along with it. This message had the desired effect. The men were kept there during the whole time of the siege, and not so much as one gun was fired against it."

*Newcastle-upon-Tyne.*

M. A. ARMSTRONG.

#### HERALDIC ANOMALIES.

MR. URBAN,—I think your correspondent A. P. S. (page 114), is mistaken in saying that the signatures of the Irish prelates are incorrectly printed in *The Times* of April 10, 1867. The ancient mode of episcopal signature was the Christian name, followed by the rank, with the name of the see added to it, in the form of an adjective, as Gulielmus, Archiepiscopus Eboracensis, Carolus, Episcopus Dunelmensis, &c. This form (the Latin adjective) is still retained in the signatures of several of our

English bishops, and in cases where the signature is Anglicised, the words "bishop of" are understood between the Christian name and the name of the see; the insertion of a comma is surely therefore correct. It seems a pity that our colonial bishops do not conform more closely to the ancient mode of signature, as the possibility of their being addressed as "Mr. G. A., New Zealand," or "J. G. Victoria, Esq.," of which I have heard instances, would be avoided.

F. D. H.

THE Rev. John Popham, Rector of St. Andrew and St. Mary, Witton, Droitwich, has kindly forwarded us a photograph of three remarkably good examples of sepulchral slabs, with foliated crosses, of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, which are represented in the subjoined engraving. Mr. Popham writes:—"Having been present at the time when the largest of the slabs herewith represented was found, by workmen making a road to a new burial ground, which adjoins the ancient churchyard of St. Mary,



Witton, I at once had it removed to a place of security from harm, and afterwards photographed with the two lesser ones, that were exhumed on the following day; and thinking that such specimens of mediæval art would be interesting, I beg your acceptance of the carte produced. Witton is a hamlet situated about half a mile from Droitwich, and its church having been destroyed at the time of the dissolution of monasteries, and thus left useless to the inhabitants, was, on the petition of the parishioners of St. Mary and St. Andrew, united to the latter church by an Act of Parliament in the reign of Charles II., and it was on the site of the former building that these interesting remains were discovered."

## OBITUARY MEMOIRS.

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### SAMUEL LOVER.

ON Monday, the 6th of July, there died, at Jersey, where he had lived for the last three or four years of his life, the veteran novelist, ballad writer, artist, and musician of Ireland, Samuel Lover, at the age of three-score years and ten. Whatever estimate may be formed of his abilities, there can be little doubt that the name of the author of "Handy Andy," and of "Rory O'More," will live for many a long year, as the man who has given to the world the most graphic and truthful sketches of the habits and ways of his lively fellow-countrymen.

His name first became known to the world in 1818, when he sang at a dinner given to Tom Moore an Irish song which elicited rounds of applause, and created such an enthusiasm that the latter spoke of it in terms of gratitude in a speech acknowledging the compliment. This was a fair *début* for the young poet-painter, and it helped to give him an *entrée* into the best circles of society in the Irish metropolis. Invitations flowed upon him; and he was often called upon to sing, like the Homeric bards of old, at the tables of the great.

Resolved, however, in fighting the battle of life to have two strings at least, if not three, to his bow, he commenced a series of "Legends and Tales Illustrative of Irish Character," which appeared in a serial publication of the time, and which he often recited at private *réunions* in the evening, after having been busy all day with his professional work—that of a miniature painter. In this latter capacity he was fortunate enough to secure the patronage and the friendship, too, of the then Lord Lieutenant, the late Marquis Wellesley, the Duke of Leinster, Lord Cloncurry, and Colonel (afterwards Lord) Talbot of Malahide, who sat to him for their portraits, and encouraged their friends to do the same. He now was beginning to enjoy almost unbounded popularity, and rapidly attaining the zenith of his reputation. In 1836 he was elected, without any solicitation on his own part, a Member of the Royal Hibernian Society of Painters, a body to which he afterwards became secretary. But Dublin, as he doubtless felt, was a somewhat narrow theatre for a man conscious of superior talents; and accordingly he resolved to do a bold thing—to quit his provincial capital, and to come up to London to try his fortunes on a grander and more extended scale. For him to resolve was to act. He was soon "up and doing;" and, before many months were over, he had established himself, with a most respectable brass plate upon the door, as an artist, in one of the West-End thoroughfares. He soon found profitable employment for his pencil and pen. His engagements as an artist, however, did not prevent him from completing his Irish

Sketches by a second volume. He now became an extensive contributor to magazine literature, and produced a series of very charming songs illustrative of the popular superstitions of his native country: "Angels' Whispers," "True Love Can Ne'er Forget," "Molly Bawn," "The May Dew," "The Four-leaved Shamrock," "Molly Carew," "Rory O'More," &c.; and soon afterwards he published the words of his songs in a collected form, as well as the novels of "Rory O'More," "Handy Andy," and the "Treasure Trove." He was also the author of several operas founded upon his own works, among which are "Rory O'More," "The White Horse of the Peppers," "The Happy Man," &c. In his more elaborate fictions, Mr. Lover was less happy than in those brief sketches of Irish life which obtained for him his first celebrity as a *raconteur*, and which, as recited by himself, were, of their kind, quite inimitable. Finding that his sight was becoming impaired by his unremitting devotion to pencil and pen, Mr. Lover decided on making his public appearance in London in a monologue interspersed with his own songs and recitations. This experiment he commenced in 1844, with perfect success. The curiosity of the public to hear authors enunciate their own works has attracted audiences to entertainments of far less merit than that of Mr. Lover; and he accordingly became, for a time, one of the most popular exhibitors of his order; so much so, indeed, that he was induced to repeat his entertainment in most of the chief towns of the United Kingdom, with far greater success, so far as profit was concerned, than had attended any of his previous efforts. In 1846 he set out for America, where he was received with marked favour, and was fêted and complimented by all classes of the people, from Mr. Clay downwards, "to the top of his bent." In 1848 he returned to England, where he once more appeared in an original entertainment, composed of Irish and English songs and stories, and an epitome of his American experiences.

Besides being the author of the works above mentioned, we may add that he worked hard and constantly as a comic illustrator of the almanacs in the days of their celebrity. A research in the catalogue of the British Museum has enabled us to add the following to the list of his published works:—"Paddywhack in Italy," an operetta (1825); "He Would be a Gentleman," a novel (1847); "McCarthy More," a comic drama; "The Happy Man," an extravaganza; "The Greek Boy," a musical drama; "Songs for the Rifle Volunteers" (jointly with Dr. Charles Mackay and another friend); and "Musical Tales and other Poems." He also edited and largely annotated a very excellent collection of the "Lyrics of Ireland," which he gave to the world in 1858. Many of these works are now scarce and rare; but few of them have lost the savour of their original popularity.

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#### STIRLING COYNE.

ANOTHER of our successful and once well-known dramatic writers has passed away, at the age of sixty-five, we mean Mr. Joseph Stirling Coyne. Like Samuel Lover, he was an Irishman, had commenced his career in Dublin, and had exchanged the narrow circle of Irish society for the broad

sphere of London. As one of the projectors and first proprietors of *Punch*, he deserves a longer obituary notice from our hands than another man equally gifted and popular. The son of an officer in the Irish commissariat, he first saw the light of day at Birr, a small town in the King's County. He received his early education at the celebrated school at Dungannon, which had moulded so many of the best of his Irish contemporaries. Like Samuel Lover, he was intended for a profession which he abhorred. Intended by his parents for the law, he felt that he had a soul above quill-driving, and he resolved to try his luck in the more tempting paths of literature. His first attempts were farces, which were brought out in 1835 and 1836 at the Theatre Royal, Dublin. In the following year we find him introduced to a London audience as the author of "The Queer Subject," played at the Adelphi. He was so far successful with this slight but clever piece that his pen soon came into request among managers, and during the next ten years there were few London theatres which did not put one at least of his farces on their boards. Among the best known and most popular of these were—"The Merchant and his Clerks," "Presented at Court," "Helen Oakleigh," "The Queen of the Abruzzi," "Valsha," "The Signal," "The Man of Many Friends," "The Old Château," "The Hope of the Family," "The Secret Agent," "The Lost Pleiad," "Everybody's Friend," "My Wife's Daughter," "Nothing Venture Nothing Win," "Black Sheep," "The Love-Knot," "Pets of the Parterre," "Fraud and its Victims," "Angel or Devil," "The Woman in Red," "The World of Dreams," &c., &c. Most of these were originally performed at the Adelphi and Haymarket theatres. His "How to Settle Accounts with your Laundress," was translated into French, and acted at one of the Parisian theatres under the title of "Une Femme dans ma Fontaine." Mr. Stirling Coyne was for many years a constant contributor to the press on subjects connected with the drama, and more especially his long connection with the *Sunday Times* as dramatic critic is a fact which it may be well to record here.

About ten or twelve years ago, Mr. Coyne became Secretary to the Dramatic Authors' Society, the duties of which he faithfully and industriously discharged to the last. He was the author also of some minor works of fiction, published anonymously, and of a larger and more laborious work on "The Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland." It is, however, on his lighter writings, and especially on his mirth-moving farces, that his posthumous fame and reputation will rest. He was buried at Highgate Cemetery on the 21st ult.

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#### SIR B. GUINNESS, BART., M.P.

IN Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, Bart., the citizens of Dublin have lost a fellow citizen of whom they may well feel proud. We will not go into the question as to how far the Guinnesses of our day are identical in blood with the Magenises of other days; enough to say that the late Baronet was one of nature's truest gentlemen. His grandfather, however, we may add, was a cousin of the illustrious Grattan, and he was in other

ways highly connected. He had just entered on his 70th year, and had but lately received from Lord Derby the honour of a baronetcy, in recognition of—we will not say in reward for—the princely liberality with which he restored St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Dublin, at a cost out of his own pocket of 150,000*l.*, fitting it for the splendid ceremonial which it has recently witnessed in the inauguration as a Knight of St. Patrick of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. This good work was commenced in 1860, and was spread over a period of no less than five years. Nor was this the whole extent of his munificence, for we have heard of another religious institution which he resuscitated at his own cost.

The great wealth which he had inherited he increased by his own industry and energy as a merchant, and he dispensed it with no lavish or sparing hand. Every really useful work, from whatever party it proceeded, always found in him a wise and generous supporter; and the value of his liberality was enhanced by the prudence and discrimination with which he bestowed it. His workmen were much attached to him; and the influence of his name was so great that the city of Dublin has returned his son, though an untried man, to take his father's seat in Parliament. The remains of Sir Benjamin Guinness, though he died in London, were taken to Dublin, and buried in the Mont Jerome Cemetery, in the presence of a crowd so great that it might almost be said that he was honoured with a public funeral.

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#### REV. A. FIELDING.

To the rest of our obituary notices we must add a word about the Rev. Allen Fielding, late Chaplain of the Dockyard at Chatham, who died last month at the age of about sixty-six. He was one of the collateral branches of the noble family of Fielding, or (as it is now spelt Feilding), Earls of Denbigh, and Counts of the Holy Roman Empire, with a pedigree which, according to Sir Bernard Burke and the Heralds' College, reaches up to the ancient Counts of Hapsburgh, in Germany; but in our eyes he has a much more valuable descent as being the grandson of the author of "Tom Jones."

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#### HEBER KIMBALL.

FROM the far-west of America we learn of the death of a strange and eccentric character, with whose name all readers of Mormon literature are familiar, Heber C. Kimball, one of the leading prophets of that faith. Next to Brigham Young (who succeeded Joseph Smith as the Mormon arch-priest), he was certainly the most important personage among the inhabitants of the valley of the Salt Lake, over whom he exercised a somewhat despotic sway. The American papers attribute to him a personal character marked by great energy and ability, coupled with a large amount, as may easily be imagined, of shrewdness, tact, subtlety, and self-assertion. The *New York Times* says that the deceased illustrated the more striking peculiarities of the Mormon leaders, "their energy and

astuteness, their self-sacrifice and selfishness, their devotion to the Church, and their power over its devotees." It is said by the American papers that he was a native of the State of Vermont, and was born in 1801. At the age of thirty-one he became a convert to Joseph Smith, the "prophet," who sent him to England on the first mission. It is stated that his wives and children amount in all to sixty souls.

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#### CARLO MATTEUCCI.

ON the 24th of June there died at Leghorn, whither he had gone for change of air and scene, an amiable, excellent, and learned man, Carlo Matteucci, professor and senator, at the age of fifty-seven. Born at Forli, in Romagna, he studied at Bologna, where he gained high honours in mathematical science before he was twenty years of age. Having next passed two years of study at Paris, where he made the acquaintance of the most noted savants of the age, he returned as a professor to Bologna, and afterwards went to Pisa in the same capacity. The subject to which he more especially devoted himself was that of electricity, and the great discovery connected with his name was that of electricity in the muscles of the human body. Electro-telegraphic science has also benefited by his zeal for its application. He was for many years a contributor of able and learned articles to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, mostly on subjects connected with his favourite branch of science; and he also was one of the foreign correspondents of the French Institute. His easy and familiar style made him very popular as a lecturer. As a Member of the Senate he devoted himself heartily to the cause of education in Italy, in spite of failing health and strength. He was intimate with Victor-Emmanuel, who regarded him as a special favourite, and often invited him to dine with him *à table*. His political life dates from the eventful year 1848, and he kept up a correspondence with the learned of nearly every country to the time of his death; and probably no Italian of our time has died who has been better known, or more widely esteemed, both at home and abroad than Carlo Matteucci.

The name of Matteucci was well known in England, as in 1844 he obtained the Copley Medal of the Royal Society (as well as the prize of the French Academy of Science) for his investigations in electro-physiology. His "Lectures on Physics" have passed through several editions; and he was also the author of a "Manual of Telegraphy," "A Treatise on Electro-physiological Phenomena," "Elements of Electricity as applied to the Arts," and "Lectures on the Physico-Chemical Phenomena of Living Bodies," which latter work has been translated into French and English. It was Matteucci, too, who had charge of the bill which conferred the title of King of Italy on Victor-Emmanuel, and also of that which declared the annexation of the Two Sicilies to the Italian Kingdom. He succeeded Mamiani as Minister of Public Instruction in 1862.

He has left no children, but a widow, an English lady, who was for many years the sharer of his literary and scientific pursuits, and who nursed him carefully through his long illness. He was buried in the Campo Santo at Pisa.



THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1868.

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NOT IN SOCIETY.

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CHAPTER XIII.

AWKWARD INQUIRIES.

**M**R. STANLEY found Smith hard at work. A new secretary had been engaged for the Ulysses Company, but he had not been able to commence his new duties yet; and Smith had been superintending the business. After a little conversation about the affairs of the company, Mr. Stanley said, "You must excuse what I am going to say, and not think I mean to be rude; but you know I don't understand fashionable ways, and like to be straightforward and say what I have to say at once. Now, you were so kind as to take my wife and daughter to the opera last night. I never go to such places myself, but women like that kind of thing. That's all very well, and I'm much obliged to you; but a person I have some knowledge of happened to be there last night. Well, he came to me this morning and said they were in your box, and—I don't know how to put it in any other words—he hinted that your box was not a proper place for them to be in. He said some other things about you which I need not repeat, for some of them I know were lies. But about the box. You must allow me to ask you the simple question—is there any foundation for what he said or not? If you say no, we'll drop the subject and never revert to it again."

Smith scarcely knew how to reply. He did not like to admit to himself that there was any reason why ladies should not occupy his box, and yet he knew that he had been annoyed when he found them

there. Under the circumstances, however, he felt bound to tell Mr. Stanley what had been the exact state of the case.

"Well," he said, "the fact is, they did not have the box I intended for them. They were to have had one on the second tier, which would have been much better; but that box on the pit tier was sent to them by mistake."

"But was it your box?" inquired Mr. Stanley.

"Yes," said Smith. "I have a very large acquaintance, and there are a number of young scamps always running in and out of my box like rabbits in a warren. That is the reason I did not wish the ladies to be there; and I am extremely sorry that, through the stupid mistake of my secretary, they should have been exposed to ill-natured comments."

"Mr. Smith," replied Mr. Stanley, "I quite acquit you of any intentional disrespect, and so far your explanation is satisfactory; but, at the same time, you must forgive me for saying that the circles in which we move appear to be so different that I think our communication had better be restricted to business matters for the future."

For an instant Smith was inclined to make a formal proposal for Ada's hand; but an under current of worldly wisdom set in and carried him away. "Does the old boy think," he reflected, "that I've had line enough, and that this is the time to strike: he'll find himself mistaken."

At the same moment Mr. Stanley was thinking, "If this man has an opera-box in which he can't ask ladies to sit, that young donkey Miffkins was right, after all; and he cannot be a very safe acquaintance for Ada."

"Well, sir," said Smith, after a minute's pause, "you must be the best judge of that. You invited me to your house, and I am not aware that I have done anything to forfeit your confidence. If you think differently, there's nothing more to be said."

Mr. Stanley felt even more uncomfortable than he had been before, for what Smith said was quite true. He had made the first advances, without knowing anything more of Smith than that he was a director in the same company, and now he was withdrawing his acquaintance without any very good excuse. Still, he did not see his way to retract. He would have liked Smith to come to Uttoxeter Square occasionally, if he would not have made his visits too frequent; but, of course, there could be no compromise of this sort. So, at last, he muttered something rather indistinctly about "always being happy to meet him at the board."

Smith immediately turned the conversation by asking him whether

he thought they ought to grant a certain policy in a case where the medical officer's report had been rather unfavourable. Having discussed this point, and transacted some further business, they parted.

Smith looked in at two clubs on his way westward, and asked several men to come in and dine at the Grange. Westsea, Wynne, and Lord George were among the number of the guests : they formed a merry party, for everybody was in high spirits except the host. At one moment he would be gay enough, and his laugh the loudest of all ; but, at another, he would relapse into meditation, and become forgetful of everybody present.

His friends chaffed him about these occasional fits of gloom, and suggested that he must be in love. He answered with a bitter jest ; but it may be doubted whether he denied the accusation in his inmost heart. At any rate, he admitted it after his guests were gone.

Opening wide the French window he lit a cigar, and drew his easy chair towards it ; then he looked out upon the lawn, and watched the spray of the fountains sparkling in the moonlight.

"I wish she was here," he said to himself. "And why should she not be? Because I had some words with her father this morning? I am not going to marry him. Besides, the old boy was right, too. Would he like to have me for a son-in-law? Very good taste on his part. And Ada; did she know? No; there could not have been time. Some fool must have told him in the City to-day. I'll go down and see him to-morrow morning, and propose for her in due form."

Mr. Stanley had by no means a pleasant time of it in Uttoxeter Square that evening. For when, as in duty bound, like a good husband, he had related to Mrs. Stanley the events of the day, and the course he had taken, that good lady did not view things in the same light. And she gave Mr. Stanley her opinion of his conduct with that graceful *abandon* and utter absence of anything approaching to reticence which occasionally characterises the British matron.

"If you were anxious," she said, "to destroy any little prospect Ada had of being settled comfortably in life you could not have acted better. Keeping us here, stuck up in this place as you do, instead of taking a house in a neighbourhood where the girl might have an opportunity of seeing a little society ; and when, by good fortune, an eligible person does come to the house you go and insult him."

Mrs. Stanley detested Islington, and was always pestering her husband to take a house at the West End.

"And all," she continued, "because a little idiot like that young Miffkins trumped up some stories which you say yourself are not true. How you can talk such nonsense about our moving in different circles

I cannot imagine. Why, Ada met him first at the Baileys ; and I should think, at any rate, we are not their inferiors."

As Mr. Bailey, senior, was only a junior partner and managing clerk, while Mr. Stanley conducted business on his own account, number fifteen had always looked down on number thirteen, regarding its inhabitants as "good sort of people," whom, as near neighbours, it was convenient to visit ; but who were by no means to be regarded in the light of equals.

"My father and grandfather, Mr. Stanley, and great-grandfather, too, as you know, have lived on their own land for more than a century ; and in *our county* we can hold up our heads with the best. Why my daughter should be humiliated by her own father saying that *she* is not a fit match for *anybody* I cannot conceive ; but it's always the way. When the Flashleys wanted to visit us you would not allow it. He's bankrupt now, you say. I know that ; but didn't he fail for a hundred and seventy thousand pounds. You'll never fail for that amount. You hope not ? I dare say you do. You are always for keeping yourself and family in the background. It's done now, you say. Well, if it is, who did it, I should like to know ? I won't say anything more about it now, Mr. Stanley ; but such ridiculous conduct in a girl's own father I could not have believed possible,"—a promise which, of course, she kept by talking about nothing else during the remainder of the evening.

Ada did not say anything on the subject except on one occasion, when direct reference was made to her by her mother. Then she replied, "That, of course, papa must be the best judge of what visitors they ought to receive."

Still there was a redness about her eyes at breakfast the next morning which did not tend to make her father more comfortable with reference to the course he had thought it right to take in her interest.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### BAD NEWS.

SMITH rose up earlier than usual the next morning. He intended, as soon as he had breakfasted, to go into the City and see Mr. Stanley ; and then, having procured his consent, he hoped to spend the rest of the day at Uttoxeter Square.

While he was at breakfast his confidential servant brought him in a card, saying that a gentleman wished to see him on business of the utmost importance.

At first Smith was disposed to say that he could not see anybody ; but when he looked at the card, and saw that it bore the name of Sir John Billing, he gave orders for that gentleman's admission. Sir John Billing was the senior partner in the bank of Billing, Smith, and Billing. Smith had never been more than a sleeping partner. When he returned from the Continent he had expressed a desire to take an active part in the business ; but Sir John and his son did not appear to wish it, telling him that as matters were arranged, there was nothing for him to do, whereupon he gave up the project.

When Sir John was introduced, Smith saw at once by his face that there was something wrong.

"What's the matter?" he asked at once.

"Well," replied Sir John, "I regret to tell you that the affairs of the bank are in a very bad state. Not to keep you in suspense," he continued, "I had better say that I fear in three or four days we must stop payment."

"There goes ten thousand a year," thought Smith. "It's lucky my father bought so much land. I imagine five thousand a year will be enough for Ada and I to live upon. It will be a good excuse for dropping the Grange, the unfortunate opera-box, and the majority of my present set."

He then said, very calmly :

"This is bad news, Sir John. I am glad the blow has come in my time, and not in my father's. It would have broken the old gentleman's heart. Of course we shall pay twenty shillings in the pound."

"It was on that point that I was so anxious to see you," replied Sir John. "You know that several of the great iron masters have been our principal customers. The advances we have made to some of them of late years have been very great. They amount in fact to upwards of a million. Of course we hold security of different kinds for the whole, but in the present state of the iron trade I doubt whether they will realise a quarter of the amount they are supposed to represent. I was looking at your private account last night. I do not know if you have any other resources besides the Greythorpe and Walkingden estates, of which we receive the rents for you, but," and here he hesitated for a moment, "I am afraid they will both go."

"Then, in point of fact," said Smith, "I shall be left without a penny."

"Any cheque you like to draw up to twenty thousand pounds will be cashed between now and Monday next. It was to tell you this that I came down."

It occurred to Smith that this might prove to be robbing the creditors, but he did not like to say so to the old man, who seemed anxious to do him a kindness now, whatever reason he might have to complain of his previous management.

"I shall not draw upon you," he said, "to any large amount. If I should require a small sum for immediate expenses I will come to you. But what I should really like would be to return with you to the bank at once, and ascertain for myself what the state of our affairs really is."

To this proposal Sir John made some objections, but Smith overruled them, and ultimately they went down together as he had proposed.

When he reached the bank he found the task he had proposed to himself by no means an easy one, for the range of the business had been immense, and many of the transactions were of a most complicated character. He found himself quite unable to arrive at any approximation towards the ultimate result of affairs, on account of the impossibility of even guessing at the actual value of many of the securities which they held.

During the three or four days which elapsed before the bank stopped payment, Sir John found Smith's assistance of great value, and he said, on one occasion,—

"Ah, Mr. Smith, I wish we had let you become an acting partner four or five years ago, when you proposed it: if we had, I don't think we should have been in this mess now."

Mr. Billing, the junior partner, Sir John Billing's eldest son, had neglected the business, and by his extravagance and losses on the turf, had greatly contributed to the ruin of the house. He was in Paris, and did not manifest the slightest intention of returning to England to assist his father in their troubles.

A few days after the stoppage, Sir John had a stroke of paralysis, and the whole onus of conducting the affairs of the firm through the Bankruptcy Court fell upon Smith. He gave up everything to the creditors without the slightest reserve.

Brompton Grange was sold.

That salon once so inaccessible became the head-quarters of the auctioneer. The amount realised by the sale of catalogues was immense, for without one of these to exhibit as a voucher no one was admitted to the premises.

The Grange itself and the greater part of its contents were bought by a gentleman from the colonies, who made lamp-stands of the statues, and used the Indian cabinet for a meat-safe.

Smith devoted himself entirely to the affairs of the bank. He took lodgings in the King's Road, Dalston, either for the sake of escaping old associations, or because it was within a convenient distance of Uttoxeter Square, without seeming too close.

Almost the only relaxation he allowed himself was, when night had thrown her mantle over the city, to leave his papers for an hour, and wander past the house he was now too proud to enter, to watch for a shadow on the blind, and cherish the vision in the place of the reality.

Early and late he was always at work. It was an uphill business at first, for some of the creditors were by no means satisfied with the conduct of his late partners, and received him with scant courtesy, but this he bore without a murmur. By degrees, however, the part he had taken became better known, and he won golden opinions from all. He found his late experience in the Ulysses of considerable use to him in examining the accounts.

Of that company, however, he is no longer a director. His shares in it were sold with the rest of his property. A few days before their sale, he wrote a note to Mr. Stanley, informing him of it, in order that he might have an opportunity of purchasing them if he liked.

He received a very kind letter from that gentleman in reply, with a postscript stating that they would be happy to see him in Uttoxeter Square.

But he felt that he could not cross that threshold as a ruined man, from which he had been warned in his prosperity. He knew that he loved Ada, and he doubted his power to conceal his affection in her presence. He believed that to make it known in his present position would be cruelty to her. It never occurred to him that it might be more cruel to conceal it.

How often does this happen in the history of two lives? How often do the two theories clash?

The first theory, which holds that it is not right for a man to entangle a woman in an engagement, unless there is a fair chance of his being able to offer her an early marriage.

Of course he may make as much love to her as he likes, provided that he does not commit himself to actual words—that has nothing to do with it. He may hang on her very accents, as if he drew new life from every utterance; he may seize the vacant chair by her side, his face shining with the light of happiness; he may make her think that where she breathes he is conscious of no other existence; all this goes for nothing, no blame will attach to him if he does not commit himself by a proposal.

And the second theory, What shall we call it? The theory of the novelist? Novelists are becoming terribly practical now-a-days. Perhaps we had better say the theory of romance, or of the dream-land in which we all love to wander when we give the mind a short vacation.

This second theory holds, that if a man thinks he has won a woman's love, and knows that he loves her, he had better tell her so, and give her the chance of sharing his fortunes whatever they may be. It holds, that there are women who can be happy even without a brougham and an opera box: that there are some who would welcome a long engagement with delight, supported by the consciousness that they were loved, that they would prefer it to the possibility of thinking that they had loved without return: that there are many who would believe their image was still cherished beneath an Indian sun or amid Columbian forests, even if the solace of those closely-written sheets of foreign letter-paper was denied them. It holds that there are some who would wait patiently, until the beautiful brown hair is streaked with silver, in preference to marrying the rich widower whom papa brings home to dinner so frequently; and (wildest flight of all) it holds that there are some who are rewarded for their patience.

Of course when we think the matter over seriously we know that romance is bad; in fact, the application of the epithet "romantic" to a young lady or a young gentleman in the present year of grace, would be considered a personal insult. Still, when during our mental holidays, we do wander away into the regions of romance, we cannot always avoid wishing that there was a little more of it in every-day life. During such excursions, and even immediately after our return from them, we cannot help feeling that there is a certain plausibility about theory number two.

When, however, we regard the matter in a practical light, we perceive at once that the objections to it are innumerable. It will be quite sufficient if we mention one of them. Let us suppose for a moment that such a theory was to become popular, and was to be acted upon in society. What would become of the Divorce Court?



## CHAPTER XV.

## "A FRIEND IN NEED."

A HANSOM has stopped before Smith's lodgings in the King's Road, and out of it jumps a gentleman with an activity which belies his years. His knock at the door gives one the idea that he is not a man who is in the habit of waiting long for admission.

When the servant opened the door, she naturally inquired the name of the visitor, who asked for Mr. Smith.

"Oh, I am an old friend of Mr. Smith's," was the reply.

"Mr. Smith likes to have the name of a gentleman took up afore he sees 'um," was the reply of the pertinacious damsel.

"Tell him, then, George Lascelles wishes to see him."

"George Lascelles, George Lascelles," repeated Smith to himself, when the name was announced. "Who the deuce is ——;" then stopping suddenly, he laughed, and said, "Oh, show him up."

As the maid closed the door upon the visitor, Smith walked across the room to meet him. As he shook hands with him warmly, he said, "This is kind of you, Lord Brighton, this is kind, indeed. But it is just like you; I cannot say any more," and the tears gathered in his eyes as he spoke.

"Well, I hope you did not think I had forgotten you," replied Brighton. "You know if I had not been in office, I should have been down with you the next day; as it was, I thought I had better wait and see how things went, as I could be of more use to you when it was all over. Now, let me first congratulate you upon having got through a disagreeable affair so well; and then, let us proceed to business at once. Tell me what I can do for you."

"I can only thank you for your kindness; but really I do not know how you can assist me."

"Well, I suppose you would not object to go abroad just now. Would you like a secretaryship of legation? Florence will be vacant immediately. Sir Hubert is only waiting until we can find some one to succeed him. Were you ever in Persia? Would you like Teheran? Or would you prefer something colonial? If you like to go in for that line, we will make you a governor in a year or two, if we stay in so long. But I don't recommend the colonies. A governorship is a very grand thing in name, but it does not pay. You must spend more than your salary, if you do the thing properly. Altogether, I don't think you could do better than Florence."

"I do not know how to thank you enough," said Smith; "but I

am sure you must have so many claims upon you, I should be afraid of interfering with some of them."

"Don't you trouble yourself about that," replied Lord Brighton. "A minister who has an appointment to give away, must give it either to his own friend or somebody else's friend. Because if a man has no friends at all, he is evidently a wretch, and out of the question; and if a man is fit to be a minister, surely he is fit to choose his own friends. And it is evident that he must be better able to judge of the capacity of his own friends from personal experience, than of his friend's friends from hearsay. I hope you don't detect any flaw in my logic, though you have been at Oxford since I have? If you do, please not to point it out, for I fear I am getting too old to change, on this point at any rate."

It was after a pause of a minute or two that Smith replied,—

"I will not attempt to contravene your logic, but I fear I must decline your offer, at any rate for the present. Of my gratitude, I need not assure you. But I will tell you my reasons. You are perhaps aware that we paid fifteen shillings in the pound. There is still some property left of which we have not yet been able to dispose, Welsh iron-works, which in the present state of the trade no one will buy. If we could sell them for a reasonable price, we could pay the remaining five shillings in the pound, and I should feel myself a free man once more. Until some arrangement has been made about them, I should not like to leave England. Indeed, I think I shall try and get some employment in the City, which may facilitate my finding a purchaser."

"Perhaps," said Lord Brighton, "I might help you even there. Rather novel my appearing in the character of a good fairy, is it not? Almost do for *Punch*. Not the line in which they usually depict me, eh? By the bye, there will be some City men dining with me one day this week, Friday. You had better come too. Something may turn up. I won't take any refusal," he continued, as Smith appeared to hesitate, "but I shall expect you at eight. You will *not* meet the Duke of Alderney."

Smith smiled.

"He cut me dead as I was coming down the steps of the Pococurante."

"Did he? The wretched little snob."

In point of fact "wretched" was not the adjective which his lordship used, but I will leave my readers to supply any stronger epithet which their imagination may suggest as being appropriate to the occasion.

"I had been down there to thank Westsea for a very kind offer he made me."

"Good fellow, Westsea, though I confess he is not a success in the House. By the bye, that reminds me there was another thing I wanted to say to you. If Westsea has been before me, let me help a little ; please to open an account at my bank as well."

"You are too kind."

"Oh, nonsense ! If you are really going into the City, you know that is a place in which money is always useful. At the West-end coin is a luxury, but at the East it is a necessity."

"Your distinction is equal to that drawn by the candidate at the Civil Service Commissioners' last examination in Moral Philosophy. He stated that tobacco was a necessary, but cigars a luxury."

"I hope he was successful," said Lord Brighton. "I fancy there is more in the way of Cavendish than anything else in my department. But to return. When you have settled what you are going to do, if you *do* want any money and do *not* come to me, I shall be really offended. I shall fancy you are afraid it would come out of the Secret Service vote, or something of that sort."

"We will see," replied Smith.

Then Lord Brighton, looking at his watch, found that his presence was required elsewhere, and departed, having first extracted a promise from Smith that he would not fail to make his appearance at dinner on Friday.

He left Smith in much better spirits than he found him. Yet St. Patrick had borne up well altogether. He had seen his love crossed and his fortune swept away in the space of twenty-four hours. But his misfortunes had not added a line of grey to his hair or a wrinkle to his forehead. He found a mass of work ready to his hand, which he was bound in honour to do, or to try to do, and he went in at it. The last is not an elegant expression, but it describes the feelings with which he faced the work before him. It was precisely the same spirit in which, under other circumstances, he would have ridden in the Balaklava charge, or marched to the storming of the Redan.

He bent all the powers of his mind, and they were considerable, to his labour ; but he did not like it, not a bit. When, during an interval of rest, his thoughts wandered back to his old life, and he remembered how tired he had become of it, he was compelled to confess that sitting in The Grange, with a cigar in his mouth (Moselle cup within reach), and listening to Lord George's chaff, or Clara Merton's songs, was preferable to calculating the dividend which

assets amounting to 1,409,136*l.* 12*s.* 11½*d.* would pay on debts of 1,987,001*l.* 17*s.* 9¾*d.*

It is possible that even the heroes of the Crimea might have preferred another place of residence, if they had not felt that circumstances rendered their presence absolutely necessary on that muddy peninsula.

Lord Westsea was not the only one of Smith's friends who had offered him assistance.

Indeed, his misfortunes had proved to him that he really had friends ; for be it remembered, there is a bright as well as a dark side to human nature, and it is possible to find many men about town who pride themselves on standing "by a fellow" when he is under a cloud ; or, as the popular phrase has it, in "seeing him through it."

Smith was much cheered by Lord Brighton's kindness.

Lord Brighton had been his political chief during the short time he held his under-secretaryship, and was fond of looking in at "The Grange" when he could find an hour to spare ; but Smith never imagined that he felt the interest in him which he had just shown.

It was with fresh spirit, therefore, that he turned to his work when Lord Brighton left him. He felt that he was not forgotten in the great world. Perhaps he dreamed that he might yet play his part in it again.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### RETURNS TO THE FORTUNES OF MR. BAILEY.

As the clock struck three on the day after Miss Merton's supper party, Mr. Bailey knocked at that lady's door.

He had been so afraid that he should come there too early all the morning, that at last he was in danger of being too late ; and it was only by giving the driver of his Hansom an extra half-crown that he was able to achieve punctuality. The pace at which that charioteer (under the influence of the stimulant) drove along Piccadilly was what our American cousins would call "a caution."

The politeness of his fellow-clerks, Mr. Tayleour and Mr. Tozer, was rather thrown away upon Richard that morning. It is to be feared that he did not even appreciate properly the kind manner in which they undertook to do his work for him in order to enable him to leave early. In fact, for all purposes except answering the simplest questions in an utterly incoherent manner, he entirely ignored their existence. They attributed this conduct on his part to

pride, to self-glorification with reference to his new and grand acquaintances; but they erred. He never honoured Mr. Tayleour or Mr. Tozer with a thought. We almost fear that he was unconscious of the existence of Mr. Robinson himself—the senior partner in that great bank. He very nearly addressed one of the principal clerks as Miss Merton; and, in addition to other little eccentricities, he wrote to one of the best customers of the bank to inform him that he had overdrawn his account—a proceeding which brought that gentleman down the next morning in a state of indignation, which is more easily imagined than described. Nor was Mr. Luffkins (the gentleman in question) perfectly satisfied when it was explained to him that it was Mr. Tuffkins who had committed the transgression, and who should have been informed of the same; but he was with difficulty prevented from withdrawing his account from a house where the business was carried on in so careless a manner.

But of all this Richard was ignorant when he knocked at Miss Merton's door. Indeed, if at that moment anyone could have informed him of his misdeeds, he would not have given them a second thought.

It is a peculiarity of some women that whenever you see them in a fresh dress, they always seem to look prettier than when you saw them last. This was the case with Clara Merton. Richard had seen her in an elaborate morning toilette at "The Grange," in full evening dress at her own supper; but now, when he beheld her attired in a simple mauve muslin, he immediately came to the conclusion that he had never known how beautiful she was until that moment. He was quite right, but then his opinion of the last dress would have been the same, if the order of their appearance had been altered. Well, then he would have been quite right too.

If the last paragraph is not a good excuse for a long bill at the milliner's, it has been written in vain.

Clara received Richard very kindly. There was not the same *empressement* in her manner there had been when he was sitting beside her at supper; but now he was the only guest, so there was no occasion to make a distinction between him and others.

She opened the book, and read out the title of the play, "Wives as They Were, and Maids as They Are."

"This play, which has fascinated you so much, Mr. Bailey, is not very complimentary to our sex."

"You must remember that it depicts the manners of a bygone age," he replied. "They don't put young ladies in prison for debt now-a-days."

"I know some who would be benefited by the process," said Clara.

"Remember it was you who said that, and not I."

"But you cannot deny that you think so."

"Do you prefer to add the power of reading the thoughts to your other accomplishments?"

"I can read them in such brows as yours, where there are no wrinkles to hide them. Is not that last a pretty sentence?" she continued. "Do for the domestic drama, would it not? All the better, too, because it is not true; for you know that it is by the mouth that we read the thoughts, not the forehead. That is the reason why all men who live under a despotic government wear moustaches, if they can grow them."

Here she glanced mischievously at Richard who laboured under disadvantages in this particular; although Robinson's was not the bank in which this notice was put up, that "Moustaches are not allowed to be worn during business hours."

"You shall read the gentlemen's parts, and I will read the ladies'. If you please we will begin at once."

Richard was a little nervous at first, but he soon got over this feeling, and then he read very well. It is wonderful how few people there are who do read well. It is not an accomplishment to which much attention is devoted in our schools, and many of us have an opportunity of appreciating the result of this neglect every Sunday of our lives. Perhaps the best readers will be found to have acquired the art when standing at their mother's knee; they read the best of books as very little children. If she does not teach them, as things are ordered at present, no one else will.

Bailey had passed the greater part of the night before in reading the play. With this study added to his previous acquaintance with it he knew a great deal of it by heart; and Clara was quite surprised at the vivacity with which he delivered several of the speeches, and the insight into character which he showed.

Clara was delighted with the part of Miss Dorrillon, and when they had finished the play, she asked Richard if he would mind reading it again.

"You read so well," she said, "it is as good as a rehearsal."

The second time of reading Clara entered into her part with great spirit, for her conception of a character was very rapid. In the prison scene she brought the tears into Richard's eyes, to her intense delight.

"How I should like to see you treading the boards of 'The Duke's' in this scene," said Richard.

"In white muslin and with my back hair down?" inquired Clara, laughing.

"Often as I have seen you on the stage, I do not think I ever knew what dress you wore."

"What a bad opinion Madame Merlet would have of your taste."

"And who may Madame Merlet be?"

"My dressmaker."

"It is a proof of her skill that there was nothing to take off my attention from the great actress. If you had been badly dressed I might have noticed it. As it was, I never saw anything but your face, or the outline of your form in some grand pose."

"I must say, Mr. Bailey, you have a neat way of paying compliments. You do not fall into the mistake of some people, who call attention to them by a little gesture, showing their consciousness that they are saying something agreeable, or who accompany them by an apologetic bow, as if they were half ashamed of themselves the while; but you utter them in a calm, unblushing manner, as if they were a matter of course, and formed a natural part of an ordinary conversation."

Poor Richard! if he had not blushed before, he made up for lost time then.

"Never mind, I will forgive you this time," continued Clara, noticing his discomfiture; "but you must remember for the future that when a woman has been ten years upon the stage the novelty of that kind of thing wears off, or as Miss Milford would say, 'She does not seem to care about it.'"

"I only spoke my thoughts," said Richard, very humbly; "and unless you forbid me to do this in future, I fear I cannot promise always to hide the admiration I share with so many."

"I see you are quite incorrigible. I suppose, as the hymn says, 'it is your nature *to*,' so we will change the subject. I shall see Ranston about the play to-morrow. He will be making some change soon. I don't think 'Diamond Dust' will run much longer. A great deal of its sparkle is gone now. Gets dimmer you see from being reflected in paper instead of metal."

"Do you think he will be inclined to bring it out?"

"Well, you must know that there are two things which are always likely to induce a manager to look favourably upon an old play. First and foremost, he has nothing to pay the author; secondly, he may cut it about as much as he likes, and there is no one to interfere with him or turn sulky about its curtailment.

Of course, *I* shall take care he does not cut out any of *my* part. But it is an extraordinary thing that if you suggest to *any* author to cut out *any* scene in *any* play, he has a stereotyped answer always ready. 'What! cut out that! Why, it is the very best thing in the whole piece.' I remember Attersley's reply to a suggestion of Ranston's, about 'Diamond Dust,' 'Oh, cut it out if you like, I don't care about it, but you will ruin the play if you do.' To which Ranston replied, in his quiet way (making a grimace at me at the same time), 'Well, if *you* don't mind I think *I* will chance it.' He made me laugh so, I don't think Attersley has ever forgiven me."

"And how soon do you think you will know about it?" inquired Richard.

"Why you are as anxious on the point as a young actress about her first appearance. I dare say I shall be able to form an opinion from what Ranston says to-morrow. I should not wonder if your wishes were to be gratified; for, between ourselves, a suggestion from me has considerable weight just now."

Miss Clara Merton was "the star" at "The Duke's," and quite conscious of the importance of her position.

"If you should happen to be passing about this time to-morrow, and you like to call in, I might be able to let you know the result of the interview."

"I shall certainly do myself the pleasure," said Richard, and he rose to depart.

"Would you not like some tea before you go, after all that reading? I suppose you would not care to see 'Diamond Dust' again; or else, if you liked, I would take you down to the theatre with me."

"You know I could never be tired of seeing——"

"Now, now," said Clara, interrupting him, and warning him with her finger, with such a glance and gesture as might have won Mrs. Nisbet's fame in "The Love Chase." "Remember! But how silly of me to forget," she continued, "that you cannot have had any dinner yet. I always dine very early, when I can. But Brogden will find you something. We have got an hour and a quarter yet, and fortunately neither actresses nor their cooks take very long to dress."

In twenty minutes Brogden brought in some cutlets and an omelette worthy of the Repique Club, before they got rid of Gustarelli. And it would be difficult to find any wine in England which could surpass the Hermitage that accompanied them.



## CHAPTER XVII.

## BEHIND THE SCENES.

MISS MERTON'S suggestion about the early production of "Wives as they Were, and Maids as they Are," reached Mr. Ranston at a very opportune moment. "Diamond Dust" was getting very low in the theatrical hour-glass. Ranston had a new piece by a popular author ready to succeed it, but the illness of an actor who was to take the principal part in it, rendered a postponement absolutely necessary. Ranston had acted in "Wives as they Were" twenty years before, and he saw directly that the part of *Miss Dorrillon* would suit Clara Merton well. He made a few objections to enhance the value of his acceptance of her suggestion, and then it was a settled thing. It was arranged that it should be put in rehearsal immediately.

Bailey was admitted to the privilege of attending the rehearsals. Clara introduced him to Ranston as the gentleman who had first recommended the play to her, and Ranston complimented him upon his taste in theatrical matters.

In a fortnight the play was produced. It was a great success. In the prison scene Clara excited quite a *furor*. Richard's ecstasies upon the occasion it would be quite impossible to describe. Certainly they exceeded Mr. Ranston's, although that gentleman was both pleased and surprised. He had fancied the play would do very well, but for once in his managerial existence the "blaze of triumph" came upon him unexpectedly.

He had not even taken the precaution to order his posters beforehand. Two days were lost before he had mustered a sufficient number of itinerant sandwiches to open the eyes (and pockets) of the public to his good fortune. Worst omission of all: he had neglected to engage the crowd of respectably-dressed supernumeraries whose duty it is to blockade the thoroughfare from five o'clock until the moment the pit doors are opened.

The success of the play tended to cement more strongly the friendship between Richard and Clara. Nothing of the sort was required to increase the admiration of the gentleman; but possibly it made the lady kinder in her manner than she might otherwise have been. At any rate it afforded an excuse she could make to herself for allowing him to attend her so constantly, and that kind of transparent subterfuge is pleasant occasionally. It is an article easily constructed, if we do not find it ready to our hand, but it is more agreeable to be saved the trouble.

But Clara Merton is seven-and-twenty. For the last ten years she has had all kinds of love made to her, good, bad, and indifferent, almost every day of her life; and whilst there has never been a breath upon her reputation, it may be doubted if her heart has ever been very deeply smitten. And now, is it possible that she can be in love with a boy of twenty?

Those are the very words in which on one occasion she put the question to herself. It was in her dressing-room. She was fastening up her back-hair after the prison scene. She had noticed Bailey pouring all his heart out of his eyes, as he gazed at her. He was leaning out of a private box on the pit tier, very close to the stage. She played a little to that box. Can you forgive her, fair readers? But what answer did she make to the question?

She stamped her little foot. (The comb caught just then.) Then she said,—

“Nonsense; the very idea is ridiculous. I am old enough to be his—no, I am not. I am old enough to know better, though.”

At that moment her dresser came in. Now, in a general way, Clara was one of the best tempered mistresses in the world; but it must be confessed that the manner in which she blew up that unfortunate damsel on that occasion was something fearful. She had been obliged to wait for her nearly two minutes, and rightly suspected that a flirtation with the scene-shifter had been the cause of delay. The young woman confided to that person afterwards “That she should never have believed Miss Merton could ’a gone on so, unless she had heerd it with her hown hears; no, not heven if her hown mother ’ad a told her.”

Once more that night—it was during her journey home—Clara’s thoughts returned to the same subject. “I ought not to have him with me so much,” she reflected. “But, then, what can I say to the poor boy. I can’t bear the idea of being rude to him. I wish I had not let him read that play so often; for if I am cool to him now, he might think I only wanted to make use of him; and I *do* like to talk to him. Well, there is one comfort; in six weeks my engagement at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, commences, and that must bring it to an end.” So with this certainty of a conclusion at no very distant date, she tacitly decided that for the present things might go on as they were.

Bailey has improved very much during the short time which has elapsed since he met St. Patrick Smith in St. Martin’s Lane.

Passionately fond of certain branches of English literature, the number of novels, plays, and poems, he had read between the years

of twelve and twenty, would surprise many an older student. Such a training may not impart much solidity to the judgment, but it may be doubted if there is any more calculated to enable a man to shine in society.

When we first met him, Bailey's quiver was well filled with arrows, but he did not know how to shoot them with good effect. Two or three months in the society in which he has lately been mixing, have a wonderful effect in teaching him how to draw upon all his resources.

Clara has no longer any occasion to complain that he pays her too many compliments; if she had any objection to make, it would probably be that some of his retorts are a shade more bitter than she likes. But when she reflects, she remembers that it was to please her he changed his tone.

A little incident occurred one morning which showed her that his heart had not deteriorated, if his manners were improved.

"I have got a little commission for you to execute for me," she said, "I want you to find out Mr. Smith's new address; I have sent to The Grange, but they cannot tell me there."

"King's Road, Dalston," replied Richard, taking a letter from his pocket.

"Forgive me for being so rude, but is that letter from him?"

"Yes!" Then seeing that Clara evidently expected some account of it, although she would not ask, Richard blushed, not so much as he would have blushed two months before, but still he did blush.

"Well, you see," he said, "I knew he must have as much as he could do with those bankruptcy accounts, so I wrote to him to ask him if he would let me come and help him in the evenings. I know something about banking, you know; at least, I ought, for I have been at Robinson's more than three years."

"You were a good fellow."

"It would be good practice for me. Besides he has always been very kind to me—except once."

"When was that?"

"When he introduced me to you."

For a wonder Clara had no answer ready, so she made an elaborate curtsey—time, George II.

The next morning she ordered her brougham at ten o'clock, and having placed in it a wooden box, thirty inches long by eighteen broad, she ordered the coachman to drive to Dalston.

"What do you mean by hiding yourself from all your friends in this way?" said Clara to St. Patrick, as soon as she had settled herself comfortably upon the sofa.

"If I have made such an attempt, it does not appear to have been successful," he replied; "they run me down when they like, and I have no courage left to turn to bay."

"I have not come to give you the *coup de grace*, so your simile is inappropriate. I only want you to come to supper to-night and meet some of your old friends."

"The Duke of Alderney?" inquired Smith, with a slight curl of his lip.

"Bother the Duke," said Clara. "No! Westsea and Lord George, and young Bailey."

Why did Clara put down her veil when she mentioned the name of the last gentleman?

"You are turning that poor boy's head," said Smith.

"Nonsense. It is set more firmly on his shoulders than yours was at his age." It was a maxim of Clara's always to carry the war into the enemy's camp if possible. "But will you come?" she continued.

"You must excuse me, I have turned over a new leaf. I begin to work early in the morning, and that is not compatible with late supper parties at the other end of the town."

"That shows how silly it was of you to come and live here. But one holiday will do you good."

Clara tried very hard to persuade him, but all her eloquence was employed to no purpose. As she told Bailey afterwards, she was unable to lure the lion from his den.

When she rose to go, she said: "I have brought you something as a remembrance of old times. You scarcely deserve it, because you won't come to see me. Good bye."

When she went down to the carriage, she sent back her servant with the wooden box. The domestic deposited it at the feet of Smith, and left that gentleman with surprise and curiosity legibly depicted on his countenance.

I will defy any one, of any age, to have a box given them without being immediately actuated by a strong desire to ascertain its contents.

A young man who was returning from a supper-party a short time ago, about the hour of two in the morning, as he was passing through Pelton Crescent, was arrested by the sound of the opening of a French window on the first floor.

He stopped and looked up. Immediately a female stepped out upon the balcony. Leaning over it, she said, in a soft voice: "Benjamin, is that you?"

He could not see her face, for it was covered by a veil, which she held clasped tightly under her chin; but he noticed one tress of long fair hair, which drooped towards him as she leaned over the rails.

Either because his views as to his own identity were confused by the wine he had taken, or else from a spirit of pure mischief, he answered, in a tone of mystery appropriate to the occasion, "Yes."

Then said the lady, "Wait."

And he did wait, for nearly a quarter of an hour, and was getting very tired of the operation, when the window was opened again, and the lady re-appeared with a box in her hand. This she immediately proceeded to lower by means of a thin rope.

"Have you got it?" she said, as it came within the young man's reach.

"Yes," he replied; and in a moment more the rope was drawn up, the lady gone, and the window closed.

Then, for the first time, it occurred to him that his position was not the most agreeable which could be imagined. The sound of a policeman's tread at the further end of the Crescent did not tend to render him more satisfied with it.

It forced him to make up his mind at once, and he marched off in the opposite direction with the box under his arm. At the corner of Pelton Street he met a cab. He told the driver to take him to Charing Cross. There he got out, walked a little way along the Strand, then took another cab, which put him down a little distance from his own house. Thus he thought all trace would be lost.

In the privacy of his own apartment he proceeded to open the box, with fear and trembling. He had previously secured the door, and made certain that no prying eye could watch his movements through the key-hole. With some difficulty he prized open the lid, looked over the edge, and beheld—three kittens lately drowned!

St. Patrick's sensations were of a more agreeable description when he opened his box, for he found in it a beautiful bronze figure, which he had brought from Italy many years before; he had valued it especially from a resemblance he fancied it bore to Lady Constance. Clara had sent an agent to purchase it for her at the sale "at any price," and it was knocked down for two hundred and fifty guineas.

If at any moment during his misfortunes St. Patrick had been inclined to feel disgusted with the world and its inhabitants, every day seemed to produce fresh reasons for a reconciliation.

*(To be continued.)*

# OUR GRAMMAR SCHOOLS.

## III.—AS THEY ARE TO BE.



WE have seen that the supply of fairly good schools for secondary education is quite inadequate to the requirements of the middle classes. The supply of public schools is very small when compared with the wants of the community, and that supply is very much diminished by the large deductions that must be made on account of the inefficiency of a great proportion of the total number. The education of the middle classes of England is, therefore, left largely in the hands of private schools, respecting whose character we have no kind of satisfactory guarantee.

This deficiency must obviously be met in two ways. We must both improve the character of the existing schools, private as well as public, and establish others where they are needed. The process of improvement must begin with the public or endowed schools, because the public has certain rights of control over those schools, and they have in equity none over the private schools that, established upon ordinary commercial principles, bear their own losses and reap their own profits. The funds of endowed schools are, in some sense, public property, and the State has a right to see that they are properly applied for the benefit of the public. Until this is done, it would be wasteful to spend public or private money upon accomplishing objects that endowments already in existence are fitted to accomplish.

The fact that endowments left for the promotion of education are public property is not the only plea that can be put forward in justification of proposals that will, no doubt, be denounced by interested persons as amounting to confiscation. There is a plea of absolute necessity. If an endowed school is not doing good, it must be doing harm. If it does not adapt its regulations to the real wants of the community, it not only wastes its funds in useless work, but it stands in the way of the establishment of better institutions. An endowed school that gives gratuitous or semi-gratuitous education, will attract scholars

who would otherwise go to independent schools better suited to their requirements, but which are unable to offer instruction on the same terms; and so the endowment both keeps alive an inefficient school, and prevents the establishment of an efficient one. This makes it really necessary, if we are to have any efficient system of schools, either public or private, that the endowed schools should be subjected to public control.

It will be objected that there is something ungrateful, and almost impious, in taking funds so generously provided by benevolent founders, from under the control of their instructions. These founders nearly all left specific directions as to the manner in which the schools founded with their money should be conducted, and it may seem to be very wrong that those instructions should be set aside. But the question is, What were the real intentions of the founders? Should those intentions be inferred from the spirit or from the letter of founders' wills? The letter of the instructions points out a mode of management that is unsuited to the present age, but their spirit shows that the intention of the founders was to promote the spread of superior education in the manner best known to them; and it is a natural inference that were the founders alive at the present time to see the state of their schools, and the requirements of the age, they would themselves direct important changes to be made. Besides, the letter of founders' instructions has already been seriously infringed. In almost every school large alterations have been made in the statutes, and Mr. Fearon, who made the matter a special study, tells us that he could not find a single school that was exactly what the founder meant it to be. It is impossible to recognise such changes, often introduced by chance, or carelessness, and to refuse changes that careful inquiry shows to be necessary; while it is equally impossible to go back to the state of matters existing before those changes were made.

But it is a sacred duty to regard the spirit of a founder's instructions. The evident intentions with which he left his money ought always to be borne in mind in dealing with the institution he established, and those intentions ought always to have very great weight, even if they should unfortunately be balanced against considerations of public polity. But the aims of the founders of our grammar schools are perfectly applicable to the present time; and any changes that may be introduced into the condition of the schools ought rather to be regarded as contributions towards the accomplishment of those aims, than as attempts to give the grammar schools new aims or objects. The main object of a founder was to promote

education. It was not to spare the pockets of parents able to pay for education, but rather to cause boys to be educated who, but for their benevolence, would not be educated at all. This object ought to be the object of educational charities in the present as well as in the past, and any good scheme for their reorganisation must be framed with a special view to its attainment.

Our inquiries into the present condition of English grammar schools suggest four cardinal points towards which the attention of the reformer must be turned :—1st, the course of study to be pursued at grammar schools ; 2nd, the terms of admission ; 3rd, the position and emoluments of the masters ; and 4th, the administration of the funds. On each of these points, no inconsiderable changes must be effected before we can hope to place the schools on a satisfactory footing.

We have seen that nearly all grammar schools aim at accomplishing the same work. Schools that are attended principally by boys intended to go early to business or profession, adopt the same high programme of instruction as schools attended principally by boys intended for the universities, and who consequently remain at school till an advanced age. In the one as in the other, Latin and Greek are the principal or only subjects taught, and the consequence is that the younger boys, instead of getting an education suited to their prospects, only get the first part of a classical education, which they can never hope to finish. Such boys go forth into the world fortified with the faint impressions left by wearisome and parrot-like learnings of Latin and Greek grammar, and often profoundly ignorant of English composition, arithmetic, and other branches of a non-classical education. As this class of boys form the great majority sent forth from grammar schools, the evil involved in such a state of matters is very great. The inconvenience of this uniform system of education for all manner of boys is felt indeed by all except the very small minority who seek a thoroughly classical education. The interests of the 36,000 boys who at present attend our grammar schools, and of the many thousands more who would like to attend them, are sacrificed to the interests of the few hundreds who seek a classical education.

This is an evil that requires a radical remedy. It is intolerable that great funds should be used to give a kind of education that is only desired by a few, while the great majority of middle-class boys ask in vain for the kind of education they require. Left to their own independent action, the grammar schools would never remedy this evil. They are each ambitious to belong to the highest grade of



schools; and, moreover, the education given as a preparation for university life, is, in the present organisation of grammar schools, the easiest for the masters to give. It is much less trouble for a master who has been teaching Latin and Greek all his life, to go on doing so than to trouble himself with the acquisition of the "lower" subjects required in less ambitious schools. The Schools Inquiry Commissioners, whose recommendations we are about to examine, early recognised this difficulty, and their scheme is consequently based upon the assumption that public authority must interpose between the general educational interests of the public, and the particular interests of schools and schoolmasters, to which those general interests are so frequently sacrificed. In order that the grammar schools may as a whole be enabled to do the full amount of work that they are capable of doing, it is obvious that their individual independence must be subordinated to some authority that shall have power to assign to each its separate sphere of work, and so to prevent the lamentable loss of teaching and learning power caused by the present system.

An inquiry into the attendance at grammar schools shows that there are three classes of scholars, roughly corresponding with the three divisions, upper, middle, and lower, of the middle-class community. There are scholars who continue their school education to the age of eighteen or nineteen; there is a more numerous class whose education stops about sixteen; and there is a most numerous class who leave school about fourteen. The most natural means of dealing with the difficulty presented by the present uniform system of education, is to make the schools correspond to these three classes of scholars. It is obviously a very great evil that boys intended to leave school young should be denied a curriculum such as it is possible they can go through in the time at their command, but be compelled to take the useless first half of an education they can never finish; and it would be an equally great evil to sink all the grammar schools down to the requirements of the lower grade boys, depriving the upper grade boy of his present means of education. To organise some of the schools with the special view of educating boys under fourteen years of age, and to organise others to give the high-class education to boys who intend to remain longer at school seems the best way out of the difficulty.

The proposal of the Commissioners is to establish three grades of schools: the first, to educate boys whose school career is likely to run to eighteen or nineteen years of age; the second, for boys whose education is to stop about sixteen; and the third, for those who must leave

school at fourteen. They might have proposed that each school should be divided into three departments, corresponding with these grades ; but it is obvious that the smaller schools could not bear such a division, and it is doubtful whether the larger ones could carry it out successfully. On the whole the balance of advantage seems to be decidedly in favour of classifying rather than of dividing schools. Classification will enable each school to devote all its resources to the carrying out of one programme specially adapted to the requirements of its scholars.

A school of the *first grade*, to be attended by scholars who will probably remain until the age of eighteen or nineteen, may reasonably aspire to give a classical education. The school time of the scholars will allow of its acquisition, and moreover scholars who can devote so considerable a period to school education, largely belong to the classes of society in which classical education is most highly valued. A large proportion of the boys who remain at school to so advanced an age, will probably be sent to the universities, and so long as classical studies stand as high at the universities as they now do, they must of necessity occupy an important place in the curriculum of a school preparing for them. But there is a growing class of people well enough off to keep their sons at a first-grade school who desire to subordinate the teaching of the classics to the teaching of modern subjects, not because they undervalue the classics, but because they find, in their intercourse with the world, that a knowledge of modern subjects is indispensable. They do not intend to send their sons to the universities, but to settle them in business or profession ; and their education must be finished in their school time. This shows that there is a necessity for a subdivision of schools of the first grade. Boys intended for the universities seek a different kind of education from those who are not so destined, and it is therefore proposed that schools of the first grade should be divided into classical and semi-classical. The classical schools will make Greek and Latin the staple of their studies, giving such attention to modern subjects as time and opportunities may permit ; while the semi-classical schools will probably drop the study of Greek, and give more instruction in modern languages, in mathematics, or in natural science. Such a division of schools of the first grade will be made in accordance with the manifest demands of the district ; and no one who knows the widely divergent aims of these two classes of scholars, can doubt that it is very desirable if it be practicable.

Schools of the *second grade*, in which the boys are to end their school life at the age of sixteen, cannot attempt so heavy a pro-

gramme as that of the first-grade schools. The time will not allow it, and moreover the classes from which these scholars are mostly drawn, have no very high respect for classical studies. Among the mercantile classes, there is a very strong desire for the substitution of teaching in modern subjects for classical instruction, and if these second grade schools are to meet the wishes of those for whose use they are established, their programmes might give effect to this feeling. Such people as a rule do not care for Greek at all. They don't see that they have any use for it, and moreover they know that their boys have not time to acquire it. Latin they are disposed to tolerate, provided it does not prevent the teaching of the modern knowledge which is the end and aim of their education. The curriculum of second grade schools must therefore aim at giving a thorough modern education, with as much classical instruction as time will permit—say that it should include Latin, French, and German, in its linguistic studies, and give instruction in mathematics and the rudiments of physical science.

Schools of the *third grade*, in which the boys finish their education at the age of fourteen, must, again, attempt much less than schools of the second grade, and that for the same reasons that oblige second-grade schools to attempt less than first-grade schools. There is neither opportunity on the part of the scholars, nor desire on the part of the parents, to secure a high education. As a rule, sound instruction in the "Three R's" would satisfy parents of this class; but while it is necessary to give the kind of education desired by any class, it is also desirable to offer them something more. It is considered possible to teach boys of this age the rudiments of Latin, and to give them some knowledge of French; and it is therefore proposed, that after the boys have acquired the elements of an English education, they should begin the study of these subjects. The wisdom of selecting Latin and French in preference to other languages is self-evident. Besides being the two most useful languages, their study is very well suited for the purposes of mental discipline; and a knowledge of Latin supplies a bridge to span the gulf that would otherwise separate scholars of this grade from the world of culture.

The proposals of the Commissioners, then, amount to this:—They would allow a portion of the first-grade schools to continue giving the present purely classical education, and in the other portion they would give a thorough education in modern subjects, side by side with as much classical instruction as time would allow. In the second-grade schools they would teach no Greek, and make instruction in modern subjects the main business. In the third grade they

would make a sound English education the primary object, and teach as much of Latin and French as time might permit. Whatever defects may be discovered in this scheme, it can hardly be doubted that it must work an enormous change for the better in the usefulness of our grammar schools. Perfected by experience, it seems likely to provide the middle classes of England with a really efficient system of schools, suited to their varied requirements.

It is evident that some independent authority must be created to discharge the duty of fixing the grades to be occupied by respective schools. If this duty were left to the governors, they would naturally regard the supposed interests of their own particular school, rather than the interests of education generally; and we should probably have a perpetuation of the present system in a slightly different form. A provincial authority is, therefore, to be created; and into the hands of that authority the whole of the public schools of a given district will be delivered, for classification according to the necessities of the district. It will be for that authority to say how many schools of each grade should be given to the district, and to what grade each school should belong. The provincial authority will be mainly regulated in discharging this duty by the obvious demands of the locality. If a particular district shows, by the attendance of a large proportion of scholars to an advanced age, that a high education is desired, the provincial authority will authorise a correspondingly large number of the schools in his district, possessing the necessary endowments, to assume the position of first-grade schools; and so with the second and third grades.

The same principle will enable that authority to fix the position of individual schools. If the boys of a particular school mostly leave at the age of fourteen, it is clear that it will be most usefully employed in giving education of the third grade, with a programme specially suited to the wants of those who use it; while a school that is largely used by advanced scholars, will be meeting the obvious requirements of the neighbourhood by giving an education of the first or second grade. This principle of selection will, no doubt, be modified by other circumstances; but it will operate very generally, and it promises to apportion the supply of different kinds of schools to the wants of respective neighbourhoods in a very natural manner. Schools that have thus been fixed on a particular grade will only be allowed to educate boys up to the age belonging to that grade—as fourteen for the third, sixteen for the second, and eighteen or nineteen for the first. This regulation is necessary to prevent the masters of second and third grade schools attempting to leave their own

proper work, and usurping the places of the higher grade schools, and so bringing us back to the present state of matters, in which all schools claim to be at the top of the social scale. It would be for the provincial authority also to approve or disapprove of the scale of fees and the programme of subjects; and within those limits the governors would, as now, manage the schools. This interference with local management will, no doubt, be resented; but it seems to be absolutely necessary, if we are to establish a *system of schools* in place of the present unsatisfactory crowd of independent establishments, acting without reference to the general educational interests of the public.

The question of the course of secular study being settled, there still remains the question of religious instruction. We have arrived at a state of public feeling on this subject which permits the laying down of the principle that liberty of conscience should be rigidly respected; and there is, therefore, no difficulty in saying what should be done when the parents of scholars in really public schools object to the religious teaching given therein. The old remedy for this was to withdraw the boy altogether; and so the man who would not have the catechism for his boy, could not have the grammar for him. But the advance of popular opinion condemns this as an injustice; and we think the Commissioners will be very generally supported in their recommendation, that parents should be allowed to withdraw their children from the religious without thereby losing the benefit of the secular instruction in a public school. In the case of schools distinctly established as denominational schools the matter is different, for the founders devoted their money to teaching particular doctrines, and it might be wrong to interfere with that disposition. In the case of boarders, too, it is manifestly necessary that the master, who stands *in loco parentis*, should have the same control over the religious teaching of the boy as the father who delegates his authority would himself have; otherwise he would stand in a position which many of our best teachers would refuse to fill.

The Commissioners propose, also, to abolish the rule which assumes, whenever the contrary is not clearly expressed, that the religious instruction in an endowed grammar school is to be in accordance with the doctrines of the Church of England. This would leave the kind of religious instruction to be given entirely at the discretion of the master and governors, so that parents could form no notion, except by special knowledge, of the kind of instruction to be given in any particular school. This seems to open the door to a confusion that may prove mischievous. If a man allows his child to be

instructed in religious doctrines, he naturally wishes to know what kind of doctrines are taught at the school ; and as the object of the Commissioners has been to build up such a system that a parent can, by a mere reference to the grade of the school, know precisely the kind of education his son is getting, it seems a pity that religious instruction should be left altogether to the chance of a master's personal opinions. The many varieties of views held by educated men on questions of theology, in these days, makes this question the more difficult. Many parents would certainly prefer that their sons should get no religious instruction at all, rather than that they should be imbued with the personal opinions of, perhaps, free-thinking men on the one hand, or theologians of the old school on the other. It will be for the provincial authority to devise means to restrict this licence within such reasonable limits as will provide some guarantee to parents of the kind of religious instruction their children are likely to receive at a given school.

Those schools whose deeds expressly direct the teaching to be in accordance with the Church of England are, according to the Commissioners' scheme, to be left untouched in this respect ; but the rule that the trustees of grammar schools should necessarily be members of the Church of England is to be abolished. A most important recommendation is that for the abolition of all regulations that restrict the choice of head-masters to persons in holy orders. This recommendation is made in the secular interests of education. The present regulation, that keeps the head-masterships of the most richly endowed schools for clergymen, has the effect of keeping good men out of the profession. It makes of teaching a profession in which all the prizes are given to outsiders, and all the fagging is given to the regular members. Men of good parts will not enter a profession on such terms ; and the result is, that we have no body of thoroughly trained masters. Clergymen, who may or may not be very good teachers, but who have not been specially trained for the work, get the head-masterships ; and the inferior positions are filled by men of such a quality as may usually be found to fill subordinate places, out of which there is no hope of rising. To make a profession attractive to men of energy and talent, the prizes must be absolutely open. Of course it will be for the governors to exercise their discretion, and if it be thought best for the school to have a clergyman at its head, they may pass over other men ; but there ought certainly to be no insuperable bar between the able usher and the vacant head-mastership.

It is evident that any real reform of our grammar school system

must deal radically with the mode of admission. On no point is the evidence obtained by the Commissioners so unanimous as that showing the evils of the present system of indiscriminate gratuitous education. Men of all shades of opinion in matters educational condemn that system as an unwise use of endowments. At present a large proportion of the endowments are used for the education of free scholars, who are either not selected at all, or are selected on grounds altogether apart from their personal merit. We have seen, in our inquiry into the present condition of schools, how unsatisfactorily both these modes of admission work. In the schools to which all comers are welcomed, the education sinks to a low standard, and deserving boys of the humbler classes do not get the advantages that they ought to get. In schools to which boys are elected, a higher standard of education is maintained, but evils of no less magnitude have to be encountered. Parents, expecting the school to do everything gratis, neglect to give their children proper preparatory education, and boys are sent to superior free schools in a state of lamentable ignorance. The existence of such schools, moreover, prevents the establishment of good private schools in the neighbourhood; and so injures the interests of education. The great and rich school of King Edward, at Birmingham, is a notable instance of how these evil influences work. The early education of the boys is habitually neglected by parents, in the expectation that the great school will ultimately do everything; and in consequence, there is hardly a good preparatory school in the town. So completely had this use of the school endowments extinguished educational competition in the town a few years ago, that "it was almost impossible to get a little boy taught the elements of Latin grammar, except at ladies' schools, within four miles of Birmingham." The giving of gratuitous education according to the present plan certainly degrades the school in which it is given, and by subjecting the private schools of the neighbourhood to an unfair competition, it degrades them also.

Neither public policy nor a proper regard to the spirit of the founders' instructions would allow of the abolition of gratuitous education. It was the main object of endowment to place superior education within the reach of those who would not otherwise have obtained it, and it is in every way desirable that that object should be carried out. But the evidence which we have recited makes it absolutely necessary that a different mode of bestowing this gratuitous education should be found. As a mere free gift, it is shown to be an evil instead of a good: it restricts instead of extending the blessings of education. The simplest way out of this difficulty seems to

be to make gratuitous secondary education a matter of competition among the scholars. This will bestow the bounty of founders upon those best fitted to profit by it. Such a system has been tried at Doncaster with signal success. It is now proposed that boys of thirteen years of age shall be selected from the various schools to compete for free places in the secondary schools of the various grades, just as the boys in grammar schools now compete for university exhibitions. Such boys, instead of going into their schools as recipients of charity, to be despised by the paying boys, would enter as the honourable holders of prizes; and as these prizes could be held by the children of rich and poor alike, there would be no social distinction between the two sections of the school. We are convinced that the Commissioners are right in their decision not to narrow the field of competition by making poverty a necessary condition; for the fact that they are open to all classes will elevate the character of these scholarships in a far greater degree than it will take their benefits from the poor to give them to the rich. If the education required preparatory to competition were of an expensive kind, it would obviously be unfair that the children of poor parents should have to compete with the children of rich people, since the former could not command the educational advantages of the latter; but the means of acquiring good elementary education are practically as much within the reach of one class as another, and the objection falls to the ground. The number of free scholars at any given school must of course be limited by the sum the endowment can afford; and the Commissioners propose, in order to secure a real competition, that the number should not be more than one-third the probable number of candidates.

We now come to the important question of the tenure on which the master should hold his office, and the manner in which he should be remunerated. The present tenure is virtually a freehold, and we have seen that it does not produce very satisfactory results. It enables lazy, or incompetent, or infirm men to occupy the offices while neglecting to do the work. It produces schools without scholars, and schoolmasters who treat the foundation as a fund established for *their* benefit only. The Commissioners propose to meet this evil by giving to two-thirds of the governors the power of dismissing the master. But a far more effectual check upon this evil is to be found in a change of the mode of remunerating masters. At present a head-master receives a fixed salary, and so far as the foundation is concerned, he has no personal interest in success. It does not matter a single shilling to him whether the school be full



or empty, whether his scholars get on well or ill. In fact, it is to his interest to make parents dissatisfied, in order that they may keep their children away, and save him the additional labour of teaching a larger number. It is this system that has produced the ludicrous spectacle of a school with two masters and one scholar, and that has covered the country with half-empty schools. Schoolmasters are but men. They are not, as a rule, filled with any overpowering love of work for its own sake, and if they can get the same income by doing little or nothing, as by working hard, they are under considerable temptation to choose the easy life. If their income mainly depended upon their practical success as teachers, they would share in the stimulus that excites other men to exertion. It is so in Scotland, and the assistant-inspector who inquired into the condition of the Scotch burgh schools, found no trace of the languor and indifference that so much characterise the grammar schools of England.

In Scotland, as in England, the schoolmasters generally claim to hold their offices for life; but the system of payment deprives that tenure of office of the principal evils that attach to it in England. The patrons of a Scotch burgh school—generally the corporation of the place—build and furnish a school-house, appoint a teacher to whom they give a very small salary, fix the subjects he shall teach and the fees he shall charge, and leave him to make the best of his position. If he be a good teacher his school will soon be full of scholars, paying remunerative fees; but if he prove an incompetent man, his school will remain empty, and, his salary being insufficient to induce him to hold the position, he will be under the necessity of resigning it, and making room for a more suitable person. This system of paying masters mainly by fees has worked wonderfully well in Scotland. It not only fills the master with the energy that springs only from personal interest, but it compels him, by the same strong motive, to adapt his teaching to the wants of the public, his patrons; and so his school is placed *en rapport* with the parents of his district. The same fact gives the parents of the scholars a living interest in the working of the school. They feel that they can give or refuse their support to a schoolmaster; and that consciousness of power makes them take an interest in his proceedings that they could never otherwise be induced to take. The consequence is that the schoolmaster's work is in Scotland supported by powerful influences very little known in England, and that the educational results of his labour are very much more satisfactory than the average results obtained by his English brethren.

The Commissioners propose to adopt a modification of the Scotch system. They propose that the master shall be paid by capitation fees alone, but that in order that he may be guaranteed a small fixed income for a time, the governors of the school should agree to pay him, say during the three first years, for a certain minimum number of scholars, whether such a number are in the school or not. Thus, suppose it was arranged that the master of a third-grade school was to receive 5*l.* a head for each scholar, and that the governors proposed to guarantee him a salary of 50*l.*, he would be paid for ten scholars whether ten were actually in the school or not: but it is a distinct part of this scheme that the guaranteed income should be too small to induce an incompetent man to cling to office. In order to guard against the serious evils that now weigh so heavily upon the grammar schools through masters retaining office after they are past work, it is proposed to superannuate masters at a certain age. The question of a pension will depend upon what the endowment can afford, but the Commissioners recommend that in no case should the governors be allowed to keep any incompetent master out of pity for his poverty. The Commissioners also propose that in boarding schools the "hostel" system should be substituted for the present mode of boarding boys in the masters' houses. On that system the governors of the school will take the profits instead of the masters, and they will thereby be able to make the incomes of the masters more equal than they are at present. While the head-master is to be liable to dismissal by two-thirds of the governors, he, on the other hand, is to be supreme in the school-room, to have unlimited control of the discipline and teaching of the school, and full power to appoint and dismiss assistants. The governors, on their part, are to have the power, subject to the sanction of the provincial authorities, to determine the subjects to be taught, fix the fees, and appoint and dismiss the head-master at discretion. The provincial authorities are to fix the grades of the schools, and determine whether they should be day or boarding schools.

There are a number of endowments that are at present practically wasted. Some of them are educational endowments too small to be of any real service by themselves; others are endowments that were intended for the teaching of advanced education, but which have been used for the purposes of elementary instruction; and others, again, are endowments not connected with education, but which have become mischievous or useless. A small endowment of a few pounds a year is useless by itself; and it is obviously for the public

good that these scattered trifles should be consolidated into a fund that can be made of real use. The Commissioners desire to restore to their original purpose endowments intended for secondary, and that have been appropriated to primary, education; for they hold that it is the duty of the locality to provide elementary instruction, and that all available funds are required for the purposes of secondary education. They would also lay hands upon endowments for doles, apprenticeship premiums, marriage portions, redemption of prisoners and captives, and others that have ceased to be of any practical use, and devote them to purposes of secondary education. There can be no doubt that the money would do more good in its proposed application than in its old; but it is difficult to see how money left to give doles of bread ought to be applied towards giving secondary education; or how endowments for marriage portions for so many poor maids should be used to educate young gentlemen. The hospitals and other *genuine* charitable institutions would seem to have a preferable claim to money originally devoted to such uses. Anything would, however, be better than allowing them to continue exerting the pauperising influences that many of them now exert.

When the public middle-class schools of England are organised on this plan, they will probably exert a new influence upon the private schools. By giving a more modern education they will subject those schools to a more stimulating competition which, while it may extinguish some of the poorer schools, will probably improve some of the better. The new system will also, it is hoped, induce the private schools to place themselves under the inspection that is to be imposed upon the public schools. As the public schools will give a guarantee for the kind of education given, it would probably be an advantage to a private school, to be enabled to offer the same guarantee. This it will be able to do by taking a grade, and subjecting itself to the same inspection as public schools of that grade. Private schools doing this will, moreover, be entitled to send candidates to compete for such exhibitions as are open to the boys in endowed schools—exhibitions to be held at the higher boarding-schools or at the universities. This will be to admit the private schools to a substantial share of the endowments possessed by the public schools, since a large portion of those endowments will be used to support scholarships to be competed for in this manner. By this means the better sort of private schools may be fully incorporated into the school system of the country, and do very good service to the cause of middle-class education.

But it is evident that more schools for secondary instruction are

required. There are some parts of the country in which there are no schools of this sort at all, either public or private, and middle-class people have no efficient means of education. If schools are to be provided in such parts, it is pretty clear that some system of rating must be established. It is therefore proposed by the Commissioners that parishes and towns should be at liberty to rate themselves for the purpose of building and furnishing schools, and providing free scholarships for meritorious boys. Every parish should be at liberty to establish a school of the third grade; every town of 5000 inhabitants, a school of the second grade; and every town of 20,000 inhabitants, a school of the first grade.

The machinery proposed for carrying out this great scheme consists of a central authority and a number of provincial authorities, each operating in a certain district. The central authority, which would probably be the Charity Commission enlarged, would appoint the active officer of the provincial authority, and he, in conjunction with a small number of local gentlemen, would form the provincial authority. The central authority would take a general control, and the provincial authority would fix the grades of the schools, and perform a number of functions requiring local knowledge.

If this scheme be carried out in its integrity, the grammar school system of England will be entirely changed. We shall find schools that now all hold the same rank and teach the same things, classified, and teaching ancient and modern subjects, according to the wants of the respective neighbourhoods. They will no longer be attended by free boys selected for their poverty, or for their connection with governors, but by free boys who will have won the advantages of that position by their own merit; and only those schools that are so destined in the original instructions will be teaching the doctrines of the Church of England. The masters will no longer be irremovable functionaries, enjoying fixed salaries, and independent of the results of their labour, but responsible officers, removable at discretion, and dependent for their subsistence upon the results of their labour. Private schools will be brought into the system by the attractions it will offer, and new public schools will be built by the levying of rates to supply the deficiencies existing in many parts of the country. The scheme is certain to be opposed on many points, but on the whole it appears to be a wise and comprehensive plan, in many respects well adapted to attain the great object desired.

JAMES SUTHERLAND.

## IN THE GALLERY.

**H**EIGHO ! the Session is over. The woolsack has been put into chintz. The Lord Chancellor has laid up his wig in lavender, and, perhaps, sent the great seal to his bankers. The cushions of the Speaker's chair have been turned upside down ; and that mysterious symbol of the British Constitution, the Speaker's mace, has been put into its green bag and sent off to the regions of Pluto. The parliamentary camp is broken up, and the distinguished noblemen and gentlemen who, from January to July, do us the honour of looking after our rights and privileges, of thinking and talking for us, of baiting Ministers, and taxing us all round, have returned, Antæus-like, to mother earth, and for the next two or three months may be found in pea-jackets and bowler hats, in the turnip-field and the stubble, on the moors of the Highlands, under the shadow of Mont Blanc or the Pyrenees, in yachts on the Mediterranean, or on the banks of Norwegian streams with a salmon spear in their hands, pic-nicing under the Pyramids, or looking after black game in Illinois. A very pleasant sort of life, and an agreeable relief from the monotonous excitement of parliamentary work, varied only by dinners, balls, and kettledrums.

Perhaps at the first blush it may look like a sacrilege of sentiment, a violation of all the proprieties of the recess, to talk of "Hansard's Parliamentary Reports" in August. Yet Hansard, after all, like the "Whole Duty of Man," is only a dull book to dull readers. It is a mine of constitutional and political history. "An Old Almanack !" Perhaps, in one sense, it is. Yet what would we not give for a Greek and Roman Hansard, where we might turn to find in Pericles' own words what he had to say about the policy of the Peloponnesian War, or to read the speeches of the Catos, the Ciceros, and the Catulli in that grand Reform controversy which was inaugurated by the Gracchi, and brought to an issue by the Catilines and Cæsars who led the popular party ? And how the Gibbons, the Froudes, and Macaulays of the thirtieth century will prize an old volume of "Hansard" if the prophetic traveller from New Zealand, after sketching the ruins of St. Paul's, should chance to find in the Westminster marshes an authentic verbatim report of the speeches of the

parliamentary orators of our day upon the franchise and the Irish Church !

Parliamentary reports are to us as commonplace as Reuter's telegrams. Through the Session the newspapers every morning present us with fifteen, twenty, and occasionally even thirty, columns of the eloquence, wit, and wisdom of the Lords and Commons. There it is on our breakfast tables as regularly as our rolls and cup of coffee. There, too, accompanying the reports, are luminous and brilliant criticisms, in all the authority and effulgence of bourgeois and leads, upon the speeches themselves, and graphic descriptions of the *mise en scène* of the speakers, how they looked, how they spoke, and who were in the galleries to see and hear them.

What irony there is in history ! If the ghosts of Cave and Woodfall, of Perry and his corps of reporters, still linger on the back benches of the reporters' gallery, as the shade of Canning is said to linger round the Speaker's chair, how they must smile at the caprice by which a handful of semi-literary spies, taking notes in their hats, and afterwards writing them out by the flickering light of a bar-parlour, over a pot of porter or a glass of brandy-and-water, has been developed into one of the most powerful estates of the realm ! When the history of the English Press is written as it ought to be, not in bits and scraps of personal biography about Irish reporters and Scotch editors, but as a great social and political institution, people may look—and look in vain—through the pages of Macaulay for any more striking and suggestive illustration of our progress in popular notions of government, and, I may add, in the gentler arts and amenities of political life, than is to be found in the rise and growth of our newspaper press. To report a speech in the House of Commons for the papers in the days of Speaker Onslow was a species of treason against the unwritten law of Parliament. Nearly all the reports that we have of the speeches of Fox and Pitt are surreptitious reports. Several of the more famous of these speeches we know, from the confessions of the reporters themselves, to be worse than surreptitious, for they are fictitious, the concoctions of the reporters themselves. "Verbatim reports of the speeches made in this House ! It is a conspiracy to make Parliament contemptible in the eyes of the nation." That is the light in which parliamentary reports were looked upon by our representatives less than a century ago. They declared the reports of the *Gentleman* to be an insult to the House. Wyndham pronounced them highly indecorous. The Squires anathematised the reporters. The Speaker lectured them at the bar. The Sergeant-at Arms imprisoned them. Brougham, in the early part

of his career, was called to order for speaking of the reporters ; and, on the very eve of the establishment of popular power by the Reform Bill of '32, the House of Lords marked their sense of an insult thrown out by the *Times* against one of their order by turning out a whole troop of gentlemen of the press. The Peers looked upon the press then pretty much in the light that they still look upon poachers. To-day they dine with them at Willis's Rooms, under the presidency of a royal Duke, and toast the press as the Fourth Estate.

Perhaps no institution has ever so strikingly falsified all the fantastic predictions that were pronounced over its cradle. That which Sir Robert Peel denounced as the instrument of "the very worst and vilest species of despotism," Sir Robert Peel's pupil, Mr. Gladstone, now pronounces one of the most effective instruments of popular government. "It is not too much to say (says Mr. Gladstone) that the action of a popular and well-conducted press alters essentially the nature of the relations between the governors and the governed. Obedience becomes no longer a duty to be performed passively and in blindness. The law, the Government, the proceedings of the Legislature, make their daily appeal, through the daily newspapers, to the mind and understanding of every member of the community ; weave new ties of interest and affection between the private individual and the public authority under which he lives, and give a new cement to society and to the venerated institutions of the country." That is Mr. Gladstone's opinion upon the action of the newspaper press to-day, in contradistinction to the sinister anticipations of Sir Robert Peel ; and it expresses with eloquence the general opinion of the governing classes. The newspaper press is the great bulwark of popular government ; and the life and soul of the newspaper press are the parliamentary reporters, the representatives of that "horde of bankrupts, lottery-office keepers, footmen, and decayed tradesmen," who half-a-century ago excited the contempt and derision of the high-souled Wyndham.

Who and what are the men by whom this system of parliamentary reporting has been developed to its present degree of usefulness and perfection, and what is the practical working of the system ?

What the parliamentary reporters were in the time of Wyndham, I need not say. His description is sufficiently precise and graphic. Yet, even then, a keener eye than Wyndham's might have discovered in the group of Irish adventurers, gamblers, and broken-down tradesmen—who sat like ghouls on the back benches of the gallery, listening to the debates and jotting down surreptitious notes of what they

had heard—men of high character and sterling genius, graduates of Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Dublin; men who have since attained the highest honours of the law, of literature, and art.

I know no single profession that in the course of the past forty or fifty years has, considering its own numbers, produced a more distinguished group of men than the parliamentary reporters. Poetry, law, literature, and science, have all replenished their ranks from the gallery; and the names of most of these men are eloquent of genius. Take poetry: there are Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Thomas Noun Talfourd. These are the only poets that I can call to mind on the spur of the moment; but they represent a host in themselves. In the literature of art and science, it is enough to refer to Mr. S. C. Hall, the editor of the *Art Journal*, and Dr. Forbes Winslow. Richard Lalor Shiel may stand as the representative of oratory. It is in the law and the literature of imagination that we find the most distinguished names of parliamentary reporters. At the head of the list stands plain John Campbell, Lord High Chancellor; Baron Alderson and Mr. Justice Talfourd stand by his side; and I could select more than one name from the present list of Judges in Westminster Hall to bracket with these. There are dozens of men at the Bar who began their career in the Reporters' Gallery. In literature I need only refer to Charles Dickens, Shirley Brooks, and W. H. Russell. Editors the gallery has produced by the score; and several of these have attained the highest posts in their profession—the chairs of the *Times*, *Daily News*, *Morning Post*, *Morning Advertiser*, and, in its day, of the *Morning Chronicle*.

Of course, with most of these men reporting was merely the occupation of leisure hours. They were waiting for briefs, waiting for publishers. Reporting was to them what Mr. Gladstone once called "a profession of transition." It was not the business of their lives. It is that to many still, though not to the extent it was formerly. You may still, perhaps, find in the gallery Campbells and Talfourds, puisne judges and chief justices, men of genius who have yet to make their mark in literature, as Charles Dickens and Shirley Brooks have done. Many of these men spend their mornings reading up for the bar, or in the courts of Westminster Hall. Here and there you may find a contributor to our magazines. "London Correspondents" are here by the dozen. And supposing a man has stamina in him for the work, what training is there equal to a life of three or four sessions in the gallery for the higher work of journalism, for the courts, and for literature? But of course there's the rub. Only men in the prime of health and mental



vigour are equal to the task. Long hours of close and exhausting work, work that often extends more than half through the night, in an enervating atmosphere, with all your faculties of observation, memory, and reflection on the stretch, will try the hardest constitution. A perfect parliamentary reporter ought to be like Macaulay, a book in breeches. He ought to be on a par in point of information and reading with the highest culture of the house. He ought to know the ins and outs of every topic of discussion—finance, Indian government, foreign politics, ecclesiastical and civil law, and history. He ought to be quick enough with his pencil to take every word of orators like Gladstone, Disraeli, and Lowe. He ought to have the wit to see the point of their keenest and most subtle allusions, and to see it in a moment. He ought not to boggle over a bit of Latin or Greek, a passage from Homer, Virgil, or Horace. And to crown all, he ought to be able to write out his copy as legibly as small pica, and as expeditiously as a telegraph-needle. Perhaps I need not add that all the parliamentary reporters do not possess this variety of gifts and qualifications. Some of them occasionally make terrible hash of the speeches. The Bishop of Ely says they systematically omit the point of all his arguments, and misrepresent many of his statements. They used to make Macaulay talk frightful nonsense. They once made him trace the principle of our Statute of Limitations from the legislation of the Mexicans and Peruvians; and then, perhaps, by way of varying the monotony of his historical theory, from the "Pandects of the Benares." They once made Lord Derby call Mr. Gladstone the Polyphemus of the Liberal party. One day this session they lowered the price of the funds an eighth per cent. by the misinterpretation of a few words of Mr. Ward Hunt's upon the Abyssinian estimates; and a day or two ago a professor of Oxford set all his university friends aghast by the off-hand and compendious assertion, through the *Times*, "that natural morality was superior to the morality of any religion, Protestant or Roman Catholic,"—a perversion of the very simple statement in the House of Commons "that natural morality was superior to the morality of any *priest*, either Protestant or Roman Catholic."

Yet take them all in all the parliamentary reports of our daily papers are marvellous in their amplitude and accuracy. There is nothing like them either in France or America. To take a single illustration. The *Times* of Friday, the 27th of June, gave up no less than thirty-five of its columns to the parliamentary debates of the previous night; and not a single speaker afterwards wrote to correct a syllable of the report. Yet the speakers themselves are frequently

anything but perfect elocutionists. They speak sometimes with their backs to the gallery. They speak, many of them, in a low, slipshod, and hesitating manner. Lord Derby, Lord Cairns, and Lord Granville, as a rule, speak distinctly enough. You may hear every syllable they have to say; yet you must be apt with your pencil to take all you hear. But Lord Russell and Lord Grey hum and hah, hesitate, and hang over a word or a phrase, talk loosely and often inaudibly. Mr. Gladstone generally speaks apparently in a torrent and whirlwind of passion. Pale and haughty, he stands at the table and pours out a stream of thought and passion in long sweeping sentences. His vehement spirit finds an apt echo in a clear and musical enunciation. Mr. Disraeli speaks in quieter tones; but every word is audible, and every sentence is perfect. Mr. Bright's masculine sense finds fitting expression in magnificent rhetoric. He has a powerful voice; and he uses it like a *prima donna*. He is to my thinking the most perfect and artistic speaker in the House of Commons. Sir Roundell Palmer and Mr. Coleridge speak in an easy, flowing, and graceful style; and as they always keep the house at attention you can hear all they have to say. But Mr. Lowe is the terror of the gallery. He is one of the ablest and cleverest men in Parliament; but as a speaker he is one of the most annoying. He speaks very fast, very indistinctly, and very irregularly. His articulation is chaotic. Sir Stafford Northcote has a fatal fault. He talks without stops of any description. His speeches are continuous streams of words. Lord Stanley is a bit of a bore; for though you may always reckon upon sound manly sense, you must strain your ears and puzzle your wits to interpret sentence by sentence what he is saying. His articulation is terribly disconcerting. It is zig-zag and blurred. Mr. Stuart Mill has a weak, thin voice and a hesitating manner. Yet all these are men whose speeches on interesting occasions every paper thinks it a duty to give in the first person; and, as a rule, the speeches of these men are given with striking verbal accuracy. Very often they read much more effectively in the papers the next morning than they sounded in St. Stephen's the previous night.

I know no more interesting spectacle in the Houses of Parliament than the reporters at their work. Of course they are to be seen at their best in the Commons. It is not often that the Lords indulge in the dissipation of oratory. They have no constituents to humbug. It is not often that they get any serious work to do till the dog-days; and then people are not in the temper to sit for hours listening to eloquent harangues.

The House of Commons is the heart of our parliamentary system ; and there business is the order of the day. There, therefore, you must go to find the reporters ; and there, night after night, all through the session, you may find them as busy as bees. All told, there are about a hundred of them at work, either in the gallery or the committee room, writing out " copy " for the printers. The *Times* keeps the strongest staff ; and the *Times'* staff generally comprises the picked men of the gallery. The *prestige* and pay of the *Times* act together as a powerful loadstone in attracting all the best men into its service. Hence the superiority which distinguishes the parliamentary reports of the *Times* from those of its contemporaries. Man for man, perhaps, the *Daily News*, the *Post*, and the *Herald* could match the best men of the *Times'* staff, either as shorthand writers or men of general intelligence, and what I may call writing power. But the real strength of a parliamentary staff of reporters lies in the rank and file. If the rank and file be weak the reports of the staff will, taken as a whole, be loose and inaccurate. Of course the *Times* has weak men, like the *Daily News*, and the *Post*, and the *Telegraph*. Comparing the reports together I have frequently found important passages in the speeches of Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone more accurately reported in the *Daily News* and the *Post* than in the *Times*. But take the reports all in all, and the *Times'* are beyond comparison ampler and more accurate than those of any of the morning papers. And this superiority is especially noticeable in one point. The *Times* never blunders in its classical quotations or historical allusions. Fox laid it down as a rule of parliamentary debate that no man ought to quote a bit of Latin or Greek that was not familiar as a household word in the mouths of every Eton boy ; and Sir Robert Peel always followed that rule. He never quoted Greek at all ; and Disraeli, in his " *Life of Lord George Bentinck*," notes the fact that none of Sir Robert Peel's Latin quotations were, so to speak, original quotations. They had all been well tried in the House before Sir Robert Peel took them up. Now, in cases like this, there is no difficulty. Every reporter knows enough of Latin and Greek to catch the ordinary quotations. But you cannot tie men like Gladstone, Lowe, and Coleridge down to the " *Newspaper Readers' Companion*." They take in their ken the whole field of classical literature ; and draw their illustrations at random from Virgil, Horace, Homer, and Aristophanes. You must be a keen and profound scholar to catch these allusions on the instant, or, if you miss them, to know where you can hunt them up at the office. It is no libel on the gentlemen of the gallery, I hope, to


say that they are not all keen and profound scholars ; and I am only remarking upon a notorious fact when I say that one or two of the papers systematically slur over most of the classical passages which adorn the speeches of our most scholarly and accomplished speakers. This the *Times* never does. It keeps in the gallery a man of the highest education and of the most varied attainments to supervise the reports of its staff, to fill up any gaps that the reporter may make in his transcription, and supply him with any quotations or names that he fails to take. This is a very convenient, though necessarily expensive, arrangement ; but it adds infinitely to the value and beauty of the *Times'* reports. Sooner or later, if the rest of the papers are to compete with the *Times*, as perfect parliamentary reporters, they must follow the *Times'* example ; and perhaps the sooner the better.

The present system of parliamentary reporting is, however, a posterously extravagant system. There are seven or eight morning newspapers ; and each of these papers keeps a special staff of its own in the gallery. Parliamentary reporting is consequently one of the heaviest items of newspaper management. It is impossible to do the work at all with a staff of less than fifteen or sixteen men ; and these men must all be highly paid. Their salaries vary from five to ten guineas a week. Six or seven sets of reporters all in a row, all taking down the same words, all writing out for hours afterwards the same stream of words, with more or less inaccuracy, and more or less fulness—what a waste of energy and labour is there here ? Nor is this all. Follow the reports of these speeches from the House of Commons to the printing offices. Here they have to be set, over and over again, by the compositors of each of the morning papers. It is a system of waste on waste, of extravagance on extravagance. One set of reporters and one set of compositors ought under a proper system of parliamentary reporting to do all the work. They do in France. They do also, I believe, in America. But under our system of competition co-operation of this description is, I suppose, impossible. The *Times'* report is too long for the *Telegraph*. The *Star* wishes to give too much prominence to Mr. Bright's speeches to suit the *Standard*. The *Standard* gives too much prominence to Mr. Disraeli's speeches to suit the *Star*. The *Daily News* and the *Post* did agree to share their reports for a session or two ; and the *Day*, during its short and inglorious career, joined in the partnership. But even this partial system of co-operation has broken down this session ; and now each newspaper gives its own report. This system is needlessly costly and needlessly weak. Yet with all its

weakness and costliness it is beyond comparison the most complete and perfect system of parliamentary reporting in the world ; and it is a splendid illustration of the skill and intelligence of our parliamentary reporters, and of the energy and enterprise of the proprietors of our newspaper press. What to foreigners is the most inexplicable part of the system is its freedom and independence. In Paris the parliamentary debates are taken down by government shorthand writers, revised by the speakers themselves, and then published at the government expense in the *Moniteur*. A very similar system prevails at Washington. The Congressional *Globe* is a government organ ; the reporters are government officials. Here all is free. Our parliamentary reports are the work of the newspapers themselves. They do not cost the government a farthing. Yet Parliament, acting upon Wyndham's theory, that the constituencies have no right to know how their representatives speak or vote, still preserves the constitutional paradox of treating parliamentary reports as a violation of the rules of the house. The reporters are strangers, and with the strangers may any day be turned out of St. Stephen's. Perhaps one day the house will reverse this rule, and pay the press the compliment of taking it into its confidence. That is all it can do, all that it need do, all that it will, I hope, ever be asked to do, except perhaps once a year to dine with its representatives on a Saturday evening in July in Willis's Rooms, under the presidency of a Royal Duke or its own leaders.

CHARLES PEBODY.

## MR. "ORIGINAL" WALKER.

 GENTLEMAN is a Christian in spirit, that will take a polish." The art of attaining high health, is one of which good breeding is an essential element. The travels of Police Magistrate Thomas Walker in search of health, taken from the day when he started up from the reading of Cicero's treatise De Oratore, "determined to be well," illustrate perpetually the benefits of a temperate and regular life, graced with cultivated courtesies, and buoyed with cheerful and generous estimates of men and things. His writing is as far from passion as it is removed from meanness. Whether addressing advice to the poor agricultural labourer, or elaborating his opinions on the methods of lessening pauperism; or, again, dwelling on the finer developments of aristology, he recommends himself by his moderation. The mind with which you are brought in contact is that of a well-bred, well-disciplined man. His lessons had this strength in them—that they inculcated discipline by a strict disciplinarian. He was the best exemplar of his own doctrine. By discipline he did more for himself than, during many years, the doctors had been able to do. He relates that when he had brought his appetites under complete control, and was residing at home in the country alone with his mother, who inspired him with contentment, he who had been a wretched invalid, enjoyed "an absolutely glowing existence." He had brought his body to so pure a condition that it vigorously repelled impurity. His face remained clean without washing. The dust of the road could not tarnish his feet. The mind had made a complete mastery, and was as buoyant in the victory as the body. This was the result of conscientious and courageous self-inspection. At breakfast, the cup of tea was reduced to half a cup; the luxurious dinner was moderated to one dish of meat and one of vegetables, with just half a pint of table beer. Tea and supper were on the same frugal scale. The watcher had discovered that the secret of good digestion was never to anticipate the appetite, to overload it, or to disappoint it. Moderation in all things—in eating and drinking, in exercise and in sleep, in mental activity and in the emotions; and moderation in all things is easy when the body has been disciplined

to the regular and due performance of all its functions. On digestion, Mr. Walker says, entirely depends the state of man. If this be so, education should begin in the cupboard; and the moral nature of the individual may be traced back to his tops and bottoms. An unnecessary egg at breakfast means a shabby action before bedtime. A man may eat himself into Newgate. Porkus stands in the dock charged with having brained Jack Styles last night. Porkus has been ruined by an unnecessary Welsh rarebit. Indigestion, as well as drunkenness, helps to fill our jails. An ill-regulated eater is an ill-regulated man, prone to violence in argument, as well as in action.

The first steps towards a disciplined life are the most difficult to take. But, says Mr. Walker, with the authority of experience, when the whole nature has been brought into harmony by a strict impression of everything tending to its good, and a peremptory setting aside of everything harmful, the mental machine and the physical machine move easily—as the mathematically-adjusted engine will work without watching. Time and patient endeavour are needful to this harmony. The discomforts which attend the breaking of a bad habit are too much for those who are in the least infirm of purpose. The certain failure which attends irresolution is comfortably set down to the peculiar individuality of the individual. "Content the stomach, and the stomach will content you," Mr. Walker's golden rule, may lead the irresolute astray: he knew this, and prepared for it. The irresolute man puts his weakness upon the peculiarity of his stomach. Mr. Walker may do with half a cup of tea at breakfast, but Wayward's stomach declines to be content with a thimbleful of Bohea. It is, indeed, a most whimsical stomach, and will have truffles, and must wrestle with plover's eggs. Half a pint of table ale may put the stomach of some people in a condition of seraphic content; but our friend Wayward's is not so easily lulled to rest or put into good humour. It has been warmed with Clos Vougeot, and will not be satisfied with a glass of treble X. The stomach carries the day; and both the moral and physical man have a tendency to be ill, instead of a tendency to be well.

The head and heart must begin the fight, and must be prepared for a tough and obstinate battle. "First," says Mr. Walker, "study to acquire a composure of mind and body; avoid agitation or hurry of one or the other, especially just before and after meals, and whilst the process of digestion is going on. To this end, govern your temper; endeavour to look at the bright side of things; keep down as much as possible the unruly passions—discord, envy, hatred, and

malice ; and lay your head upon your pillow in charity with all mankind." This is the sweet counsel on which Mr. Walker based his plan for the life, happy *through* health, of an English gentleman. But he who is composed in mind, whose temper is within the power of his own government, who is absolute master of his passions, and whose heart beats in sympathy with all mankind, is already a temperate man. It may be necessary to tell him that he should avoid solitary meals, that he should be cheerful at table ; but he has already brought his wants within his means, and his appetites within the bounds of reason. The virtues which are the basis of the life which Thomas Walker reached are, in part at least, the result of the regulated diet he enjoins. Has he not already said that perfect digestion is at the root of everything in life ? There are men of exemplary conduct who are martyrs to indigestion, who have not mastered the art of attaining high health, and have yet held themselves free from evil passions, and practised those charities and social graces which are the badges of true nobility in man. These are heroes—are saints, indeed. He who can be patient and charitable while it is beyond the power of his body to digest the food in his stomach, is a giant among men.

Then, again, the mind must begin it. The head must resolve to just give the stomach that which it can digest, and to endure its early grumblings cheerfully. Cheerfulness is the first aid to digestion : cheerful abstinence is the first trial which he who is bent upon reforming bad physical as well as moral habits, must attain. While he goes fretting from the widow Clicquot to his half a pint of table-beer and his one dish, he will not find himself either physically or morally much benefited by the change. Let the man who is stranded on this bar just outside the port, think over what follows.

We are under the roof of the Little Sisters of the Poor. The house is full of old folk, men and women. It is Death's vestibule, governed by the gentlest charity I have ever seen acting on the broken fortunes of mankind. The sisters are so many gentlewomen who have put aside all those worldly vanities so dear in these days of hoops and paint to the majority of their sisters, and have dedicated their lives to the menial service of destitute old age. They beg crusts and bones from door to door, and spread the daily board for their *protégés* with the crumbs from rich men's tables. And it is only after the old men and women have feasted on the best of the crumbs, that the noble sisters break their fast. I stepped into the Little Sisters' refectory. The dishes were heaps of hard crust and scraps of cheese ; and, at the ends of the table, were jugs of water. The table was as



clean as that of the primmest epicure. The *serviette* of each sister was folded within a ring. And the sisters sit daily—are sitting to-day, will sit to-morrow—with perfect cheerfulness, their banquet the crumbs from pauper tables! Cheerfulness will digest the hardest crust, the horniest cheese, or these pious women had died long ago. He who may find it difficult to make the first step to the cleanly, healthy, gentlemanly life into which Thomas Walker schooled himself, should knock at the gate of the hermitage wherein the Little Sisters of the Poor banquet pauper age, and pass into the refectory of these gentlewomen. It is but a stone's throw out of the noisy world. It lies in the midst of London. Here let the half-repentant, the wavering Sybarite rest awhile, pondering the help which a holy cheerfulness gives to the stomach,—yea, when the food is an iron crust and cheese-parings.

Mr. Walker tells us "a feeling of lightness or oppression, of fermentation or quiescence, will come or go as the spirits rise or fall; and the effect is generally immediately perceptible in the countenance." There is no sickness at the heart, he tells us; the sickness proceeds from the stomach. Yet again, he says, the digestion is impaired when the heart is troubled. The first fault is with the head, then, still: "Upon the digestive organ mainly depend beauty and strength of person, and beauty and strength of mind. But the mind must have the force to take up the government of the digestive organ, and compel it to act and make a grateful return in ever-increasing gifts of mental strength and seemliness."

How beneficent is the scheme in which joy begets health, and health promotes joy! Good news will give a good digestion. The sight of land has cured the scurvy in sailors. And so the head and stomach act and re-act upon each other; the head being king, the stomach a loyal and ever grateful subject, that bounteously returns all good favours. The stomach that is well served produces a healthy body, in which the healthy mind dwells at ease, and is ever fully alive to all honourable and holy pleasures. On the body in perfect health, the mind has perfect control. Then surely the first care of every rational being should be to put all in order in the mind's tenement, since the art of attaining high health is that of reaching sound morals and elevated thoughts. No inquiry, however minute, into human diet, can be unimportant: a badly cooked dinner, it seems, affects the jail delivery. I cannot call to mind that our social doctors have ever yet directed their attention to the habitual health of criminals. We have statistics of how many can read and write; but where are the figures showing us how many can digest? In our criminal popu-

lation, what is the proportion of dyspeptic individuals? You must master the dyspepsia before you can make much impression on the mind or heart.

A distinction should be carefully made between sound health, and what the world calls a high state of health. Mr. Walker justly observes: "What is generally called high health is a pampered state, the result of luxurious or excessive feeding, accompanied by hard or exciting exercise, and such a state is ever on the borders of disease. It is rather the madness or intoxication of health, than health itself, and it has a tincture of many of the dangerous qualities of madness and intoxication." The shallow are apt to describe the full-blooded country squire, who rides hard and eats and drinks hard, who has lungs that can shake the window-panes, and muscles that vie in force with those of the donkey, as a man in sound health. He is, however, no more in a condition of sound health than is the agricultural labourer with his ruddy cheeks, who daily wastes more strength than he is able to take in. The condition which we will call the squire's condition, is one in which all the functions are over-taxed. Violent exercise effects the waste of superabundant food. The blood is hot, the mind is feverish. The sleep is that of exhaustion, not of wholesome fatigue. Too much work is got out of the engine. The heavy dinner and the full potations of the evening are worked off by violent exercise on the morrow. The man is ruddy, hearty, boisterous, and will tell you that he never felt in better health in all his days: but he is not in sound health. In an epigram in favour of the Welsh nectar (mead), which I have seen quoted as a specimen of the pennillion, or "poetical blossom," the two kinds of health are suggested:—

"Nectar of bees, not Bacchus, here behold:  
Which British bards were wont to quaff of old.  
The berries of the grape with Furies swell,  
But in the honeycomb the Muses dwell."

The Furies course in the veins of the hunting squire; the Muses dwell with him who, having studied the measures of food and drink which leave the cool head master of the moderate passions, can take the cup half-filled with tea, and spurn the Knowsley ale for table-beer. Nectar of bees, rather than of Bacchus, will—

"Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the great."

"It is pity," Mr. Walker observed, "one never sees luxuries and simplicity go together, and that people cannot understand that woodcocks and champagne are just as simple as fried bacon and small

beer, or a haunch of venison as a leg of mutton ; but with delicacies there is always so much alloy as to take away the true relish."

When Mr. Walker resolved that he would enjoy health and part with the suffering and vapours which had obscured the earlier days of his life, he was not prepared to quit the ordinary pleasure-seeking world in which he lived. He had followed his plan of watchful moderation in all things for sixteen years, when he said, "I have never foregone a single engagement of business or pleasure." During the sixteen years he had no medical advice, nor took anything by way of medicine. All this time he was an epicure in the finest and brightest sense of the word. No wonder then that the volume in which he conveyed his plan of life to the world, three-and-thirty years ago, has been a precious book ever since. Having felt his way to health, through, he admits, many experiments, which appeared ridiculous to the world, and afterwards to himself ; he got up a series of good rules for guidance through every hour and event of the day, so that he was ready for any accident or contingency. The enemy never found him asleep. He laid it down that health depends upon diet, exercise, sleep, the state of the mind, and the state of the atmosphere, and on nothing else. He studied himself accordingly, in relation to these five influences. The discipline began the moment his eyelids parted in the morning. He took the air the first thing, before he tasted solid or liquid. Even a few draughts of the open air, when taken regularly as part of the system, produced, he found, a tonic effect. He permitted no kind of unfavourable weather to break this rule. The morning gulp of fresh air was to him the indispensable beginning of a healthy day. Sometimes he would transact business for an hour or so, or take a gentle ride through the air, before breaking his fast ; so convinced was he of the virtue of fasting early in the day. He is very urgent in his prayer to others who are unable, or think they are unable (the latter being the more usual predicament), to wholly fast, to take as little solid or fluid early as possible. After the bath, fresh air, and at any rate some little agreeable employment. The English plan of marching direct from the dressing-room to a meat breakfast diluted with heavy *café-au-lait*, gives the stomach no rest, no opportunity of getting a healthy tone for the day's work. Mr. Walker did not reform his breakfast table without considerable personal inconvenience. He was assailed with faint cravings—with that disagreeable sensation which is known in certain feminine circles as, a sinking. This sinking must not be mistaken for appetite. The stomach is far from being in a condition to digest food. Mr. Walker recommends a little spirit of lavender dropped upon a lump of sugar. With this,

according to his experience, the reformatory system in the matter of breakfasts may be pursued without inconvenience. An appetite will come after an hour or two. Most people, and certainly the healthiest, have the strongest appetite, four or five hours after they have risen. Mr. Walker abstained from meat with his breakfast, reserving strong food for the middle of the day; the time, I repeat, when the appetite is strongest. Above all, be cheerful, be happy, for pleasurable emotions stimulate the salival glands, "hence the wholesomeness of food that is fancied to such a degree as to make the mouth water." Seated at table, Mr. Walker had his series of precepts boxed and partitioned in his mind, each as ready to his hand as the letters in a compositor's case. Masticate thoroughly, in a cheerful, composed humour; and drink in sips. An hour or two after eating, a little more liquid facilitates instead of impeding digestion. Gentle exercise is allowable after meals. Drink beer in a wine glass, in order to maintain the habit of only sipping while eating. The drinking being well under control, there is no danger of over-eating. The moment the first appetite is satisfied, leave off; and be not tempted by any delicacy to recommence. The table philosopher has a winning way with him, whispering the following into ladies' ears. The signs of healthy eating under rule, as exhibited in the countenance, are "clearness and smoothness of complexion, thinness of lips and nose, no wrinkles under the eyes, the eyes bright, the mouth inclined to a smile, not drawn down with a sour look, as is the case with an overcharged digestion. There should be no fulness in the under lip, or uneasy sensation when pressed, which is a sure sign of derangement of the stomach. Most especially, the lower part of the nose should have a clear, healthy appearance, not thickened and full of dark clots and inflammatory impurities, as is so frequently to be observed. The difference between a pure state and that of irregular living is so great, as to produce in many persons an almost complete change of appearance in expression of countenance and personal attraction; and attention to diet is of the first consequence to those who wish to improve or retain their looks, as well as to enjoy the perfect possession of their faculties."

A pure state rather than an irregular state of living: beauty eating as well as beauty sleeping, will do more to flatter the personal vanity than all the Madame Rachels can do. Health is the best *maquillage*. The advice of Thomas Walker, M.A., late "one of the police magistrates of the metropolis," is worth fifty guides to the toilet. Moreover, compliance with his advice tends to beauty of mind as well as of person. His portrait of his mother, sketched in a few lines,

presents the charming figure of a woman having a healthy mind in a healthy body. When he was living alone with her in the country, even the influence of her character upon him was health-giving. At whatever hour he arrived home from a dinner-party, he found his mother sitting up alone for him. "Not a word of reproach—not a question." When the night was damp or chilly, the old lady of seventy was found patiently knitting at a fire prepared to welcome her son home. The supper-tray was ready at hand, but not in view. She would not tempt her truant if he did not want anything, nor disappoint him if he did. If he was disposed to be silent she went on knitting, and waited until he showed signs of inclination to speak. Whatever breakfast hour he appointed, she was always at the table to meet him. This is an excellent trait in woman. "If I desired to have a particular dinner, it was served up just as I asked for it—no alteration, no additional dish, with the very unphilosophical remark, "You have no occasion to eat it unless you like." She seemed to be aware that needless variety causes a distraction destructive of perfect contentment; and that temptation resisted, as well as temptation yielded to, produces, though in an inferior degree, digestive derangement."

The pleasant ways in which a scrupulously-regulated diet affects physical as well as moral man, are infinite. Mr. Walker found that when he ate moderately, and had brought himself into sound health, the same shoes were easy which had been tight. He studied a pair of shoes. He had a pair rather smaller than usual, which afforded him the opportunity of making his observations with great accuracy. Having purposely tried excess of diet, he found them so painful as to be unbearable on the feet. But they were perfectly easy and comfortable when he ate only that happy quantity—enough. Our philosopher traces even corns to indigestion.

While giving the world the benefit of his experiences, Mr. Walker guards himself against being put aside as a morbid valetudinarian. He says that a little irregularity in agreeable company is better than the most observant solitude. He thinks, and proves, that epicurism has undeservedly "rather an ill name." A broad line divides the epicure from the glutton. The glutton is a gross and excessive feeder, a creature always described in "The Original" with horror and disgust. The epicure is ever a most moderate man. He who dwells on the importance of half a cup of tea more or less at breakfast, and beseeches his reader to avoid the fat or skin of meat, early in the day, is not likely to countenance excess. Health is the first essential to the enjoyment of the epicure. He cannot taste who is

sick. Days begun with scrupulous moderation cannot end in excesses. Health is the first aim which the student of healthy diet, as well as of refinements in diet, is found to keep before him. Accordingly, Mr. Walker starts with his little treatises on the art of attaining and keeping health. Men and women who have not the discernment to distinguish an ortolan from a hedge-sparrow may read these treatises with profit, and not be once offended by an admixture of epicurism. The first consideration is health. But because this is the first consideration it is not the only one. We have not only to avoid digging our graves with our teeth. The art of living long, indeed, is not a very noble one, unless it is accompanied and supplemented by other and nobler arts. The art of attaining a healthy life is, happily, inseparable from that of reaching a good life.

We have before us, then, a man so schooled and practised in the rules which govern health, as to be almost beyond the reach of temptation to excesses of any kind. Is he not to enjoy the good things in the world, he who is best disciplined wholly to enjoy them? Surely he has a right to enjoyment as well as health. His palate is cool and delicate, and is he not to taste the pleasure which it is capable of affording him? "The different products of the different seasons, and of the different parts of the earth, afford endless proofs of bounty, which it is as unreasonable to reject as to abuse." The epicure is not to suffer for the sins of the glutton. Because there have been men who have given up the greater part of their life to the pleasures of the table, and who have indulged in these pleasures to excess, giving them a place before and above the higher purposes of life; is the true epicure, the moderate man of highly cultivated tastes, who, his daily round of duties finished, can savour with delight the infinite delicacies of flavour which nature has laid under the skilled human hand—is he to be condemned as paying undue homage to the flesh? Mr. Walker maintains that there is a happy mean; and as upon the due regulation of the appetite assuredly depends our physical wellbeing, and upon this our mental energies, it seems to me that gastronomy is worthy of attention, for reasons of very high importance. Some attention may be given to the pleasures of the table, if only to promote the content and the agreeable emotions which conduce to the healthy assimilation of the food with the body. It is healthy to have that which is agreeable to the palate. Variety is wholesome, content is a medicine, and hence, as our own philosopher has it, "it is sound, practicable philosophy to have mustard on the table before the arrival of toasted cheese."

## UP AND DOWN A SALMON STREAM.

**T**HE name of the stream is of no consequence whatever to our argument; any good salmon river, with a few tributary waters, will suit our purpose admirably; indeed, an imaginary stream would do best of all, because "it is not the river but the fish that are in it," that we intend to deal with at present. We shall not, therefore, select a filthy stream, a mere receptacle for mill refuse and town sewage—not the Thames nor the Clyde. Alas! these streams contain no salmon! Nor shall we select the mighty Severn, because that river and its belongings are too vast to be discussed here; nor can we deal with any of its tributaries, because they won't suit the purpose we have in view, which is, to describe the economy of a salmon farm of moderate dimensions. There is a river, however, that we have constantly in our mind's eye, a Scottish water of just the requisite magnitude, containing, as we should estimate, a million of fish or thereabouts, that will exactly suit our purpose. It is from source to sea a thorough salmon river. It has just the requisite number of tributaries; it has a good flow of pure water, and terminates in a noble estuary. Nor is the stream without a history. Its waters, in days long past away, have been tinged with the dye of battle; and then it is both a poetic and a picturesque stream. Its course is oft by the mountain-side, and it meanders through many a lovely glen, its glinting waters shaded by green trees, while old castles, modern palaces, venerable mills, and picturesque villages, are plentifully dotted along its green and fertile banks.

In accordance with our title we shall first ascend our salmon river, going up with the fish as they are returning from the sea to their procreant cradles in the upper waters. And where have the salmon been since they came down stream a few weeks ago? This interrogation has been frequently put, but has never, in our opinion, been satisfactorily answered. It has been said of the salmon, as indeed it has been said of the herring and other fish, that they pay an annual visit to the North Pole; but that is nonsense, for the salmon, like the

herring, is very local in its habits, and returns unfailingly, so long as it lives, to its native stream ; it comes not only into the right estuary from the sea, but with rare instinct it finds out the very river, nay, the tributary of the river, in which it was born ; and there, from year to year, it repeats the story of its birth. It is not likely, we think, that the salmon goes far away from its own river, but that it finds a rich feeding ground somewhere in the salt water is obvious, for the fish that came down stream little better than "weel mended kelts," return plump and beautiful salmon, with two or three pounds of additional flesh on their bones. The salmon is so local that any fisherman can tell a Tweed from a Tay fish at a glance, as they can also tell a Lochfyne herring from a Dunbar one, or a Norway lobster from one taken at the Orkney Islands. There has been from first to last a considerable amount of controversy as to the food of this fish, and there is great curiosity among naturalists to know what it eats, drinks, and avoids. We can only guess, however, as salmon when caught and opened present almost no evidence on the point. Hundreds of these fish have been dissected in order if possible to determine what they feed upon when in the sea, but without effect. The salmon which are taken in the stake nets, as they course along in search of their birth-stream, are always in fine condition ; but the moment these fish leave the salt water they begin to get poor in flesh, and lose their flavour, and when they approach their spawning period they are almost uneatable, the whole of their flesh-forming power having gone to the formation of their milt or roe.

If the water were always sufficiently abundant in the salmon rivers the fish would reach the upper streams in a very short space of time, as it swims with great rapidity ; but salmon, as during the present season, are often detained in the estuaries for want of water, or, if we may use the word, are "becalmed" in some pool, unable to reach their breeding-grounds. They must wait till there is a "spate," or fresh, and then they may be seen going up stream in hundreds, at which time they become the prey of the fishermen, being captured by means of a net and coble at the various fishing-stations. A river usually belongs to several proprietors, and each proprietor or lessee has therefore in a sense an opposing interest ; he would prevent if he could the ascent of any fish to supply the nets of his neighbour. But salmon do make their way up to the head streams, notwithstanding the sharp look out that is kept for them at the lower stations, where, as the tide makes, the coble shoots out with its long trail of netting, and encircles such fish as the advancing waters may have brought up. It has been frequently suggested that a salmon river



would be more economically managed, and yield more fish, if it were worked on some well devised co-operative plan, instead of on the competitive system as at present. We have an example of the value of a river worked in the way suggested, in the Spey, where there are not more than two fishing stations. That river is chiefly the property of the Duke of Richmond, who, by adopting a long close season every year, and giving the fish weekly breathing times as well, has made it one of the most productive salmon streams in Britain. What the duke has done, other proprietors may also accomplish. Were salmon streams fished on the co-operative principle, the fish would not require to be taken till they were wanted, and at times, when the demand was slack from the market being glutted by the arrival of large supplies, then fishing operations could be stayed for a day or two, thus allowing the fish to get away to the places which it is essential a large percentage of them ought to reach, not only to allow the upper proprietors to have a little angling, but that these animals may perpetuate their kind.

It would be curious to calculate the per-centage of salmon that reach the breeding streams. Some economists say that only about one in every ten reach the upper waters ; but it is very questionable, we think, if the per-centage is so favourable as that, because, in addition to those persons who are legitimately employed to capture the fish, the salmon has a host of enemies. Yes, a host of enemies ! And these enemies are constantly arrayed in battle against the fish, from the time the eggs are deposited till the animal is captured for the use of the table. Even the elements are frequently unpropitious : a flood may carry away the eggs to some ungenial spot where they cannot ripen into life, or a slight change in the course of the stream may leave the eggs without that watery element which is essential to their vitality. Then the yellow trout and the water hens are fond of salmon ova, and the pike luxuriates on the infantile parr, devouring them in hundreds ; and when the sea-bound smolts begin to arrive at the salt water there is lying in wait for them a countless horde of minor monsters of the deep, ready to prey upon them, anxious to have such a delicious banquet. In addition to, and quite as active as these natural enemies of the salmon, there is man, especially man the poacher ! Salmon suffer from poachers at all times and seasons, but especially at that season when they have the greatest need of protection, and when they are most accessible from being in shallow water. At one period in the history of our salmon fisheries poaching was simply a recreation indulged in by farm servants, weavers, and others living in the vicinity of a salmon river, all they

wanted being an occasional fish for family use ; and so travellers might occasionally, at nightfall, come upon a merry party of hinds and farmers, "burning the water," which at one time was a very picturesque way of poaching; and is well described by Sir Walter Scott in "Redgauntlet." In later times, poaching became a business, and was carried on quite in a wholesale way. A party of weavers would, on a given night, drag a spawning ground with nets, and so obtain a few hundred ugly animals, just in the act perhaps of spawning, which they would sell to some person with a view to their being sent abroad, or to their being thrown into the market in some shape or other. It is quite certain then, keeping in mind the numerous dangers, legitimate and illegitimate, which these valuable fish are exposed to, that but a very small per-centage of those which go down to the sea as smolts ever come back as grilse, and that *pro rata*, a still smaller number of grilse come back fully developed salmon.

Following the fish up stream, we have a good opportunity of proving what we say. As the animal coasts along the shore, it may get entangled in a stake net, and the receding tide leave it to die. And once upon a time, if it escaped the stake, it might very likely fall into that mysterious chamber of horrors the bag net, where a speedy death most assuredly awaited it; and if it escaped both of these, it had still to outwit the men with their nets and cobbles, whose sole business from morning to night was to watch and capture it. If the fish was fortunate enough to hit upon a Sunday for its journey, it might travel a long way without being molested; as by Act of Parliament Sunday is a day of rest to the fish. As has been hinted, a want of water may delay the ascent, and so also may a dyke or a mill head. It is beautiful to see salmon leaping over an obstruction. Sometimes they will be congregated in scores at the bottom of a little waterfall, and if not too high, the fish may be seen at all hours of the day and night, leaping or trying to leap over it. A highland laird, it is said, used to light a fire, and keep a large caldron of water boiling upon it, so as to ensure his friends a fish dinner; one or two of the more active salmon being pretty sure to precipitate themselves into the boiling water! The laird was thus enabled to treat his friends to a "pretty kettle of fish?" There has been a great deal said and written during recent years about fish ladders and passes; and we have seen, in Mr. Buckland's Museum at Brompton, some very curious models of these useful erections. A problem that has frequently to be solved is, how are the fish to surmount this or that waterfall, or to get over some mill dam erection. Many enthusiastic fishery economists say that nothing is so easy—"you have only to erect a fish

ladder." But it is easier to propose the erection of a fish ladder than to erect it. No cut and dried plan will do: the same design, it is obvious, won't suit every stream; in fact each stream, (that is, where there is an obstruction), will require a ladder or a pass specially adapted to the natural circumstances of the place. One would fancy while examining some of the stairs, and complimenting the "ingenuity" of the engineer, that he was next to be shown fish specially adapted to ascend the ladders. In fact, it appears to us that the persons who have contrived the majority of these structures, have forgotten the great fact of the fish being already in existence. They have invented stairs and ladders, let us entreat them next to invent fish that will be able to ascend them. First to catch your hare and then make your soup, is a maxim in cookery. We wish it could be followed by the inventors of salmon ladders; their grand idea, however, is, first make your ladder and then find out fish that can use it; to make salmon stairs as *outré*, and unsuitable as possible, seems to be a point of honour with the constructive persons who venture to show salmon the way they should go. If these men would only study nature, and observe the peculiarities of each obstruction, they might some day succeed in being of real service to the salmon.

In time the salmon arrives at its destination; but when it attains its breeding stream, it is just possible that the anxious angler, hungry for a few fish, and cursing the greedy disposition of commercial fishers, who allow so few salmon to arrive at the upper streams, may land it on the green sward after an hour or two's hard fighting. There is usually a battle in progress on all salmon streams between the upper and the lower proprietors, the men who breed the fish, and the men who catch them. The men who give the breeding ground are hardly used; all the benefit they derive from the stream, is a few weeks' rod-fishing at the end of the season: the men below derive all the profit; those who give the breeding ground obtain only a barren honour; but there can be no question if the co-operative plan of fishing were followed, that the upper proprietors would obtain a much greater interest in the fishery. It is as clear as sunlight, that if no smolts went down to the sea, no salmon would ever ascend to the fishing stations; and if the upper lairds chose either to destroy the breeding fish, or to prevent the deposit of their eggs, there would be neither parr nor smolts to grow into future salmon. True, the lower lairds might resort to pisciculture, and so keep up the supplies; but in a well regulated fishery the natural system is the best. Pisciculture is a capital adjunct, but should not be relied upon as the sole means of stocking a large salmon farm.

Arrived at the procreant cradle of the salmon, let us pause whilst the rippling stream is nursing the fish-germs into life, and say a few words about the natural history of what has been called the "venison of the waters." The natural history of the salmon has been written in controversy. No other animal has had so much literature devoted to it, if we except, perhaps, the busy bee. Every stage of salmon growth has been hotly disputed; the fish has been jealously watched by rival factions from the moment of its escape from its fragile prison, till it perhaps found a grave in the stomach of some assiduous attendant at the banquets of my lord mayor of London. An exact manual of salmon controversy would be a curiosity of literature; and one of the most curious chapters of the work would be a *resumé* of the parr controversy. The parr controversy was a dispute that raged long and keenly among naturalists; indeed it is still raging, for some people won't believe what their own eyes show them. Briefly stated, the controversy is, or at least was, whether a little fish known in Scotland as the parr, and in England as the samlet, was the young of the true salmon (*Salmo Salar*). "It is," said one body of the disputants. "It is not," rejoined another. And in that state the discussion remained for a long period. But some clever persons who took an interest in the economy of the salmon fisheries, being resolved that the parr question should not rest on such an unsatisfactory basis, determined to see and observe for themselves, and began a series of what were in reality, although the phrase was then unknown, piscicultural experiments. The experimenters are both dead, and they have gone to their graves unrewarded, although it is quite certain they did royal service to the cause of the salmon fisheries. Their names were Shaw of Drumlanrig, forester to the Duke of Buccleuch, and Andrew Young of Invershin, who was at the time of experimenting in the employment of the Duke of Sutherland, at Dunrobin Castle. They gathered the eggs of the salmon, and kept them till they came to life, and grew into parrs, detaining them till they were seized with the migratory instinct, when they were found to have changed into what in Scotland are called smolts, having a totally different appearance from the parr, being scaled fish, ready to encounter the salt-water, an element in which we know the parr cannot live. The most curious circumstance attending their experiments was the independent conclusions arrived at by the two men; one found that the parr changed into smolts, and became scaled fish at a period of twelve months from the time of their being hatched; whilst the other asserted that these fish did not become parr till they were two years old! Thus the parr question remained

till the Stormontfield experiments began ; nothing being settled but that the parr ultimately became young salmon, and even that was very grudgingly admitted by many of the controversialists. A curious turn was given to the controversy by the establishment of artificial breeding-ponds at Stormontfield on the river Tay. It was there found that neither Shaw nor Young were right, but that a moiety of the parr became smolts at the end of twelve months, whilst the other half of any given brood of salmon did not change till the fish were two years of age ! How is that ? will be asked. Well, we cannot tell : nobody can tell ; it is one of those curiosities of fish growth which nobody can understand.

In reference to this anomaly, Mr. Robert Buist, the conservator of the Tay fisheries, kindly furnished us with the following notes : The anomaly of one-half of the fry reaching the condition of smolts, and leaving the ponds when only a year old, and the other half remaining, has always been supposed to be accounted for upon the supposition of the earlier fish being the produce of the full-grown salmon, while the others, or two-year old brood, were supposed to be the fry of grilse. Experiments at Stormontfield put this matter right by negating the supposition. I gave orders in November, 1859, that none but full salmon should be taken for the purposes of the ponds, but for all that the anomaly remains exactly as before. Although all the fry in the ponds this year [1861] were the produce of the mature salmon, only a moiety of them have as yet departed for the sea, while those which are left will remain in the parr state for another year certain. In the early part of last year, from the unfavourable season for hatching purposes, the whole brood appeared stunted and ill-grown, and it was hardly expected that any of the 1859 eggs would be found assuming the smolt state this year. However, about the month of April, early fears were dispelled. A goodly portion of the fry began to assume the smolt scales, and the metamorphosis continued rapidly, till fully a half of the brood were ripe for the sea, and allowed in consequence to migrate into the river.

The philosophy of fish culture will afford matter for a separate paper, and in the mean time we shall prepare to descend the stream with the sea-going fish. The dates of fish life and growth are interesting. The parent salmon begin to deposit their eggs in November, and in some rivers as early as October. The fecundation of the ova was also at one time a matter of controversy, and much nonsense was written on the subject, but it is now known that the fecundation of the eggs is altogether an outward operation ; that is, the ova being exuded by the female fish, it is fructified by the milt of the male

animal; hence the art of pisciculture. This is the grain of knowledge that has led to the re-populating of the French fresh-water fisheries, by means of the fish laboratory of Huningue, where thousands of fish eggs are annually received for distribution throughout the provinces of France. After a period of a hundred days, more or less, the eggs yield their fish, tiny little things that have to depend for their subsistence on the umbilical bag. They grow apace, however, and in twelve months half of the brood is ready to go to the sea; so that we have this anomaly in connection with the growth of the salmon, namely, that a portion of the fish come back from the salt-water weighing two or three pounds (so it is thought), while their brothers and sisters are still parr of about half an ounce in weight and two inches in length. The parr suffer dreadfully on their way to the sea, or rather while they remain in the river; they become an easy prey to the juvenile angler, and afford an occasional toothsome fry to the cottagers of a salmon district. We have heard of an industrious farmer on the river Isla, a tributary of the Tay, who fed his pigs with these young salmon!

It has been calculated that a salmon yields about a thousand eggs for every pound of its weight. Thus a twenty-pound salmon should yield about twenty thousand eggs; but large deductions require to be made from the gross yield before it can be determined how many fish will result from a given hatching. Thousands of the eggs escape the germinating milt, other thousands are devoured by hungry enemies, and thousands are never hatched, from various causes over which there can be no control; so that of the twenty thousand eggs that may be deposited by a female salmon, it is questionable if more than a fourth of that quantity will ever come to life, far less arrive at the maturity of table fish. Supposing, however, that five thousand of the eggs hatch out, it is pretty certain that not above a fifth of that number of young will ever reach the sea, and only a moderate percentage of these will escape the dangers of the deep, and be able to return as grilse to the parental waters; for we even, stupid as it may seem, kill our grilse, although these are fish that have never bred, but it being legal to kill them, they are killed accordingly in vast numbers. It will thus be seen that if the salmon was not a most prolific fish, it would soon become extinct. But all fish are wonderfully fruitful. A codfish yields its young by the million, whilst a herring of ordinary size may contain more than thirty thousand eggs. It has been said that if a pair of herrings were to be placed in a sea as large as the German Ocean, and were left unmolested for a period of ten years, the water would be utterly impassable from its wealth of

fish. Such accumulation is fortunately impossible : the balance kept up by nature prevents it.

Nothing is more certain than that a stream of a given size will only breed and feed a given number of fish. If the salmon are too plentiful, they will be lean and flavourless from the want of sufficient food ; if, on the other hand, there is the right number, the fish will be fat and of fine flavour. A good salmon river, however, is very populous, not only with "fish of the salmon kind," which are protected by Act of Parliament, but also with fish which are not of the salmon kind, but are the enemies of the salmon, as eels, pike, and other fishes. In particular, there are salmon in the river (or at any rate these fish are constantly going and coming) of all ages and of a size ranging from two and three inches to monsters of the deep that are three or four feet long, and forty or fifty pounds in weight,—fish that are more valuable than sheep ! It is gratifying to find salmon so heavy, and that they are becoming more and more plentiful. Ten or twelve years ago we could not have estimated the fish of any salmon river as being more in the aggregate than fifteen or sixteen pounds weight per salmon, now they have greatly increased, and will be on the average at least four or five pounds more than that ; the fish (we exclude parrs) of almost any good salmon river will now weigh over twenty pounds each, and many of an exceptionally large size are beginning to be caught. Ten years ago there would be few five-year old fish in any of our salmon rivers, as we were at that time feasting on our four-year olds, that is, if we are not in error as to the ratio of salmon growth, which we hold to be as follows : An egg deposited in the November of 1864 would be transformed into a fish in the May of 1865 ; a year after that date it would be possible for that parr to become a smolt, and if so, it would descend to the sea in May or June, and return about August or September as a grilse, weighing four or five pounds ; in 1867, if spared, it would again proceed to the sea, and, if the Duke of Athole's experiments may be relied upon, come back as a salmon of ten or twelve pounds' weight ; and this year, just about the time this Magazine is published, it should be grown into a prime fish, and will have had a few more pounds added to its weight. It is well that the salmon supply has again topped the demand ; at the time we have indicated, ten or twelve years ago, it almost looked as if this fine fish would have become extinct—the fruits of over-fishing and evil legislation. Now, as has been hinted, our chief salmon streams must be populous with fish ; but no exact census, and that is to be regretted, can be taken of these finny inhabitants of the deep. At the present time

our salmon stream contains salmon, of all sizes and in all stages of growth; there is first the little parr of a few months old—those that came to life in May; then there are also, the year-old parrs—that is the moiety that did not emigrate at the end of the first year; and besides these, there will be a few three-year olds—fish that, from some cause or other, have not yet assumed the livery of emigration. Next, we have the newly-returned smolts, now known as grilse. They have been at the sea for the first time. And there is besides a lot of fine fresh run eight and ten pound salmon, working up the stream to reach the spawning-ground, and to crown all, we find the patriarchs of the river, the grandsires and great-grand-sires of the population; the whole making up a wonderfully large number—without taking into account such vermin as the bull-trout, about which we shall have a word or two to say presently.

The rapid growth of the salmon is really very remarkable. Making great allowance for blunders and exaggerations, it has we think, been proved that a smolt weighing about an ounce and a half in May, has grown into a four-pound grilse between that time and the end of August! It was at one time pretty generally maintained that a grilse never became a salmon; indeed, there are gentlemen who still maintain that proposition. The late Duke of Athole, however, took steps to prove, and succeeded in proving, from the growth of certain fish that he caused to be marked, that grilse undoubtedly become salmon; and also that they grow with very great rapidity, gaining several pounds in weight every year. No explanation has ever been given of the extraordinary mode in which the salmon change from parr into smolts. The parr are entirely destitute of scales, they have a skin which is so very thin that if a parr be placed in salt-water before it is covered with scales, it speedily sickens and dies. How it is that only half of a brood of salmon change into smolts at one time is a problem that has still to be solved, nor can any cause be assigned for the alternate life of the fish, which go from the fresh water to the salt, and *vice versa*, with such undeviating regularity. Many experiments have been tried with a view to find out how it is that the parr do not all become smolts at one time; and the most interesting of the experiments were undoubtedly those related on a preceding page. As to the cause of the salmon migrating, it is said that it is driven from salt water to fresh as a means of killing certain parasites that prey upon it—sea-lice these parasites are called, and they are often seen on a fresh run or sea-killed salmon.

It is time now to say a few more words about the economy of a



salmon stream, and the management of the fisheries. The water of any river which contains fish ought to be pure; in fact, the best test of the purity of a stream is, that fish are able to live in it. These animals are so susceptible that they rapidly become in flavour and colour a mere reflex of their surroundings. In a river where large quantities of resinous wood are floated to market the fish acquire a resinous taste. In dark earthy waters the fish are dark and earthy; in fact, fish of all kinds have a good many of the qualities of the chameleon about them: so that purity of water is the first grand essential of a salmon or trout stream. A great many of the English rivers are, or were lately, without any fish, in consequence of their being used as sewers. Some rivers again, that had long been barren from the same cause, immediately became populous with fine salmon the moment the cause was removed. It is wonderful what an amount of filth of all kinds a river will absorb before the fish begin to desert it or to be poisoned. There is, for instance, the Frith of Forth at Edinburgh: for years past numerous gas-works have been emptying their refuse into that stream, throwing into the water every year not less than two hundred and fifty millions of gallons of fish poison; and besides that amount of liquid stuff, there flows into the water all kinds of refuse water and diluted chemicals from distilleries, secret works, bleach-fields, paper-mills, and other manufactories. It is wonderful, after all this poison matter is thrown in, that salmon continue to live and thrive in the Forth. It is the last straw that is said to break the camel's back—we wonder how many more gallons of refuse it will require to drive away the salmon from that river. The attention of Parliament having been directed to the necessity of purifying our rivers, commissioners were appointed to inquire into the state of most of the English streams, with a view to report upon the necessary remedies, so that in time we may expect some improvement in most of our streams.

There is by law both an annual and a weekly close time for salmon. This circumstance is of great value to the various fisheries, as it admits of a proper supply of fish getting up the river to spawn, which, if the matter were left entirely in the hands of the owners or lessees, might not be the case. There has from first to last been a mighty amount of disputation on the subject of the close time; when it should begin, and how long it ought to last, has been discussed with great heat, and even now attempts are being made to extend the open season of some of the rivers for a few days; a reasonable enough request in one or two instances, where the river is a late one. Some of the Scottish salmon rivers, it is said, are closed ten or

fourteen days before the proper time; and it is argued that in consequence the public are deprived of a supply of these fine fish at the very time they could be taken in the greatest plenty, and would consequently be sold cheap. "Excellent fish of the salmon kind," say some of the Edinburgh fishmongers, "might be obtained till the middle of September, without damage to the fisheries." It is quite clear that the same periods for close time would not be suitable to all rivers, because in some streams the fish are early and in others late, and where, as in some places in England, the close time is inappropriate, it ought to be altered. But as regards other streams, we should like to leave well alone, especially where the close times, as presently observed, have been proved to be of benefit to the fisheries. It is thought by some that the salmon fisheries north of the Tweed might be kept open a few days longer without any damage to their productive power. A recent Act of Parliament gives the Commissioners power, if we mistake not, to lengthen the fishing season, but we hope the power will be tenderly used, because the changing and extension of the close time has on some rivers been the saving of the salmon.

The whole question of the economy of a salmon river may be easily summed up if we liken the river to a stock farm. There is one grand fact that must never be lost sight of in salmon farming, and it is, that a given expanse of water will only feed and breed a given number of fish. A fishmonger tells us that the Forth is now overpopulated, and that hundreds of salmon are annually found dead in consequence. In other rivers, as the Tweed, the vermin—that is the bull trout, &c.—are gaining an ascendancy that must in time prove fatal to the true salmon (*Salmo Salar*). Yet these bull trout being under protection, as fish of the "salmon kind," cannot be killed at that period when to destroy one of them would prevent the growth of future thousands—namely, during the close time. Neither the Tweed Act, nor any other Act, permits the killing of fish of the "salmon kind" at an unlawful period. Some people say, when a river is destitute of salmon, "go largely into pisciculture;" but pisciculture is only a remedy for *overfishing*. Pisciculture is no remedy for a river that is full of vermin, because the more fish of the real kind that are bred, the greater will be the increase of the bull trout and the other enemies of the true salmon. In salmon farming we have a great deal to learn. It is easy for persons of shallow information to write or speak dogmatically about the salmon fisheries; but those who know most, or at any rate those who think deeply on the subject, say least about their knowledge.

## “A FRIAR OF ORDERS GREY.”

“**N**OW saddle my palfrey, brother, I pray,  
And saddle thine own as well,”  
Said a burly monk of the Friars grey,  
Coming out of his lonely cell ;  
“ For I’ve got to leave home  
On a journey to Rome,  
Which will take me full many a day ;  
So furnish thyself  
With all manner of pelf  
To shorten the time on our way.  
And take thee a flask  
From the choicest old cask  
We all of us love so well,  
For far, far and near,  
There’s no such good cheer  
As grows in the Val Policell.”

“ Pax vobiscum,” the abbot he cried,  
“ St. Francis watch over thee well ! ”  
And off on his journey the pater hied  
At the sound of the matin bell.  
Full hot was the day  
And dusty the way,  
The flask became empty full soon ;  
Not an inn on the road,  
As onwards they strode  
To within half-an-hour of noon.

At last they drew near  
To an inn where good cheer  
Was marked up for man and for beast ;  
The wine was right good,  
And the monk as he stood  
Drank off half-a-gallon at least.

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"By St. Francis," he cried,  
 "Now here I'll abide,  
 And send thee on, brother, ahead,  
 To mark with an 'Est,'  
 Wherever the best  
 Can be found of the grape's ruby red."

So pater and brother  
 Took leave of each other ;  
 The monk to his goblet returned,  
 And on the next day  
 Continued his way,  
 Till the magical "Est" he discerned.

Through Tuscany's meads  
 The pater's path leads,  
 Through olive groves, vineyards, and flowers,  
 Where the golden grain  
 Of Arezzo's plain  
 Stretches to Cortona's towers,  
 Where clustering vine  
 And mulberry twine  
 Their branches in leafy green bowers,  
 And off to the west of the mountain crest,  
 The silent waters gleam,  
 Where Roman and Nubian calmly rest,  
 Dreaming the last long dream.

But the pater he thought,  
 I trow me, of nought  
 But where he should drink of the best ;  
 He recked not the scene  
 Of dark Thrasymene—  
 His thoughts were all center'd on "Est!"

Thus up-hill and down,  
 Through hamlet and town,  
 O'er plains fertile, fruitful, or stony ;  
 The best bottles broached,  
 Until he approached  
 The city of Mont' Fiascone.

And lo ! on the door  
Of a tavern he saw  
Thrice the gladdening signals chalked up.  
" Surely Est, Est, Est,  
Is the best of the best,"  
Quoth the pater, " so here will I sup."

Cap in hand, the host drew near  
To greet his priestly guest  
And tell of all the dainty cheer  
That stood at his behest.  
" My wine is sparkling, pure and clear,  
Of Italy's the best ;  
Mine olive-trees known far and near,  
To give the choicest zest !"

" Get away with thine olives, thou silliest knave !  
To relish a cup of good wine,  
By St. Francis, I'll ne'er, till I come to my grave,  
Taste one of these olives of thine !"

Pearling beads of sparkling light  
Flashed thro' the crystal cup ;  
And as he grasped the goblet bright  
The old monk's eye lit up.  
" Now bless thee, man, with gifts amain,  
I speak a word of truth,  
Each ruby cup brings back again  
A year of golden youth !"

And deep and long the pater's draught,  
He drained the goblet dry ;  
And leaning 'gainst the portal's shaft,  
A tear broke from his eye.  
By turns he wept, by turns he laughed,  
Then heaved a heavy sigh,—  
" Many a goblet choice I've quaffed,  
But never a one came nigh  
That warmed my heart with fire divine,  
As this rare juice of thine."

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For days he stayed  
 And quaffed and prayed  
 For strength to fight the devil ;  
 But ev'ry night  
 He lost the fight  
 And on the ground lay level.

He fought amain,  
 But all in vain,  
 The devil won the battle ;  
 Till icy Death  
 Cut off his breath  
 With his almighty rattle.

But in the mean time, wonder great  
 Perplexed the brother's mind ;  
 For what could be the pater's fate  
 That he thus stayed behind ?

So back to find the truant out  
 The faithful brother sped,  
 And, soon relieved of all his doubt,  
 He found the pater—dead !

“ Alas, alas ! and woe is me ! ”  
 Th' afflicted brother cried,  
 “ That such the good soul's end should be,  
 Unshriven to have died ! ”

They laid him 'midst the vines, alone,  
 A red grape at his head ;  
 And at his feet a sculptured stone  
 To mark his lonely bed.

And there, with many a sigh and groan  
 And beatings of the breast,  
 The brother he wrote on this self same stone :  
 “ Dominus meus mortuus est,  
 Propter nimium Est, Est, Est ! ”

H. A. BURETTE.

## THE AUTUMN HOLIDAY.

**W**HAT the Autumn Holiday is entitled to take rank beside the *Times* newspaper, the electric telegraph, and *The Gentleman's Magazine*, as one of the *institutions* of the land, I think can scarcely be doubted. At least, if that use which becomes second nature, and the general admission of its necessity in almost all ranks of life, can stamp an institution as English, this, although one of the latest born, must be admitted to have taken as deep root as any other social practice which the "exigences of civilisation" have introduced among us.

Of very uncertain parentage, and composed of very various elements, the autumn holiday has grown up in our midst under all the disadvantages which such an origin implies; and its promiscuous character and irregular conduct must be laid to the charge of that total neglect of all order, of that *laissez faire* system, which characterises the social amusements and relaxations of Englishmen.

If we take our social cycle at the autumnal end, and trace it back to the other, we come to the Christmas festivities. And thus it is the sparks from the yule-log which kindle the fires of ambition, and keep the wheel of fashion in its perpetual round. Christmas dinners, family gatherings, fox-hunts, shooting parties, county balls, although they no longer occupy, as in times past, the whole attention of what is called "society," still retain the *premier pas*. Ambition may be a vaunting passion, the desire for distinction in London society may rise to a mania, parliaments may be powerful and make wise laws, business may be all-absorbing, yet they must all wait until the country and country sports have had their innings, and absorbed the first and full share of the *vis vite* of English gentlemen and gentlewomen;—so deeply rooted still are our habits of thought in the manners and customs of our Saxon and Norman ancestors.

The London season is but one, but the country has two,—the winter, namely, and the autumn. The London season begins with the reprieve of the partridges and pheasants, and ends with the death warrant of the grouse. So these pleasant specimens of the "feathered tribe" may be said to represent the alpha and the omega of all the social activities of this great nation. And

forget not to note how curiously the divinity who presides over "le sport" has accommodated each kind of game to the capacities of the several races of social man; the comparatively rich and the comparatively poor; the young and the old; the robust and the feeble! Partridgecide is within the means of all the middle classes of society, but the slaughter of the pheasants demands plenty of money. Moreover, the latter is a kind of barn-door combat, a sort of stay-at-home warfare, performed easily enough by elderly gentlemen who are only fit for garrison duty. The expedition against the grouse, on the other hand, partakes of a marauding character, and is best adapted to the light limbed guerillas and sharp-shooters amongst sportsmen, who, with plenty of time and little fat, can endure the sultry heat of the reeking mountain side in the hottest month of the year.

So long, then, as country sports and country hospitalities retain their present hold upon those who are called the "lords of creation" and the "queens of society,"—and long may they retain their hold—it will be in vain to exclaim against the absurdly late period of the year at which the London season begins and ends. Yet that the best educated and most refined classes should turn their backs upon nature at the very time when she is most attractive, and shut their eyes to her charms just as she has decked herself in the lovely attire of her virgin prime, asking to be wooed, is curious, is lamentable, is sad. But where fashion leads who dare refuse to follow? Fashion keeps us in the country until March or April, and fashion and parliament between them keep us in town until August, and—*voilà tout!*

The consequence of this arrangement is, that the present lengthy season is injurious from its uninterrupted continuousness. It comes at a time, too, when the country has superior claims upon our attention, and the autumn holiday falls too late in the year. When we reflect upon the enormous amount of business transacted by parliament, and by those connected with its functions, and upon the infinite interests which are involved in its deliberations; when we reckon the members of committees, parliamentary agents and their employés, counsel and their surroundings;—attorneys, clients, witnesses, *et hoc genus omne*; when we think of the incessant toil, by night and by day, of these, and of thousands of others, we must allow the interests to be enormous. But so is the strain. Scores of brains break down under it every season; hundreds of minds are thrown off their balance; and thousands have their nervous systems seriously and permanently damaged. For the ever bent bow will in time lose its tension, and the spring which is never relaxed *must* part with its elasticity. And is it not, in fact, the most learned, the most



laborious, the most important section of society, the *crème de la crème*, in the best sense, which suffers?

Is there no remedy for at least a great part of this evil? Why not divide this long and harassing season into two parts? It is only necessary to begin earlier, say in February, or when parliament meets, and there might be an interregnum, a holiday at Whitsuntide, of a month's duration, say from the middle of May to the middle of June, when the country could be visited, and the energies of business men recruited after three months of hard work. This would be much better than the present two little holidays at Easter and Whitsuntide, which are too short to be of real use to anyone. The season might then extend to the middle of August, as at present, three months more.

By this arrangement our senators and their satellites would get a good rest, and time would be afforded for re-arranging business which had been thrown out of gear, or matters thrust aside in the scuffle, ready for the second half of the session.

It will doubtless be objected to this proposal that there are so many and such vast interests concerned in the London "season," that anything beyond a mere temporary suspension of its daily life and functions would prove most disastrous to them. Besides the above, artists of all kinds, authors, publishers, and other caterers for the public tastes and amusements might be thrown out of work by thousands, it may be said, for the whole time here suggested to be kept holiday. But need this be? Much of the mere routine work would go on as usual, only with less strain; and many of the classes just named would follow their patrons into the country, or pay a visit to the continent, for a short season; whilst all, principals and subordinates, patrons and clients, would gain as much by a ramble in the country in the month of June as in that of September.

Before passing to the autumn holiday, I wish to make a remark upon the prevalent idea that holiday-making is on the increase. Is it not that the manner of it only is changed? Is it *tempora mutantur, or nos mutamur* only? No doubt, the railways pouring their hundreds of thousands of eager sight-seers into modern Babylon every week, and the theatres, music-halls, and other places of amusement nightly crammed with their thousands a-piece, give some colour to the truth of this assertion. But all this travelling is not for amusement alone; and are not the places I have mentioned crammed because other and older-fashioned amusements are become forsaken? It is true that our grandfathers did not run about the country in the unquiet manner that we do; and the "grand tour" of the Continent, formerly a matter of a couple of years, now "done" in six weeks, was

reserved for those who, to gentle condition, added abundant means. Yet they enjoyed a great variety of merry-making of which the change in social habits and fashion has deprived their successors. There were the feasts or fêtes in honour of the patron saint of the parish church in each village; the rejoicings at harvest-home, at weddings, and at coming of age, and the like, of which our present doings in the same way are but a faint shadow. Some of these, such as the village wakes, now only linger with diminished observance in remote and old-fashioned districts. Formerly they lasted a whole week, and the population of all the neighbouring villages was collected to share the hospitality of each in turn. From these causes there was in the summer months a continuous round of merry-making; and the traveller would scarcely pass a day without coming upon some village green or country fair where the rustics were footing it on "the light fantastic toe," or contending for bucolical prizes in wrestling and other athletic games. But, *now*, even the village belle disdains to dance with her swain on the village green, and none but dairy-maids think it the "thing" to be seen at a statute fair.

The answer to our question is this, that owing to changes in the manners and customs of social life, amongst which the facilities for travelling are probably the most operative, the people have forsaken their old-fashioned amusements for others of more modern type. Balls and *soirées* at mechanics institutes, processions of Foresters, speechifying at Sunday-school tea-drinkings on the one hand, and the "entertainments" of the public-house, from the roadside beer-shop to the Oxford and the Alhambra, on the other, have superseded the village fête, the rustic fair, and the farmer's harvest home. Is the change for the better? Are the grand balls at the institute more enjoyable than were the dances on the village-green? Is the posture-maker—and what postures!—and the singer of comic, or rather *comical*, songs at the music-halls better worth seeing and hearing than the merry-andrews and morris dancers of the country fair? Scarcely! But, however tastes may differ in this matter, one intrinsic disadvantage pervades all these modern amusements. They are made *for* the people, and not *by* the people. Whether it be the speechifying above alluded to, or the exhibitions of muscular agility and strength, together with the buffoonery and immodest effrontery, which give the popular relish to the music-hall entertainments, the spectators are passive recipients, not actors of the fun, and, alas! too often of the covert immorality and blasphemy which are too carefully wrapt up in it. And whilst imbibing these at eye and ear, they are also led to imbibe, by reason of that very inaction just referred to, that fiery

liquid whose fiendish quality it is not only to dull the wit to the difference between fun and foolery, but the consciousness to that between innocence and vice.

But people cannot now afford the time, even if they retain the desire, for those inexpensive *divertissements* with which our grandfathers beguiled their leisure hours. The days are past when the manufacturer, not then so ambitious as now of the county estate and the position of a country gentleman, and the easy-going shopkeeper, left their business to their apprentices and journeymen soon after noon of each summer's day to recreate themselves in the bowling-green, the tennis court, or, if more domestically inclined, to smoke the calumet of peace, enjoying the *dolce far niente* under the shade of their own vine and fig-tree. All this is now changed, and it is vain to grieve over the changes which the onward march of social customs inevitably entails.

The real foundation of the holiday, regarded in the light of relaxation from work of any kind, whether that holiday be taken at frequent intervals, as was the case formerly, or only once a year, as is the fashion at present, is to be sought for in the physiology of labour. The capacity for exertion varies, of course, in every individual. The requirement as to rest is therefore a variable quantity also. It follows that our holidays ought to be as many-sided as there are kinds of work and differences in capacity and endurance in the workers. But in every case the physiology of our bodies demands that work, muscular or mental, shall be successfully carried on only by interposing intervals of relaxation : all living action being alternated by inertia, all mental energy by rest.

It is the class of brain-workers which mostly affects the annual holiday. Not but that the mental powers, being always on the stretch, are fatigued as soon, and as often, as are those of the body. Daily rest becomes as imperative to the senator as to the ploughman ; and the weekly half-holiday is as welcome to the overworked barrister or editor as to the lawyer's clerk or the smug shopkeeper. But there is a *fatigue of fatigues* which comes upon the former class—an exhaustion of all the faculties, which the daily rest and even the weekly holiday fail to remove. It is the constant application of the whip to the willing horse which tires him out so completely. The driver, Ambition, never allows his team to flag, but thinks that by the frequent exhibition of stimulants of various kinds he may get a little more work out of them, and so they go on until they fairly drop.

This excessive tension at which the mental faculties are kept for ten or eleven months of the year, in the vortex of City life, by the

never-ending competition and struggle for pre-eminence in social and professional status, to which all who live by their wits or their talents are now subjected, produces a wear and tear of body and of mind, the ultimate result and acme of which is premature old age. Its marks are easily discerned by the attentive observer. You may read them in the care-worn countenance, in the hair prematurely grey, in the lank and stooping figure, in the languid and feeble gait; and the physician also detects it in the habitual dyspepsia, in the disordered circulation, and in the degenerated and worn-out heart. The failing memory, the inability to fix the attention long upon any subject, and the irascible or desponding temper, mark the equal decadence of the mental *pari passu* with that of the physical powers.

It must be clear to every one that neither rules of diet, of exercise, bathing, or other hygienic measures, will be of any avail towards the removal of this condition so long as the exciting causes of it remain in operation. But doctors will receive fees, quacks will fatten, and all kinds of nostrums will be swallowed or adopted, until the public take the trouble to make themselves acquainted with the fundamental laws which rule over the functions, corporeal and mental, of their frames, and learn that those laws cannot be habitually infringed or set at nought without invoking a Nemesis;—a demon in the shape of bodily pain and mental exhaustion, which will render the remainder of life a burden and a misery to them.

A compromise is attempted by means of the very holiday which we are discussing. "Carry me through the incessant labour and worry of the season,"—that is, of ten or eleven months of the year,—the man of business may be supposed to say to his brain; "Go on until you are fairly worn out and on the point of breaking down totally, and *then* I will release you from duty and give you a whole two months' holiday. You shall not be called upon to do anything, not even to take care of my purse (see Cook's Voyages to the Continent), during the delightful trip. I will take you abroad; you shall rest perfectly idle; or, if you prefer it, you shall go with me to some sea-side or other watering-place, and there you may go to sleep until the day when I return to London and to work, and *then* I shall expect you to be as brisk and active again as ever."

And so, perhaps, it is *for a time*. Every returning year, however, finds the brain and nervous system returning to their work with less and less of their wonted energy, with imperfectly recruited strength; whilst the strain upon them, as exertion ripens into success, and social distinction culminates in the mere craving for power, is rather increased than diminished.

How to provide a remedy for this state of things? It is not likely that the competition of life will become less pressing, or the exactions of society and fashion less imperative. As mental labour exhausts the *vis vitæ* of both body and mind, each kind of holiday will be requisite for the complete renewal of it. The hours of daily labour should be curtailed, and one day in each week, besides Sunday, ought to be devoted to holiday-making, or to such kind of routine work as requires no strain upon the attention. But even this amount of relaxation will not completely restore the effects of such wear and tear. Already a plan has been proposed, at the beginning of this article, for dividing the season into two parts, by interposing a holiday of about a month's duration at Whitsuntide. By this means the mischief which now results from the extreme length of the present season would be stopped half way; and, however opinions may differ as to the feasibility of carrying it out, I am certain that but one opinion will be found amongst medical men of experience in the wants of the intellectual classes, as to the vastly beneficial effect which such a plan would have upon their health, that of Londoners in particular. But whilst this is not done, three or four rests of two or three weeks in the year would be better for many than taking the holiday all at once at the end of the season.

"Exactly so," says one of my city friends; "I have put some such plan into execution. My family have a house at Brighton, and I run down by the express on the Saturday afternoons, and back again on the Monday mornings; by which, you see, I get a good thirty-six hours every week at the seaside."

But my friend, who, besides cramming as much work into the time he thus allows for recreation as he possibly can, makes no mention of the two long railway journeys, of the hurry-scurry to catch the train on Saturday, of the fear of being too late for "change" on Monday. No. This is not the plan for restoring the *man*, however it may suit the women and children. Of still less use are the "nine hours at the seaside" of the Sunday and Monday trains, which can only be enjoyed at the expense of two hurried journeys in a crowded railway carriage, and of two bad attacks of hurry-scurry into the bargain. They lack the one essential element—that of REST.

Now comes the question how best to procure lengthened rest for the wearied body and the jaded intellect? The idle, the strong, and the healthy may go where they list, and do what they list—no one has any right to restrain them; and, therefore, to offer them advice would be a simple impertinence.

But do not let the wearied politician, the jaded lawyer, or the

over-worked physician, imagine that *this* is rest. To scamper across a continent, even in a railway carriage—though the whirl and excitement may be pleasurable at first—is not rest, either for body or mind. Nor will it serve the purpose of the *restoration* which they seek. True, the novelty of the ideas and the variety of perceptions experienced in passing through scenes altogether new keep up a pleasurable excitement of the mind ; but this will be too often followed, as soon as they return to the routine duties of life, by lassitude and ennui, which show that the holiday, like the previous work, has been overdone. Moreover, mere change of work, which rapid travelling and constant sight-seeing undoubtedly are, is not the rest that is desired, nor is it the fittest restorative to the exhausted vital powers. The literary man, we know, often finds relief in mere change of subject for his thoughts ; but if this be habitually substituted for rest, it will be found delusive in the end ; for the occupation of one set of faculties, though it may give relief to others, does not restore their collective powers. Let us hear, on this subject, the leading medical journal : “ There is a change,” says the editor of the *Lancet*, “ which is not rest, and a travel which is not relief. The present system of passing through continental towns, and experiencing every imaginable inconvenience in order to catch a glimpse of

“ Countless stores  
Of long past thought and dear antiquities,”

has little to recommend it to him whose daily habits have been founded in regular hours, moderate exercise, and comfortable fare. It is not well thus to make labour of a pleasure. Yet the chances are that the system will be pursued. Some happy man,

“ — in seipse totus, teres, atque rotundus,”

forgetting that sixteen stone is no light weight, and that the balance of power, in such cases, more frequently rests with the will than in the legs, may be at this moment preparing for a continental walking excursion, to find himself blown at the end of the first stage, with recurring mementos of his fool-hardiness, insured to him for the coming winter. We advise that such excursions be left to younger men. Londoners have enough of cities ; let them seek the fields and woods as places to make holiday in, if not to live in and live with. Perhaps, however, he still feels that, being in the country, an unceasing *tourage* becomes essential ; if so, he commits an equal mistake. Sudden and continued exertion on the part of those not accustomed to violent exercise, seldom fails to be productive of

harm. We know of many instances in which permanent inconvenience has resulted from a want of moderation in such matters.

“What, then, is the citizen to do who seeks the country for a change? To give up all thought of business; to revel in the *repose* of mind and body, which absence of care and regularity of hours ensure; around him, to study the beauties of nature; within, to experience that calm enjoyment which city life denies. . . . A *complete and perfect change without undue shock to the habits or system*, is that which Londoners require, and that England amply affords in her lakes, her mountains, and seaside homes, to the majority of those whose means enable them to enjoy the privilege.”

Let it not be supposed, however, that a mere vegetative life is that here proposed as most restorative to either body or mind. Inaction, except to the invalid, would produce an *ennui*, scarcely less unendurable than that for which we seek a remedy. Books, cheerful society (never solitude), walking excursions, and bathing, with the lighter kinds of sport; these are restorative, for they prevent the mind from feeling its own weariness whilst it is undergoing the process of restoration by being unstrung.

It behoves us in seeking change of scene, to determine what *kind* of change is required. We must see to it that there be not any circumstances connected with the place of our choice which will interfere with its beneficial qualities. Much will depend upon the condition of the individuals themselves as to strength of body, or resources of pocket. We must, therefore, descend to particularise.

The best plan for merely overworked people who require rest with enjoyment, is to go to some well-considered resting-place, and making that their head-quarters, to diverge thence in various directions as objects of interest or opportunities of social intercourse invite. Whenever sport presents itself never pass it by. Fishing, shooting, rambling, always within the bounds of fatigue, are all excellent in their way; and the more excellent are they, the more they are looked upon as mere *délassément* of body and of mind, with an entire carelessness as to the results from a sportsman's point of view. If a man has never had a fishing-rod or a gun in his hand before, the better for him. He will at least have a new sensation in the “nibble” or the “blaze,” although he may bring home in his creel or his pocket nothing better than a gudgeon or a tom-tit.

But always let the sport be in company. A child or even a fox is better than entire solitude, which is apt to carry us back in retrospect over the scenes of past struggles, or to anticipate similar sorrows.

for the future ; all of which should have been left at home with the dress coat and the white choker.

Many sea-side places present all the facilities for carrying out such a plan as this. The shores of North Wales and the inland watering-places in close proximity to the mountain and lake scenery of Scotland and Ireland, answer admirably. And when we have exhausted the resources of one such locality, we may easily change the *venue*, pack up our "traps," and be off to "fresh woods and pastures new."

In the case of great invalids, the sea-side is unquestionably the best. The monotony of the sea, to active minds so wearisome, soothes the irritable nerves of the invalid and sickly, and of those who are weary of themselves, of business, and perhaps of the world. There is change enough for such in the little amusements of sea-side places. Moreover, they can enjoy the perpetual society of their wives or families, for sea-side life is essentially feminine in its character. A cool and bracing or a dry warm climate must be chosen according to medical advice. But if the debility arise solely from overwork, and there be nothing more wrong with the system than weariness and loss of appetite and sleep, a dry, clear, and cool atmosphere will answer best. And where shall we find this in greater perfection than in our northern bathing places, or on the Scotch and Welsh hills in the months of September and October ?

One prevalent error must be avoided. Do not suppose that because the appetite becomes keener in the sharp fresh air of the country, the whilom invalid may eat and drink like a thrasher—four or five large meals a day. Moderation and regularity in this respect will be duly repaid by rapid increase in strength and muscle ; whilst, if we get the "digestives" out of order by any excess in the outset, we may be haunted by the demons of dyspepsia, rheumatism, or other fleshly ills, for the better part of our holiday. Regular meals and early hours of sleep are "*de rigueur*."

I have nothing to say on this occasion about foreign travel. That is a subject deserving of at least *one* article to itself. But in honour of "Old England," including the two sister kingdoms, I will bring this gossip to a close with the concluding words of a famous travelling physician, who is now paying a long, long visit to the country of his final rest :—"If you prefer comfort and security, with equal prospect of health and recreation, and that within reach of friends in case of accident or illness, you will travel IN YOUR OWN COUNTRY."

WILLIAM STRANGE, M.D.



# THE SCIENCE OF CROQUET.

## PART III.



WE must remind the croquet student that the first rule of croquet is to keep the partners together; the second, to keep the adversaries apart. The principle next in importance is the following:—

### 3. KEEP THE LAST PLAYER IN YOUR GAME.

The chief reason is, that keeping the last player in your game, or, what comes to the same thing, near your partner, prevents the adversary from combining with his partner on the next stroke. Thus, if blue is playing, and he keeps black and yellow in his company, or at the end of his break sends yellow to black, pink dare not go to his partner. If he is foolish enough to do so, black sends yellow away, and uses pink to make his hoops. Pink, not being able to go to his partner, is obliged either to take a shot, or to lie up for his hoop, or to go to some part of the ground where yellow can come to him next time.

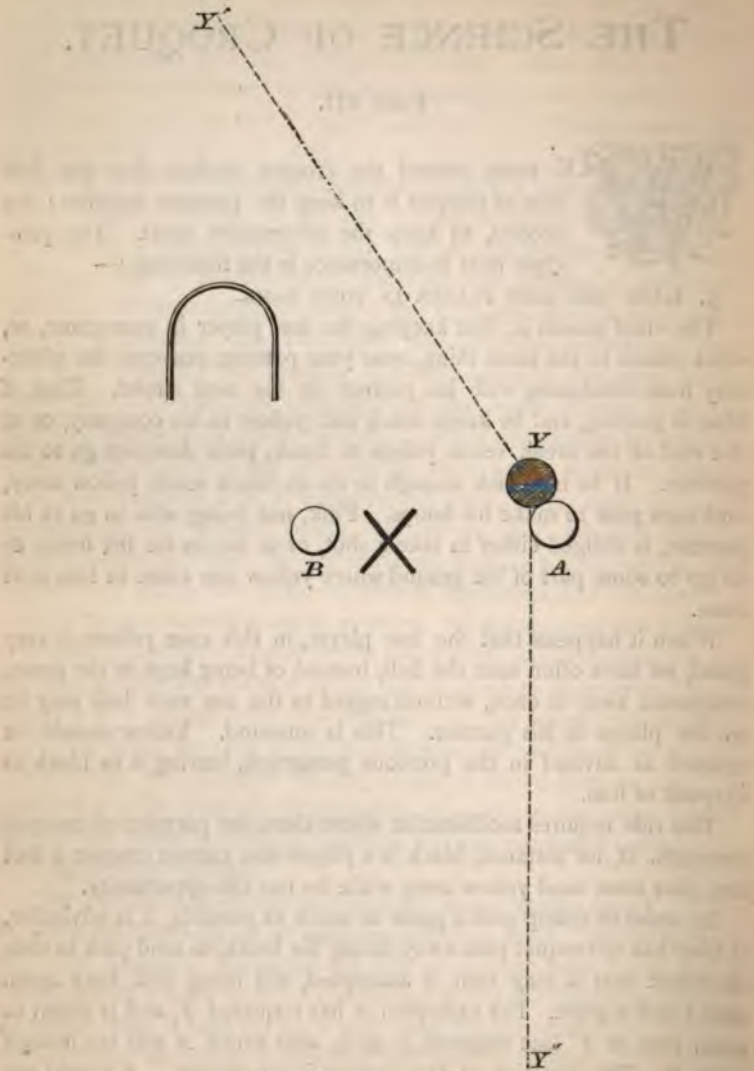
When it happens that the last player, in this case yellow, is very good, we have often seen the ball, instead of being kept in the game, croqueted away at once, without regard to the use such ball may be to the player or his partner. This is unsound. Yellow should be treated as advised in the previous paragraph, leaving it to black to dispose of him.

The rule requires modification where there are partners of unequal strength. If, for instance, black is a player who cannot croquet a ball far, blue must send yellow away while he has the opportunity.

In order to cramp pink's game as much as possible, it is advisable, if blue has to croquet pink away during his break, to send pink in such direction that a long shot, if attempted, will bring pink back again into black's game. For example: *A* has roqueted *Y*, and is about to send him to *Y'* (see diagram, p. 498), after which *A* will lay himself near *B*. The direction of the croquet is injudicious. *A* should put his ball on the other side of *Y*, and croquet *Y* as far as he can in the direction *Y''*. Because then, if *Y* takes a shot at *B*, he will remain beyond *B*'s hoop, and in *B*'s game, after the hoop is run.

The striker during his break should, if practicable, fetch or pick up

the last player. And on coming towards the last player's ball the position should be arranged for this purpose. For example : *A* is placed



for his hoop (see diagram, p. 499). He runs it, stopping at *A'*. He next roquets *B*, and then by a sharp tap sends *B* to *B'* and himself to *A''*. In the ordinary way he would send *B* on towards the stick ;

but the object here is to fetch *Z*, the last player. *A* should then go through his hoop to *A'''* and rush *B* up to *Z*. He should then croquet *B* back to the hoop, and rush *Z* up to the stick, or, if he has not

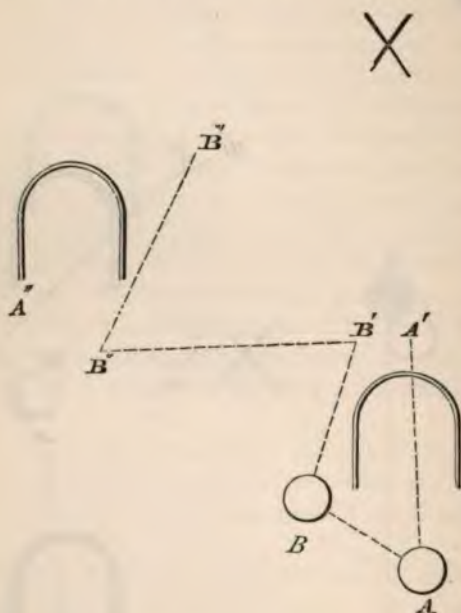


position for a rush, roll *Z* and himself to the stick. Having hit the stick, he uses *Z* again, has two balls to help him, and keeps the last player in his game. This brings us to the next principle, which is—

4. MAKE YOUR BREAK WITH THREE BALLS IN PREFERENCE TO TWO. Principles 5 and 6 may be taken with this, viz. :—
5. IN MAKING THE BREAK USE YOUR PARTNER IN PREFERENCE TO YOUR ADVERSARY ; and
6. DO NOT USE THE NEXT PLAYER, IF IT CAN BE AVOIDED.

A great deal has been said incidentally about making breaks ; but it has not been sufficiently explained how the break is to be made, or, rather, what is to be done, and what is not to be done, in trying to run a number of hoops. This must be thoroughly understood by all who desire to be anything like good croquet players ; and we will, therefore, go carefully into it.

The ball *A*, having run the first hoop, finds another ball, *B*, placed near the second hoop, as in the diagram. With the assistance of this



ball *A* continues his break, we will suppose as follows : *A* first roquets *B*. This gives *A* the right of croquet, and of another stroke. *A* takes an open croquet, and sends *B* to *B'*, between the second and third hoops, himself returning to the front of the second hoop, which he then runs. Having run this hoop, *A* is entitled to roquet *B* again as at first. The position into which *B* was sent, and the direction in which the hoop is run, should be such as to leave *A* at *A'*, where he has a rushing roquet on to *B* ; so that *B* is left after this stroke say at *B''*. *B* is then split to *B'''* and *A* to *A''* for the run of the third hoop and position for another rushing roquet to the cage.

By repeating these and similar strokes with judgment as to strength,

and by always playing each croquet, so that after the hoop is run a rushing roquet gives position for the next hoop, good players often take a ball "round," as it is called, without a mistake. A player who, on level ground sixty yards by forty, using seven-inch hoops set as directed in the previous Part (see August number), can take a ball round once in an hour's practice by himself, may consider that he ranks in the first class. Players who wish to improve themselves should try to accomplish this on any ground, good or bad, whenever they have the opportunity; and they should not rest satisfied until they succeed in it. The knowledge that, with moderate luck, they can run almost any number of hoops when the chance offers, gives wonderful confidence, especially when playing a losing game.

There are several simple rules which, if attended to in taking a ball round, much facilitate the process. We will now explain these.

The striker, having run a hoop, should, as a rule, play for a roquet in preference to a hoop, cage, or stick, as the roquet gives two strokes and the opportunity of playing for position. This was shown in the last example, *à propos* of *A*'s first stroke. On referring to the previous diagram it will be observed that *A* might, in the first instance, easily have run the hoop without roqueting *B*. But this would not be sound play, as then *A* would lose the position for the rush on to *B* after running the hoop. In order to continue the break, to do which *A* must leave himself in front of the third hoop and *B* at *B'''*, *A* would have, after roqueting *B*, to play a difficult long splitting stroke.



The rule of playing for a roquet, in preference to a point, is so important that we give another example: *A* is for the stick. He is so close that he can make it to a certainty; but if he plays at it, he may bound back and stick himself for *B*, or he will very likely lie in front or by the side of *B*, and hence in a position where he cannot make a rushing roquet up to the hoop; or *A* may fly off the stick and touch *B*, when, the roquet being made,



*A* cannot rush *B* up to the hoop. *A* should first roquet *B*, he should then roll *A* to *A'* and *B* to *B'*, when he can hit the stick and have the position on *B* for rushing him to the first hoop back.

In running the hoops a good deal of strategy is requisite to circum-

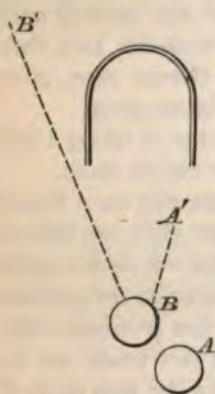
vent the wires. Thus, in playing the rush on to the other ball, the striker should not rush it within less than four or five feet of the hoop, generally not so near, as when the hoop is approached closely it often becomes difficult to keep position and, at the same time, to avoid sending the ball played on against the wire.

It may, also, be laid down as a rule, that the player should avoid putting the ball he is playing on through a hoop, as in so doing there is great danger of losing position for the next rushing roquet; and also of spoiling the break, by croqueting the ball played on against the wire. It follows from this that the striker, having an equally good player for a partner, should not attempt to take both balls round at once, but should content himself with trying to make the round in two breaks, first with one ball and then with the other.

For a similar reason, the rush should not be made straight in front of the hoop, but to one side of it, as then both balls can be placed by a splitting stroke without any fear of wire being in the way. This point is very important, and is constantly neglected, even by pretty good players. Keeping it in mind on the previous stroke, if we find a

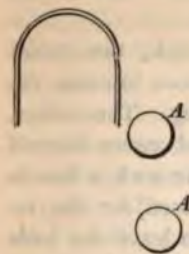
ball in the position *B* in the diagram, we should not play to stop directly behind it but a little on one side, as at *A*. There are then two ways of avoiding putting *B* through the hoop. *A* may roquet *B* gently, and afterwards send him in the direction *B'*, *A* going to *A'*. This would be good play if, for any reason, *A* wished to take his next stroke to the left of the hoop; but without any special object of this kind, *A*'s safest game would be to roquet *B* to *B'*, as in the second diagram, and then, by a splitting stroke, to send *A* to *A'* and *B* to *B''*.

In making this split, *A* should not be sent nearer the hoop than two or three feet. If placed close, the least bad judgment of strength impairs the position, perhaps altogether prevents the running of the hoop. It is quite clear that a ball played a little too hard up to the hoop, as



at *A*, could not run it at all; whereas, if the same stroke were played to *A'*, the hoop would be easy.

Similarly, *B* should not be split nearer than six or eight feet beyond the hoop. For otherwise *A*, in coming through, may unintentionally roquet, by playing a little too hard, and so lose the rush; or, by trying to play the exact strength, to remain behind *B* for the rush, may, if *B* is near the hoop, fail to go through at all. Besides which, space must be left for *A* to play his next stroke far enough away from the wire not to cramp the delivery of the mallet.



On the other hand, *B* should not be sent much more than eight to twelve feet beyond the hoop, supposing the hoops to be ten yards

apart. For if sent, say, eight yards beyond the hoop, *A*, in coming through, will scarcely be able to get position with accuracy. This point is disputed; but we feel satisfied, from practical experience, that it is easier to send a ball to a required spot by two stages of three or four yards each, than by one stroke ranging over seven or eight yards. We, however, allow this exception, that on uneven ground rushing roquet is always a dangerous stroke, because of the chance of the ball's jumping. Here we should play the stroke differently. For example: suppose the two hoops in the diagram are ten yards apart. On good ground we should croquet *B* to *B'* with a tight croquet. In this position we cannot help sending the ball through the hoop. We should then run through to *A'*, and rush *B* to *B''*. But on bad ground we should, in the first instance, croquet *B* to *B''*, and then go through as near to him as we could, taking our chance of the position.

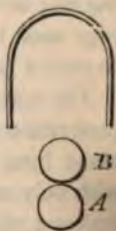


*B'*

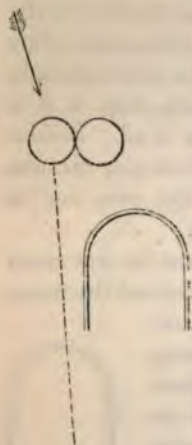
*B'*

*A'*

It sometimes happens that a ball is rushed too hard, and goes beyond the hoop. The striker then has to take one off, so as to get in front of his hoop; and this stroke is not nearly so easy as it seems. The striker should not attempt to go back through the hoop, but should place the ball (by the light of the rule given for taking one off in the July number), so as just to miss the wire. If then he aims at the wire, *i.e.*, in the direction of the arrow (p. 504), his ball will pass by the side of it, into position as shown in the diagram. Players who are



not familiar with the stroke, play it wide as a rule, being afraid of hitting the wire. If they will take the trouble of practising the stroke by placing the balls, and then going boldly at the wire, they will find they do not hit it; and having once got the necessary confidence, they will play the stroke readily.



In playing at the turning stick, the stroke should be made with sufficient force to cause the ball to bound away from the peg. The striker, playing with this object, should assure himself before making the stroke, that the stick is firm in the ground. The direction chosen for the rebound should be such as not to leave the balls sticked for each other. If possible, it should be so arranged as to leave the striker's ball, after the rebound, in position behind the one which is being used to help. It must be remembered, that the rush has in this case to be made in the direction returning from the stick. In order to

obtain the necessary position, the player's ball must be rolled beyond the one that is being used, just the reverse of what happens in taking rolling croquets for the hoops and cage. This is easily done by means of the pass, described at the end of Part I. (see July number). Another way of playing is, first to rush the ball beyond the stick, and then to croquet it back with an open croquet; the striker's ball being sent near the stick, the other between the stick and the first hoop back.

In playing to go through the cage, the caution about not rushing the ball close to the wire, does not hold. The ball should be rushed to within a foot or so of the cage, as unless by the croquet the striker's ball is placed dead straight for the cage, running it is very doubtful. The play varies with the difficulty of the cage, and with the rule of the ground as to the mode and direction in which the cage must be run. The more difficult the cage, the more important to rush a ball close to it.

The reason for principle 4,—make your break with three balls in preference to two,—is now apparent. A player with two balls to assist him, can work the various positions much more easily than with only one; and he also plays with confidence, because, if he makes a mistake, as for instance, rolls himself beyond the hoop, he has a second ball close by to play at, by means of which he can often recover himself. Hence, if the striker has a chance of picking up



his partner (as described for the last player in explaining principle 3, see p. 499), he should avail himself of it, carrying the two balls on together. The striker is always safe when playing on his partner and on the last player alternately, the three being in company. For even if he does make a blunder, his partner has to play before the third ball. And at the same time, the adversary is cramped by the striker's keeping the last player in his game, in accordance with principle 3.

The prettiest way of using two balls is to send one on to the next hoop, keeping the other to make the present hoop. Suppose, for example, the striker's ball is at three to peg, and he has two balls to help him. He sends one in front of hoop two to peg, and then uses the other to run his hoop. Having run it, he splits the ball just used between hoop two to peg and hoop one to peg, going by the same stroke to the ball he has previously sent in front of hoop two to peg. He then croquets this to the stick, and having run hoop two to peg, he finds the ball previously sent between that and the next hoop, which he uses to run one to peg, and so on. This mode of using two balls, called passing a ball, generally results in a long and safe break.

Should the cage come in the break, slightly different tactics should be employed. The ball played with at, say the second hoop back, should be sent as near the cage as possible, and the other ball used to run hoop three back. The rush should be made close to the ball already sent to the cage. The three balls are now all together. The one rushed should be sent between the cage and the last hoop but three, and a gentle roquet on to the ball already sent to the cage, will generally place it so that the player can run the cage. It may be necessary, however, in order to ensure position for the cage, to take one off, which will leave the other ball the wrong side for a rush, after having made the cage. The play will then depend on which ball was first sent to the cage. If the adversary's, it should be left there, and the break continued with two balls; but if the partner's, it should be played at. It results from this, that the partner's ball is the better one to send to the cage in the first instance; and hence, in going down to the stick with two to help, the balls should be so exchanged that the partner's ball shall be the one first to be played at after running the second hoop back.

If in making the break with two balls we come to our partner's hoop, as a rule (equal players being presumed) we should not attempt to put him through, nor even to leave him placed; we should take him on as long as we can go on making hoops, and having arrived

at the last hoop or last but one, we should then play our partner's game in accordance with principle 7 (p. 508).

The last hoop is an exceptional one. It should not be run by one player alone, as when he is a rover the adversary will try to rush him up to the stick, and put him out. The other side then has two strokes to one, which in most cases is as good as having the game. On arriving at the last hoop the striker should play his partner's game (see principle 7), and not attempt to run the hoop, even though well placed for it.

On the other ball of that side arriving at the last hoop, he should contrive to rush his partner just in front of the hoop, and then to take both balls through.

When matched against very good players, it is generally the game not to run the last two hoops; for it often happens that a high-class performer will have the civility to put a ball through its last hoop in hopes of afterwards putting it out. This play succeeds oftener than one would expect.

Some players object to putting an opponent out, considering it a sneaking game. Such belong to the old-lady class, sat upon in our last paper. Were it not for the chance of being put out, much of the *finesse* and judgment required in playing the last two hoops would be lost. Moreover, it is one of the charms of croquet that the game is never over. Bad luck may last throughout a whole game, and just at the end one fortunate stroke may result in putting an opponent's ball out, and in retrieving everything. The knowledge that there is a possibility of this keeps up the hopes of the losing player to the very last.

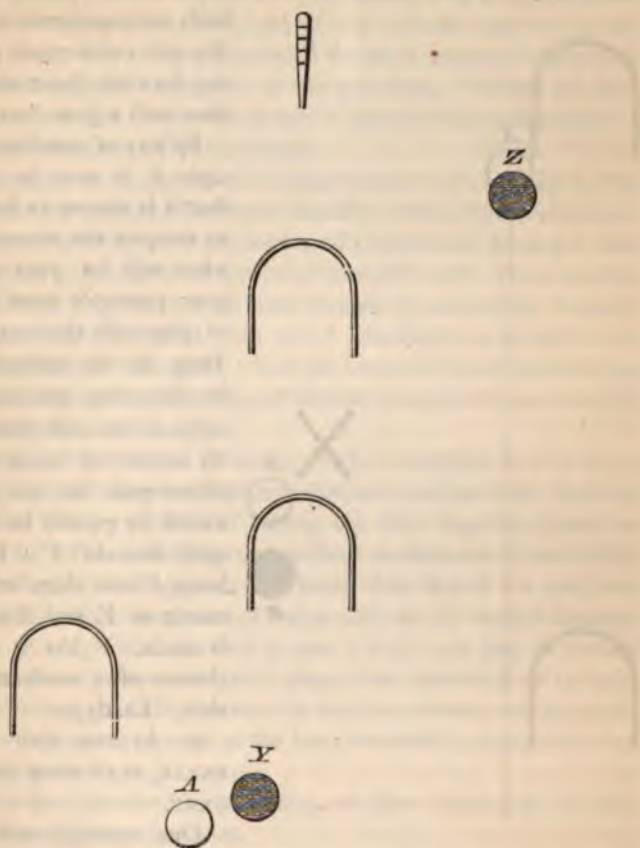
After what has been said, principles 5 and 6 are almost self-evident. Using the last player without the partner also, may be dangerous, if not very certain of moderately easy strokes; for when a long way off partner, missing one easy stroke leaves the adversary the break. Suppose, for instance, black has been sent away, and blue uses yellow to go down to the peg, black being placed for his hoop, say the last but two. If blue misses the peg, or any hoop thereabouts, he leaves himself close to yellow. Pink plays, and has only to keep out of black's way. Black then either runs his hoop, and has a long shot, or he may take a rather shorter shot instead of running the hoop. If black misses his shot, yellow comes in by an easy roquet on blue, and thus yellow and pink get the break.

The safe game, then, when at a distance from partner, is to go on using the last player only so long as easy strokes present themselves. In the example, the moment blue gets a shot about which

he does not feel certain, his game is not to risk it, but to go to his partner.

Using the next player is obviously dangerous, as any trivial mistake will leave the adversary the break.

Using the next player, though as a rule objectionable, is occasion-



ally the game in the hands of a finished performer. The cases in which it should or should not be attempted, must be left to the judgment of the individual. We give one example. *A*, who is a good player, is a long way behind in the game; say, for instance, he is for three to peg, and his partner is a rover. He roquets *Y*, and in our judgment, notwithstanding that *Y* plays next, should use him, endeavouring to run his hoops up to the stick. After running one to peg, he should part company with *Y*, and pick up *Z* (as

explained in the second diagram, principle 3, p. 499), with whom he may finish his break in comparative safety.

Two principles seem here to conflict,—viz., play by preference with three balls, and do not play with the next player. As a rule the latter should prevail, the next player be sent away, and the break continued with two balls. With a very confident player the three

balls are sometimes used; but the risk consequent on keeping the next player always renders such a game hazardous.

By way of corollary to principle 6, it may be observed that it is almost as bad policy to croquet the adversary into what will be your game or your partner's next time, as to play with the next player. Thus, in the example given in discussing principle 3 (p. 498), if the ball there called *Y*, instead of being the next player were the last player, it would be equally bad to croquet him to *Y'*; for every hoop *B* runs then brings him nearer to *Y*, and if a mistake is made, *Y* has a very fair chance of a moderately easy shot. Lastly,—

7. AT THE END OF YOUR BREAK, PLAY YOUR PARTNER'S GAME.



this principle. *A* has just sent the next player to the extremity of the ground. *A* has now one other stroke. He is close to his hoop. *B* (*A*'s partner) is for the other hoop shown in the diagram. *A* should not place himself for his hoop, but should play near *B*'s hoop, as shown by the dotted line, to be ready to help *B*, after that player has taken one off *Z*.

A caution is necessary in playing partner's game, that it is not advisable to leave all three balls together; for this gives the adversary a shot at three balls, and often the power of taking a shot which will

not leave him in the opponent's game. The most puzzling plan for the adversary is either to go to partner's hoop ; or if he is placed, to his next hoop ; or if playing on the last player, to send him to partner, and to go to partner's hoop.

We have now put our readers in possession of the general principles of the game of croquet, and of the reasons why we advise their adoption. We have also debated the most important modifications, limitations, and exceptions of the principles. Before bringing our labours to a close, we will just touch upon several points likely to interest the somewhat advanced player.

We will suppose our advanced croquet player to be well up in the principles of the game, and to be a tolerably certain shot at distances of ten or twelve feet. Our experience of players who have got thus far is, that, as a rule, they do not judge strength well. Thus, in playing for the rush they do not go near enough to, or they go beyond, the ball that is to be rushed next time. Nothing but practice can remedy this fault in their game ; and the best practice is trying to go round when alone, and repeating all strokes played with bad strength till they are played correctly.

The other points in the game in which, according to our experience, pretty good players commonly fail, are rushing to a distance of fifteen or twenty yards, and rolling the balls together fifteen or twenty yards. These rushing and rolling strokes are, to our mind, the most valuable in the game ; and hence they should be practised until the player feels confident of being able to do them whenever requisite. A player who is afraid to play a hard rush lest he should miss altogether or jump over ; or a player who takes one off in preference to rolling the balls, because he fears he cannot roll them far together, will have no chance in the long run with a player who can make these strokes.

They are best practised by beginning at short distances, and gradually increasing to longer ones.

A good player generally has the compliment paid him of having a very indifferent one selected for his partner. The management of such a partner is quite an art. To do it well, requires a thorough knowledge of the game, and of the partner's capabilities. It also requires great patience and temper.

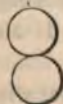
The first thing in the management of a partner is to find out what he can do, and what he cannot do. Players are so apt to think a stroke which is easy to them must be easy to their partner, that they constantly urge partners to try this or that stroke, when they know,

or ought to know from previous observation, that the individual in question is almost sure to muff it. For instance, our partner cannot croquet far with tight croquet; but if he is allowed to take it loose, he can send a ball any distance. If he has the next player's ball to send away, let him do it, by all means, with open croquet, though by so doing he loses position. He has spoilt his break, it is true; but he has accomplished the grand object of sending away. He can then either go to his hoop, or to his partner, or to his partner's hoop, as deemed advisable.

The next thing in managing a partner who can play a little is not to interfere with his style, or with his mode of placing the balls for a stroke. It may be altogether bad in theory, but if he is accustomed to it, and feels that he can do it *his* way, let him. A lot of hasty directions only confuse, and, followed by failure, they disgust the player, who loses all heart and becomes indifferent, taking no pleasure or interest in the game. It is not to be understood from this that no suggestion is to be offered; but that, if the suggestion is not graciously received, it is not well to insist upon it. A partner who cannot send his ball far will often improve wonderfully in that respect, by being told to keep his eye on his own ball when striking. The reason he cannot send his ball far is, that he generally does not hit it in the middle, because he is ignorant of, or neglects, the simple rule here given.

It is a very valuable rule *not to go on ahead* of a partner who is not good enough to run a number of hoops when he gets in. The stronger player should keep at the same hoop with, or a hoop behind, his partner: as then the good player is best able to get the other on, by putting him through hoops.

The rule not to attempt to take both balls round with equal players, is reversed in the case of unequal ones, notwithstanding the risk of spoiling the break. Losing position is of very little consequence when tied to a weak partner, as the strong one has no business to go for a break with his own ball, if by so doing he leaves his partner behind.



On arriving at the turning stick, if both balls have to hit it, they should not be put quite straight for it, but so that the partner's ball shall hit a little on one side. For, if quite straight, the ball just sent against the stick will come back straight, and remain between the stick and the player's ball, when the break will probably come to an end.

The strong player should leave as little as possible to the judgment of the weak one. For example: if the strong player is obliged to go

to some distance, where the weak one may come to him next time, he should take himself off to the boundary of the ground.

This is contrary to what was advised in selecting a place for combination with equal players; but, except at the edge of the ground, the weak player has to judge the strength in order to go near his partner. Whereas, at the edge, all the indifferent player has to do is to hit hard; and if he goes beyond his partner, he is brought back. It is true that in this case the adversary, if he takes one off to these two balls, also has the advantage of not having to judge the strength, but he may break down before taking a stroke off, or may misjudge the direction, and not come near enough to make certain of the roquet.

Again. Suppose *A*, the good, and *B*, the indifferent partner, are close together, a long way, say thirty yards from *Y* and *Z*, who are also close together. *B* roquets *A*. *B* should not be permitted to go after *Y* and *Z*, as the almost certain consequence will be that he will not get near them, or will only leave himself an uncertain shot. The game is, we think, to leave *B*'s ball in front of *A*'s, bearing down on *Y* and *Z*. If the rule of the ground is that a ball found touching another is deemed to have taken the roquet, *B* must take a very gentle loose croquet, not moving *A* above two or three inches, and if compelled to take his next stroke, *B* may then just touch his ball with the mallet, not moving it more than he can possibly help.

*Z* will then probably roquet *Y*, and come down to separate *A* and *B*. If he succeeds it cannot be helped; but if he fails, then *A* has a fine game, as by a hard rushing roquet he can send *B* to almost any part of the ground he pleases.

It is dangerous to leave the last player near a weak partner, with the idea of the partner's helping himself with that ball on his next turn. It is better generally to send even the last player away, and to go with our own ball to partner. This rule is, of course, liable to great modification, according to the ability of the partner, and to the nearness of the adversary's ball. If so close that partner's hitting it is almost a certainty, then the better game would usually be to go to partner's hoop.

When two players of unequal strength contend, it is very desirable to handicap them, as a game in which the more skilful is almost sure of victory is scarcely interesting to either. There are several ways of handicapping players, such as giving half the game, *i.e.*, going twice round to once, or letting the less skilful player begin at the turning stick; giving the cage; or giving the first stroke. There is also the plan of increasing the difficulties of the strong player, as by requiring

him to go backwards through all his hoops except the first; or of making him play with a "baby" ball. A "baby" is a ball that cannot run a hoop, it must be croqueted through all its hoops, except the first. The "baby" may be an *enfant terrible* in sending other balls away, and so forth, but if it runs its hoop, the hoop does not count. The cage and stick may be included or not in the handicap by agreement.

To our mind, there is a far better handicap than any of these, *viz.*, the *bisque*. A *bisque* at croquet is an additional stroke which may be taken at any time during the game. For instance: *A* is forty yards from *B*, the nearest ball. If he does not make a roquet that stroke, he loses the game. He goes by a well judged stroke to within a yard of *B*. He then takes his *bisque*, and if he roquets he has the break. The additional stroke brings the weaker player in almost to a certainty once during the game, and is almost equal to an additional break. It is probably quite equal, as it compels the opponent to play a risky game throughout, a very safe game being useless, because the *bisque* can upset safety at any time. It also prevents the opponent from running the last hoops, except in company, for if one of the balls becomes a rover before the *bisque* has been taken, there is a great chance of its being put out.

The additional stroke may confer the powers of an additional roquet, followed by the croquet and stroke, or not, as agreed. Thus, if *A* has already roqueted *Z* during a break, and then broken down without running a hoop, *A* may be at liberty again to roquet *Z*, and take croquet from him or not, according to the terms of the *bisque*.

A very strong player may give two *bisques* or more, the object being to make the game equal. We have seen the game played, and made very interesting, by giving a *bisque* at each innings; but then of course the disparity between the players was great. With any other handicap we doubt whether a match could have been made at all between the players to whom we refer.

It is a great recommendation of this handicap that it does not in any way interfere with the constitution of the game, and that it can be adjusted to any players, whether the difference in their game is small or large. Before the invention of this ingenious handicap it was a great defect in the game of croquet that good and bad players could not amuse themselves together.

There is still a great defect in the game of croquet, which is that there is not sufficient *defence* for the player who is out of the break. The one who first comes in ought, with moderately careful play, never to let the opponent get in except by a long shot, and hence the



game is too much in favour of the one who has the first break, more often than not, the one who has the first stroke.

The defect may be partly remedied by lessening the powers of attack, as by diminishing the size of the hoops, and by using a cage which may be made more or less difficult to suit the calibre of different players. The rule of only running the cage in one direction, as is the case with hoops, is, we think, a good one; at all events, among superior players.

We think also that it would be a sensible innovation to lessen the powers of attack by abolishing tight croquet. Tight croquet is the least scientific of all the strokes, as no skill is required in judging where the striker's ball will remain after the stroke is played. There is another objection to tight croquet, viz., that it makes dents in the ground, especially in wet weather. This is not of much consequence where ladies persist in walking about a croquet ground with fashionable small-heeled boots: but on a very level lawn, with players who care more for croquet than for the appearance of their feet, dents made, whether in taking tight croquet or by small-heeled boots, are "ruination."

One other step is required to raise this fine game to its proper level among outdoor amusements. There should be standard measurements of hoops and balls, as there are of balls, wickets, &c., at cricket. There should also be a standard code of laws, as at cricket, whist, and other games. We shall probably have to wait for these until the establishment of some large club (like the Marylebone for cricket, or the Arlington and Portland for whist), whose dicta croquet players would respect. As the game develops, something of this kind must come. The views of an individual, the writer for instance, can at most only influence a few players here and there. What is wanted is an authority that shall command universal acquiescence.

Since the above was written two months ago, we perceive that our prediction is in course of verification. An All England Croquet Club is now forming, and we hail its advent with great satisfaction. We happen to have the honour of the personal acquaintance of the founders of the club, and are able to tell our readers that the gentlemen who are managing it are in every way worthy of confidence.

"CAVENDISH."

## OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

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TIME, 5 P.M. July, 1750. SCENE, *Under the Piazza, Covent Garden, near the door of the Bedford.* MR. SEWELL, *Fruiterer, of Newgate Market, leans against a column, smoking a pipe.* Enter to him MR. BOULT, *Goldsmith, of Cheapside.*

**MR. BOULT.** Why, friend Sewell, who would think to see this?

*Mr. Sewell.* To see what, friend Boul't?

*Mr. Boul't.* My friend, and as I may say partner, with his waistcoat unbuttoned in the public streets, and smoking a pipe, as a common porter might do. My word!

*Mr. Sewell.* My good friend, when a July is as hot as this, a citizen who can pay his way wherever he goes, and of whom nobody can say that black's the white of his eye, may do what he likes, and I take the liberty to advise you to follow a good example.

*Mr. Boul't.* Nay, it is hot enough, heaven knows, yet we owe somewhat to ourselves, friend Sewell.

*Mr. Sewell.* What I owe to myself, I'll e'en pay myself when myself likes, friend Boul't, and you shall see that I will be an indulgent creditor to myself.

*Mr. Boul't.* Ha! ha! But let us go into Tomkins's, and I will join you in a pipe, and a bowl of cold punch, if you will.

*Mr. Sewell.* Those last words have done it. I am your man.

*They enter the Bedford, and give their orders.*

*Mr. Boul't.* How looks our farm?

*Mr. Sewell.* Why have you not been round to see? Your favourite window-seat on my second floor has been cleaned and cushioned for your worship, and you may look down on Newgate Market like a Bashaw. Moreover, you may look with pride, for I have this day paid our fine of 700*l.* to the committee of the city lands, and I have the receipt in my pocket-book.

*Mr. Boul't.* Put it in thy strong box, friend. Enough of business for so hot a day. Was ever such weather known? Will such weather ever be known again?

*Mr. Sewell.* There's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of

it, and what has been may be again. Talking of fish, did you ever see such a sight as that of the 13th instant?

*Mr. Boulton.* I was at Islington on the 13th, to dine with James Colebrooke. He wants to build a new church there, which shall be a credit to the town. But he will not be ready to begin this year. What was your sight?

*Mr. Sewell.* The fish in the Thames. The heat of the day before made the poor creatures mad, I suppose, and they flocked in shoals to the sides to bury themselves in the mud. The rabble caught them in hundreds and many a fish supper was eaten that night in the dens.

*Mr. Boulton.* I did not hear of that, and yet 'tis strange, for if there be a bit of gossip going it finds its way to Cheapside. But I heard that the heat had wrought havoc with the fish in Cambridge-shire, and that one man lost a matter of 300*l.* by the death of his pikes and jacks.

*Mr. Sewell.* It is a lesson to us not to drink like fish, but like Christians. Fill your glass. Luck to Newgate Market.

*Mr. Boulton.* To Newgate Market. Friend Papworth pays 1000*l.* for Leadenhall.

*Mr. Sewell.* Leadenhall is not far from Leadenhead.

*Mr. Boulton.* You may be right, and you may be wrong. Tomkins has put too much lemon in this bowl—a fault we will bid him amend in the next. For we are all weak creatures, and should in charity allow our brethren every chance of amendment.

*Mr. Sewell.* Your moralities, friend Boulton, are comfortable. Ha! ha! This west-end revelling of two sober citizens might set some folks talking, if they heard of it.

*Mr. Boulton.* We can keep our own counsel, friend Sewell, or we had not got yon market for 700*l.* a-year. Your wife is well, I hope. To tell her that I drank her health would be to tell her we had been drinking, but I do.

*Mr. Sewell.* I thank you. There is no need to trouble women with every detail of business.

*Mr. Boulton.* And surely it is business to keep in health, and comforted, the bodies of those who work for their wives and families, friend?

*Mr. Sewell.* We cannot be too careful. Since that frightful business of Newgate, I have resolved to pay increased attention to my constitution. What a dreadful thing, and not two months old, and we are half forgetting it.

*Mr. Boulton.* Some folks are not, poor souls. Let me see. The infection of that gaol fever, caused only, mind you, by the brut

neglect of the authorities, who never heeded how many prisoners they crammed into the gaol, nor in what foulness of misery they rotted—that Newgate fever killed the Lord Mayor, an alderman, a baron of exchequer, a judge of common pleas, many lawyers, nearly all the jury, and I suppose a hundred or more of the audience. Now, I take it, we shall have an end of such horrors.

*Mr. Sewell.* Not we. Englishmen are never in a hurry. We have made a great potter, and talked furiously, and wanted to hang everybody. By Christmas it will be forgotten, as everything is in this country, and twenty years hence the same sort of thing will be happening again.<sup>a</sup>

*Mr. Boulton.* God forbid! Don't let us talk about it; the thought of it poisons the good liquor. Did your ladies see the Prince and Princess of Wales, when they went to Spitalfields to look at the looms?

*Mr. Sewell.* You know my household, and may guess whether they lost a chance of having a heap of friends to look out at my windows and into my wine-glasses. Bless 'em, they are welcome to any honest pleasure. And they behaved so well in the earthquakes. Not one of the girls would consent to go out of town, if I stayed.

*Mr. Boulton.* What, not on the day in April?

*Mr. Sewell.* No, though my friend Sabine wanted them to come up to the Manor House at Islington.

*Mr. Boulton.* It is a sore subject at home. Mrs. Boulton stood the February quake fairly well, though the chimney that came down in Leadenhall Street belonged to an aunt of hers,—perhaps she thought the family was thereby free of the earthquakes. But on the March day, the 8th, when the great shocks came and the bells began to ring, and what struck my wife more than anything, a maid servant in Charterhouse Square was thrown out of bed and broke her arm, I had no more peace. Then, when that cursed mad soldier predicted the finish of everything on the 5th April, there was no more to be done. I would not go, of course, but Mrs. Boulton took the children, and departed unto St. Albans, where she stayed a month, and would have stayed longer, but for what made you a godfather.

*Mr. Sewell.* Ha! ha! You kept all this back.

*Mr. Boulton.* Why, the poor soul was heartily ashamed of herself, which was not necessary, for the fashionable folks sat in their carriages all night in the outlying villages, and I am told you could not

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<sup>a</sup> Mr. Sewell was right. Twenty-two years later the same infection broke out again, and slew many victims. He knew his countrymen.

hire lodgings at Windsor. However, keep it to yourself, and don't rally her, or I shall get the worst of the business.

*Mr. Sewell.* Nay, it was maternal instinct.

*Mr. Boulton.* Yes, it was so, friend Sewell, only it afterwards occurred to the good creature that she might have had a conjugal instinct, too, and as I favoured that whim, by way of tease, she has got it into her head that I think less well of her than before—and is curious about my will and testament.

*Mr. Sewell.* Women are altogether curious, but on the whole, not bad bargains, when the gold doesn't come off.

*Mr. Boulton.* Ay, but 'tis pity they can't be all standard gold, like your wares.

*Mr. Sewell.* Thank you, friend Boulton. By the way (*demurely*), I hear great disputes about this new Cattle Market, in May Fair. Our salesmen say that it was a device to do them injury, by making the distance from their places of business too great for them to attend with ease.

*Mr. Boulton (winking).* It is difficult to please that set of men, but it may be that they will have less in the future to complain of. It is strange, however, that there is always a riot about the fat bulls of Bashan; and I suppose there will be to the end of the chapter. We must trust that the wisdom of our statesmen——

*Mr. Sewell.* Curse the wisdom of our statesmen. I seldom use hot words, but do you know the figure to which the wisdom of our statesmen has brought the National Debt?

*Mr. Boulton.* I think at the end of '49 it was about Seventy Four Millions.

*Mr. Sewell.* Yes, and the supplies were Four Millions, and you talk as coolly about it as if it were a flea-bite.

*Mr. Boulton.* I am not one of those who are frightened at a National Debt. I do not desire its extinction or reduction. I do not doubt that a hundred years hence it will be doubled, perhaps trebled.

*Mr. Sewell.* By George, friend Boulton, if I had known that such were your views in money matters, I don't think I would have taken Newgate Market with you.

*Mr. Boulton.* Don't be frightened. I have no intention of carrying them into private business. But if we could see *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1850 we should find the debt at least Two Hundred Millions.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>b</sup> Seven hundred and eighty-seven millions, twenty-nine thousand, one hundred and sixty-two pounds. Mr. Boulton's imagination did not include Washington & Napoleon.

*Mr. Sewell.* Luckily I shall be out of the way of paying the interest. Do you know how long the King means to stop in Hanover?

*Mr. Boulton.* As long as he can, my Cheapside to one of your China oranges. His Majesty went away in April, and we shall see him again when the Guy Fauxes come out.

*Mr. Sewell.* He is ugly, but my folks will not allow it. Call a turnip a Prince, and the women will see his Roman nose. However, as he does not take the Thames with him, we are not altogether ruined by his gracious absence. I'll tell you who will not be his successor.

*Mr. Boulton.* Freddy?

*Mr. Sewell.* The old man will see him out. He has never got over the blow from the cricket ball.

*Mr. Boulton.* Which I have sometimes heard called by another name.

*Mr. Sewell.* May be so. I would not give him a year's life.

*Mr. Boulton.* Then we'll hope that Guy Faux may be spared. I hate a Regency. I suppose we are not talking treason.

*Mr. Sewell.* If we are, it's not the first that has been talked in the Bedford, and I dare say it will not be the last. But we will be as courtly as you like, friend Boulton. The Bishop of Oxford was in his glory the other day, christening the new prince. Did you see that Lord North was a proxy?

*Mr. Boulton.* He did not come to me for spoons. I hear he wants to be made an Earl, and will be gratified, no doubt, one of these days. His son is a clever young fellow, I am told, and likely to be one of our masters by-and-by. The man that told me is a place-man, who knows a good many things. He says that there is news from China, or at least from Rome.

*Mr. Sewell.* Heathen places alike, but Rome the worst.

*Mr. Boulton.* Yes, and here is the Pope's health—you understand. But what I was told was this. The Emperor of China had been rather kind to the Popish fellows there, of whom there were a many, thrusting themselves into all sorts of places for mischief, as Papists always do. But having lost his wife and son, he has changed his nature, and has been killing these Pope's missionaries, beheading the Jesuits, and strangling the Dominicans, like a Christian king.

*Mr. Sewell.* Quite a Reformation. It is a good thing to see light thus breaking into the dark places of the earth. I hope that his Majesty has had the good sense and firmness to carry out his policy, and to prevent his subjects from becoming the dupes of Jesuit arts.

*Mr. Boulton.* The good work appears to have stopped for the present, but so far as I can hear, the missionaries will have to withdraw.

*Mr. Sewell.* Let us hope so. And—I hate to part good company, but I think that we ought to withdraw also, or we may be asked questions which we do not care to answer.

*Mr. Boulton.* I allow none such. But if you think that two sober citizens have done enough in the way of business, why we'll call for the reckoning. I fancy, friend Sewell, it may suit us to meet, now and then, in a quiet sort of way, at this same Bedford. As the man says, in the play, the cabin is convenient. Tomkins! or, you, Richardson!

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

## THE MILTON ENIGMA.

**S**INCE those famous Saturday *Spectators* by which Addison brought Milton into fashion, the name of the great poet has never been so often in men's mouths as during the past month. As the coffee-houses then, so our modern substitute for them, the clubs, have rung with it; and on what suggestively different grounds! At that time the point in debate was whether the finest poem in our language was worth the consideration the fashionable critic claimed for it, and now every cultivated mind is up in arms at the bare idea of attributing to the author of that poem a line unworthy of him.

The bare facts relating to the recent Milton agitation may be very briefly set down. There is in the King's Library at the British Museum a little 12mo book of Milton's Poems in English and Latin, 1645. This volume Professor Morley had occasion to consult, and on doing so he made a discovery. He found a leaf at the end of the Latin poems left blank by the printer, but covered with what, at the first glance, he was convinced was the poet's own handwriting. It proved to be a transcript of some verse, entitled simply "An Epitaph," and signed J. M., 1 O<sup>ber</sup>, 1647, and the Professor, not unnaturally, jumped to the conclusion that he had found an original autograph poem by John Milton. This fact he immediately announced to the world.

But, though 'tis a credulous world, there are things—and, among others, original poems by great authors—which it is apt to regard with suspicion; and in this case several questions were at once put. First, as to the book itself: Was there any proof of its being Milton's own copy, or that of any friend of his? If not, from what source did it come into the national collection? The answer is, that nothing is known of the book except that it belonged to George III., probably as part of one of the libraries he was in the habit of buying up. Foiled in this direction, the next question very naturally is: Was Mr. Morley right in his conjecture that the handwriting was Milton's? Here the experts came forward; but this part of the subject has not been gone into with the minuteness it deserves, and a few facts may, therefore, be acceptable.



It is the pride of Trinity College, Cambridge, to possess the original MSS. of Milton's minor poems. There may be found "Comus," and the "Lycidas," as they came from the poet's hand. Now, a comparison of a photographed copy of "An Epitaph" with these papers yields the following results:—1. There is a strong general similarity in the handwriting, especially if we allow for this, that Milton usually "writ large," and that in this book he must necessarily have cramped his hand to get a quantity of verse into a small space. 2. The general resemblance is sustained by special peculiarities. Thus the capital A, though peculiar—formed by three straight strokes without curve, the uprights coming below the line—is identical. So, with the H, and indeed all the capitals, marked in themselves, are singularly like. More striking still, Milton had a peculiar mode of writing the abbreviation "&." He made it something like a "C," and this will be found in the Epitaph. The small letters also agree generally in formation. But there is also a striking dissimilarity, which must be set on the other side. In the Epitaph it will be found that the second limb of the small "h" is frequently carried below the line some distance; this was a fashion of the time, but would not appear to have been Milton's fashion. It has not been found to occur in the Cambridge manuscripts. It should be added that these results have been obtained by comparison with manuscripts written at different times during twelve years, and during that time the poet's handwriting underwent some slight variations; but the most marked similarity is between the Epitaph and the poems written about the same date. This extends to the figures: 1647 is singularly like the date attached to a poem of 1646. While on this question of handwriting, it may be as well to dispose at once of a suggestion put forth that the initials (partly obliterated by the Museum stamp), are "P. M." There is no warrant for this statement; the J is distinctly legible, and it is in the manner in which Milton wrote that letter.

Is the poem in Milton's handwriting, then? Well, in spite of the many similarities, that must remain a moot point. And now we come to what is more important—the internal evidence. Can the poem be assigned to Milton on its merits? Here it is:—

## AN EPITAPH.

He whom Heaven did call away  
Out of this Hermitage of clay,  
Has left some reliques in this Urne  
As a pledge of his returne.  
Meane while y<sup>e</sup> Muses doe deplore  
The losse of this their paramour

*The Gentleman's Magazine.*

W<sup>th</sup> whom he sported ere y<sup>e</sup> day  
 Budded forth its tender ray.  
 And now Apollo leaues his laies  
 And puts on cypres for his bayes.  
 The Sacred Sisters tune their quills  
 Onely to y<sup>e</sup> blubbering rills  
 And whilst his doome they thinke upon  
 Make their owne teares their Helicon.  
 Leaving y<sup>e</sup> two-topt mount divine  
 To turne votaries to his shrine.

Think not (reader) me less blest  
 Sleeping in this narrow cist  
 Than if my ashes did lie hid  
 Under some stately pyramid.  
 If a rich tombe makes happy y<sup>a</sup>  
 That Bee was happier far y<sup>a</sup> men  
 Who busie in y<sup>e</sup> thymie wood  
 Was fettered by y<sup>e</sup> golden flood  
 W<sup>ch</sup> frō y<sup>e</sup> Amber-weeping Tree  
 Distilleth downe so plenteously.  
 ffor so this little wanton Elfe  
 Most gloriously enshrind itselfe.  
 A tombe whose beauty might compare  
 With Cleopatra's sepulcher.

In this little bed my dust  
 Incurtained round I here entrust,  
 Whilst my more pure and nobler part  
 Lyes entomb'd in every heart.

Then passe on gently ye y<sup>t</sup> mourne,  
 Touch not this mine hollowed Urne.  
 These Ashes w<sup>ch</sup> doe here remaine  
 A vitall tincture still retaine  
 A seminall forme within y<sup>e</sup> deeps  
 Of this little chaos sleeps  
 The thred of life untwisted is  
 Into its first existencies  
 Infant Na<sup>~</sup>ure cradled here  
 In its principles appeare.  
 This plant though calcin'd into dust  
 In its Ashes rest it must.  
 Untill sweet Psyche shall Inspire  
 A softning and ætiffick fire  
 And in her fost'ring armes enfold  
 This Heavy and this earthy mould :  
 Then, as I am Ile be no more  
 But bloome and blossome [as before?].  
 When this cold numnes shall retreat  
 By a more y<sup>a</sup> Chymick heat.

Now, is this Milton? It has beauties, no doubt; but what defects! In the first place there is no oneness or homogeneity in the work. It begins in the third person and flies off suddenly into the first person singular. It begins as an elegy on a dead poet, and after the sixteenth line that characteristic is lost. It begins with permissible and legitimate mythological allusions; it ends with a neo-Platonic interfusion of ideas certainly foreign to Milton's mind. Objections have been met by the suggestion that this was the draft of a poem never polished to the author's taste. If by this is meant that it is the *first* draft, a mere glance at the Cambridge MSS. will dissipate that idea, for Milton was the most fastidious of poets, and never wrote half this number of lines without frequent erasures and corrections. Then, what are the general arguments by which it is sought to attribute the work to John Milton? We are reminded that Milton wrote in this style of verse; which is true. We are called on to note that the beauties are especially Miltonic in character, as parallel passages show. To this the answer is, that identity of expression or idea proves too much, as it is far less probable that a great poet would repeat himself than that an enthusiastic admirer writing in his manner, should seize upon striking phrases or felicitous turns which had struck his fancy or lingered in his memory. Finally, an appeal is made on the ground of the special beauty of the composition; but, as might be expected, an appeal to taste has resulted in the most unsatisfactory verdicts. For my own part, I can only accept this verse as Milton's on the supposition that it was never written as a single epitaph; but comprises, in reality, three distinct epitaphs, one following the other, where the breaks occur in the copy. This suggestion gets rid of many of the incongruities, while it gives to each section a completeness and beauty wholly wanting when the whole is thrown together in a confused mass. On this point I am satisfied; but, for that matter, every one who has taken part in the controversy seems to rest infinitely contented with his own views. My Lord Winchelsea, on the one hand, does not bate a jot of his high argument: while, on the other hand, Professor Morley holds to his first impression "with a faith which has been strengthened by discussion," a result which, it has been remarked, discussions generally have, and especially with Professors.

W. S.

## A WALK THROUGH KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL.



ON the borders of the classical precincts of Lincoln's Inn—within a stone's throw of the driest and proverbially the slowest of our law courts—stands a large building, a court-house in which the mortal suit of *Death v. Life* is continually being tried. It is an arena where the two opponents meet face to face. The most learned counsel in the land are retained for the defence, and, though no fees are marked upon their briefs, they devote themselves untiringly to the cause, and study deeply to gain time—the very utmost that can be done—for the defendant. From the opening of the pleadings it is patent to the world that the result, sooner or later, in some venue or the other, must be in the grim plaintiff's favour. Numerous are the stratagems to baffle, delay, outwit the dreaded foe who ultimately triumphs unrelentingly over all. The great court-house is called King's College Hospital, a noble edifice in every way worthy the purpose to which it is dedicated—a monument of Charity and Christianity. It stands in the midst of the densely populated district lying between Holborn and the Strand, and is the only refuge from malady and disease within reach of the 400,000 inhabitants of St. Clement Danes and the surrounding poverty-stricken parishes.

Patients from all parts of the metropolis, from the suburbs, and from the country round London, in urgent want of advice and relief, are also received without any letter of introduction; for the institution is to all intents and purposes a free hospital, denying aid to none who may apply for it.

It is one of the most recently-founded, having been established in 1839, with the combined intention of affording students of King's College the means of acquiring a practical knowledge of surgery and medicine, and of giving medical relief gratuitously to the poor. How well it has done its work, and of what immense advantage it is in the latter respect, is proved by the number of patients, whose steady annual increase is shown in the following table :—

*A Walk Through King's College Hospital.* 525

	1841.	1847.	1850.	1857.	1867.
Number of In-patients . . .	1,253	1,253	1,301	1,461	1,781
Number of Out-patients . . .	8,214	17,901	24,215	26,756	31,958

Properly to estimate the benefit that these figures represent, it is but necessary to take an individual case, a family, for instance, afflicted with disease, totally unable to pay for advice or medicines, and then to consider the service done when gratuitous relief can be obtained. Such cases come within the knowledge of every one; they are multiplied by thousands in the experience of those connected with our hospitals, whose beneficent object it is to succour them. Nowhere does Charity assume a more useful form than in these institutions. The repugnance which was once felt for them by those in whose behalf they were established has almost entirely disappeared. To go to the hospital was at one time deemed derogatory to the most needy. Now, all who require it apply for advice without reluctance; and it is but to be wished that they would oftener do so, ere it is too late for the advice asked for to be of use.

King's College Hospital already contains 160 beds, and it is proposed to increase this number to 200, but funds are required to add another wing to the building before this very desirable addition can be made.

The authorities assert that no London hospital affords to its patients a greater quantity of space, air, and light, and in none is the ventilation more perfect—an assertion fully borne out by the large dimensions and construction of the house. As to the perfection of the ventilation I have had recent experience, for it was on one of the hottest days in July last that I called at the hospital to see one of the medical officers. The temperature throughout the spacious structure was cool and pleasant; no disagreeable odours, such as pervaded the sultry streets, were perceptible; and the general appearance of the interior of the building was bright and cheerful. Having an hour's leisure, I asked my friend the surgeon if he would allow me to accompany him on his round through the wards, a request which was immediately complied with. Passing through a wide and lofty inner hall, paved with granite, and in which is seen a life-size statue of the late famous physician, Dr. Todd, we entered the Accident Ward—where all urgent cases requiring prompt assistance are placed—a long apartment, with a row of beds some feet apart on each side, six beds on one and seven on the other. On the wall, at the head of each sufferer, hangs a statement of the particular case. In lockers under the beds are placed the clothes belonging to the respective patients. In the centre of the ward is a table, on which, among jugs, and basins, and other paraphernalia of the sick-room, a

well-filled basket of flowers and two or three flowering plants are placed. As the doctor passed down the room the sufferers lying on the beds gazed anxiously at him, as though he were the bearer of good or evil tidings to them. He had but one serious case in this ward; and, when inquiries as to progress were made and instructions given to the nurse in attendance, we left the ground-floor and ascended a large stone staircase, rising from the inner hall to the ward called Victoria, appropriated to male patients under surgical treatment. Here, as below, we were received by the nurse in charge, who conducted the doctor to the different cases requiring his attention. The same number of beds, similarly arranged along the room as in the Accident Ward. The room seemed lighter, and the patients, some in various stages of convalescence, were more attentive to what was passing around them than those we had already seen. One or two evidently dreaded the medical man's approach, knowing the suffering his inspection, though made with the gentlest touch, would cause them.

"Are you better, my boy?" said the doctor kindly to a pale-looking youth of about fourteen, who was sitting up in bed.

"Still in much pain, sir," was the faint reply.

An examination followed, the result of which was that preparations were made for an operation. A screen was placed round the bed to conceal the invalid from the other patients; the assistants, who had followed the doctor in his rounds, produced sets of surgical instruments; an anæsthetic, in the form of an æther spray, was made ready and applied. The cutting commenced, and the æther spray proved inadequate to allay the agony it caused. Chloroform was then administered, and the distressing cries of the patient gradually ceased until all was silent behind the screen. Thus, since the introduction of this wonderful agent, have the horrors of Hospital practice been mitigated.

While the operation was in progress I entered into conversation with a tall, middle-aged gentlewoman, dressed in the unassuming attire adopted by the Sisterhood of St. John's, who was visiting the ward. The nursing of the sick in King's College Hospital is under the charge, by day and night, of the Lady Superior and Sisters of St. John's House, and a large staff of competent nurses previously trained to their profession. There are two, a head and under-nurse, appointed to each ward. King's College was the first Hospital to avail itself of the improved system of nursing, such as is afforded by an Institution conducted by ladies. My intelligent informant gave me a copy of the report and proceedings at the annual general meeting of the association, held June 8, 1868, from which I gathered the following interesting facts.

St. John's House and Sisterhood is an institution of the Reformed Church of England, in which Christian women are associated in a community under the presidency and visitatorial sanction of the Bishop of London, the chief functions of the sisters being to elevate the calling of English nurses by leading them to engage in their work under a sense of religious responsibility; and while providing them, under proper safeguards, with the best possible training in the wards of an hospital, to bind them together and to the Sisterhood, as far as may be practicable, as members of a Christian family and home. But, as the Bishop of London said at the inaugural public meeting in 1848, "everything was to be voluntary; it would in due time, he hoped, be an institution of sisters; but there would be no vows, no poverty, no monastic obedience, no celibacy, no engagements, no cloistered seclusion, no tyranny exercised over the will or the conscience; but a full, free, and willing devotion to the great cause of Christian charity. He spoke more particularly of the sisters than of the nurses, though the observation was applicable to both. They would, in their wishes and inclinations, and in every respect, be free agents." Difficulties have arisen in preserving this purely Protestant character of the institution—difficulties which, fortunately, have been completely overcome without in any way impairing the success of the undertaking. The existence of such an establishment as St. John's House cannot be made too widely known, and every encouragement should be given to its progress and development. From the Home, 7 and 8, Norfolk Street, Strand, skilled nurses can be engaged, whose assistance in the sick-room is frequently of more importance than medical advice. The terms are moderate, and made according to fixed rules.

The Lady Superior resides at the Home, with such Sisters as may be required for superintending the nurses employed in private families and the distribution of diets, cooked in the Home, to six out-patients of King's College and six of Charing Cross Hospitals, and the visiting of the sick poor in the neighbourhood; the diets being provided at the expense of a parent Institution.

The Sisterhood has recently undertaken the nursing of the Charing Cross Hospital, and also the management of Galignani's English Hospital at Paris. This latter, containing twenty-five beds, and admirably furnished in every respect, is situated at 35, Boulevard Bineau, in the beautiful suburb of Neuilly. It was founded in 1865 by the munificence of the brothers W. and J. A. Galignani, the well-known publishers. The ground on which it is built has been purchased in the name of the British Ambassador, so that it may become

inalienable property, and that the patients may be on English ground, surrounded with all the comfort and care of an English home. The formal transfer of the hospital to the British Government has not yet been effected for want of a permanent endowment; but, meanwhile, every expense connected with the administration is borne by Messrs. Galignani, whose liberality has been warmly acknowledged by Her Majesty's Government. It need not be explained how great is the blessing to our countrymen in a foreign land, separated from their family and friends, or possibly estranged from all English sympathy and kindness for many years, to find themselves tended under such affliction by an English lady, with her staff of skilled nurses, aiding the efforts of medical men of our own nation.

The highest testimony is borne to the manner in which the work of St. John's House has been performed from the first at this hospital in Paris. It is now most efficiently conducted by an associate sister of St. Peter's House, Brompton, acting at present as an associate sister of St. John's House under the Lady Superior.

The dress of the sisterhood having undergone some gradual changes in recent years, it was suggested that a pattern should be retained as a model, so as not to be hereafter needlessly modified. This has accordingly been done. The dress is simple, cheerful in appearance, and in every way well adapted to the work in which the sisters are engaged.

The associate and probationer sisters, when being admitted by the religious service sanctioned by the Bishop, receive a cross to wear, with the badge of the institution upon it. It is provided by the Sisters' Fund. The nurses, after having been in like manner received on probation, are permitted to wear a medal bearing a similar device, so long as they remain in the institution. These medals are provided at the expense of the General Fund.

The following are some of the chief items of the last annual financial statement :—

Nurses' and servants' wages and clothing . . . . .	£1,645	1	2
House expenses at St. John's House, King's College Hospital, and Charing Cross Hospital . . . . .	1,941	5	2
Total expenditure . . . . .	4,146	19	5
Total receipts . . . . .	4,067	1	2

Nurses are not unfrequently over-wearied by long or anxious attendances either in private families or in the hospitals, and it will be readily understood that they are often exposed to the contagion of dangerous fevers. At all seasons of the year, but especially in the more genial, convalescents would recover more quickly in the



country than in town, or what is, perhaps, of greater importance, health would be recruited ere it entirely fails. Hence it is felt that those who sympathise with the general design of St. John's House, and who may have enjoyed in their own persons, or in their families, the advantage of being attended by a kind and skilful nurse in illness, could hardly express their acknowledgments more suitably than by contributing to the Sisters' Fund, or by otherwise promoting the establishment of a Convalescent Home. Mr. Nathaniel Powell has placed a cottage on his grounds at Buckhurst Hill at the disposal of the sisterhood, where the nurses most needing repose have recently enjoyed short periods of refreshment of mind and body.

By the time I had obtained this information respecting the sisters and their charitable doings, the operation had terminated. The patient was lying in a state of unconsciousness, from which he was presently to awake, and marvel at what had happened to him. The surgeon felt his pulse, raised his eyelid, pronounced him all right, and passed on. He has probably forgotten the case; but the patient will remember that afternoon as long as he lives, and carry the mark of it with him to the grave. The surgical wards of King's College Hospital communicate, and form, in fact, a double ward, containing twenty-six beds. Going through the second division several remarkable and successful cases of operations for the relief of natural deformity were examined, one being that of an unfortunate imbecile, who had sustained severe injuries from burning about the chin, neck, and breast, the terrible effects of which had resulted in a horrible distortion of the lips, chin, and neck, which were drawn down, and glued, as it were, to the breast. Efforts were being made to remedy this deplorable condition by skilful surgical treatment, which, so far, had been attended with great success. The boy's head was held up by an apparatus to the head of the bed, until the results of an operation of removing a portion of healthy skin from the side of the neck and shoulder, to supply the place of that destroyed, were seen and proved. The poor creature had to undergo torture at the hands of the dressers, who removed the bandages and strappings in presence of the doctor. His sufferings were not of long duration, and before we had left the ward he was laughing and jabbering incoherently to himself.

From the surgical cases we proceeded to visit those under the physician's care, the fever and other patients. The wards are all similarly arranged, and all equally well kept. Those allotted to females are more spacious; and, the most interesting of all to the non-professional visitor is the ward for sick children, called the "Pantia

Ralli Ward," established in the hospital through the munificence of the late Peter P. Ralli, in memory of his deceased father. Besides the benefits it confers upon the children of the poor, it gives increased opportunities to students to gain experience in the treatment of infantile diseases, and affords facilities to the ladies of St. John's House to train nurses specially to attend to sick children. A strange sight it presents—this nursery, with its twelve cots and their small occupants. The young convalescents were busy enough with their dolls and playthings : some toddling about the room, others sitting up in their little iron bedsteads, which are so constructed as to prevent the possibility of their falling out. Along the frame-work of each cot runs a travelling table, on which the meals of the patient are served. The room is gaily furnished ; an aquarium and flowers adding considerably to its cheerful appearance. The former, especially, is an object of delight to the children, who watch it with never-ceasing amusement. Donations of toys and picture-books for the ward are always gratefully received by the hospital authorities, who seem to take a pride in this particular branch of their splendid institution.

After seeing the wards, I was shown the chapel, in which divine service is attended by those employed in the building, and by such patients as are not prevented by sickness from doing so.

"We had to close the Florence Nightingale Ward for the reception of midwifery cases," said my friend the doctor, in a tone of regret. He proceeded to tell me how every precaution was taken to check the mortality from puerperal fever, but without avail. The ward was closed at the end of last year.

Descending the stone staircase we were met by several invalids in long coarse dressing-gowns, each attended by a nurse, some walking briskly, others shambling along. They had come out of the Surgical Ward, and were going towards the theatre, where operations are performed in presence of the students twice a week. The patients are conducted to a small room adjoining the theatre, to await their turn to be laid out upon the table, chloroformed, and handled by the surgeon, who, after each operation, explains to the students what he has done, how, and why he did it. The subjects are then again confided to the nurses' charge, and removed back to the ward. The theatre is at the rear of the hospital, where the out-door patients are received. These come in large numbers, as may be supposed from the statistics I have quoted. The medical and surgical cases have separate entrances and waiting-rooms. The surgeon's reception-room is a moderately-sized apartment, rather lofty, and very scantily furnished,—a deal table, two chairs, a wooden couch behind a screen,

and *no* carpet, forming its contents. The surgeon at the time in attendance, and who has devoted twenty years of incessant hard work to the hospital, is a thick-set, middle-sized man, having a pale face, the eye of an eagle, a grip of iron, and nerves to match. He is kind and gentle to all comers, treating the poorest with as much consideration and respect as any of the rest. He devotes his time to the duties of the hospital, as do others of the staff, gratuitously; but there are few who have laboured so long and so unflinchingly in the great cause of Charity as he has. Near the surgeon's room is the dentist's sanctum, with an upright chair, very unlike the luxurious throne prepared for visitors to a fashionable tooth drawer. The chair in question is a most uncompromising looking article of furniture, the very sight of which must be enough to drive away the most distracting toothache. There are reading-rooms for the students, and divers smaller apartments for the reception of special cases.

The patients swarm. As they receive their prescriptions from the medical men they are passed through turnstiles to the druggist's department, where the medicines are dispensed. They form motley groups, and always come in crowds. When an epidemic prevails in the neighbourhood of the hospital, then the place is besieged, and the officials, medical officers, and authorities are hard' pushed to afford all the relief that is applied for. Then it is that the insufficiency of accommodation for the sick is most severely felt—a want which should, as far as possible, be obviated by the completion of the building. Funds for this purpose are urgently required, as well as to defray the cost of conducting the hospital, which amounts to 8000*l.* or 9000*l.* a year. To meet this annual expenditure the committee have only yearly subscriptions of about 2,500*l.*; so that they have to beg from year to year for the deficiency.

It is not to be expected that any considerable portion of this sum can be raised in the parish in which the hospital is situate, or in the poor districts by which it is surrounded. Appeal is therefore made to those benevolent persons who feel that hospitals have claims to support, irrespective of the claims of neighbourhood; that of all charities they are the most needed, and the least subject to abuse; that they are essential to the improvement of the art of healing, and to the acquirement of experience in the skilful treatment alike of rich and poor; and that they are also centres of religious instruction and spiritual consolation, of which it is difficult to exaggerate the importance.

WALTER MAYNARD.

## A KENTISH HOPYARD.

**I**T is well enough to “watch your Allsopp growing” in the tender sunshine of a July morning; but you can never realise the fatness of Kent, till you “gaze on your bags in bloom,” and pay your footing to the ruthless hoppers for wandering up their alleys of bine and flower.

“ Young and lusty barley  
Comes o'er the fields to woo ”

in downright earnest, when October has set in. Hoppers have then been at work for more than a month; and the majority begin to weary of rural life, and to sigh for the New Cut or St. Giles'. An owner must be a syren or a boundless paymaster if he can get his hops finished after that date. The Union Jack waves above the vast house-cowls, and a tattered handkerchief on a stick does duty where the orthodox “red, white, and blue” is not forthcoming. Waggons are drawn up in the orchard, and basket after basket of ruddy apples is piled on to them. The thoroughbred scion of an Oaks winner—of which Kent once had three, Mierne, Mendicant, and Queen Bertha, within six miles—almost breaks away from his leader, as a party of hoppers, who are evidently not averse to “Eoff's Sparkling Ales,” stagger along with the hop bin, borne like a sedan chair between them. Byron's query—

“ Where are your Pyrrhic dances gone ? ”

is soon answered by a peep at the wild revelry, which makes night hideous at the hop supper finish.

Some of them sleep in barns or cattle sheds, which are “feltered up” annually with boards and brushwood to keep out the wind; but a few hop-garden owners furnish a regular set of marquees for their illustrious visitors, who are more necessary than welcome. The gipsy portion are the best workers, but very difficult to deal with. They sally forth at night and do wanton mischief to gates, and let the stock out into the roads; whereas the Irishman is too idle to leave his tent or bothy, and contents himself with potatoes, tobacco, and beer. When a strike is made, the gipsies are quite the master-

minds. Either they go to the owner's house *en masse* to parley, and leave the Irish in the field, pledged not to work under fearful pains and penalties, or they drive them to the house at the point of the hop pole. Irish hoppers attempting a strike on their own account is a very feeble business. "*They don't make so clean a job of it as the gipsies do; they try and look bold, and doddle about a bit, till one or two of them are paid off, and then they turn in again; after the hops want picking, it's rather denoying.*" So said a simple swain to us, who had observed their habits closely, down to the fact that the Irish will have sixpenny, while others are content with fourpenny ale.

The Milesian mind may show a daintiness in picking its ale, but it shows none in picking its hops. "*We'll pick 'em cleaner, maister,*" is the constant response to all complaints, and they straightway relapse into the lazy old groove. The majority of hoppers work in gangs of two or three to a bin, or a woman will take her children and pick at a basket. Women generally work best, and some of the smartest fingered among them will pick their thirty bushels at a penny or three half-pence her bushel; but twenty-two is a good average. Sometimes they are paid by so many baskets to a shilling; and the quantity required is more or less according as the hops are large or small. Artists compass sea and land for subjects; but a lot of hoppers waiting for their special fourth-class train, seems to have never been thought of.

The station-master has a weary time of it, and he and his policeman must be clever hands at a barricade if they can keep the station clear for other traffic. Hoppers take very little note of time, and if a train goes in the afternoon, the station is in a state of siege from a very early hour, and the

" Little tube of mighty power,  
Charmer of my leisure hour "

is glowing all day like a furnace in male and female lips. Most of them carry a can tied to his or her belt, a potatoe pan, a bundle of clothes, and an umbrella; and there would be no luck in leaving the gardens without a bunch of hop blossom for a chimney-piece token. Sometimes a squalid coquette of a girl bedizens her waist with a couple of dahlias, as the old special pleader said, "to give colour." Two or three comrades may be seen round a hop Nestor, whose legs, rendered more wayward than ever by draughts of "Eoff's Sparkling," have failed him suddenly in the road, while an old hop hag of a mate, with her grey back hair all down, has just "lived the distance" to the station barrier, and is feebly shaking her fist at the policeman behind.

it. Sometimes the men fight furiously, and end up—when it suddenly flashes on them that we “*don't malice each other*”—with a species of wild dance and bear-like hug. The women are more vindictive; they put down the baby on the road side, and seldom resume it, till they have been credited or debited with a pair of black eyes.

Hops thrive best in a southern aspect, and love to couch under the wind, like a hare, on a gentle slope. They enjoy a warm sun, but up to August wet and wind do not greatly hurt them. A damp and warm August, free from wind, is the making of them, and under these influences a crop will almost double itself. Cold wet, on the contrary, quite stops the growth of the burr, and it was this, combined with frost in August, which made the crop of '60 so bad. It is calculated that about 55,000 acres are under cultivation for hops in Kent, Sussex, Surrey (with Farnham as its garden of Eden), Worcester, Essex, and Herefordshire, and those farmers who grow them generally devote to them five acres per cent. They flourish best on pasture land fresh broken up and well trenched, especially if it is a good alluvial soil, not too deep or too light. Clay requires more trenching and care; chalk does not suit them at all; and if an old hand thrusts down his walking-stick as a divining rod, the smell will guide him as to genuine hop-land. Ten shillings an acre extra is put on for tithe, and “*the parsons whip us up; they be awake.*”

Hops and their mode of culture formed the subject of the leading case, *Waddington v. Bristowe*, on interests in land for nearly a quarter of a century, when one of the acutest Judges in the golden age of the King's Bench astonished Westminster Hall by holding that it was not decided on that ground at all. It was, however, duly explained to the Court that there was nothing left in the land but the root of the plant, from which the bine was to flower and produce the hops. Such roots will reproduce themselves for fully thirty years, and as they die they are replaced by the cuttings, which have been laid and bedded in sets, and are then planted at the rate of three or four to “a hill.” The old hop growers go wandering among the “hills,” and turn them up occasionally, to see whether the plants have “thimmed or nidgetted,” with as much devotion as a deceased duke of many broad acres and London ground leases might be seen applying his nose to a faulty metropolitan stench trap. If it has been fine dry weather, and the air has got well down to the roots, they nidget to perfection, as the fibres run right across the alleys, and enjoy the good farming. A hundred acres of hop-land require fully twenty-five

men to strike and pole, and trim the roots. Each hill has one plant, and about twelve hundred plants go to an acre. The poles, which very careful growers always tar at the bottom every year after they have been used, are taken from the piles and fixed late in May, when the plants have been duly dressed and cut. The Goldings and the Manningtons have the rankest bines, and therefore require the strongest poles, and cutting down poles in the woods by a regular rotation forms an important item in Kentish farming agreements. July is the great fly month, and many an anxious inspection and searching of heart falls to the lot of the hop sage as the fly produces the nit, and the nit ascends to the louse stage. Much of the success of the hop grower depends on his occult science in this combat with the old Egyptian pest.

It is a very great point in hop farming to keep the land clean and nicely ridged up a few weeks before picking, so as to let off the rain. The average of crops is 17 cwt. per acre, but in the most favoured Kentish spots it will reach 30 cwt. during very good seasons. The largest Sussex crops are to be found round Uckfield, but 25 cwt. is about their limit, and the growers sometimes suffer from a total blight. They are, as they themselves allow, generally in extremes. Mr. John Kenward, who is quite the father of hop bettors and Sussex hop growers, had sixty tons one year from sixty acres. They were grown in Little Bowstead, a mile from Uckfield, on stiff land which required at least fifty loads of good rotten dung to the acre. A great crop often weighs badly, as the hops come too large, and lack the rich dust and seed quality of the smaller sort. Sixty bushels to a hundredweight is considered a good weigh, but in some years seventy will not pull down the scale, and it will take eighty if the hops are very bad. It is the green hop which sells, and therefore there must be an early pick to ensure colour, even at the risk of bleeding the bine. Where it is impossible to have them green, the next step is to prevent their being brown, and to turn them yellow by a brimstone application. The common measure is by the pocket of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cwt., and the bags, whose texture is such that "as coarse as hop bagging" has become a county phrase, generally hold 3 cwt. The Kentish brand is the Flying Horse, and not a few dealers in other counties have got "into trouble" for adopting it, and had to take their choice between a 20% fine, or "three months." Sussex has no brand. Hop bines always come in useful for litter in the straw-yards, or thatching, or as shelter to lambing folds. When dried up, it might be taken, by its smell and texture, for a tea plant, and sheep eat it with a keen relish when chopped up small.

There is "only a ditch" between Sussex and Kent, and some hop yards are half and half in each county; but still the best Kentish hops always command a larger price in the Borough. Branckley and Wormenden, near Lamberhurst, are the best Sussex parishes; but the growers confine themselves to the Grape, Jones, and Colgate sorts, and never essay the Golding, which thrives best on a chalk and lime subsoil, and not on a clay or sand one. Maidstone and the adjacent parishes of Hadlow, Farleigh, Watringbury, and Yalding, many of them on the ragstone, are the Kentish head-centre of hop plantations; and fruit and filberts also abound. Ellice is an historical name round Farleigh, and a grower alluded to the family, in dark speech, as having "*four hundred acres, and perhaps a good many more.*" The Canterbury growth, like that of Mid and East Kent, is the mother of pale ale; but the quantity and quality of the hop falls off as you get nearer Deal and on to the chalk. The Golding hops, which are always very free from mould, require a beautiful light loam; and their magnificent rich colour, coupled with their superior flavour and quality, make them an essential to Bass & Allsopp. They will fetch eight guineas per cwt., when the best Jones's can only reach 5*l.* 10*s.* The pale ale brewers use some of the richest of the latter sort; but still they work almost entirely on Goldings and Bavanes. Jones's, which are always the first ready for picking, grow best in the Weald of Kent and Sussex. They are not prolific, but the best sorts have quality enough even for the Burton business. Grapes press them hard in point of early picking, and are the largest sort of all; while Colgates are the latest and the smallest, and are sometimes sold at from 6*d.* to 8*d.* per bushel. In point of production they are almost unlimited on good land, and if they are late picked and well-conditioned, Barclay & Perkins rejoice in them. In fact, as a general thing, brown hops and black malt are the wedded pair in porter.

Judge Maule, who drank porter to "reduce my wits to the level of counsel's," might have modified this *obiter dictum*, if he had known all the stirring Borough betting associations which cling to the Barley Bride in her course from the blossom to the pewter. "The pavement near the Town Hall," says a writer, "was the Tattersall's of these peripatetic philosophers; and every hop county sent its speculative contingent on a Monday. They would meet at ten o'clock and bet till one; then fly to Mark Lane, and have another bet or two there, amongst the corn-stands. If the May-fly came, speculation would begin about the 30th of the month, and be at its hottest in July. Fully a hundred and fifty men would have books on the crop; and



the great brewers would send their commissioners to back or lay against the duty. They always looked upon Tattersall's with contempt, on the short and not unreasonable ground that '*if you back the duty it always comes out fair; but a horse may tumble down, or be squared, or a thousand things.*' And who can gainsay their preference? Year after year the names of Kenward, Harriman, Monk, Clements, Goble, Trimmer, &c., ruled the market; and those did best who always made Kent their guide. Father and son often follow the same trade. There is a story of a father remonstrating with his first-born upon the practice, and offering to settle 100*l.* a-year on him if he would leave it off. '*That would never do, father,*' was the reply: '*I win 200*l.* a-year off you.*' And '*I'll bet you 50*l.* you don't,*' was the rejoinder. Those who 'backed the duty' (*i.e.* to be over a certain amount) won seven years out of ten, and their loss was the most provoking when, in 1855, they braced themselves up to back 400,000*l.*, and it only fell 2000*l.* short of it. One great hop factor always laid against the duty, and was only on the right side twice in twenty years. He was a good man for the farmer, as the more he laid against the duty, the more he 'rose the price' of hops. He always speculated, as a factor, for a short crop; so much so, that when others were backing 100,000*l.* duty unlimited, he would be laying against 60,000*l.* unlimited, and trusting to his double pull to get through. With a less daring outlay, the system might have answered, as what was lost in bets might have been more than made-up by sale commissions. On one occasion, when a great grower had a large quantity of hops to sell, he laid two factors 500*l.* each, when hops were at 5*l.* 10*s.*, that they did not reach 7*l.* per cwt. The knowledge of the bet sent up the market, and thus the grower dropped 1000*l.*, and yet won 500*l.* on the transaction by the enhanced price of his hops. One man's losses alone have been known to reach 30,000*l.* in a year; and one *annus mirabilis* saw a factor leave off with 60,000*l.*, a triumph which he celebrated by a dinner worthy of Apicius, and half-guinea whist points after. Hop-bettors generally whetted their tusks each Monday with a rubber at whist on the railway journey to town, and the dinner-table was also a favourite 'Change. They would bet upon anything, and one of them was once so uplifted by good cheer and loyalty, that he laid 100*l.* to 1*l.*, before the cloth was drawn, on the taking of Sebastopol.

"The crop of 'Sixty was a wretched one, and it is a cherished tradition of the Borough, that a speculator, who did not believe the signs of the times, bought largely at 7*l.* per cwt., and held till they were down at 2*s.* The most careful men seldom opened their

mouths on Monday, unless they had first-rate information, or had made a Kentish journey of observation the week before, and determined to back their judgment; and one first-class judge would make 5000*l.* a-year this way, by almost invariably backing the duty. The great secret was always proclaimed on November 5th in the *Gazette*. On December 1st the bettors met to compare books, and I O U's for the losses were handed over, made payable for New Year's day; but five per cent. was always deducted for ready money payments. Old speculators yearn for those days once more, and Guy Fawkes only seems like the wan ghost of a duty they adored. Some of them tell tales, which lengthen at each repetition like the sea-serpent, of the smashing blows which were dealt against the duty by their metallic heroes, and the equally daring defence; and regard the Borough as a very Waterloo in which they fought and 'bled.'

H. D.

## ON SOME LOST PAPERS.

**H**UST now applied to by my friend the editor of *The Flamer* for one of my "light, sparkling essays," or a "short strong story, you know," I plunged amongst the confused mass of papers on my desk, to find any stray, half-forgotten manuscript that might offer something like a fitting reply to this delightful demand for "copy." Not one, but "all my pretty chickens," yes, all had found their market; and then once again I bethought me of those lost papers that were the waifs and strays of shipwrecked hopes in the early days of my literary career. Why not write a paper on this very subject, not for *The Flamer's* readers, but with a view to higher game? Thackeray once contemplated a "Roundabout," with this very title. My friend Artaxes, the dramatist, in fact, discussed the thing with him over a bottle of the great humourist's favourite claret: he told me so himself. What a charming paper it would have been! But had Thackeray lost any MSS.? I mean, in the way that Artaxes and myself have lost them?—manuscripts dropped into editors' boxes, you know, or sent through the post to magnificent magazine conductors in the old times. Artaxes says Thackeray did go through this sieve as severely as most of us (A. will have his pun); and now the fortunate discoverer of those rejected, neglected, and lost papers might make a small fortune out of them.

When I come to think of my own lost papers, feeling towards them all the affectionate regret that a mother might feel for departed children, I grieve at the loss we have all sustained in not having had a "Roundabout" on Thackeray's lost papers. What such an essay might have been in his hands, you may easily judge by these poor reminiscences of mine. You remember Charles Dickens's story;—how one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, he dropped one of his "Sketches" into a dark letter box in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street; and how on its appearance in print he turned for half-an-hour into Westminster Hall, because his eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there. I wonder how many papers the author of "Pickwick" had dropped into other letter boxes, and how many did not appear and were lost for ever. Perhaps the memory of the

bitterness of disappointment and the joy of success occurred to him, years ago, when he rejected, in a most polite note, an exquisite story which I intended for *Household Words*. Ah, that was a story now! The editor evidently thought so. A literary friend of mine suggested that there was jealousy in C. D.'s rejection of it. "Two stars in one hemisphere, you know!" I did not quite feel at the time that he was joking me, for I had a most transcendent opinion of that story of "The Hunchback Pedlar." It was sufficient for my pride that a courteous explanation of its "not being suitable to our pages" accompanied the rejected MS.; but I soon learnt not to be down-hearted, even in the absence of such polite attention. I tried the "Hunchback" elsewhere, and lost him; he fell into less considerate hands than those of the *Household Words* editor, and was added to some other lost papers which might so easily be made available in these days of *Flamers* and *Flummeries*. Those learned doctors of literature who rejected the "Hunchback" may have been wise in their generation, but they might have sent the deformed child back to its proud and indulgent parent. What a cunning, clever, wily, hawk-eyed hunchback it was! I remember him now defying authority, sneaking and grinning like Quilp, yelling and terrifying everybody, as if he belonged to Victor Hugo's story. He was a strange mixture of Quilp and Asmodeo, of the Old Man of the Sea and a dwarf whom I had seen in a show, and whose hand I had been permitted to shake as it hung out of a dog-kennel sort of house of three stories, which the showman carried in his arms. But I loved him, nevertheless; for was he not mine own? Had I not created him, and did I not plan out that career which at last left him great and happy, and noble and honoured, despite his hump and his twisted legs?

I can readily understand now, why the editor of the *Illustrated London News* and his wise brother of *Notes and Queries* rejected that elaborate treatise from a youthful hand upon "Rural Sports and Pastimes;" but I wish I had kept copies of those carefully prepared treatises. There was a real experience in that story of the Mummers and the Plough Monday Festival. The speeches of St. George and the fiery Hector had not been gleaned from books. The language had come down to a long generation of boys; and the drolleries of "Moll" anent ploughs and ploughmen were local witticisms in rhyme which were curious enough for preservation. Do I think so now? Most certainly; for are not those curious documents lost to me for ever? How well I remember sealing that big envelope with glowing red wax, and wondering whether the illustrated paper

would reproduce my rough etching of the scene where the doctor pours something "out of this bottle" into Hector's throat, and bids him "rise and fight again," whilst St. George boasts—

"It was I who brought the fiery dragon to the slaughter,  
And by those means I won the king of Egypt's daughter."

For many weeks I secretly scanned the pages of the pictorial paper, and at last learnt to despise it and think lightly of *Notes and Queries* too.

The poet's corner of the little local paper was beneath my ambition. I had written humorous and learned paragraphs and romantic things about spring flowers long before the magazines and great London weeklies tempted me to burn the midnight oil and stock the shelves of oblivion. But long before this I remember me of a copy-book filled with the veracious account of a runaway youth, who left Boston as a cabin-boy. The writer was only twelve years old, and his inspiration was from "Robinson Crusoe," the "Arabian Nights," and a bundle of quaint old ballads bought at three yards a penny in a market town. That copy-book was illustrated after the manner of a certain cheap "Dick Turpin." The artist had done his work with pen and ink, and his colours were red, and blue, and black. The path of the sailor boy's life, owing to the artist's large stock of red ink, was sanguinary in the extreme. Talk of the sensation novels of middle-aged ladies in the present day, you should have seen that copy-book of the young story-teller who illustrated his own MS. What has become of that well-remembered work? It could hardly be indicative of genius; for even now the charm of boyhood cannot disguise from my memory a knowledge of the utterly stupid and idiotic character of that first story. And yet in itself it was nearly as good as an early drawing of Turner's which I saw at Clifton some years ago. Canova and Wilkie, Ferguson and Newton, Scott and Canning, gave early evidence of the power that was in them; but Turner certainly did not. And many other great men have written stories quite as absurd, and drawn pictures quite as idiotic, as those in my lost copy-book.

Under my eye, whilst I am writing, there lies a copy of the first volume of *The Eton Miscellany*, published in 1827. I dare say many of the writers in that periodical would be rejoiced if certain papers printed therein were as utterly lost as my illustrated copy-book. Amongst the contributors to this magazine were the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., who was then in his eighteenth year; A. H. Hallam, son of Hallam the historian, and the very youth whose death Tennyson has mourned

in his immortal "In Memoriam;" Sir James William Colville; and various other men who have made a stir in the world's history. I am sure Colville and Gladstone, and Selwyn, the Bishop of New Zealand, will forgive me for saying that any regular magazine editor, in the present or the past, would have rejected the whole of those contributions which they contemplated with such pride when they formed the irresponsible writing staff of *The Eton Miscellany*. Here and there we may perhaps discover a scintillation of the peculiar genius of the writers; but, take Gladstone's work for example, it bears no evidence of the embryo power which was to develop in the future. He was the first editor of the *Miscellany*, and his opening address smacks of an early attraction towards the field of politics. Some of my readers might regard a head-line in his second introductory address as almost prophetic:—

"NEW MEMBERS OF THE CABINET."

"Though," he says, "my superscription is alarmingly political, I can assure my readers that the contagion has extended no further. I love, like some other people, to give to my proceedings an air of importance; and those whom I shall now mention are simply companions whom I have admitted into my cabinet, to aid me in conducting those weighty affairs in which I have been, am, and hope to continue, engaged."

Mr. Gladstone's prose throughout is weak, affected, and school-boyish, interlarded with much Latin; his poetry sometimes rises to a high order of merit; but you fail to trace the slightest glimpse of that financial acumen, and those brilliant political powers of oratory which shone with such conspicuous radiance when he may be said to have annihilated the Derby ministry in 1852 by his criticism of the Disraeli budget. Although he was editor of the *Eton Miscellany* in 1827, it was really not until 1840 that he made any impression as a writer, and then in an entirely different walk to that which he selected in his eighteenth year at Eton. Has Disraeli ever lost any papers, I wonder? He has lost no time, that is certain; and the profession of letters was ennobled when he stood forward and addressed the House of Commons as Premier of England.

How the *Times* must regret having rejected that enthusiastic paper of mine on the present Premier, when I took for my text the young politician's memorable declaration to Lord Melbourne, and predicted that Benjamin Disraeli would one day be at the head of an administration. It would surely have been pleasant for the editor to have

reproduced the prophetic paragraph at the present time. But the Thunderer did not know me in those past days, and now—you remember that leading article about which there was such a profound sensation last year. . . . Ah, well, let it pass; my theme is lost papers, not published articles; defeats, not victories. There is *Fraser* now: one of the most poetical and delicious early essays that ever rippled from sharp-nibbed pen upon cream-laid letter paper, has been lying unheeded in that obfuscated editor's room for ten years and more. If I had it now, I could afford to invite the editor to a banquet out of the proceeds of the cheque which would come to me, fresh and pleasant to look upon, in acknowledgment of that neglected paper. It was a sort of rural reverie on an old flint gun which had seen service in a civil war, and had done duty in the old times when shooting partridges was combined with the sport of hunting them. A rambling, chatty essay, if I remember correctly, with half a dozen incisive anecdotes in it, and a smack of olden sport; it was rejected, it is lost; and the world is none the worse, perhaps, and certainly none the better, for somebody's want of appreciation.

Artaxes, my friend, *you* remember that little fairy tale of the northern brooks? Your friend, the editor of *The Great Shilling's-worth*, he would have published it had his assistant not let it go by mistake to the butter-woman. Ah, I have many pleasant recollections in connection with that story. In the Durham colliery districts white, shiney, sparkling streams are sometimes suddenly changed to black, inky torrents. An instance of this kind occurred near the Wear, in a romantic spot not far from ancient Dunelm. There were two mountain streams tumbling over the same line of country. I made them lovers. There was a rival, a certain imp of Phlegethon, and in the night time Pluto's minion seized the fair goddess of the northern river. This was the foundation of the first part of my story. The second part described the grief of the lonely brook of the mountain, and his dream of vengeance. There was a great gathering of the waters of the upper world. The north country people said it was a flood. There had been wet in the hills, and the Wear overflowed. How should they know of the love that had existed between those two brooks, and the feud which had sprung up between the great rivers of earth and hell? What did these poor miners whose dwellings were flooded know about Ceres, and Proserpine, and Pluto, and the nymph Arethusa? When the flood subsided, and the blackened stream was once more pure, the people said the pumping had been abandoned, and the pit was not to be worked; but the

truth was, the river gods of the north had triumphed over the four rivers of Hades, and the brook lovers were restored to each other pure and beautiful as the valley in which they finally came together in matrimonial embrace, and went on to the great ocean. You remember, Artaxes, how I worked all this out, and what a pleasant evening we had when I read it after supper to Miss Perrywood and yourself. It is a lost paper now, *mon ami*; and if I saw it again, perhaps my strongest remembrance about it would be the fairy-like music which Miss Perrywood played as an interlude between the first and second parts of the story. I think I should have proposed to that girl, Artaxes, if my northern visit had extended over another week. But she had too much money. I don't think I could ever offer myself to a rich woman, Artaxes. In the first place, if she refused me, I should think she believed me to be a mercenary adventurer in love with her purse; if she accepted me, I should be afraid she would try to be master. I would sooner Miss Perrywood had made curl-papers of my manuscript than have it going about the world with dabs of butter grease in the middle of every sheet. She is Mrs. Corlton Wiffins now, and you may see her with four fat children in a yellow brougham at Hyde-park Corner, every day at four in the season. When she reads this paper she will laugh to think how silly we all were in that northern house, talking about fairies and music. Ah, well, there is a "silly season" of life which is as interesting and as delusive as the productions of the "silly season" in literature. I would sooner live in that silly season all my days than be the master of that yellow brougham; and I would sooner be compelled to read all the "silly season" literature than wade through that sea of parliamentary debate which floods the daily papers all through the London summer.

How many men who might have held a high place in the world of letters have been lost with their lost papers! The patience required to go on, and fight on in face of the difficulties which beset the path of the literary labourer in his early days, must be immense. Charles Dickens said the other day that he had heard much of dragons in the way; but his experience was in favour of regarding them as myths. The career of the author of "Pickwick" is an exceptional one. There was no dragon in his way that his lance could not conquer; but the lost papers which lie about in publishers' offices, in editors' rooms, in theatrical managers' chests, would reveal strange stories of the voracious dragons which beset the highway of literature, nevertheless. An author of a very aphoristic turn of mind suggests that if, like the lost things pictured in the allegoric scene of



Ariosto, neglected or abused capabilities could be exhibited to the eye, what a curious and melancholy spectacle we should behold. If some colossal-minded editor could collect together a thousand examples of the best lost papers, now covered with the dust of merited or unmerited neglect, what a strange book he would produce. As a rule, it would no doubt be found that they deserved their fate; but great and magnificent exceptions would be discovered, associated with the lives of notable and deserving men who have been unsuccessful, not because they did not possess striking abilities, but for the want of patience under neglect, or for the want of perseverance, or of certain business qualifications which are necessary to guide and sustain the most brilliant genius. It is the fashion to credit genius with a want of common sense, and to deny it any claim to commercial or worldly acumen. Examples which belie the general verdict are numerous. Shakspeare was evidently a man of shrewd business capacity. He managed the products of his giant intellect upon the ordinary common-place rules of everyday life. He adapted and wrote for the theatre which he managed, and made the most of his work from a monetary point of view; and when he had acquired a fortune he went quietly home to Stratford, and retired from business. Look at Sir Walter Scott. Was he not a good commercial manager? Take, in these modern times, Charles Dickens. There is no instance in the present day of great genius so thoroughly combined with what may be called business capacity. I elaborated these illustrations seven years ago in a heavy article upon "Literary Idiosyncracies" for the *Dublin*, and I think this is the last of my lost papers. Since then it has been my lot to hold the balance and sit in judgment; and with a lively remembrance of my own stray manuscripts, I have been mindful of the feelings of others. May I venture to hope that the editor of *The Gentleman's Magazine* will exercise a like compassion in the interest of the host of unknown authors who will endeavour now and then to occupy a place in the ranks of the known and the great who will enrich his pages.

H.

## NOTES & INCIDENTS.

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"LAW is the perfection of reason." Here is an illustration of the epigram, and of the fact. Mr. J. H. Wilkinson, the manager of the Joint Stock Discount Company, a gentleman who, by a stroke of the pen, might have appropriated a million of money, was called upon two years ago to hold up his hand in the dock of the Old Bailey, and plead to a charge of embezzling 4860*l.*, convicted, and sentenced, with appropriate moral remarks upon the nature of his crime, to seven years' penal servitude. He has served out eighteen months of his sentence, and it is now discovered that the conviction arose from a misapprehension of the nature of the transaction out of which the charge arose; and the convict is, by a royal pardon, restored to the world, innocent, penniless, and broken in health and spirits. Yet if two years ago the law had permitted Mr. Wilkinson to give evidence in his own case, that is, to explain the transaction upon oath, the whole mystery might have been cleared up in ten minutes. The rule of law against the admission of the evidence of a prisoner on his trial, however, still stands; and perhaps, as in the case of Mr. Barber, we shall vindicate its justice by voting Mr. Wilkinson 10,000*l.* or 15,000*l.* by way of compensation. I take that case from the courts of Criminal Law. Here is a companion case from the Bankruptcy Courts. Messrs. Peto Betts, and Crampton, a firm of contractors employing more skilled artisans than the government itself, have just squared up their accounts with their creditors, through the assistance of a commissioner in Bankruptcy. The biggest item in their schedule was "a claim" of six millions by the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company. This claim of six millions arose out of a series of equivocal transactions in the art of railway finance representing probably a total of sixty millions. It was the cause of the bankruptcy; for the bankrupts on their part made a claim of some millions against the railway. Apart from these transactions, Peto, Betts, and Crampton were as solvent as the Bank of England. Yet when the case comes on for investigation the railway company strikes out or postpones its claim, and the business is concluded without a syllable of explanation, the Bankruptcy Commissioners remarking that, "although many long investigations had taken place, the bankrupts had had no opportunity of stating their version of the case in the slightest degree." Messrs. Peto and Betts' case is of a piece with Mr. Wilkinson's—it is governed by the same principle of law. But here is a case by itself. It is governed by no rule or principle. It is an accident of the law. A tramp with 3*l.* in his pocket is walking from Liverpool to

London in search of work. He arrives footsore and weary at Dunstable. There is only one house in Dunstable that will take in tramps—(my authority is Mr. Hugh Smith, J.P.)—and that is full. The public-houses will not look at a tramp. The relieving-officer cannot give him a bed if the tramp have a penny in his pocket. To be found sleeping in a barn is to be found there, in the eye of the law, for an unlawful purpose. It is the duty of the police to lock up anyone committing an offence "by sleeping in the open air," if they are found in the streets of a town. It is trespassing to lie down to sleep in a hayfield or under a stack of corn. Balancing all these points of his dilemma, James Austin crept into the tramp-ward at Dunstable, on the pretence that he was without means, was fished out by the omniscient eye of the sergeant of police, taken before a magistrate, sentenced to twenty-one days' imprisonment with hard labour, ordered to pay the magistrates' clerks' fees, his own fare, and the sergeant's, to the county town, charged 1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* for his three weeks' maintenance in the county-gaol, and turned out into the world with the balance in his pocket, to "write to the *Times*," and to illustrate the perfection of our Vagrancy Laws in a note in *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

YET what *are* we to do with the vagrants? That question at least deserves a note. They are like the "Fashionable Woman," one of the pests of the period. They form a class by themselves, and as a class they are equal in numbers to the population of many boroughs still returning a brace of parliamentary representatives. You cannot drive through any part of the country, especially in August and September, without seeing them by the dozen on the roadside. All told, there are probably at least fifteen thousand of them, and they are yearly on the increase. Every class of society contributes to their ranks; and they are on the increase, too, by a process of spontaneous generation. They have a language of their own, like the Whitechapel thieves. They have rites and signs of their own, like the Freemasons. Their habits of life are as stereotyped and as picturesque as those of the House of Lords or the gipsies. They cherish their traditions like Mohawks; and perhaps when they find a man of genius to take them in hand and sketch their lives, as Charles Dickens has sketched the lives of a less reputable and, on the whole, a less interesting class, the world will be astonished to find how distinguished in social life many tramps had once been. At present the world knows them only as pests, and wishes to treat them only as pests. How to put them down is the question of the hour; for in the form of rates and taxes they are costing us yearly half the amount we have just spent in the conquest of Magdala. They are the spawn of civilisation—that is their real description. They are kept alive and kept on the roads by alms. Perhaps, therefore, the easiest way to put them down is to starve them out—to refuse them alms, and to make them move on. But you cannot make John Bull button up his breeches pocket by Act of Parliament, unless you tax him. He will insist upon his right to relieve the poor at his

gate as well as the workhouse. He thinks this is charity; and you might as well preach to cromlechs as to tell him that his alms breed more paupers than they relieve. It is a fact that this thoughtless almsgiving develops paupers, just as it is a fact that the rays of the sun increase insect life. But John Bull hates cynics, and calls political economy "a science without bowels." I am afraid, therefore, that Mr. Lambert's suggestion of "buttons"—that is to say, buttons to the breeches pocket—will not take. It is the only real check to vagrancy and pauperism; but John Bull is not ripe for it yet. The police ought to be able to stamp out this pest for us by a set of regulations such as those now in force in Gloucestershire. The magistrates there relieve every vagrant who asks for relief; but the provision is slender, too slender to encourage idle men to go on tramp, and it is uniform; and we have the testimony of Mr. Baker, of Hardwicke Court, that the plan works excellently. "Whereas," says Mr. Baker, "three years ago at three houses out of four in the county a beggar got a piece of bread or a penny (the former being sold to a beershop-keeper to feed his chickens, and the money spent in drink), at the present time there is not one house in ten where anything is given him, unless he shows by a ticket-of-way that he has travelled ten miles or so from the place where he slept last night, and has had no relief by the way." The magistrates of Gloucestershire have struck at the heart of the evil; and if all "the shires" followed their example, tramps would soon be as rare as negroes in the towns and villages which they now infest and pillage.

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WE have recently passed through a strange time of heat and drought. The country has been literally "burnt up" by the sun. Salmon are reported to have been killed by sunstroke. Many persons have died in the harvest fields from heat apoplexy. The railway banks have been on fire all over the country. In some districts hundreds of acres of growing and gathered crops have been burnt. Sheep and pigs have died in the public markets from the excessive heat. The thermometer has registered 100° in the sun. But history has stranger stories still than that of the recent heat; and the graceful pen of Mr. Shirley Brooks indicates some of these in "Old Subscribers" of the present month.

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IT is worth while simply to record that the name of the Premier of England is figuring on playbills as the author of a tragedy now being enacted at Astley's. The manager obtained Mr. Disraeli's permission to produce "Alarcos." He might have rewarded Mr. Disraeli's condescension by having the play well acted. "Alarcos" gives evidence of considerable dramatic power. Its faults are the faults prominent in similar works at the period when this was written. On the same principle of curiosity which has obtained for "Vivian Grey," thousands of new readers, who look for expressions and incidents illustrative of the author's career, there have been curious and unaccustomed audiences at Astley's, and the

cleverest amongst the throng have marked in the text the following speech of *Alarcos* to his wife:—

“ Ah, Florimonde, thou art too pure ;  
 Unsoiled in the rough and miry paths  
 Of this same trampling world ; unskilled in heats  
 Of fierce and emulous spirits. There's a rapture  
 In the strife of factions, that a woman's soul  
 Can never reach. Men smiled on me to-day  
 Would gladly dig my grave ; and yet I smiled  
 And gave them coin as ready as their own,  
 And not less base.”

WHEN the rain statistics of the past season come to be collected, it is doubtful whether they will show such a great deficiency after all. The districts about London have certainly been watered well nigh up to the average, only the wet came at the wrong time, and in too sudden showers to do good. The total fall from January to the middle of August, amounted, at Greenwich, to about 12 inches. If we glance over the records of past years, we shall see that this is a fair quantity. The depths of fall for the same period in the following years, were:—

1858	,	,	12·6	inches.	1863	,	,	12·8	inches.
1859	,	,	12·2	”	1864	,	,	8·8	”
1860	.	.	16·2	”	1865	.	.	15·1	”
1861	.	.	11·0	”	1866	.	.	18·2	”
1862	.	.	15·2	”	1867	.	.	20·2	”

The mean of these comes out 14·2 inches. If 1868 is below this mean, it is far above 1864, and somewhat higher than 1861 ; so as regards the absolute quantity of water received, we have been better off this year than in either of these two. The total fall per annum averages 24 inches about London, so to make up an average by the end of the year, we need not necessarily have a deluge, and are not compelled to anticipate a wet autumn and a rainy Christmas.

THE “intending investor” ought to be eternally grateful for the interest that is taken in his welfare. Not long since a sporting financier offered him an annual income of many thousands on the strength of a few pounds. How far the “intending investor” availed himself of this opportunity to make several hundreds per cent. of his money we are not in a position to say. This month the “intending investor” is addressed through the circulars of a well-known, and we believe respectable, firm, in connection with a tin and copper mine. They say, “shares which can now be bought at 12*l.*, will eventually go to 100*l.* each.” It is very kind of Messrs. — to let the “intending investor” into this secret of Fortunatus. We have in our eye a gentleman who was surprised in his copper mining by an influx of water, which flooded the works and drowned all his fortune. The “intending investor” will do well to look at all the contingencies which may arise to obstruct the growth of 12*l.* into 100*l.*

SO far as record exists, no one of ancient or modern times has surpassed, perhaps even equalled, the late eminent linguist, Cardinal Mezzofanti, in his wide range of knowledge of languages. Mithridates, king of Pontus, of old, and Pico, of Mirandola, of more recent times, are each said to have known two and twenty languages, while the knowledge of twenty-eight is ascribed on good authority to Sir William Jones. Müller, Niebuhr, Fresnel, and Sir John Bowring are each credited to the extent of twenty; Professor Lee, of sixteen. But, as we learn from a writer in the *Union Review*, the undoubted achievements of Mezzofanti are such as to cast those of all other linguists into the shade, even after every excuse has been made for the exaggerations of ancient tradition. His nephew, Minarelli, who had access to all his papers, books, and memoranda, made a list of all the languages which he had learned, and other friends classified these according to the several degrees in which the cardinal was conversant with them. What must be the astonishment of Sir John Bowring, and what would be the astonishment of Niebuhr and Sir William Jones, could they rise from their graves, to learn that the number of tongues mastered by the cardinal was no less than one hundred and fourteen!

NOTHING that a landowner and squire can do for the peasants and labourers on his estates will be found a better means of "educating" and improving his tenantry, than the encouragement of horticulture among them. Few pursuits are more *cheap* than gardening, and none have a greater tendency to keep the poor man from the public-house. When Cobbett was staying with a friend in the South of England, as he drove with him through a pleasant Hampshire village, he noticed that every cottage had its garden, and that each garden was well-filled with flowers, vegetables, and fruit-trees. He was delighted at the sight; and on asking who was the owner, his friend replied that they belonged to Mr. —, but that Mr. — was "a Tory." "Don't tell me," replied Cobbett, with some warmth, "about his being a 'Tory.' Whig or Tory, he is a deuced good man; there's nothing like gardening for our cottagers." If there be truth in Cobbett's homely remark, it is a truth which we may be pardoned for bringing before the notice of the country gentlemen of England. Landowners should give a garden with every cottage, and advise and urge their tenants to plant their little gardens with flowers, and still more with vegetables and fruit; and they will be doing a further kindness if they will go so far as to see that their gardens are properly stocked. Mr. C. Roach Smith has calculated that the plantation of fruit trees over the entire area of England and Wales does not exceed what it was in the time of Charles II., just two hundred years ago. If this be really true—and we see no reason to doubt the soundness of his calculation—we need not wonder why fruit has become so dear, that it is a luxury scarcely attainable by the poor. But this ought not to be the case. We know a gentleman whose gooseberry and currant bushes pay his rent in average

years ; and when they cost, or need cost, nothing but the labour of planting cuttings, why should they not be found in every cottage garden, if not in sufficient quantity to pay the rent, at all events to supply the poor man's household with some little luxury for the bread-winner and his children ?

THE latest and prettiest application of spectrum analysis is that to the determination of the motions of the stars in the direction of the line of vision, or to and from the earth. It is well known that musical sounds vary in pitch according as the source of them is moved, during their emission, to and from our ears. For instance, the whistle of a passing locomotive grows shriller as the engine approaches us, and duller as it recedes from us. This is because, in the first case, the sound-waves are as it were compressed, more of them crowding into our ear in a given time, while they are drawn out, fewer reaching the ear in a given time, in the second case. Now sound and light are both wave-motions, and obey similar laws ; so that if a distant star is coming towards the earth, its light-waves are compressed or quickened ; and, conversely, they are extended or retarded if star and earth are receding from each other. The lines in a star's spectrum, when the chemical substances producing them are known, furnish a means of ascertaining whether the luminous undulations have suffered any alteration of length ; such alteration manifesting itself by a change in the refrangibility of the light, and a consequent shifting of the spectrum lines. Upon this principle, Mr. Huggins, the high priest of spectral science, has examined with great care the spectrum of the star *Sirius*. He has found that a line therein, which is due to the presence of hydrogen in the star's atmosphere, is displaced to a slight but determinable extent ; that the refrangibility of the light is altered on its way to the earth ; the inference being, that the star is moving from our system or our system from the star. The rate of recession, allowance being made for that part which is due to the orbital motion of the earth, is computed at about twenty-nine miles a second. The observations are extremely delicate, but Mr. Huggins does not doubt the validity of the result.

MARK LEMON, the Editor of *Punch*, the Mentor of Douglas Jerrold, Albert Smith, Thackeray, Leech, Tenniel, Shirley Brooks, and nearly all the Wits of the Age—the successful author of comedies, farces, songs and novels innumerable—Mark Lemon, the amateur actor, is about to come before the public in a Shakspearian Entertainment. Falstaff is the character he has chosen to represent. His personal appearance so happily realises that of the amorous knight, that he seems by nature to have been intended for the part. Shakspeare would recognise the impersonation of his fancy's dream could he behold the worthy *littérateur* duly accoutred, and boasting of his prodigious exploits. The entertainment is to be given during the ensuing autumn, at the Gallery of Illustration, a locality already identified with many interesting dramatic associations.

It was at this Gallery that Grieve and Telbin first produced their wonderful pictures of the Overland Route, and other subjects; here the German Reeds, and John Parry, have for years past carried on their amusing entertainments, attracting hundreds nightly to witness their artistic performances; here Charles Dickens, and a body of literary celebrities, appeared in the "Frozen Deep," and other pieces, to do homage to the memory of Douglas Jerrold. The Gallery of Illustration, of all localities in London, is perhaps the best adapted in every respect to the appearance of Mark Lemon in the character he has selected, and his *début* is to be looked forward to with interest by every play-goer, and all those who take delight in the public doings of men of distinction in the literary world.

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HISTORICAL stories are novelties in the present day. Mr. J. B. de Liefde has had the courage to write one, and Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have printed it. The first revolutionists of Holland were called "Les Gueux." They accepted this political nick-name, and acted under it, with what vigour and effect the reader well knows. Mr. Liefde has woven into the doings of "The Beggars" an interesting story of love and adventure, which has the merit of being well and sensibly written.

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WHEN we remember how jealously the City of London has watched over the ancient records of bygone ages in her Guildhall, we cannot but express our astonishment at the greatness of the contrast to the past which her Corporation at the present day seems bent on exhibiting. It is true that such antiquaries as Fabyan in the reign of Henry VII., and Stow and Strype in a somewhat more recent age, got access to the contents of the "Liber Albus," the "Liber Custumarum," "Liber Legum Regum Antiquorum," and "The Lesser and Greater Black Books:" yet from Strype's day down to our own time the Corporation records appear to have enjoyed as unbroken a sleep as any manuscript, or missal, or psalter in any cathedral library in the land. Literary men were afraid to make any inquiries about them, or to ask for leave to examine them at leisure; and the consequence was that the existence of such treasures was almost forgotten till attention was drawn to the subject by the late Sir Harris Nicolas, the late Rev. J. E. Tyler, the late Sir Francis Palgrave, and Mr. T. D. Hardy, of the Record Office. Once awakened, however, to the knowledge of their possession of such treasures, the Corporation of London resolved to act a truly liberal part, and to make public their contents, or at least such portions of their contents as are likely to be of most interest to the world at large. Hence not only did they entrust to Mr. H. T. Riley the work of selecting such subjects as he thought most valuable and useful, but also they commissioned him to publish the results in a collective form for the benefit of the public. We all know what a Lord Mayor is nowadays, or an alderman, or a common councilman: we know what is a London Jew, a London tradesman, and a London policeman of the



nineteenth century ; but thanks to the noble book—we had almost said cyclopædia—of London lore which stands upon our shelves, "Memorials of London and of London Life," we now can ascertain what sort of beings they, or rather their predecessors, were four or five hundred years ago ; and we can picture to our eyes the condition of the old city in the days when the aldermen of each ward kept the keys of his gate, and would let nobody in or out without a pass or permit from his worship the Lord Mayor ; when citizens' wives were punished by the pillory or ducking stool for scolding tongues ; when due and summary discipline was dealt out towards "dapper 'prentices," both male and female ; and when small tradesmen were punished summarily and in sight of their fellow-citizens for frauds, short weights and measures, and for selling stale fish or bad wine or ale,—one tavern keeper being "amerced" in the amusing penalty of having to drink his own bad wine till he could swallow no more, and having the rest poured over his head in the middle of Cheapside. When we add to this, that there is scarcely an event in everyday life, scarcely a trade or profession, scarcely a place, street, church, or inn of old London which is not, as it were, photographed to the life in these 700 pages, we have said enough, we fancy, to recommend our readers one and all to possess themselves of a copy of Mr. Riley's most pleasant, though antiquarian, volume.

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IN the midst of the somewhat hackneyed situations and incidents of "the new play" at the Princess's, "After Dark" (the title of a miscellaneous work by Wilkie Collins), there is one scene which goes a great way towards redeeming the piece from the character of a mere sensational spectacle. A wife who is supposed to be drowned obtains a situation in the house of the wealthy lady whom her husband is on the eve of marrying. The bride elect makes the friendless girl her companion, and in a womanish freak decks her out in bridal jewels, to see how they become her. In the twilight, the husband, believing her to be his intended wife, tells her of his passion for another, tells her that he is the husband of one whose wrongs impelled her to commit suicide, and begs her to release him from his engagement. In this appeal he gives up wealth and position at the shrine of his dead love, and discovers to his deserted living wife his true passion and remorse. The situation is ingenious and effective, and it has some of the merit of originality. The Underground Railway scene has already been done at an East-end theatre.

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THE recent creation of the new ducal title of Abercorn, opens up the question of dukes in general, and how they come about. They certainly do not spring up, like mushrooms, in a single night, or even in a single year. Indeed, on the average, a dukedom takes a century to grow under ordinary circumstances. A Churchill or a Wellesley may have won his way to a dukedom, from an all but untitled position, but these two are special cases, exceptions evidently made in order to prove the

rule. Besides these two, there are some half-a-dozen others which owe their existence, not to Mars but to Venus; not to brilliant exploits in the battle-field, but to the court influence of the many mistresses of Charles II. The rest of the titles which stand in the forefront of our peerage are, for the most part, the results of a fusion of two, three, or more fortunes together into one, by successive marriages with heiresses. It is thus. Let a country gentleman with an estate of (say) 1000*l.* a year marry an heiress, and have an only son or a very small family. He will hold a seat in parliament, and get created a baronet. Next, let *his* eldest—or, better still, only—son marry another heiress, and represent his county, and vote steadily with the ministers for a sufficiently long time, and ten to one he will be raised to the peerage. Once a peer, the rest is easy enough. The new lord, or his successor, should marry the only child of a son-less earl, or of a marquis with no male heir; and in due course of time he will get the earldom or marquisate revived in his person. And then, let him stick to the old tradition of the family, by marrying an heiress, and voting with the “in” party, and he, or his descendants, must get a dukedom in the long run, unless the family sprouts out too freely into younger sons and collateral branches. Thus, for instance, the proud dukedom of Norfolk has absorbed into itself the castle and broad acres of the Fitz-Alans, ancient Earls of Arundel; thus the head of the noble house of Buckingham, some half a century ago, had grown to greatness in the selfsame way, by uniting the Granville with the Temple property, and more recently by absorbing the house of Chandos into its capacious “maw.” In like manner, the Duke of Buccleuch has united in his person nearly all the wealth of the Queensberrys, the Douglasses, and the Montagues; and, to take a more recent instance still, the Duke of Sutherland has incorporated together with the ancient inheritance of the Levesons, of Staffordshire, and the Gowers of Yorkshire, the entire estates belonging to two Scottish heiresses, who brought, as their respective marriage portions to the present duke’s grandfather and himself, nearly the entire dominion of two northern counties—those of Sutherland and Cromarty. Indeed, so vast and unprecedented has been the absorption of wealth in this latter example of ducal growth, that the last-named house, as if labouring under a plethora of wealth, has spontaneously thrown off two younger cadet branches—both ennobled, and one of them certainly most amply endowed—in the persons of the Earl of Ellesmere and Earl Granville.

“SHAKSPEARE’S Works” for one shilling! And there are two separate editions in the field, which are being pushed by their respective publishers “with rival-hating envy.” Of both works we may fairly say with Paulina in the “Winter’s Tale,”—

“Behold, my lords,  
Although the print be little, the whole matter  
And copy of the father.”

## CORRESPONDENCE OF SYLVANUS URBAN.

HERALDIC CHARLATANERIE.

MR. URBAN,



It is a great pity such a noble science as that of heraldry—on which so many facts of history and biography turn—should in our day be open to the mercy of quacks and self-constituted heralds, who are allowed to take to themselves the power of arranging blatant blazonry, at variance with personal history and in violation of all precedent. Heraldic devices have been called the hall-marks of nobility, and as such should be sacred from the *contrefacteur*, who would commit a misdemeanor if he infringed a merchant's mark—thanks to the Act of the Board of Trade and Mr. Milner Gibson, passed a few sessions back. The Exhibition Medals Act of 1863 protects prize awards—thanks to Earl Granville; but are the

badges worn by the "supporters" of the noble earl himself protected? Has Leveson-Gower protection against Brown, Jones, or even Robinson,—if they will it?

It is not as if we had no College in London, with its heralds and pursuivants, who are antiquaries, and alone the recognised authorities; yet their ancient prerogatives are every day usurped by advertising charlatans, who announce "heraldic studios" and "armorial offices" for the sale of appropriated and spurious devices, that are sold over and over again to the simple; who, if they are not wise enough themselves to detect the fraud, presume they have imposed upon all others.

Ignorance of the laws of blazonry amongst the people, leads empirics to trade upon public credulity; blindness as to physical laws, to a faith in

being made "beautiful for ever;" who would not be made gentle, beautiful, and spiritual, for a small consideration?

"Crests is my leading article, but I do a deal in scutcheons," once said a "professor" of heraldry, who kept a "studio." "They come for cheap crests 'as advertised;' but when I once get them in my *medieval* office, under the influence of a dim, religious light through stained glass—to sit in my antique chairs, and behold my *library*, presided over by an ancient suit of armour—it is all 'up' with them, and they take anything." Of course he did not tell (even if he knew it himself) that the glass came from Houndsditch, the chairs from Wardour Street, that the folio books were mostly dummies, and, moreover, the antique armour made of metal from Birmingham, rolled by steam power. Yes, this "professor" managed to draw something from all who fell into his trap; selling the ancient-property of others, taking good care to intonate all heraldic terms, and evince great particularity about the *county* of birth, because it sounded well, and gave satisfaction, if it made no difference.

"HOWARD, did you say, sir? Yes, sir; very noble crest, sir. *Lion statant guardant*. Sketch, ten shillings and sixpence; with *casque* and *mantling* in *proper* colours, one guinea and a half; *illuminated* on vellum, two guineas; in oak frame for the hall, three guineas. Thank you, sir. On *signet* ring, did you say, sir? Yes, sir!" And off goes another imbecile, with the crest of the Duke of Norfolk (and "the blood of all the Howards," dirt cheap for the money), in blissful ignorance of two-thirds of the drawing being a lithograph painted over. Sometimes a little want of faith has been evinced afterwards, leading him to a rival establishment, at which the same farce is enacted over again (in common names), mostly tending to the same results, thus causing unbounded faith in heraldic studios.

Of course in the majority of cases these pleasantries are harmless, though in others they lead to errors,—getting on documents and tombs, where they have been taken as evidence by the law, history, and biography.

Crests are the portions most affected, but shields and mottos are daily appropriated. They are taxed luxuries, without the protection of trademarks, an anomaly it would be well to remedy. It need not be said that good heralds are rarely deceived by modern fabrications, whilst with ancient grants the genuine stamp of the time is always traceable, at least by experts familiar with the expression, artistic or architectural, of past periods.—Yours, &c.,

*Quartier St. Germain, Paris.*

LANCELOT BAYARD.

#### DISCOVERY OF A ROMAN CEMETERY NEAR TO ERMINE STREET.

MR. URBAN,—The modes of burial have been various, since the day when the patriarch Abraham, seeking a place of sepulchre for his wife Sarah, said to the sons of Heth, "I am a stranger and sojourner with you: give me a possession of a burying-place with you, that I may bury

my dead out of my sight" (Gen. xxiii. 4). Among the Jews, as we know from Holy Writ, the dead were usually wrapped in winding-sheets, with spices, and laid in rocky tombs or caves in fields and gardens. The ancient Egyptians embalmed their dead; the Parsees, Thibetans, and Kaffirs left the exposed corpses to be devoured by birds, beasts, or sacred dogs; the Scythians hung the dead bodies on trees; the Hindoos placed them on the muddy banks of the Ganges, to be washed away by its sacred waters; and the Greeks and Romans commonly burnt the bodies and placed the ashes in cinerary urns—urns which, with other heathen emblems of inverted torches and the like, have been made so common in our christian churchyards and cemeteries that the intelligent New Zealander or Zulu might suppose them to be the monumental memorials of so many pagans.

But, although the ordinary Roman custom was to burn the corpse and to place its ashes in an urn, yet the more ancient custom of burying the body was occasionally followed. Thus, in the Roman occupation of Britain both practices were observed; and in the numerous Roman cemeteries whose traces have been discovered in this country bodies have been found in coffins of wood, lead, and stone, or under coverings of tiles; and side by side with them have been found cinerary urns containing the ashes of the dead; and also, in a certain part of the cemetery, traces of the *ustrinum* where the *togus* or *pyra* was piled and lighted for the burning of the bodies. Together with these remains are discovered a great quantity of such things as it was thought would be found useful by the deceased in the land of departed spirits,—the piece of money that was placed in his mouth to pay for his passage thereto by the ferryman Charon,—drinking cups and other vessels, lamps, glass bottles (lachrymatories), weapons, personal ornaments, and articles of dress. The sites for such cemeteries were without the walls of the fortified towns, or by the side of the great high roads, or "streets," as they were called (from the Anglo-Saxon, *stræt*; Latin, *strata*), which were formed with such wondrous art by the Romans, and traversed the length and breadth of this country. One of their four great roads was called Ermine Street—or, as it is also written, Ermen, from the Anglo-Saxon deity Eormen, after whom it was named. It went from London to Lincoln, and from thence to York, crossing the modern county of Huntingdonshire, where it had two military stations, *Duroloponis* (Godmanchester), on the river Ouse; and *Durobrivæ* (Castor), on the river Nene. At the latter place and Water Newton (near to which Durobrivæ is marked on the Ordnance Map) most extensive discoveries have been made, at various times, of Roman remains, which were described and illustrated by Camden, Stukeley, Gibson, and Gough; but all previous discoveries in this vicinity were surpassed by those made by Mr. Artis in 1828. He not only found groups of Roman villas and houses, mosaic pavements, baths, sepulchral memorials, and ornaments; but also laid bare some potters' kilns, with numerous specimens of the ware in all its stages. He traced these potteries along the banks of the Nene for a distance of twenty miles, and he conjectures that not less than two thousand persons must have been employed in these extensive Durobrivian potteries. Mr. Artis published a quarto work, in

which his discoveries are most elaborately illustrated. This work, however, is, unfortunately, not very accessible to the general reader, and is not to be found in many public libraries; but this is the less to be regretted, as much of its information and many of its plates have been reproduced (the latter as small woodcuts) in Mr. Wright's most useful work, "The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon." Following the course of Ermine Street, two miles south of Water Newton, is Chesterton, where were discovered, in Camden's time, some "cofins or sepulchres of stone;" subsequent and similar discoveries at the same spot are mentioned by Dr. Stukeley; and further discoveries of coffins, coins, &c., were made here in 1754. Log canoes, with various fishing implements, have also been discovered in this neighbourhood, whose soil would seem to be filled with evidences of its Roman possessors and their immediate descendants. Three-and-a-half miles further south of Chesterton is the old village of Folkesworth, where the Saxon Folk-mote was wont to be held; and close by this village (though in the parish of Stilton) has recently been discovered the traces of another Roman cemetery, with which I first made acquaintance on December 26, 1866.

It was on the morning of that day that a labourer came to me and said, "We've just begun to mark out for tile-draining in the Folkesworth Close (meadow), and we've found a great stone coffin, with a heap o' buns in it (he meant to say *bones*); and the gaffir (*i.e.* the bailiff, which must surely be a corruption of *giaffir*) wants to know if it is to be took to the churchyard?" To have done this, however—even if such a course had been advisable—would not have been an easy matter; for, on going to the field, I found that the coffin was still in its original position, a foot below the level of the soil, the earth being cleared from above and around it, and that its weight must have been considerable, its dimensions being as follows:—Internal length, 6 feet 2 inches; internal depth, 1 foot 5 inches; width of base, 1 foot 2 inches, gradually increasing to a width of 2 feet at the head. The coffin was hewn from a solid block of stone, smoothed only on the inner side, and having a general thickness of 8 inches. Its lid had been raised, and was a ponderous stone of 6 feet 6 inches by 2 feet 2 inches. The position of the coffin was S.E. by N.W., and its southern side had been broken in two places. This had given admission to water and silt, with which the coffin was filled, and in roughly clearing out which the two skeletons had been, unfortunately, disturbed. A surgeon, who saw them on their discovery, pronounced them to be the bones of a male and female: the male, that of a man in the prime of life, who, judging from his thigh-bone, was of more than average height. The skulls were in good condition, and I noticed a few molar teeth in that of the male. No ornaments, pottery, coins, or weapons, were found in or near the coffin, which was without an inscription. The bones of a horse were found in the shallow soil that covered the coffin-lid. The field is on a plateau of high ground overlooking Whittlesea Mere and the whole district of the fens as far as Ely, and it was not brought into cultivation till the year 1803. It is a portion of the Washingley estate, now the property of the Earl of Harrington, who ordered the coffin not to be removed, but to be again covered with the soil, which was accordingly done. The accompanying

sketch was made shortly after the discovery, and shows Folkesworth Church in the background, with the tops of the thatched cottages in the village, and one of those squarely-built pigeon-houses, which formed so important a source of revenue, not only to their owners, but to the royalty which taxed them.

During the three months that succeeded upon the discovery of the stone coffin, the field (of fifteen acres) was tile-drained; but no systematic exploration of the ground has been made, and it is obvious that in the



formation of narrow trenches, many yards asunder, a very inconsiderable portion of the soil would be disturbed. The drainers, too, were only intent on the rapid execution of their own task-work; and, although I offered to reward them for any discoveries, they appeared to think that nothing less than a stone coffin would satisfy me. They, therefore, "made no account of pottery," but smashed and buried it; and in answer to my inquiries replied that they had found nothing but "a few old pots and jars and sich like," the sich like, in one case, including a heap of oyster-shells, the remains, doubtless, of a British delicacy of which the Roman conquerors had partaken. The only coin brought to me from the field was a Nürnberg token, which, of course, was what geologists would call a much later deposit. But, by grubbing about in the drains and turning over the soil, I discovered so many fragments of pottery that the ground, in some cases, was literally strewn by them. These, together with patches of ashes and moist black earth, were found throughout the whole extent of the level field of fifteen acres; but when, in the following two months, the adjoining field (which is on a sharp slope towards Washingley) was tile-drained

in the same way, no such remains or traces of sepulture were found. The fragments of pottery were fragments indeed, the workmen's tools having made sad havoc with them; but, curiously enough, the largest in my possession is the greatest prize, being the greater portion of an elegant-shaped *patera* of the lustrous Samian ware, the diameter of its base being  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches, widening to a diameter of 7 inches at the moulded lip or brim, with a depth of 2 inches. The base rises slightly to a point in the centre, across which is the potter's brand—

## BORILLI OFFIC

(Borilli officinâ—"From the workshop or manufactory of Borillus"). I may remind the reader that "Samian" is a general name given to a particularly prized kind of pottery, just as we call a certain ware by the general name of "China," although it may have been made at Worcester or Chelsea. The Samian ware is red throughout, its surface being lustrous, of the hue of red sealing-wax; and specimens of it are found wherever the Romans have had their occupation. I also found fragments of at least three other *paterae* of the same pattern, but of smaller and larger sizes. They are without any brand, and are of a paler tint and surface, and are possibly specimens of some of those Durobrivian imitations of Samian ware of which Mr. Artis speaks in his work. Even in that day manufacturers were ready to pirate successful patterns.

The special manufacture of Durobrivæ was of a bluish, slaty colour; and of that ware I found numerous specimens,—cups, jars, urns, handles of *amphora*, &c.,—but with a few exceptions, and those of no great importance, devoid of other ornament than that of gracefulness of shape and moulding. Other specimens of pottery are also black in colour, and of great thickness, while others are of a pale buff colour, and very thin; the former, like iron-stone, probably were portions of cinerary urns. I also found an iron implement, various oyster-shells, and a fragment of a flanged building tile, with six mouldings, and of a brilliant red colour. The soil has been replaced, the field is cropped over, and all traces of the ancient cemetery are now concealed. The field is close to an ancient road, and in *Notes and Queries* (3rd S. xi. 129) I stated at some length my reasons for thinking that the Ermine Street came along here on the high ground, in a straight line from Alconbury Hill to Chesterton, and did not first bend to the east at Conington, and then passing through the low-lying town of Stilton, bend again to the west at Norman-cross, as it has been marked down by all chartographers since the time of Speed, whose map (dated 1662) is the first that makes Ermine Street to follow the course of the great North Road through the town of Stilton, and not on the high ground, a mile westward, through Folkesworth. Camden speaks of "Ermingstreat" being "seene with an high banke a little above Stilton;" and the discovery of this ancient Roman cemetery would seem an additional confirmation of Camden's statement that the old "Roman Portway" passed by the cemetery through Folkesworth.

It was amusing, if not instructive, to hear the remarks of some of those who hastened to see the discovered coffin, with its two skeletons. "A monk! evidently a monk!" said one, though he did not favour us with



any theory as to the skeleton of the female having been that of a nun. "It's quite evident as they was murdered and cut up!" said another, referring to the disturbed condition in which the bones were found; though he neglected to enlighten us as to the prevalent custom of burying murdered people in massive stone coffins. "But then, you see, sir," said one of the drain-diggers, with the air of a useful-knowledge informant, "they was such a base and bad-disposed people in them days; they cared for nowt, and didn't mind how or wheer they was buried." Up came a gentleman—I call him so, on the *dictum* laid down in Thurtell's trial—because he drove his own gig; and he solved our doubts in the twinkling of an eye. "What do you make of it, sir?" asked a bystander, humbly and expectantly. "What do I make of it?" he echoed; and then added, with judicial emphasis, "Why, I make this of it. It was one of those French officers from Norman Cross barracks!" Upon which arose a chorus from the bystanders, "Bless me, I never thought of that afore!" amid which the gentleman walked back triumphantly to his gig. Now, although I did not audibly join in the chorus, yet I also tacitly confessed to myself that "I had never thought of that afore!" and as the date of the (enforced) French occupation of the Norman Cross barracks, a mile and a half distant from the spot, ranges between the dates 1797 and 1815, then, if the gig gentleman's theory be correct—notwithstanding that he shirked the onus of dealing with the skeleton of the female—I think that this discovery of the stone coffin and its occupants is one of the most astounding and unique "finds" of the present century. But, as I have been requested to bring the subject before the Royal Society of Antiquaries, and have prepared a paper and drawings for that purpose, I may be content to leave the gig gentleman's theory to their consideration.

CUTHBERT BEDE.

### GWYDDNO'S BASKET.

SIR,—As *The Gentleman's Magazine* appears to take a kindly interest in old legends and Cambrian celebrities, I am induced to send you up a description of one of the famed "thirteen rarities of Britain," "Gwyddno's Basket," otherwise known in Wales as the aquatic cradle of the bard Taliesin.

Long ages ago, some time in the sixth century, when good Prince Maelgwn kept high court at Diganwy,

"On a rock whose haughty brow  
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,"

his brother Gwyddno, *Garon Hir*, or the Lord of the High Crown, was in possession of a most wonderful weir, called "Gored Wyddno," and the father of a prodigal son, named Elphin, who, having exhausted his finances, and spent the last coin in his purse at Creidden, came over to Cantref Gwaelod, to beg the proceeds of his pater's weir for a single night in order to replenish his store.

Gwyddno complied with his son's request, but not a fish was taken.

Elphin was in despair; when a leathern basket caught his eye, and his disappointment was great on opening it, that it contained a fine fat baby. Being naturally kind-hearted, he desired that the poor waif might be provided with a proper nurse. And some years afterwards, on hearing that the boy was remarkably talented, he directed that he might be educated in all bardic accomplishments, introducing him at his father's court by the name of Taliesin. Prince Maelgwn (Elphin's uncle) was charmed with the youthful poet, who soon acquired great influence, and was enabled to return in some degree the benefits conferred on him in early life by the luckless Elphin; for when that unfortunate prince was put in prison on account of a dispute which took place one Christmas-day, over the strong ale at Diganwy, Taliesin, then "Prince of British Bards," addressed a poem on the occasion to his patron, a poem so touching, so descriptive of Elphin's distress, that Maelgwn ordered his immediate release, and at once re-established his fortunes. Hence originated the legend of "Gwyddno's Basket," of which, it was said, that if provisions for one man were placed in it over night, sufficient for one hundred would be found in it before morning. The modern reading of this seeming puzzle would appear to be, that every man going to the weir carried his own food with him in his panier or basket, and the weir being so productive, always came home with it full of fish. But the Welsh elect to believe that Taliesin bestowed on the basket in which he was discovered, the wonderful property of charming the fish from the weir into its recesses.

I am surprised that this legend has not been selected as the subject of a poem to be read at one of the Eisteddfods. Would that our prince,—emphatically *our* prince, to all true Welshmen and women, for his very motto, though people will give it a foreign origin, signifies in the Welsh language, "Behold your man,"—might be graciously disposed to patronise these national meetings, is the humble wish of a loyal *Cymrâes*.

I am, &c.,

*Hambleton, August 4.*

HELEN E. WATNEY.

## OBITUARY MEMOIRS.

### LORD CRANWORTH.

AFTER two or three days' illness, at the age of 78, Robert Monsey Rolfe, Lord Cranworth, twice Lord High Chancellor of England, died at his town-house in Brook Street, on the 24th of July.

The son and grandson of a Norfolk clergyman, he was born at his father's quiet parsonage in the village whence he derived his title, and it is worthy of record that his father was a cousin of the great Lord Nelson. He was educated at Winchester and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree as a Low Wrangler, gaining, however, one of the Members' Prizes in Classics. Elected shortly afterwards to a Fellowship at Downing College, he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1816. His choice was the Equity side of the Courts of Westminster, where, though not rapid or brilliant, his rise was steady. Having made one or two ineffectual attempts to get into Parliament, he succeeded in 1832, and from that date till the close of 1839, when he was raised to the Bench, he represented Penryn in the moderate Liberal interest. He was Solicitor-General under Lord Melbourne's two administrations. His reputation as a lawyer, however, dates from his taking his seat as a Baron in the Court of Exchequer, where he gave the greatest satisfaction as a most honest, painstaking, upright, and conscientious judge. He presided, with great dignity and ability, at the trial of Rush for murder in his native county, and was often called in consequence "my Lord Kilrush." In 1850 he was made a Vice-Chancellor, and a year later one of the Lords Justices of Appeal in Chancery. On the formation of Lord Aberdeen's coalition cabinet in December, 1852, he received the Great Seal, which he retained under Lord Palmerston's administration. He again occupied the woolsack in 1865-6, from Lord Westbury's resignation until the return of the Tory party to power under Lord Derby. As a Chancellor, Lord Cranworth showed many high, but none of the highest, legal qualities. His great versatility of mind was shown by the fact that though brought up to the Equity Bar, he made so good a Common Law Judge, and then when called again into an Equity Court remembered all his early training. It may be added that though attached personally to the old system of pleading, he lessened the evils of its intricate and technical procedure by the breadth of his views. On the whole, his career may be pronounced a signal instance of quiet and unobtrusive success. In many respects he was decidedly fortunate, for he never shone as an orator, either at the Bar or in St. Stephen's, or afterwards in the political world. It is said that the creation of Lord Wensleydale's life-peerage was partly his suggestion; it is well known that the removal of the Equity sittings from

Westminster to Lincoln's Inn was his work ; and it may be added that he was largely instrumental in extending the sphere of the education given in country grammar schools, so as to embrace the sons of Dissenters. As he has left no children, his title has become extinct. He has not left his name stamped on any great legal measure, nor will it be mentioned hereafter in the same breath with those of Eldon or Mansfield, Lyndhurst or St. Leonards ; but, to use the words of a contemporary, "to be remembered as pre-eminently a courteous gentleman, a sound lawyer, and an acute and patient judge, is perhaps better than to go down to posterity as a brilliant politician."

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#### THE MARQUIS OF DOWNSHIRE.

THE MARQUIS OF DOWNSHIRE, K.P., has just died suddenly, of heart disease, at Herne Bay, at the age of 56. Educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, he sat as M.P. for the county of Down from 1836 till his accession to the Marquisate. He was a strong Conservative in politics ; and he was chiefly remarkable for his Herculean frame and athletic strength, which he is said to have shown while still a boy at Eton, by killing a bargee by a single blow of his fist.

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#### ADAH ISAACS MENKEN.

SHE died at Paris, in the Jewish faith, and "Thou knowest" is written upon her tomb. The epitaph was her own selection. After so strangely wild a life, it reads almost like a challenge to this world and the next. "Thou knowest !" Well, the Menken's was a career uninfluenced by those moral home checks which are so necessary in the early days of a clever impulsive girl. Cast upon the world when little more than a child, her peculiar temperament threw manifold temptations in her way, and she does not appear to have resisted them. She defied all the proprieties, and lived her own life in a magnificent Bohemia. The cause of her death was disease of the lungs, and she was only 27 years of age. Her father was a Spanish Jew of New Orleans, where she first saw the light in the spring of 1841. Left early an orphan, and taken by her mother to Cuba, she was brought up in the family of a wealthy planter, who died when she was only just in her teens, and left her his estates. The will, however, being set aside, she was thrown on the world, and at fourteen trod the boards of the American stage, where she gained great celebrity as a *danseuse*. Not long afterwards she married a Jewish gentleman, Mr. Isaac Menken, by whose name she has ever since been known, though married to more than one husband since, including Mr. Neville, author of the "Orpheus Ker Papers," and a prize-fighter. It may almost be said of her what Artemus Ward said of Mr. Brigham Young—she was perhaps one of the most married persons of modern days. During the early part of the American war she played in the southern provinces, and then accepted an engagement at Astley's, in London, where her "Mazeppa" was more of an ex-

hibition, à la *Madame Wharton*, than a dramatic performance. Some of our readers may see a pathetic incident in the fact of her passing away just as a book of her poems was going to press, and more particularly when they take into consideration the semi-religious character of her writings. "*Infelicia*" is the title of the work she has left behind her, and it is dedicated by permission to Charles Dickens. The best of her poems are in the Whitman vein, and the worst of them are equal to the model upon which she has worked; that entitled "*Drifts that Bar my Door*" is marked by real poetic genius.

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#### M. J. HIGGINS, ESQ.

ANOTHER death which we have to record is that of Mr. Matthew James Higgins, of Lowndes Square, the well-known writer of caustic articles on current topics in social life, under the pseudonym of "*Jacob Omnium*," "*Paterfamilias*," &c. He must have been about fifty or fifty-two years of age. He was educated at Eton, where he was the contemporary of Mr. Gladstone, and the late Marquis of Waterford, and afterwards at New College, Oxford; he also held for several years a commission in the army. He died in Berkshire after only a few days' illness. He was a frequent contributor under the above signatures, and also anonymously to the columns of the *Times*, the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Cornhill Magazine*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and other periodicals; and he took the greatest pains in exposing abuses in our social and military system, which he lashed with an unsparing pen. His tall form and marked features will be missed in many a circle at the west end, and in society at large. He married, in 1850, the youngest daughter of the late Sir H. J. Tichborne, Bart., a widow of Mr. John Benett, of Pyt House, Wiltshire.

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#### JOHN ELLIOTSON, M.D.

THERE has lately passed away from among us a man whose name was once well known in west-end circles, and, indeed, to the world at large, as the apostle of Mesmerism, we mean Dr. Elliotson, the founder, and for many years the editor, of the "*Zoist*." It was a foible of Elliotson to conceal his age, but as he was as nearly as possible eighty at the time of his death, the year of his birth may be fixed about 1788. Dr. Elliotson's father was a large druggist in the Borough, where the doctor was born, and educated under the tuition of the incumbent of the parish church, and afterwards as a Fellow Commoner at Jesus College, Cambridge. He pursued his medical studies at Guy's and St. Thomas's Hospitals, and afterwards at Edinburgh, where he took his Doctor's degree, and subsequently became a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of London. He was appointed physician to St. Thomas's Hospital, and assisted greatly in the establishment of a separate medical school for St. Thomas's Hospital, which had previously been a mere adjunct to Guy's, and he became a lecturer on State Medicine, and afterwards on the principles and practice

of medicine there. He availed himself with enthusiasm of the vast field of practice opened to him in this large hospital. Being a man of enlarged mind and liberal views, he was always in advance of his age. Thus, he was one of the first in this country to adopt and promulgate the use of the stethoscope, in spite of much ridicule, the then president of the College of Physicians stigmatising the instrument as "inutile lignum" and just the thing for a man like Elliotson to rave about. He showed not only that some medicines—as carbonate of iron, for instance—could be borne in much larger doses than it had been usual to prescribe them, but that it was often absolutely necessary to administer such increased doses for the cure of certain diseases, as chorea, &c.; indeed, that with regard to all medicines it was necessary to administer them according to their effects in individual cases, without regard to the limits stated in books. He proved that pulvis antimonalis of the Pharmacopœia was often totally inert, and might be given to any extent with perfect impunity. He discovered the use of hydrocyanic acid in certain forms of dyspepsia, and advocated the use of creosote in other forms of the same malady. Hence he was accused of a predisposition for the use of poisons, and of habitually prescribing large doses. Yet no man could be more cautious in the use of powerful remedies; always insisting upon the propriety of beginning with very small doses, and only increasing them gradually according to their effects. He published "On the Advantages of Sulphate of Copper in Dysentery"; he introduced quinine into English practice, and established its powers. After the publication of his Essay on this invaluable remedy, it was said in the Royal College of Physicians that its very name would be forgotten in a twelvemonth! Yet it, like all the rest of his remedies, has been silently but universally adopted by the profession. In 1829 he was induced by the liberal and enlightened principles of the founders of the London University, as it was then denominated (now University College), to attach himself to that school, as Professor of Medicine, resigning his appointments at St. Thomas's. He contributed greatly to raise the status of the University Medical School, and exerted himself successfully towards the erection of a hospital in connection with it. His "Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Medicine," which have since been published in a separate form, still constitute one of the best works of the kind extant. His "Clinical Lectures" were read with avidity by the profession, and were universally admired for their excellence and practical utility. He proved the existence of glanders in the human species, and published a standard work on the heart.

His connection with University College was severed through his advocacy of Mesmerism. Yet it was not until after long and careful investigation that he adopted it as a remedial agency of vast power and wide application in the treatment of disease, an agency by means of which hundreds of patients have been enabled to undergo the most grave and painful operations without consciousness on their part. In short, he satisfied himself that Mesmerism was one of the most valuable appliances of modern times for the cure and alleviation of disease; and having so satisfied himself, his indomitable love of truth impelled him to publish the result of his investigations, regardless alike of the ridicule of the un-

thinking or uninformed, and of the pecuniary loss and loss of position which it entailed upon him. His views on the subject of Mesmerism, supported by numberless cases, are detailed at length in the fourteen volumes of the "Zoist" which he edited. His reputation as a medical writer, however, will ultimately rest upon his translation of Blumenbach's "Institutiones Theologicae," which first appeared in 1815, and has passed through a number of editions, its size being more than doubled by the notes which he appended to it in his editorial capacity.

He died on the 29th of July, at the residence of his old friend, Dr. Symes, in the West End of London. The last year or two of his life were more or less a blank, his body and mind alike being reduced to second childhood. He was buried at Kensal Green.

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#### J. D. COOKE.

MR. JOHN DOUGLAS COOKE died last month at his chambers in the Albany. A journalist in the best and most practical sense of the word, he had that capacity for purely editorial work, which is not necessarily associated with great writing powers or scholarly acquirements. He had administrative ability, was a projector, understood the public taste, and had firmness enough to conduct and guide a staff of the ablest and most erratic contributors. He served an early apprenticeship to the press, and was connected from his youth with one or other of the daily and weekly papers. He acted as editor of the *Morning Chronicle* during its Peelite days; and when a leading member of that party started and established the *Saturday Review*, as an antidote to the monopoly of the *Times*, he could find no better or more experienced adviser. To his skill, address, and wide knowledge of men and things, and of the wants and requirements of the time, and his discrimination in the choice of the fittest and ablest pens, the *Saturday Review* owed its earliest successes and its continued prosperity down to the present time. Mr. Cooke has lived and died unmarried. He was buried at Tintagel, in Cornwall, where he had lately erected a pleasant country-house.

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#### SIR E. BLAKENEY, G.C.B.

FIELD MARSHAL SIR EDWARD BLAKENEY, G.C.B., who died last month at Chelsea Hospital, at the age of 90, was the oldest of all our officers, and had held a commission for no less than seventy-four years. The son of a member of the Irish House of Commons, he saw active service in the West Indies at an early age, and was more than once taken prisoner. He afterwards took part in the expedition to Holland, and was with Lord Cathcart at the surrender of Copenhagen. He also served through the Peninsular campaigns with distinction, and more especially at Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Vittoria, and Pampeluna. In 1814 he served in North America, and in the following year was present at Waterloo. For many years after 1838, he held the command

of the forces in Ireland, and was appointed Lieut.-Governor of Chelsea Hospital in 1855, and Governor a few months afterwards on the death of Sir Colin Halkett. He received the baton of a Field Marshal in 1862.

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#### G. H. THOMAS.

MR. GEORGE HOUSEMAN THOMAS, whose death has recently occurred at Boulogne, at the age of forty-four, was apprenticed to G. Bonner, the wood-engraver, and afterwards practised that art in Paris on his own account. In 1843 he went to America to illustrate a New York paper. From America he went to Italy, whence he sent to England many sketches of Rome at the time of the siege, which appeared in the *Illustrated London News*. He also illustrated "Uncle Tom's Cabin." His drawings attracted the attention of her Majesty, who commissioned him to paint "The Queen Giving the Medals to the Crimean Heroes," which was exhibited in 1856. He also painted for her Majesty "The Coronation of the King of Prussia," "The Marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales," and "The Queen bestowing the Garter on the Sultan." "Rotten Row," which he exhibited at the Academy a few years since, was, perhaps, from the nature of the subject, the most popular of all his recent works. He has left a widow and a young family.

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#### JOHN ROSS.

TO our other departed celebrities let us add the name of John Ross, one of the last survivors of those soldiers who fought in the Irish rebellion of '98; he died at York, towards the end of July, at the ripe age of 89, having enjoyed for many a long year the well-earned pension of a shilling a day. He was much attached to his old regiment, the 42nd, in which he was still serving when it was inspected by Walter Scott at Dublin. He served through the greater part of the war in Spain, and was present at Badajoz and Salamanca, and at Waterloo. A native of Ross-shire,—the highland county of the Cromarties and Mackenzies—he had much to tell of what he had heard from his father before him about "Bonny Prince Charley" and the Rebellion of 1745; and his last years were made comfortable by the kindness of the Lord Mayor of York, who found for him employment in which he showed himself as good and upright a servant as he had been a soldier.

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#### CHARLES VINCENT.

COMPARATIVELY an obscure man in this country, Mr. Charles Vincent, an actor well known at the Bath and Bristol theatres, went to Australia with his accomplished wife a few years ago, and made a considerable colonial reputation. In May in last year he fell from his horse in Melbourne and injured his thumb; erysipelas supervened, and he died in a



few days after the accident. Mr. Vincent's real name was Viner. Always a careful and conscientious actor, Mr. Vincent's position in Melbourne was very high, and the Bath and Bristol papers at home endorse all that the colonial journalists say of the dead player. Mr. Vincent leaves a widow, who is one of the best actresses on the English or colonial stage. She is generally known as Miss Cleveland.

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#### COLONEL ARTHUR PONSONBY.

THE object of every soldier's ambition must naturally be excellence in war, but we have many officers who combine with this desire the wish to improve the condition of their men, in the barrack as well as in the field. Among such was Lieutenant Colonel Arthur E. V. Ponsonby, who died of cholera at Jubbulpore, on the 16th of last June. The son of one of Wellington's most able cavalry officers, he was born at Valetta, when his father, the Hon. Sir Frederick Ponsonby, was governor of Malta, in 1827. He learnt the rudiments of war in 1852, as a subaltern in the 43rd, under Smith, Cathcart, and the daring, impetuous Eyre, on the mountains and in the Kloofs of Kaffirland; and there frequently stationed alone with his company, at some small outpost for weeks together, he had an opportunity, which he profited by, of studying the real character of the British soldier. He was transferred to the Grenadier Guards in 1854, and was employed in the Crimea, on the staff of Sir George Brown and Sir W. Codrington. At the conclusion of the war he was appointed aide-de-camp to Sir G. Buller, in the Ionian Islands. In 1859 he was engaged in an unsuccessful contest for the borough of Carlow, being defeated by the Tory candidate. In 1864 he exchanged to the 12th Regiment of Foot, stationed at the Curragh of Kildare. Being now in command of a corps, he lost no time in endeavouring to put into execution the idea he had long conceived, that the employment of soldiers in industrial occupations was the best mode of preventing vice. The chief obstacle was the want of encouragement, which he met by proposing to hold a military exhibition of the works of art of the men of his battalion. The idea was generally ridiculed; but Ponsonby persevered, well supported by his officers and men, and the display was opened with some pomp by the Viceroy of Ireland, on the 12th of January, 1865. According to the records of the undertaking, published in the *Regimental Gazette* which he had established, it would appear that the exhibition had been a success in every way but a pecuniary one, and though the loss was inconsiderable, there were of course no profits whence prizes could be distributed. Nevertheless, it was considered a decided success, for the example was followed at many other military stations. When the 2nd battalion of the 12th Regiment proceeded to India, the colonel found means to stimulate his men to persevere in many occupations which were not interfered with by the cheap native labour, such as photography, the manufacture of soda water, &c., and the workshops of the 12th flourished in every station where the battalion was quartered. In June a fearful attack of cholera carried off several officers and men. After one of his usual visits to the

cholera camp, near Jubbulpore, Colonel Ponsonby was himself seized with the terrible disease, and though medical assistance was promptly afforded, he was carried off in thirty-six hours. He is deeply regretted, not only by the officers and soldiers of his own corps, but by the numerous friends he had made in the course of his varied service in the three continents.

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DR. MÜHLFELD.

DEATH has carried off in Austria a man of note and mark, and one who held in his own country a position very much analogous, so far as we can judge at this distance, to that so long held by Count Montalembert in France; the position of a man who united in himself the apparently hopeless contradictory characters of a thoroughly liberal politician and a zealous Catholic in a Roman Catholic country. He died at Hitzing, not far from Vienna, on Sunday, the 24th of May. He was the life and soul, from first to last, of the party in opposition to the Concordat with Rome; and his whole life, as a citizen and a politician, was identified with the anti-papal cause. As a private individual he was a most exemplary Catholic, going to mass daily, and as regular as any of his most religious acquaintances in his attendance on the confessional, so that none of his clerical opponents can throw a stone against his high personal and moral character. He simply wished to see religion restrained within its own proper province, the *forum conscientie*, and inhibited from trenching on the rights of citizens, or the regulation of political life. Accordingly he regarded any concordat with the See of Rome, in other words, with Antonelli, as a dangerous exaggeration or perversion of religion, and therefore in reality an un-Catholic and un-Christian measure. In fact, he fought against Ultra-montanism in every shape and form, as a Catholic, a politician, and a philosopher.

His name first came before the world as one of the advanced champions of popular liberty in Austria in the stormy dawn of Liberalism just twenty years ago. Since then his name has ever been in the van of the Liberal party, and his sudden death falling so shortly after that of Cardinal Andrea, is regarded by the superstitious as a judgment sent from heaven upon those who resist the see of St. Peter, even in matters which do not involve the question of orthodoxy or heresy. He first became known in 1848, when he was lecturing on law at Vienna, and when he acquired such an ascendancy over the students of the university, that at the period when they were masters of the situation, he was sent as the representative of the university to the Frankfort Parliament. "Although enthusiastic for the cause of German unity," says a correspondent of the *Times*, "he conceived the idea only in intimate connection with Austria, and under the sway of a scion of the imperial house. He became, therefore, the most energetic adversary of the pretensions of Prussia." But in this hope "he was defeated by the course of events, the intoxication producing reaction in Austria and military and bureaucratic despotism." It was at

this juncture that the character of the man came out in its true light. Finding that law was at an end, he ceased lecturing on it, and resolved to wait for better and brighter days, and to devote himself to its practice instead. Accordingly, he qualified for a barrister, and was called to the bar. "If he could no longer be the champion of the rights of the people at large," he said, "at least he could be the champion of the rights of individuals;" and he soon rose to be regarded as the first lawyer in Vienna. So high indeed was his fame for ability, uprightness, and honour, that when the sun of liberty returned after its temporary eclipse, and representative institutions were restored, he was at once elected to Parliament by the spontaneous voice of more than one constituency. It would be a mistake, however, to say that he was ever very popular within the walls of the Parliament house. He stood alone, a member of no party, the follower of no one leader, but the man of the people. Personally, he was highly esteemed, but his power as a politician was sapped by the isolated position in which he stood. A man of high principle, and a powerful and accurate logician, he did not understand the compromises of politicians or the shifts of diplomacy. Hence, in Parliament he had no influence adequate to his real worth and character; and, indeed, it was his weakness in the character of a politician which constituted his great ascendancy over the minds of the people. He was like a hen with one chick; a man with one idea, like Spooner or Whalley; and that one idea was the necessity of putting an end to the Concordat with Rome. He did not live to witness the actual cancelling of that measure; but, curiously enough, he was buried on the very day that the Concordat came to an end, the 26th of May.

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#### THOMAS GARNER.

THIS gentleman, a distinguished line engraver, died in the last week of July, at his residence, Lee-bank, Edgbaston, Birmingham, at an advanced age. His chief engravings, in the pure line style, were the small series of Hogarth's "Rake's Progress," many of Daniel's Indian subjects, and the *Art Journal* engravings of Poole's "Mountaineer," Frost's "L'Allegro," Horsley's "Il Penseroso," Stothard's "Vintage," &c. Mr. Garner excelled in his engraved delineation of the nude figure, in which his artistic knowledge was a great aid. It also availed him in the post that he held in connection with the Birmingham Society of Artists, which he just lived to see prefixed with the adjective "Royal," by her Majesty's command.

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#### THE PRINCE OF SERVIA.

THE southern capitals of Europe were much horrified, on the 11th of June, by hearing, through the telegraph, that Prince Michael of Servia, and his sister Anka, had been assassinated by three men, while walking in the park behind his house at Belgrade.

The Prince had so recently established his position in the country,

that his assassination was most unexpected. The son of the Prince Milosch, he was born on the 4th of September, 1825, and married, in 1853, Julie, Comtesse Hunyadi. He succeeded on the death of his father, in September, 1860. It is generally believed that the murder was the work of a conspiracy, of which Prince Kara Georjewich was the leader. The assassination of the Prince has practically left that country without a ruler, depriving it of one who, it must be owned, had governed it on the whole with more than average ability. A provisional Government, composed of three principal officers of State, has convoked the National Assembly for the purpose of choosing a successor.

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#### MAJOR HENRY SMITH, R.M.

ON the 14th of June, in Wyshe Street, Southsea, died Major Henry Smith, of the Royal Marines.

Major Smith, who was the eldest child of Mr. John Smith, of Landguard, near Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight, entered the Royal Marine Corps towards the close of the war with France; and, as extracts from one of his letters to a brother, now first printed, show, was an eye-witness of one of its most important results, that being no less than the surrender of Napoleon. Major Smith was then a second lieutenant, under Captain Maitland, on board the *Bellerophon*.

*"H.M.S. Bellerophon, at Sea, July 19th, 1815.*

"DEAR RICHARD,—We have been for a long time strictly blockading two French frigates, two corvettes, and a brig, lying in Basque roads, under the protection of the heavy batteries on the Isle d'Aix. Those ships, we heard, had been given to Buonaparte by the French revolutionary government to take him to America; and we heard from some French royalists that he was actually on board one of them. Of course no means were neglected to prevent his escape, which most certainly would have been effected had it not been for the very indefatigable exertions of Captain Maitland in judiciously stationing the cruizers under his command, which consisted of the *Myrmidon*, *Slaney*, *Cyrus*, and *Cephalus*. Two of those were ordered to keep a good look out in the Maumasson passage; another in the passage De Breton; and the other was kept with us in the grand entrance to Basque, where we anchored, nearly within gunshot of the French frigates and batteries, having all the time everything perfectly clear for action. As, with the superior force they had, we did not doubt but that they would endeavour to force their way out, our captain had determined that, should they attempt it, he would immediately run alongside of one of the frigates, fire a broadside into her, throw 200 men on board, and then make sail after the other, while the corvette that was at anchor with us was to do the best she could with the enemy's corvettes, &c. So sharply did our worthy captain look out that every night our boats were away from us while keeping a look out on the shore, in case any small craft should be coming out; in fact, Captain Maitland had so excellently arranged his plans that it was impossible the 'great man' could escape.

"On the morning of the 10th, a schooner came out of Basque with a flag of truce flying, which we received; and there came on board us from her, the Duke of Rovigo and Count de Lascasse, to know if we would receive Buonaparte. Our captain told them he would receive him on no other conditions than those of affording him and his retinue protection till we got to England. The flag of truce then went back, nor did we hear anything more of her till the evening of the 14th, when we saw her standing out again, and the Count Lascasse and General Gorgan in her; the latter was immediately dispatched to England in the *Slaney*, with a

letter from Buonaparte to the Prince Regent. Count Lascasse then went back to the frigates; but he informed us the emperor was not on board then, as had been reported, but was at Rochefort; and that he accepted our captain's conditions, and would be on board the *Bellerophon* the next morning." (Rochefort is about ten or twelve miles up the river from Isle d'Aix.)

"Accordingly the next morning we saw the schooner coming out. We immediately sent the barge and two cutters; and at seven o'clock the barge returned, and in her the great Napoleon, who made his appearance exactly at seven o'clock on H.M.S. *Bellerophon's* quarter-deck; and said to our captain, 'I throw myself under your protection.' All his generals, &c., came on board. A list of them I have enclosed, as also of those we sent to the *Myrmidon*, not having sufficient room for them in this ship. The emperor came on board in a plain great coat. He now wears a green coat with red cuffs and collar, two plain epaulettes, and a star on his breast. He is very affable and pleasing in his manners. He speaks to any one he comes athwart, and is always in a good humour. He bears his misfortune with a great deal of fortitude, which is to me astonishing. I am sure if I, like him, had tumbled from the highest pinnacle of greatness, I could no more bear up like him under my bad luck than I could fly. He has a most keen, penetrating eye; I think the most commanding countenance I ever saw. His eye is like a hawk's; he never sees anything once but he recollects it. He is a very different man from what he has been represented in England. He is in height about 5 feet 7½ inches; very broad across the shoulders, and rather corpulent; there is not the slightest pride in him: he asks one of us to dine with him every day."

Major Smith's long service included repeated commands under Admiral Sir Charles Napier, whose friendship he ever retained. He was at the capture of St. Jean d'Acre, and he served in the Syrian campaign; but although he was one of the few officers who did not succumb to the climate, he afterwards attributed painful ailments which he suffered to the malaria which to many proved so fatal. Repeated appointments to the Mediterranean station enabled him to employ his leisure in antiquarian excursions and in the study of music; while, in the theatres of Malta and Naples, he was ever among the foremost in instituting amateur performances for benevolent purposes.

As a botanist, Major Smith earned deserved reputation, although he never published. For many years he had been assiduously engaged in compiling a work somewhat on the scheme of Paxton's "Botanical Dictionary," but of a more popular kind. He has also left in the hands of a near relative a vocabulary of words peculiar to, or predominating in, the Isle of Wight, which will probably be published. Mr. Halliwell, in his "Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words," had access to Major Smith's MS., but it is quite worthy of separate publication, as it has been much augmented and contains many stories illustrative of local life, habits, and customs. From an early day his attachment to the drama was developed by amateur performances in some of the chief Italian cities and in this country, particularly at Portsmouth; and large sums were raised, invariably for charitable purposes. His range of character was somewhat varied and extensive; but his greatest hits were *Farmer Ashfield* in Morton's comedy of "Speed the Plough," and *Tyke* in the same eminent dramatist's "School of Reform." Emery, who had taken the world by prise in this peculiar line, could afford to compliment Major (then Lieut. Smith), and to present him, in testimony of his esteem, some costume the former character. Emery could well understand the advantag

amateur, as *Farmer Ashfield*, possessed over himself. Emery could only play it in the Yorkshire dialect, a violation of propriety in the rendering of a Hampshire farmer, which Lieut. Smith could not be guilty of, for he had been born and bred among the class of which this rustic hero, so well drawn by Morton, is a type. Morton, during his stay at Shanklin, where he wrote "Speed the Plough," at least in part, was a constant visitor at Landguard, and for years was on terms of close intimacy with Mr. Smith, and the Major, when a boy, often accompanied him and his father in shooting excursions. At Landguard, Morton had excellent opportunities of learning the provincial dialect, and of gaining that insight into rural life which he has so well depicted in this admirable comedy.

Major Smith married Julia, the daughter of Mr. Woodforde, a medical practitioner in Jersey, who, within a twelvemonth, died in childbed.

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#### RIGHT HON. S. R. LUSHINGTON.

ONE of the very oldest of former members of the House of Commons, and one of the last members of the administration of Perceval and Liverpool, has passed away, at the age of 93, at his Kentish seat, the Right Hon. Stephen Rumbold Lushington, many years Chairman of Ways and Means in the Lower House, and afterwards Joint Secretary of the Treasury, and Governor of Madras. He entered Parliament in 1807, at the same time with Lord Palmerston, if we remember aright; or, at all events, only a year after him, and held a seat without intermission—first for Rye and then for Canterbury—until 1830. After his return from Madras he was rechosen, in 1835; but retired at the general election of 1837. He came of a family of long-lived relatives: his father and his brothers had each passed 80 at their respective deaths, while he himself showed the greenness of his years by marrying a second wife at 83. His first wife was a daughter of General Lord Harris, whose Biography he wrote. Mr. Lushington was the oldest living Rugbeian at the time of his decease.

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#### G. CATTERMOLE.

IN MR. GEORGE CATTERMOLE England has sustained a great loss, he being one of our most eminent water-colour artists. He was born in 1800, at Dickleburgh, near Diss, in Norfolk. When still quite young, he excelled as a draughtsman, and contributed some first-rate drawings to "Britton's Cathedrals." At the age of thirty he became a regular exhibitor at the Water-Colour Society, and continued to exhibit for twenty years. He excelled in wild romantic pictures, particularly in foreign scenery; and his banditti and cut-throats recall to one's mind the works of Italian artists, so thoroughly are they imbued with the spirit of the subject. He depicted also with great taste several scenes from the civil wars, in which Cavaliers and Roundheads are admirably portrayed. Also may be mentioned, "Macbeth and the Murderers," "Cromwellian Troopers," the "Sacking of Basing House," "Skirmish on the Bridges;"

among scriptural subjects his best work is "Christ Preaching on the Steps of the Temple." Not the least honourable to Mr. Cattermole is the fact of his being one of the English artists to whom a medal was awarded at the French Exhibition of 1855. The deceased artist was born in 1800, and therefore had just completed his 68th year.

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#### DR. MACKENZIE.

FROM Glasgow is reported the death of Dr. William Mackenzie, the eminent oculist, surgeon-oculist to her Majesty in Scotland, at the age of 74. He was a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in England, and of many learned and scientific societies; his services were frequently called into employ both in England and Scotland, and his name will long be professionally remembered as the author of two standard medical treatises, "On the Physiology of Vision," and "The Diseases of the Eye."

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#### DR. WILLIS.

DEATH has removed an accomplished artist of great note in Ireland, Dr. Robert Willis. He was a native of Rathmines, near Dublin, and obtained his medical diploma at an early age, giving great promise of future distinction. For the last ten years he had acted as medical officer of the Oughterard Workhouse and Dispensary; and Sir William Wilde acknowledges, in his recently published work on Lough Corrib, his obligations to Dr. Willis for several of the most interesting drawings which illustrate it.

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#### CARDINAL ANDREA.

H. E. CARDINAL ANDREA'S sudden death at Rome, on the 15th of May, carries off nearly the only liberal member of the sacred college. There are those who say that he was poisoned; but the real truth is that he was only persecuted to death. He was a native of Naples; some months ago, weary of the unhappy state of affairs in the Eternal City, he had obtained leave of absence from Rome, and, with the Pope's consent, had taken up his abode at Naples, whence he was recalled in November last, and subjected to the surveillance of spies, and to other kinds of indignities, not because he had taken part in any anti-Papal plots, but simply because he was unwilling to take part in the reactionary policy of the Holy See, that is of Antonelli. His father was Member of Finance at Naples under Ferdinand II., and he came of a noble though not wealthy patrician family, his brother enjoying the title of a Marchese, and holding a commission in the Italian army. Possessed of a handsome person and engaging manners, the late Cardinal was remarkable for his genuine courtesy and dignity. A true son of the Church, he never failed in his fealty to it or to the Sovereign Pontiff, though he was surrounded

by every temptation and inducement to do so—not the least of all being the consistent persecution to which the last few years of his life were subjected. At one time great hopes were entertained that he would become the head of a free Italian Church, but such hopes were never sustained by His Eminence. Liberal in his views, he was urgent upon one question, the reform of abuses—no favourite subject at Rome, or elsewhere ; but at all times he acted consistently with his high duties as a Cardinal of the Church of Rome. His enemies, and especially those of the Ultra-montane party, rejoice that he is gone ; and the coincidence of his sudden death with that of Count Crivelli, and the sharp illness of Baron Beust, are facts too remarkable not to have encouraged a suspicion of unfair treatment, not to say positively of foul play, in some high quarter or other.

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#### DR. WAAGEN.

THE world of art, and more especially of art-criticism, has sustained a loss in Dr. G. F. Waagen, whose name is so well known among our chief picture galleries, both public and private. He has recently passed away at Copenhagen, at the age of 74, having been born, we believe, at Hamburgh, in February, 1794. He began life as an artist, but early abandoned his pencil for the musket, serving as a volunteer with the Prussian army so far back as 1813. Retiring from war, he resumed his artist's dress, and completed his art education among the galleries of Berlin, Dresden, Heidelberg, and Munich. About forty-five years ago his services were engaged by the late King of Prussia, as one of the curators of the Royal Museum at Berlin, where he became, in due course of time, Director of the gallery, with which post he afterwards united that of professor of art history in the University of Berlin. We believe that it was a work on "Egyptian Antiquities" which first struck the attention of the King of Prussia, and paved the way for Dr. Waagen's subsequent promotion. He was active, and indeed indefatigable, in the line which he had chosen for himself, as was proved by his subsequent publications on "Hubert and John Van Eyck" (1832), and those works on which his fame will hereafter rest: "Art and Artists in England and Paris," "Art and Artists in Germany," and "Treasures of Art in Great Britain," published by him in 1854. It was the latter work which made him widely known in educated circles in this country, and which has been of immense service to the owners of extensive galleries by revealing to them at once their deficiencies, and the great value of the "Art Treasures" in which their mansions abound. In this respect Dr. Waagen is one of those who at least have not lived in vain.

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THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1868.

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CHRISTOPHER KENRICK,

HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES.

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PREFATORY.

“ I will a round unvarnished tale deliver  
Of my whole course of love.”—*Othello*.

**I** WILL not deceive you, ladies and gentlemen; this is no story of exciting adventures, of moving accidents by flood and field, of most disastrous chances in love and war. Neither a traveller nor a soldier, I have not traversed Arabian deserts, nor led storming parties against impregnable fortresses. You will find in me no hero of romance, bearded like the pard; no occupant of strange disguises; no tall, brown-haired woman-killer, with the physical proportions of Hercules, and the heart of a Mantalini.

In all my life I have not fought a duel, nor have I eloped with my neighbour's wife, although I know one man who could not say as much.

A quiet, sober, unpretentious gentleman, I can write a little; I have exhibited two pictures at the Royal Academy; I can play the violin, and I live on my own estate in a west-midland county.

Last year the free and independent electors of the neighbouring borough offered me a seat in Parliament. Mrs. Kenrick is of opinion that I did wrong to decline the honour of inscribing M.P. after my name. She is fortified still further in this by the assurance of a friend from the City of London that he could make these two initials “turn me in” (that is his phrase) two thousand pounds a-year. My only reply is, that I have no ambition which a seat in the House

of Commons would satisfy, and that I do not wish to make an income in the way suggested by my enterprising friend, at whose offices in the City so many companies have been launched, as if they were intended to be wrecked by the first rough sea which should encounter them. Moreover, the ingratitude of shareholders, when undeserved failure comes, is a rock a-head to be avoided by a peacefully-disposed man; and I know more about fiddle-sticks than finance. Mrs. Kenrick rejoins that I might sacrifice my feelings for the sake of the dear children. In the course of a long career I have made several and sundry sacrifices for these same children. "Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia, the gods themselves throw incense." Though I round off my reply with this quotation from our favourite bard, with true dramatic action, it is quite enough for Mrs. Kenrick, who, seeing that I am really serious, leaves me in possession of the field and continues her knitting.

Whether I am justified in seeking an audience for so commonplace a performance as the story of my life, the reader himself must judge. Mrs. Kenrick has long been of opinion that the career of her husband is a very remarkable chapter in biographical and general history; but she has all the prejudices of a good wife in everything that concerns Mr. Christopher Kenrick.

In the way of a candid and truthful narrative I find some formidable difficulties. Amongst the chiefest is the fear of wounding Mrs. Kenrick's pride, and lowering the dignity of my family, which, by reason of a rural residence, twenty acres of land, and a couple of horses, has taken what is called a county position. I am given to understand that this endows us with an unmistakable right to snub the best people in the neighbouring town, and also entitles us to visit the Right Hon. Slumkey Skiddins, the lord of the manor, the county magistrates, the clergy, and all the other dignitaries of the district; to say nothing of introducing my girls to the Archery and Croquet Clubs of the county, and providing my son with a commission in the Royal Western Militia.

These are privileges which Mrs. Kenrick would not rashly relinquish, and it has occurred to me that the publication of my autobiography may not tend to the maintenance of that dignity which inaugurated the appearance of the Kenricks at Hallow. I have always been anxious to show the utmost consideration for my wife's prejudices, not that I am by any means henpecked. Mrs. Kenrick has too much respect for herself to lower the manliness of her husband. I am my own master, and head of my own household; but there are many little incidents in a man's life, which, as a rule, he would not volun-

tarily narrate to the wife of his bosom. This latter thought has perplexed me far more than my fears about prejudicing the family position; but I have concluded a *bonâ fide* contract with myself to finish my career with this one book, that shall set forth a true and particular account of my life and adventures, irrespective of all considerations anent family pride or matrimonial jealousy.

Thus much by way of personal introduction. "My intents are fixed, and will not leave me." Ladies and gentlemen, I am your humble obedient servant, and that which follows is your humble obedient servant's history.

#### CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH I AM MISERABLE, AND IN WHICH I RUN AWAY FROM HOME.

DID you ever run away from home?

It is a bold thing to do; but a bolder never to return again,—to stay away for ever and ever, and fight your own battle in the great wide world.

Whilst I write I see a little midland town in a misty autumn morning. The first bell of the day is being rung in the old church tower. Factory men and women are trudging off to work, and the shutters of industrious tradesmen are being taken down by gaping apprentices.

I see a young fellow—a boy, indeed, with big staring eyes, and dark brown hair—open the door of a respectable old-fashioned looking house and step upon the pavement. He is a well-dressed and comely youth—a resolute, handsome lad, one of those determined, hot-headed fellows, with whom it is a word and a blow. If you had been at school with that boy you would not have called him coward, or any other objectionable name, without being quite prepared to defend yourself. He was one of those youths who cannot brook control, unless it might be the control of a kind-hearted, tender mother, or the control of a true and discreet friend. To oppose or defy such spirits is to excite their combativeness and ensure a vigorous defence of their self-respect, or perhaps one ought to say their self-esteem.

As the autumn mist crept along the quiet street of the quiet midland town, this boy of sixteen summers stood upon the damp pavement, and looked up at the closed windows and the cold white blinds. He seemed to take the whole house into his long scrutinising gaze; and then, picking up the little bag which he had for a moment laid down on the doorstep, he walked away and disappeared.

Have you ever run away from home?

If you are a boy, and think it would be grand and romantic to do so, reflect, and stay where you are. Should you be a parent, and have given cause for your son to dislike his home and resent your strained authority, be more conciliatory in future; be just, but also be generous. It is a terrible thing, if you be a boy, to run away from home; if you be a father, it is no less miserable to find that your son has had to seek justice and generosity and kindness amongst strangers.

Why do I know so much about it? Because that boy whom I see in the past, leaving the midland town in the autumn morning, was myself. You think I have been especially complimentary in describing my own personal appearance. Not at all. I was a round-faced, bright-eyed, handsome fellow in those days. Had I not on my side the ardour of youth, with some of its innocence, and all its hope? What face is not handsome which has upon it the bloom of youth, and in its eyes the light of an innocent, courageous, and true soul?

These were qualities that were not fully appreciated in my home. My poor father (God rest him!) was a passionate, impatient man; my mother, a suspicious, narrow woman. They loved me in their way, and I loved them in mine, and love their dear memories still; but our notions of the duties of parents and sons differed. My father's faith in the efficacy of physical punishment was too strong for me; and one evening I said most solemnly that I should run away. My father told me to go to the devil; and I went the next morning, not to the devil, but to an old midland city.

I went thither by train on that misty autumn morning, in a cold, empty third-class carriage; and when the whistle sounded, and I saw the station and the town, the grey church, and the churchyard where my little brother lay, all slipping away from me, slipping away for ever; when I saw this and felt that I was alone, I fell on my knees and prayed to God and wept.

And wept! Aye, such bitter tears as few boys had wept before or since. I stretched out my arms for comfort, and then I looked up and said, "Good-bye, dear cruel Stoneyfield, good-bye! God forgive us both!"

My father was a printer. He had one of those quaint-looking booksellers' shops and printing offices which were to be seen in most country towns thirty years ago. Two bow-windows, with a door in the centre; two bow-windows, full of books, stationery, bibles and primers, sealing-wax and wafers, pens and pencils, engravings and illustrated

note-headings, patent medicines, and postage stamps. A very quaint old shop, forsooth, with "Robinson Crusoe," "The Whole Duty of Man," "Gulliver's Travels," "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy," "The Works of William Shakspeare," "Heathen Mythology," on one set of dusty book-shelves, and "Jack, the Giant Killer," "Blue Beard," "The Speaker," and "Fairy Tales," on another; with a miscellaneous collection of "Songs and Ballads," in a particular corner for miscellaneous hawkers and others, who bought them to sell at fairs and races. All these things I devoured: my education was the education afforded chiefly by that miscellaneous shop. And when I could set up types, when my little fingers had been sufficiently trained after school hours, and on those many days when I never went to school at all, I hunted up strange border ballads to practise upon. My father said this had turned my head; he had often punched my head in order to knock it straight again, I presume; but no punishment could drive out of my brain the glorious stories of those old books, the ringing metre of those sparkling heroic ballads.

At this present moment I can honestly take credit to myself for introducing amongst those yards of songs which are sold at the Midland fairs some of the best ballad literature in the country. My father used to say that I set up all the most stupid and sentimental songs that had ever been written; but I turn me now, in my maturer years, to "Percy's Relics" and "The Ballad Book," and refresh my memories of those past days, and indorse my boyish judgment with approval, too.

Why should I tell you all this? Simply that you may understand something of the bias of my mind in those early days. Our education does not simply consist in what we learn at school. My education was obtained in that old shop, and in that old printing office, where all the work was done on one wooden press, and by two or three wooden men, who jeered and laughed at that bright-eyed wilful boy, who stood upon a stool and set up border ballads.

Nobody understood me in that hard, God-forsaken Stoneyfield—schoolmasters, tutors, boys, girls, parents. They all depreciated that little fellow who would have his own way. Perhaps he deserved it; perhaps he did not. Had they once tested the tenderness of his heart, they might have treated him differently; but they only tried his courage, his firmness, his self-love; and these were in a chronic state of excitement in consequence, until one misty autumn morning, when the little Stoneyfield printer fell on his knees and bade the cruel town good-bye for ever.

## CHAPTER II.

## A STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND.

I FELT none of the despondency and depression which usually attends the exile.

With that first pang of grief in the railway train, my heart had relieved itself of all that latent affection for Stoneyfield which comes with early associations, even though they be painful.

If I knew none of the people whom I met in this strange city of Lindford, they offered me no indignity. The big boys did not square up at me and expect me to fight, as they did at Stoneyfield, and as I did to their cost sometimes; the little ones did not sneer and call me names when they were far enough off to be out of harm's way. I was a man here on my own responsibility, new to the people, they new to me.

My heart leaped at the prospect before me. Here I would begin the great fight. Under the shadow of that grand cathedral would I plant my standard, and commence the preliminary contests that come before the great shock of the conflict.

I carried my little bag and leisurely reconnoitred the city. I found it a long straggling street of quiet-looking shops and substantial residences, with little thoroughfares branching off here and there, and a deep calm river dividing it in two—a deep calm river with lazy barges upon its placid bosom, lazy barges wending their way, with big brown sails, like exaggerated bats'-wings, to the broad ocean that waited for them beyond the great wide plains.

Close by the town bridge over the river there was a handsome bookseller's shop, handsome to me who had known no better establishment than that emporium of curiosities at Stoneyfield. Two plate-glass windows enclosed fine specimens of an attractive stock of books and pictures; and in gold letters on the glass was printed—“Offices of the *Lindford Herald*.”

I lingered about this establishment for some time, peeped in at the open doorway, and I can remember now the pleasant smell of russia and morocco-bound prayer-books and bibles that were being exhibited at the moment to a fastidious customer. It was a fine, well-stocked shop, with neat glass-cases behind the counters; and on one side a little office cut off, no doubt, for the principal; and on a brass plate fastened to the door-post once more I observed the magic words, “*Lindford Herald*.”

With the perfume of the handsome bindings, and all that power of

glass and books in my mind, I sought out a respectable inn, and ordered something to eat.

Whilst the waiter was laying the cloth, I washed, changed my collar and necktie, and made myself as presentable as my small wardrobe would allow.

Seeing a stalwart fellow setting out the table and bringing in meat and potatoes and beer specially for me, helped to foster those manly sensations which I had felt when I stepped upon the Lindford platform.

Nevertheless, it was with considerable nervousness that I entered Mr. Mitching's handsome shop, an hour afterwards, and offered him my services.

The proprietor of the *Lindford Herald* and that fine glassy-looking shop put up his eyeglass to look at me, and asked me what I could do.

I see him now—a stout, pompous, elderly gentleman, with bushy gray whiskers, a florid complexion, and a large quantity of black silk watchguard, which gave him a still more fussy and grandiloquent aspect. His gold-rimmed eyeglasses enhanced his dignity in my eyes, for he had a magnificent way of balancing them on his nose, and looking over the glasses and under them, as he pleased, by way of variation to the monotony of their own intrinsic magnifying power.

“Well, sir, you are a strange young gentleman, certainly. I think the best thing I can do is to hand you over to the police until your friends are informed of your whereabouts, sir.”

I was particularly struck with the dignity of being addressed as sir. At home nobody called me anything but Christopher, and we should not there have thought of addressing anyone less than a magistrate as sir. For a moment it occurred to me that Mr. Mitching was sneering at me, and then a little of the cowed feeling of Stoneyfield exercised a depressing influence upon me, and I did not make the spirited reply to Mr. Mitching which had been in my mind a few moments previously.

It was lucky for me that I did not, for Mr. Mitching, taking me kindly by the hand, led me into a snug parlour at the back of the office, and there introduced me to his wife.

“Master Christopher Kenrick, my dear,” said the proprietor of the *Lindford Herald*; “who has run away from home, because he is not properly appreciated.”

This was an adaptation of a portion of my story to Mr. Mitching. “Properly appreciated” seemed to tickle him immensely.

“Not properly appreciated,” he continued, laughing and elevating

his glasses at me once more ; "in consequence of which melancholy circumstance he has left home, and means to fight his own way in the world independently of parental aid or control. With a view of commencing his career under the most favourable circumstances he offers his services to me, and is prepared to commence work to-morrow."

"Pray sit down, Mr. Kenrick," said the lady, in a pleasant musical voice. "How old are you?"

"Nearly seventeen, madam," I replied.

"Can you write a leader now for the *Herald*, do you think?" said Mr. Mitching, nodding quietly to his wife to intimate that they would have some fun presently.

"I fear not, sir," I replied, modestly.

"You think it would not be properly appreciated, eh? Ah! ah! ah! Upon my word you are a funny little fellow."

"Don't laugh at him, George," said Mrs. Mitching, who observed my lip quiver slightly. "I am sure he is a brave, honest boy."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Mr. Mitching; "and I'll tell you what it is, love,—he shall come and give us the benefit of his experience in the art of printing and publishing to-morrow. What do you say, Master Kenrick,—will you come for a week on trial and see if *we* can properly appreciate you?"

As he said this, the old gentleman patted me kindly on the head, and looked for a smile of approval from his wife, who rewarded him promptly.

She was a pretty little woman, this Mrs. Mitching, and at least twenty years younger than her husband. I shall never forget her bright grey eyes, her white teeth, her genial smile, and her supple figure. How that big, pompous old gentleman had induced her to marry him was a mystery which I used sometimes to think about years afterwards, when I had nearly fallen in love with her myself.

With the aid of Mr. Mitching's shopman, I found out a comfortable little lodging, and that night I slept, for the first time, in my own rooms.

### CHAPTER III.

I BECAME A MEMBER OF THE FOURTH ESTATE, AND FALL IN LOVE.

HAPPY days those early days of youthful hope and ambition! Happy, despite occasional pangs of remorse.

"Honour thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land." How these words hit me down in my loneliness I will not weary the reader by explaining.



I was comforted, however, by an inward consciousness of a desire to honour my father and my mother. There are duties of parents and duties of children. Had I done mine? I did not care to question their position; but I earnestly inquired into my own, and my conscience upheld me, more particularly after I had written a filial letter to my father in which I claimed to take my own course, and yet expressed a sonly regard for him and a dutiful affection for my mother.

Yet when I heard of other young fellows going down home to shoot or fish, or to spend a day or two, I felt my exile acutely; for my father did not write to me, and my mother only sent me one or two cold formal letters.

Seeing that it was alleged against me that I had caused my parents nothing but trouble and anxiety, it might be that they were glad to be rid of their tiresome son. That my father loved me I knew full well, but he was a strange, proud, passionate man; and my mother was too reserved to exhibit her affection, though in early days I do remember me of one or two consoling hours with my head on her knee after my father had fully vindicated his faith in the rod. But these instances of maternal affection were long and long before I had resolved to run away from home; and they had not been latterly repeated, lest I should be spoiled perchance, notwithstanding an unsparing physical purgation of boyish faults.

I attended at Mr. Mitching's on that next morning, and found the magnificent proprietor of the *Lindford Herald* engaged in balancing his eye-glasses upon his well-developed nose; and at the close of the day he looked over them and under them at me, stuck his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, and complimented me upon my intelligence.

"I think you will be appreciated here, Master Kenrick; I think so, indeed; be industrious, be honest, be honourable, and you may fairly follow up that grand course of independence which you have chalked out for yourself, sir. Mrs. Mitching has a high opinion of you, and the greatest compliment in the world which I could pay anyone is to say that he holds a place in the good opinion of Mrs. Mitching; yes, sir, that he holds a place in her good opinion."

Mr. Mitching evidently liked the latter phrase. As an orator and proprietor of the *Lindford Herald* he had of course a right to make a speech at me, and he very frequently afterwards indulged himself in this respect; so much so, that more than once in the days that

followed I had almost mechanically taken out my note-book to record his auricular utterances.

On that first day, and many others, I had the felicity of labouring in my new quarters, with the approval of Mr. Mitching. My position in his famous offices was a humble one at first, but I worked my way upwards with strong and certain strides.

In a few months I mastered a system of short-hand sufficiently well to write it, as Dickens's hero wrote it, and with all that gentleman's difficulties in the way of interpretation. Under the influence of a patient perseverance, fostered and kept awake by cold tea and wet towels, I produced my first report, commenced one evening at sunset and finished as the sun rose and turned my poor candle into a weak and yellow flame.

I tackled those wretched hieroglyphics of Harding's with the firmness of a runaway slave who struggles on through pestilential marsh and jungle, for the sake of the liberty that is beyond.

Not twelve months had elapsed before I was promoted to the dignity of chief reporter of the *Lindford Herald*; and in those days that was as much of a triumph to me with my poor limited ambition as Benjamin Disraeli's elevation the other day was to him, in his more magnificent and extended destinies.

In a provincial city, such as Lindford, a gentleman in my position was a gentleman of no mean importance. The county paper had a power that Londoners can hardly understand. An objectionable criticism of any public act connected with Lindford was of much greater weight in the county paper than it would have been in the *Times*. Everybody in the ancient city saw the old paper, and talked over its news on Saturday nights, and everybody was anxious to stand well with the reporter.

The actors who came to Lindford for the assizes, the races, or the Whitsuntide-holidays, hunted up the reporter of the *Lindford Herald*, and made that young gentleman very happy by giving him the *entrée* behind the scenes.

What a change there was in that little fellow who was running away in the first chapter of this narrative!

In less than a year I had budded into stick-up collars, and blossomed as a smart young gentleman in a tall hat and frock-coat. I smoked, too, and had a suit of flannels made for rowing and cricketing. There was a black streak of down on my upper lip, and my voice was rough. I read up politics, and began to think that some day I might be an editor. This daring flight of ambition, however, I am bound to say was a secret in my own breast until a certain

soft-voiced young person elicited from my own lips an occasional outburst of ambitious hopes, amongst which was this one magnificent notion of future greatness.

I look back now upon that Lindford reporter, with his limited range of hope, as a sort of psychological study, and I envy him his quiet, unsophisticated pleasures. Can that young fellow whom I see strutting along the High Street of Lindford, with his note-book under his arm, in which there is a true and particular account of the last meeting of the Lindford Town Council, have been Christopher Kenrick? Happy youth! His two sovereigns a week were far sweeter to him than hundreds have been to the man who was once that boy!

For many months my chief companions were those imaginary beings of the books in my father's old shop at Stoneyfield. The works of William Shakspeare!—how they clung to my fancy, what solace, what delight they afforded me! And "The Speaker," with its many flowers, culled from the literary highway! Who shall ever tell all the pleasures of literature! or be sufficiently grateful for the works of William Shakspeare!

Do I owe it to these romantic books of unromantic Stoneyfield that my heart was so susceptible in those early days? Should I ever have fallen in "love at first sight" had not my fancy and imagination been excited by poetry and romance? Or did Fate take me by the hand, on that summer evening long ago, and lead me down the High Street just as Esther Wilton and her sister were sauntering homewards in the twilight?

Esther Wilton! I see her now, a girl in her first long frock, a dark green lama frock, that clung to her lithe undulating figure, and set off all its fair proportions. She came upon me like a dream of beauty, with soft blue eyes and a round happy face. From her ample Leghorn hat there fell a cluster of brown silky curls, and she seemed to glide along like a Goddess of Evening. I write too enthusiastically, you think? I write as I felt in those early days of love, and hope, and ambition. By her side was Esther's sister Emmy, a dark-brown, black-eyed, quick-tempered-looking girl, several years Esther's senior. I took her in at that first glance, but she only seemed to act as a foil to her younger sister's rosy beauty.

I knew neither one nor the other then by name, but I watched them along the street, far away, until they were out of sight; and I went home with one sweet image in my mind for ever and for aye. Home! how easily I write the word, I who may be said to have had no home in those days, I who had turned my back upon home, to stand alone in the world. Home, the poets say, must be associated

with those we love ; home must be the dwelling-place of the heart. How could I call my humble lodging home?—two narrow little rooms in the house of a widow, and such a widow—a ranting woman, with a pin in her eye and all the colours of the rainbow in her cap. You could hear her all over the house when she slept, she pervaded every room when she awoke. She was essentially a noisy, loud woman, continually asserting herself, for ever taking her stand on the character and reputation of Mr. Nixon, who had died abroad whilst preparing for his wife to join him in the colonies, whither he had gone to make their mutual fortunes, induced to leave her, I should imagine, because of her self-assertion, rather than, as she explained, out of the great love he had for her, and his desire that she should be independent of the cares and troubles attendant upon her large business of milliner and mantle-maker.

And this was my home. I called it home, and felt a homely regard for it. My first lodgings I had recently deserted, and I had been in these new ones only a fortnight when I went home with those soft blue eyes of Esther Wilton in my heart.

I had one accomplishment which I have not yet spoken of. My father was a fair musician, and he had taught me to play upon the violin. Recently I had been enabled to purchase an instrument of moderate quality, and I found it a source of great solace and pleasure in my new home. If your notions of the violin are of the fair and racy aspect ; if you call the instrument a fiddle, and think of it in connection with a jig, you will laugh at my being in love with an unknown face, seen for the first time, and pouring my passion into a fiddle. Laugh, my friend, an it please you ; life is a mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous ; but there was no mirth in those long, singing tones which came out of that violin. If you know the instrument, you know how it can talk ; what sweet tender things it will say to those who can interpret its language. With my soul in my hand, I believe I composed a musical idyll that night. I had a new power, a new ambition had taken possession of me ; I was a new man. I seemed to desire a closer friendship with the world ; and before I went to bed I sat down and wrote a dutiful and affectionate letter to my mother, whose forgiveness I implored, whose happiness I prayed for, and whose good offices with my father I humbly solicited.

## CHAPTER IV.

INTRODUCES THE READER TO MISS JULIA BELMONT.

How quickly the time sped away !

I had laboured hard to master the details of the profession into which Fate had launched me ; and success was crowning my efforts when a new attraction presented itself.

At the Lindford theatre a company was performing for the summer season, and I had won the good feeling of the whole dramatic corps by a wonderful series of eulogistic criticisms of their performances. I had more particularly taken under my journalistic protection Miss Julia Belmont, a young lady who played leading business, and captivated all the young gentlemen in Lindford.

Miss Belmont was not more than twenty, and the manager informed me that there was some sad secret in her history, which gave her peculiar claims to consideration. She had only been on the stage two years ; but she had made a successful *début* in London, and was now making a tour through the provinces for the sake of experience in stage business. She had a bright grey eye, which seemed to look into your very heart. Neither a blonde nor a brunette, she had that neutral kind of complexion which makes up well on the stage. Her carriage was graceful, and she was refined and lady-like in her manner and address.

I am enabled to speak thus critically because I had done myself the pleasure of responding to her invitation, and had called upon her before she had been in Lindford a fortnight. I shall never forget her little room. It was small and littery. There was an old-fashioned square piano in one corner ; a fluffy old sofa in another, with feathers bursting through the chintz ; a wicker chair on one side the fireplace, and two rush-bottomed chairs on the other side. In the centre of the room there was a round table covered with green baize, upon which tea-things were generally displayed, mixed up with marked play-books, manuscript sheets of music, and stray play-bills. A few books were huddled together upon a table under the window, that looked upon a backyard where clothes were generally hanging out to dry. On the mantelshelf were sundry dilapidated yet showy ornaments belonging to the house, and a scent-bottle and some other trifles of the kind belonging to the heroine of the dramatic muse at Lindford.

Amid these lodging-house gods sat Miss Julia Belmont, in a muslin dress, pink slippers, and curl-papers. But she looked charming in my eyes at all times, more so, perhaps, *en déshabille*, than in theatrical robes and theatrical paint.

"And you have left parents and home, as I have done," she said to me one morning after rehearsal, when I called on my way from a magisterial meeting, the prosy details of which were stowed away in my pocket, mysteriously disguised for the present in shorthand.

"Yes," I said; "but I am better able to fight the world alone than you are, Miss Belmont."

"Indeed!" she said, rolling her grey eyes upon me, and looking at me as if she were peering up out of a deep reverie.

"I do not mean so far as ability goes, Miss Belmont. I trust I should not be so absurd as that."

"You are a flatterer," said the actress, smiling in a vague, musing way.

"No, I assure you," I replied, with alacrity. "I never saw a lady who realises so well my idea of a great actress."

"For one so young you pay compliments most proficiently. How many ladies have you seen play the parts I play?"

"One other," I said.

"Only one; and where, pray?"

"At the Summer Fair in Stoneyfield Market Place."

"You are facetious," said Miss Belmont, looking just a little piqued.

"No, indeed, I am not. She played *Desdemona* one night, *Lady Macbeth* another, and last of all I saw her as *Maria Martin*."

"And you think I excel her?"

"Immeasurably," I said.

"Thank you, Mr. Kenrick," she said. "You amuse me. You may wait for me at the stage-door to-night, and bring me home."

"I shall be delighted," I replied; and I left her to perch myself on a wooden stool and write out all the wisdom uttered by the Lindford county magistrates in petty sessions that morning assembled.

Gentle reader, be kind and considerate to reporters—never write to the papers and complain that they have not correctly reported you. Give them the best seats at your public dinners, the best places at your public meetings. Remember them in your prayers; and if you are rich, startle some poor member of the profession when you die by mentioning him for a legacy in your will. They are a hard-working, ill-appreciated race. How often do you go home from a great meeting, wearied and sick with the speaking to which you have been compelled to listen? Just think that the reporters have not only been compelled to listen, they have had to write it down in shorthand; and whilst you are comfortably asleep in bed, they are painfully transcribing their notes for the printer.

Of all the heart-breaking sights, an untranscribed note-book, full

to the last leaf, is "the most heart-breakingest;" but coupled therewith is the joy with which the reporter runs his pen through the last sentence and performs that final flourish which concludes every shorthand writer's "copy" that has ever come under my notice.

It was not Miss Julia Belmont's face that seemed to look up at me every now and then from the depths of my note-book, but that of the blue eyes and silky curls; and at night in the theatre I found myself thinking of this same face, even during Miss Belmont's performance of *Rosalind*.

"Do you think the lady at the fair could have played *Rosalind* as well as Miss Belmont?" said that young lady, as I walked home with her at the close of the performance.

"Oh, no," I replied, quite innocently.

"Have you read much of Shakspeare?"

"I almost know him by heart."

"Which are your favourite heroines?"

"Miranda, Rosalind, Portia, and Constance."

"Your judgment is not bad, Mr. Kenrick. How old are you?"

Miss Belmont seemed to be regularly taking me under her charge.

"Eighteen," I said.

"Three years younger than I," she replied, as if she were making a mental memorandum of the difference between our ages.

"I wish I were three years older," was my reply.

"Why?" asked Miss Belmont, promptly.

"I don't know why. I should like to be a man."

"So you are a man—much more of a man than many one who is ten years your senior."

"Do you think so?" I asked, looking round at her curiously, as we passed under a gas-lamp.

"I do," she said in reply, laughing and pressing my arm with a gentle pressure. "Why, here we are at home, I declare! How quickly we must have walked!"

I was about to say "Good-night" here, but a most savoury smell of hot supper, and a most hospitable invitation to partake thereof were sufficiently attractive to make me a willing guest of Miss Belmont's. There were fellows in Lindford who would have given their ears to have had such a *tête-à-tête* as I had upon this occasion with the fair young actress.

The supper consisted of a rich stew of some kind, with fried potatoes and bottled stout; and after this Miss Belmont mixed for herself a little grog in a wine-glass, and for me a larger modicum in a tumbler.

"Do you like music?" Miss Belmont inquired.

"Very much indeed," I said.

"I must play softly, or we shall disturb the household," said the actress, taking her seat at a six-octave square. "What do you like?"

"Anything that you like I am sure will please me," I said.

"One of Mendelssohn's 'Songs Without Words'?" she suggested.

"Next to a real song with words," I said.

"Oh, I rarely sing," said Miss Belmont, commencing one of Mendelssohn's sublime compositions.

The performer played very well for a few bars, and then she got into an inextricable confusion, which made her angry.

"I always stick there," she said, impatiently.

"You make a slight mistake in the crotchet-rest there," I said, pointing out her difficulty. "The right-hand chord comes in before that half bar——"

"You are a musician, I see," said Miss Belmont, leaving her seat. "You play."

"Not the piano; at least, only a little."

"Oh, yes, you do; play me that difficult passage."

I did so, though I bungled at it slightly.

"Upon my honour, you are an accomplished young gentleman," said Miss Belmont, half in earnest, half sarcastically, I thought.

"I wish I were," I replied, quietly. "I play the violin a little."

"You do! then you shall bring your violin up and we will practise together."

"I will," I said, nothing loath. "But pray finish your piece."

"No, I will sing you just one little song, and then you must go home."

It was a sweet and tender strain, and the singer seemed to feel the burden of the song of love and sorrow.

"There, sir," she said, when it was over, "now you must go home, or you will have a bad character."

"I am sure I thank you very much for letting me stay so long," I said, taking up my hat, and preparing to obey the lady's orders.

"You may kiss my hand," she said, when I had taken it to say good-night.

I kissed her hand accordingly, at parting; and I was ungrateful enough to think all the way home how much I should like to kiss the hand of that pretty girl in the lama frock.

*(To be continued.)*



## ALBERT DURER AND "THE FAIRFORD WINDOWS."

**E**IGHT miles east of Cirencester, on the great London Road, and about twenty-five miles from Gloucester, in a level tract, richly timbered, chiefly with the noblest elms I have ever seen, lies the quiet little market-town of Fairford, if, indeed, it have any right to a higher rank than village. Its parish clerk and latest historian, Mr. W. Beale, and Mr. Giles, the worthy landlord of the Bull, are at odds on the point. The parish clerk speaks of the market granted by charter in 1688; the landlord informs his customers that market there is none. Be this as it may, Fairford's two clean quiet streets and wide "place," flanked on one side by the old-fashioned hostelries of the George and the Bull, had rarely, I fancy, till the other day, any stranger visitors but those attracted thither by the capital trout-fishing in the Colne, which skirts the town, and of which four well-stocked miles are rented and preserved by mine host of the Bull. He tells you, with pardonable pride, that during the fishing season there will often be a matter of ten or twelve gentlemen quartered in his house for the trout fishing. And a very comfortable, honest, well-ordered house the Bull is—such an one as it is a rare pleasure to light upon in these days of railroad hotels. Fairford lies eleven miles from the Uffington station, on one side, and eight miles, as I have said, from the Cirencester station on the other. It is something to find a place so completely out of the roar and whirl of the great streams of traffic.

Besides the trout of the Colne, and the comfort of the Bull, Fairford boasts another local lion, "the Fairford witch-elm," a magnificent tree, unequalled, even in that country of elms, for girth and spread of limb, which stands near the churchyard. The other day, after I had seen the windows, questioning a lady who had lived the best part of her life in that part of the country, and professed to know Fairford and its notable things well, I found she stopped short at the Colne trout-fishing and the witch-elm; and yet her husband was a country gentleman of letters and artistic culture, she herself a

woman of tastes like her husband's, and her son a lettered clergyman, with a relish for art and archæology, holding a living not above ten miles from Fairford. And yet she seemed never to have heard of the "Fairford windows." Let it be no reproach to me then, that, a few weeks ago, I was in equal ignorance. Nor let it be taken as an extravagant assumption if I assume the same ignorance in most of the members of the British Archæological Association, who have lately held their meeting at Cirencester, and in the bulk of my readers in *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

I was asked to visit Fairford, and first told of its windows by a gentleman whose name has of late been very prominently before the public, in connection with something very different from painted glass—Mr. H. J. Holt, the solicitor, whose determined perseverance in the cause of an innocent man, convicted and confined for seventeen months, on a charge of felony, has lately triumphed in the release of George Freeling Wilkinson. Mr. Holt has carried his characteristic closeness of investigation and stubbornness of pursuit into other than professional fields, and like all wise men keeps a hobby as well as a hack. His hobby is Fine Art, and among great names in art Albert Durer has been to him an especial subject of interest. For years he has pursued the investigation of Durer's life and works with the same acuteness and tenacity which have achieved against overwhelming difficulties the reversal of Mr. Wilkinson's sentence. Readers of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, under its late editor, have had the benefit of Mr. Holt's labours, in a series of singularly interesting papers<sup>a</sup> on Albert Durer's allegorical engravings, in which he for the first time, as it seems to me, has explained satisfactorily the full significance of those puzzling designs, "The Knight, Death, and the Devil"—brought back by Mr. Holt to what he gives good reasons for believing to have been Albert Durer's own title for it, "The Nemesis,"—"The Melancholy," "The Greater Fortune," and "The Arms of the Death's Head," and "The Cock."

Mr. Holt, three or four years ago, lighted by accident upon a little paper-covered pamphlet, "The History of the Town and Church of Fairford, newly arranged and improved by W. Beale, Parish Clerk," giving an account of Fairford church, a description of its twenty-eight painted windows, and an enumeration of their subjects of type and antitype from the Old and New Testaments,

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<sup>a</sup> See Nos. X., XI., and XIII., New Series, 1866-67; and No. XX., August, 1867.

Prophets, Apostles, Defenders and Oppressors of the Church, Saints and Angels.

"These windows," says Mr. Beale, "before their removal, in the reign of Charles I., were inspected by Sir Anthony Vandyke, who, Hearne says, 'often affirmed, both to the king and others, that many of the figures were so exquisitely well done, that they could not be exceeded by the best pencil.' The designs are attributed to Albert Durer, but it is improbable that at the age of twenty years he could have attained such proficiency; for he was born in 1471, and the glass was taken in 1492. Who was the real artist is a circumstance involved in some obscurity. Neither Lucas Van Leyden nor Goltzius could have been employed, as they both flourished after the church was finished. But for this, the extreme resemblance to the style of the well-known etchings of these masters would induce us to attribute this beautiful work to them. May we be allowed to conjecture, that the designer was Francesco Francia, who was born at Bologna in 1450, where he lived till 1518, peculiarly eminent in the art of encaustic painting?"

This mention of Albert Durer interested Mr. Holt, and he determined to visit Fairford and examine the windows on his first opportunity. That opportunity did not occur till this year. And the results of his examination he has made known in a paper read to the Archæological Association, at their recent Cirencester meeting, which has, not unnaturally, excited great interest among lovers of art; for it communicates Mr. Holt's reasons for believing the old Fairford tradition, which associates Albert Durer's name with the church windows, to be well founded, and establishes that belief on foundations too strong, I believe, to be again shaken. Having myself examined the windows very carefully for the best part of two days, I feel perfectly satisfied as to the soundness of Mr. Holt's conclusion; and as to the extraordinary interest and value of the windows, whether as works of art, or in connection with the history of their designer.

Since Mr. Holt's paper was read, closer examination has revealed a striking corroboration of his conclusion, by the discovery of the monogram, **A**, on the blade of a sword held by one of the figures. When Mr. Holt was first told, on the occasion of the archæologists' visit to the church, that a monogram had been discovered, he said, before seeing it, "Remember, if it is Albert Durer's, the initials will be A. T., not A. D." It is a fact, that till 1500, it was the painter's practice to spell his name Albert Thurer, and that he has used the initials A. T. both in the monograms and emblems introduced into the cuts which he contributed to the *Nuremberg Chronicle*, in which

the presence of work by Albert Durer has been, till Mr. Holt's discovery of the fact, not only unknown, but unsuspected.

When, therefore, on examination, the newly-noted monogram<sup>b</sup> proved to be **A**, Mr. Holt had all the pleasure of a discoverer who finds an important conclusion confirmed by a new and unexpected experiment before the eyes of the spectators invited to test his discovery.

Let me point out here, briefly, the subjects of these windows.

They are arranged, partly, on the familiar plan of type and anti-type, the usual guiding principle in the collections of Scripture illustrations widely known in the latter half of the fifteenth century. At this time, just after the invention of printing,—not before it, as has been hitherto, but, I have little doubt, erroneously, believed,—Germany and the Low Countries were extensively supplied, from many centres, with what are now known as block-books, works of morality and religion consisting both of text and woodcuts, some of them all block-printed, others comprising press-printed text with rubbed impressions of the cuts. Among these none were so famous or meritorious as the collection known to modern bibliomaniacs, *but not to ancient readers*, as the *Biblia Pauperum*, a collection of Scripture pictures, with portraits of Scripture personages, rudely executed, but of great significance and spirit as designs; and the *Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*, a book of the same character, in which, however, the text was printed.<sup>c</sup> In these collections the principle of type and anti-type regulates the choice of subjects throughout.

Thus we have, side by side, on one page, Eve and the Serpent, the Annunciation, and the Moistening of Gideon's Fleece; on another, Moses and the Burning Bush, and the Nativity; on another, the Queen of Sheba Visiting Solomon, and the Adoration of the Kings; on another, the Giving Up of Samuel to Eli, and the Presentation of the Divine Babe by His Mother to Simeon. The short Latin explanation printed and engraved below, of the relation of type and anti-type, and the text illustrating it, all show that these books were meant for the clergy rather than the laity,—at least, that the text was for use by the former, as heads or suggestions for sermons or homilies; while the cuts might be shown by the preacher to the people to enforce his discourse, or might be

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<sup>b</sup> It is but right to say that a doubt has been suggested whether this monogram is not a simple A, introduced as the initial letter of "Amalekite," by way of indicating the nationality of the personage holding the sword.

<sup>c</sup> Entirely in some editions, for the most part in others.

meant to impress the connection of type and anti-type more forcibly on his own mind.

These block-books seem, indeed, to have been meant to take the same place in relation to the more costly similar manuals written and illuminated by hand, which the early printed books took in relation to manuscripts. Their publication was at once the natural supply and stimulus of a widening demand for religious and Scriptural knowledge, and was one of the many causes and symptoms of the movement destined so soon to culminate in the Reformation. More rubbish has been written, probably, on the history, dates, and chronological sequence of those block-books than on any other subject of literary antiquity. As a rule, they have neither date, printer's name, nor place; hence they afford a wide and open field for speculation, and the usual ambition of each speculator seems to have been to discover, or rather give reasons for assuming, an earlier date than that adopted by his predecessors in the field. Thanks to this continual tendency to chronological retrogression, these books have, I have no doubt, been assigned, in most cases, to a date far earlier than their real or probable one, mainly on the strength of a certain woodcut of St. Christopher carrying Christ on his shoulder, of which only one copy (in Lord Spencer's library) is known to exist, with the date of 1423, maintained by Mr. Holt<sup>d</sup> to be a forgery, effected by a simple and slight operation of the pen<sup>e</sup> upon one of the letters representing 1493, its real date. This unlucky St. Christopher, of 1423, has set all the investigators of xylography astray after impossible early dates, in particular of the block-books I have been speaking of. I believe that sounder investigation will prove them

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<sup>d</sup> In a paper read to the Archaeological Association, 1st July, 1864, and published, in abstract, in the "Transactions."

<sup>e</sup> The transformation of the last black-letter *ε* in the series, *ccccε*, into an *x*, thus, *ε*, *Ξ*. I only know the fac-similes of the cut; but a close examination of them seems to me strongly to corroborate Mr. Holt's conclusion. The print was discovered pasted inside an old book-cover by a certain monk, Krisner, the librarian of the monastery of Buxheim, in 1765, and produced in answer to the inquiries of the Baron Heineken, the curator of the Dresden Gallery, then travelling in quest of works bearing on the early history of engraving. It is quite conceivable that a clever monk, knowing how an added antiquity of seventy years would increase the money value and interest of this woodcut, and seeing how easily the falsification might be effected, may have yielded to the temptation to convert the concluding *ε* into an *x*. The fact that several cuts were about the same time produced with dates almost as early, which have since been all discovered to be forgeries, rather supports Mr. Holt's view; and the style of the cut and merits of the design are certainly more consistent with the later than the earlier date.

all to have been subsequent to the invention of printing; that the rudest of them cannot be carried back earlier than between 1460 and '70, the time of Pfister, the Bamberg printer; and that the best of them date much later, probably within the last decade of the century.

It is not, however, my present object to go into this knotty and much-perplexed question, on which masses of ill-digested inquiry have been shot out upon the world. It has, however, this connection with the Fairford windows, that the system of type and anti-type is followed in them for a certain length, and as far as the number of the windows admitted, and that the very subjects and treatment of these found in the "*Biblia Pauperum*" are reproduced in the windows with an exactness which led Mr. Holt in his paper to insist that either the author of both was one and the same (an alternative which he appears to prefer), or that the painter of the windows had gone to the "*Biblia Pauperum*" for designs. The singular difference in artistic skill, drawing, and finish between the rude wood-cuts and the noble windows, at first sight, seems to stand in the way of the conclusion that they can be the work of the same hand. Mr. Holt thinks the difference may be accounted for by supposing that the former were the work of Albert Durer's 'prentice hand, meant for comparatively cheap publication, and produced when wood-cutting was still a very rude art; while the latter are the work of Durer at twenty-eight, when with all the acquired skill of his apprenticeship and his *wander-jahre* he was still content to go back to the design of his inspired boyhood, as expressed in the rude wood-cuts of the "*Biblia Pauperum*."

This is a conclusion which will provoke antagonism, and will no doubt elicit enough of it. I must own that at this stage of the controversy I do not see how Mr. Holt can make out so good a case for this opinion, as he has for that he holds as to the date of the St. Christopher. I do not myself see why we are to shrink from the other alternative, that Albert Durer, recognising the fine qualities of design and expression in these rude block-book cuts,—for such qualities there are in them beyond all question,—was content to draw upon that mine of material for the subjects, and even arrangement, of his Fairford windows.

But it is time to enumerate the subjects of the windows, which I take from Mr. Holt's paper.

The subjects from the Old Testament are but four, comprising—

1. The Temptation of Eve.
2. The Lord appearing to Moses in a fiery bush whilst he was keeping the flock of Jethro.

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3. The double sign vouchsafed to Gideon, and
4. The Queen of Sheba's visit to King Solomon.

The subjects from the Apocryphal Gospel and the New Testament include the principal events in the life of the Virgin and of her Divine Son, and represent—

1. The Meeting of Joachim and Anne at the Golden Gate.
2. The Birth of the Virgin.
3. The Presentation of the Virgin.
4. The Marriage of the Virgin.
5. The Annunciation.
6. The Nativity.
7. The Adoration of the Magi.
8. The Purification of the Virgin, and Presentation of the Infant Jesus in the Temple.
9. The Flight into Egypt, with the Massacre of the Innocents in the distance.
10. Christ disputing with the Doctors in the Temple.
11. The Assumption of the Virgin.

These are succeeded by

12. Christ's entry into Jerusalem.
13. Christ in the Garden of Olives.
14. Pilate washing his hands.
15. The scourging of Christ.
16. Christ bearing his Cross.
17. The Crucifixion—between two malefactors.
18. The Descent from the Cross.
19. The Entombment.
20. The Heavenly Host vanquishing the Evil Spirits.
21. The Descent of Christ into Limbo.
22. Christ appearing to the Virgin after his Resurrection.
23. The Transfiguration of our Lord.
24. Christ appearing to Mary Magdalen, Mary the mother of James, and Salome, in the garden—and in the background the three Holy Women and the Angel at the Sepulchre.
25. Christ and his Disciples at Emmaus.
26. Christ appearing to his Disciples.
27. The incredulity of Thomas.
28. The Miraculous Draught of Fishes.
29. The Ascension.
30. The Descent of the Holy Ghost.

Then follow

31. The twelve Apostles, and
32. The four Primitive Fathers of the Church.

Above them are

33. The twelve Protectors of the Church surmounted by Angels.

Opposite them are

34. The four Evangelists, and
35. The twelve Prophets—above whom are
36. Twelve Persecutors of the Church, surmounted by Devils.
37. The large window in the west represents "The Last Judgment."

On either side of this is a window, much damaged, and comprising (*inter alia*)

38. David sitting in Judgment on the Amalekite for slaying Saul, and ordering his servant to kill him. (On a sword in this picture occurs the monogram **A.**)
39. Two figures of old men.
40. Samson slaying the Lion.
41. The Judgment of Solomon.
42. Samson slaying the Philistines, &c. &c.

In the higher lights are small figures *en grisaille*, comprising "The Virgin and Child"—"Prophets"—"Saints"—"Angels" (most of them bearing emblems of the Passion)—and in two windows are ostrich feathers, with the "Ich dien," from the cognizance of the Prince of Wales.

It is out of my power, within the limits of a single paper, even to attempt in outline a description of these numerous compositions. I may say of them, generally, that they are of a merit which quite justifies their ascription to Albert Durer, and to Albert Durer at his best . . . as we should rank him among artists by his undoubted *pictures*, for qualities which in his woodcuts and copper-plates are weighted with drawbacks belonging to his work in either material. His best pictures—as the "Madonna of the Rosary," at Prague, and "The Trinity," at Vienna—have a breadth and grandeur in their treatment of heads and draperies, which will be found anticipated in the Fairford windows. For beauty, in particular, there is nothing, even in the sweetest heads in the two pictures I have mentioned (his masterpieces for this quality as for dignity), to excel the Virgins of the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Adoration, and the Assumption, in Fairford, or the Saint Anne of the Birth of the Virgin, as far as can be gathered from the faint remains of the face, now reduced to an outline. For dignity of conception, and balanced splendour of colour, the series of the Apostles and Prophets in the lower windows, and of the Protectors and Persecutors of the Church in the clerestory range are unequalled, I think, among the paintings of Durer, including even the Trinity, and the famous Four Apostles, at Munich.

For design and colour combined, the Crucifixion of the east, and the Last Judgment of the west window, in their perfect state, must have been of pre-eminent excellence. They are free from the defect of the grand windows of King's College, Cambridge—the series with which the Fairford windows most invite comparison—over-crowded and confused composition, while in colour they must have surpassed them. Indeed the Last Judgment of the west window, before the upper part was ruined by so-called restoration, must have been quite unequalled by anything I know of glass-painting, of the Cinquecento, or Later Perpendicular period, for its combination of splendid colour and impressive design.



In spite of the lamentable substitution of new glass, of the most unmistakable "Brummagem" type, for the old glass, the original design, arrangement, and colour, are still to be seen. Christ royally robed in a purple mantle, held together, across the upper part of the chest, by a richly-ornamented band of goldsmith's work, ending in two wrought knobs, forms the centre of the composition. From him radiates a golden glory. He sits on a rainbow. His right hand is raised in acceptance of the blessed; his left lowered in rejection of the condemned. His foot is on a globe of ruby, in which the Angel of the Resurrection is seen flying above a shattered world. Around him is a glory of fiery seraphim—the intense colour relieved by the artistic gradation of the heads and wings of the seraphim gleaming through their element of fire. Outside of this is the circle of the apostles and prophets; then a circle of angels with emblems of the Passion; and then the circle of the cherubim, in an orb of sapphire, through which their heads and wings gleam in silver, as those of the cherubim through their atmosphere of flame. Above these zones are, on one side, heads of a pope, two bishops, and a group of holy persons, one a woman, and one, an aged king, probably David. In front of these orbs of beatitude and heavenly glory, kneel on the one side, the Virgin Mother, in white robe and blue mantle; on the other, John the Baptist, in his robe of camel's hair. Towards the Virgin, from Christ's right side, is pointed a lily, with the legend *Misericordia* above it; towards the Baptist, from his left side, a sword, with the legend *Justitia*. This sword and lily are found in the famous Dantzig triptych, referred to below, in an extant sketch for the central group of a Last Judgment by Durer, and in the "Speculum Salvationis," as far as I know, for the first time. In the "Biblia Pauperum" are two swords, the one blunt, the other sharp, in the same position and significance.

The whole of this celestial portion of the east window, has, as I have said, been ruined by restoration. Comparison with the lower or unrestored half, enables one, to replace, in imagination at least, the vulgar new glass with the glorious original fragments; and a comparison of the St. Michael, in the lower compartment, with the Christ and Virgin of the upper, supplies about the best illustration I have ever seen of the quite insurmountable difference between fine original work and common-place restoration. The parish clerk, and even, from what I have heard, the squire of Fairford, who has been consenting to the restoration with the incumbent—all animated, no doubt, by a praiseworthy desire to preserve the treasure entrusted to them, but unluckily without adequate guidance to the best way of

doing this—are under the altogether mistaken impression that the Birmingham restorers have returned them the original glass, only cleaned and re-leaded. There is not a square inch of old glass in the restored work. It needs no special training in the art of glass-painting to see that. And the ruin thus begun would have been completed but for the interposition of the archæologists, fired by Mr. Holt. The lower part of the window was destined to follow the upper—would indeed, I believe, have done so ere this, had not timely interposition secured it, and, it is to be hoped, all the rest of this unequalled series of pictures on glass, from destruction, whether the slow one of neglect and decay, or the more rapid and fatal ruin of restoration.

To return to the east window. Below the Christ stands the archangel Michael, in golden armour from head to heel, bearing, like a lance, in his right hand, a staff surmounted by a cross, and in his left the balance, in which he is weighing the souls of the blessed and condemned. A red devil tries to pull down one of the scales. Below him the dead arise in their grave clothes. On the right, the blessed are received into Paradise by St. Peter; over the gate of heaven, whose key he holds, angels are glorifying God. To the left are the fires of hell, and the torments and sufferings of the damned. In this part of the window the artist has made singularly happy use of accidental irregularities of colour of his ruby glass, or has regulated the colour by abrasion, to give the effect of the play of flame. This is increased in the window itself by the shifting shadows of the trees outside, and the result is to give a ghastly life to this corner of the composition, whose lurid fires and horrible sufferings of damned souls, and exulting torments of hideous fiends, of all shapes and colours that could be devised by an imagination readily lending itself to the fantastically horrible, as those early German imaginations did, are balanced by the golden glories of heaven, with angels ministering to the serene souls of the blessed, on the other side.

Altogether, this picture, both as a whole and in details, bears so close a resemblance to the famous Dantzic triptych of the same subject, which Waagen ascribes to Roger Van der Weyden, and other authorities to Memling and Hugo Van der Goes, that it is difficult to believe that the designer of the Fairford window and the designer of the Dantzic picture are not one and the same. All the attributions of the latter to particular painters are equally arbitrary; I mean are supported by no mark on the picture itself, and no external testimony whatever. It is quite possible that the picture may be Durer's, if, as I believe, the Fairford windows are his. At all

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events, the coincidence deserves to be pointed out, and may prove important in elucidating the history both of windows and picture.

I cannot devote further space to description beyond reference to the lovely small figures of angels and saints executed *en grisaille*, in the upper lights of the windows. These, and the heads at the corners, seem to me to show very distinctly the character of Durer's work, and are fuller of grace than most of his engraved works.

The evidence as to Durer's connection with this noble series of windows is not only deducible from internal characteristics, but rests partly on tradition. It was the old belief at Fairford, and found its way into print as early as 1712, in a strangely distorted form, in the statement in Atkyn's "Gloucestershire," that the windows were the work of "Albert Durel, one of the eminentest Italian masters." This name was subsequently converted by Rudder into Albert Durer, but the notion was pooh-poohed by Bigland in 1791, and no one has since ventured to revive it till Mr. Holt brought it forward, with an elaborate array of proofs, before the Archæological Association at Cirencester a few weeks ago.

The history of the windows is quite consistent with their execution by Albert Durer. The local tradition is that they were taken aboard a Low Country ship on its way to the Pope, by John Tame, soon after the expedition to Boulogne in 1492; that both the glass and foreign workmen in charge of it, who were taken on board the same ship, were brought to Fairford, where John Tame had purchased the manor of the king, and that the foreigners were employed in building the church to receive the glass.

Mr. Holt's paper shows clearly that this story is mythical: being as irreconcilable, indeed, with facts and dates as with probabilities. John Tame had, did not in fact, become lord of the manor till 1498, and his tomb in the church bears date (by royal reign) 1501. The church was finished by his son Edmund. In and after 1492, the king was at peace with the Low Countries and the Pope, and his wealthy and favoured contractor for the supply of woollens to his soldiers, John Tame, was as little likely to have engaged in an act of piracy against his allies, and of plunder against his Holiness the Pope, as he was to have found a set of Low Country glass, intended for Rome, of dimensions and form to fit exactly a set of Late Perpendicular English windows, the arrangements and proportions of which are as common in this country, as they are unknown abroad. There can be no reasonable doubt that the windows were procured from abroad, in the usual way, and there is great internal probability, as well as ingenuity in Mr. Holt's suggestion, that Tame may have employed

the Fuggers of Augsburg, the great merchants of the day, who had branch houses at Antwerp and Nuremberg, to get this contract for the glass executed abroad, and that they may have employed Albert Durer in preference to a Low Country glass painter. Nuremberg was at that time one of the chief seats of the art, and Albert Durer is known to have designed for glass windows, and, probably, painted them. Mr. Holt refers to two sets of windows, at Paris and Passy, described in Lenoir's great French work on glass painting; and a similar set, which in design must from the description have closely resembled the Fairford windows, existed at a convent church at Hirschau, till it was destroyed by the French in the wars of the Palatinate. But no painted glass by Durer is now, as far as I know, to be found on the Continent, and these Fairford windows, if, as Mr. Holt has brought such cogent reasons for believing, and as examination has convinced me, they are from his hand, are the solitary surviving example of his work in this form.

Nor is this their only source of interest. If they are Durer's, they represent his work during a period hitherto nearly unaccounted for by any extant acknowledged productions of his hand. Industrious as he was, it is very improbable that the period between his return from his apprentice wanderings in the Palatinate, and imperial cities lying in a wide circle about Nuremberg, which immediately preceded his marriage in 1494, and 1500 would have been an idle one; and yet, except the series of woodcuts from the Apocalypse, and a few portraits, and two or three small and insignificant pictures, we have no hitherto known work of his falling within this time. If he was engaged in designing and painting on glass, his labour on the windows of Paris, Passy, Hirschau, and Fairford, would of themselves go far to occupy the time, and would form an intelligible series of transitional works between his earlier and later stages as a painter, developing the powers indicated in his portraits of his father, and his Annunciation at Munich, to the height they had reached when, at Venice in 1506, he produced his "Madonna of the Rosary," and thereby extorted the loud admiration of the Venetian critics, who till then had confined their applause to his engravings. Perhaps, also, designing for glass with the peculiar use of pigments demanded for that kind of work, may have developed in him that tendency to vivid and positive colour, which he spoke of to Melancthon as a fault of his earlier style. If the monogram on the executioner's sword be beyond dispute or mistake, it corroborates in a most satisfactory way the conclusion arrived at by Mr. Holt, from the internal evidence afforded by comparison of the windows with Durer's acknowledged work.

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I have already indicated my own opinion that Mr. Holt dwells more than is at all necessary on the points of resemblance between the designs of the Fairford windows and the cuts in the "Biblia Pauperum" and "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis," already referred to. Durer might well have referred to these cuts for design without being himself the author of them. At all events, to insist on his being the author of these early woodcuts, is to overload the question of Durer's connection with the Fairford windows with an element of controversy, which is likely to be vehement and even angry; for there is nothing people so much dislike as having their theories shaken on points where the amount of theory bears the smallest possible proportion to the weight of evidence. And this is eminently the case with all the questions of *origines xylographicæ*.

I should myself be quite willing to rest the proof of authorship on internal evidence alone. Even the use of the peculiar *fleur-de-lys*-inscribed nimbus of the *Nuremberg Chronicle* seems to me of secondary importance, though, should this prove to be really confined, as Mr. Holt says, to the woodcuts in that work and the *Schatz-behalter*, both published by Koburger, Albert Durer's godfather, with the aid of Michael Wohlgemuth, Albert Durer's master, during the period of Albert Durer's apprenticeship, the presence of this nimbus may go far to prove both Durer's connection with the cuts in these volumes, if the Fairford windows, on which also it occurs, are allowed to be his; or if we take for granted that the cuts in the *Chronicle* and *Schatz-behalter* are Durer's, the occurrence of the nimbus in them there may go a long way in support of the assumption to him of the designs in which it occurs at Fairford. Mr. Holt uses it for the latter purpose; and I believe he can satisfactorily maintain his assertion, that the apprentice, Albert Durer, *was* the designer of all the most remarkable cuts in the *Chronicle*, the colophon being exact in assigning to Michael Wohlgemuth only the heads, and to Pleydenworth only the views of cities in that huge repertory, leaving unaccounted for the fanciful and religious cuts which are the largest, best designed, and best engraved in the book, and one of which bears the monogram A. T., and another that monogram and the double doors, which Mr. Holt believes to be a punning allusion to this form of the name (*thür-er*, the *quasi* plural of *thür*, a door). And if Durer designed and engraved these woodcuts in the *Nuremberg Chronicle*, then he is, beyond any doubt, also the author of those in the *Schatz-behalter*.

But all this block-book question is matter for future development and controversy, of which Mr. Holt is likely to bring on his shoulders

more, perhaps, than he bargained for when he published his Cirencester paper.

What the art-loving section of the British public is concerned about is the discovery, or rather re-discovery, of an important series of works, which I venture, after full examination both of the windows and Mr. Holt's argument, to claim for Albert Durer, as confidently, if not for exactly the same reasons, as Mr. Holt does.

The discovery will, no doubt, attract much attention, both in England and Germany, especially in Bavaria, where Albert Durer is one of the gods of artistic worship. From all we know of the man by his pictures and engravings, and the incidental revelations of his life in his own letters and journals and those of contemporaries, this enthusiastic admiration of him is hardly to be wondered at. From all we know of him, Durer appears singularly loveable, and his work is quite beyond parallel in that of his contemporaries, for fulness of thought and meaning, to say nothing of its more purely artistic qualities.

The Fairford windows reveal his power in new aspects, and in many respects raise one's estimate of him as a designer. On this ground, if no other, the time that I have given to them in this article is not, I venture to think, ill-bestowed; and I can answer for it that the day spent in a visit<sup>f</sup> to Fairford Church will be full of instruction and delight to any who can appreciate noble design.

Lastly, let me express the hope, which I have already made public in a letter to the *Times*,<sup>g</sup> that the attention called to these beautiful windows may secure them from further injury, either by restoration or ill-usage, whether accidental or under the guise of care or cleansing. When Vandyke saw them, and expressed his opinion, as Hearne tells us, "to the king and others, that many of the figures were so exquisitely well done that they could not be exceeded by the best pencil," the windows were, no doubt, comparatively perfect.

It was to save them from the iconoclastic rage of the Puritan troopers, when on their march to Cirencester in 1642, that William Oldysworth, the worthy lay impropiator of Fairford tythes,—whose soul may Heaven assoil for the act,—had the windows taken down and concealed. It was no doubt in this process that they suffered much of the damage now apparent; and, in replacing them, that the reckless displacement of many of the pieces, visible throughout the series, took place. But what is the worst they have

<sup>f</sup> By Great Western to Farringdon, and thence by coach for eleven miles.

<sup>g</sup> Of Saturday, August 15th.

*Albert Durer and "The Fairford Windows."* 607

thus suffered to the deterioration of the restorer's work, as visible in the upper half of "The Last Judgment," in two of the prophets in the eleventh window, and a head of Christ in "The Supper at Emmaus," in the eighth?

The Hon. Mrs. Elizabeth Fermor, a local benefactress (connected by the mother's side with the Barkers, the successors of the Tames as lords of the manor), secured the windows without with latticed wire, and left a fund to keep it up. From this fund there is now a surplus, annually expended in washing down the windows, within and without, with water and *whalebone brushes*, it may be conceived at what risk, both of abrasion of colour, breakage of what is now whole, and detachment of what is already cracked! This practice, it is hardly necessary to say, should be at once abandoned. A committee of thoroughly qualified persons should be formed, with whom the incumbent, who seems very desirous to do his best for the windows, would, I have no doubt, gladly co-operate, to have the windows put in order; first, by careful restoration to their proper places of the displaced pieces of old glass still in the church; next, by replacing the altogether missing pieces with new glass of the best quality; and, at the same time, by careful cleansing and releading the old glass. Before this is done, if an exact set of coloured drawings of the same size as the originals could be made, it would be of the utmost value and interest. Could not the Arundel Society undertake this work, or might not a general subscription be raised for all these purposes, which ought not to be left altogether to local zeal and munificence? Albert Durer's fame is the property of the world, and it would be discreditable to England if the lovers of art failed to combine in doing what is needful to preserve the great and unique monument of it to be found, as I cannot, for my own part, doubt, in Fairford Church windows.

TOM TAYLOR.

NOTE.—Since this article was written (and after the first portion of it had gone to press), Mr. Holt has had an opportunity of carefully examining the original St. Christopher, in the possession of Earl Spencer, and has come to the conclusion that the date has *not* been tampered with; so that all conclusions founded on his supposition, that it had been fraudulently altered from 1493 to 1423, must be abandoned, and so much of my article as depends on that supposition considered as unwritten.

T. T.

# MY LAST SESSION.

No. III.

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## OUR ORATORS.

**M**R. DISRAELI has only made one or two great party speeches this session, but he has developed almost a new faculty of light and pleasant ministerial *badinage*. Lord Palmerston was very successful in answering inconvenient and unfriendly questions, and the satiric sparkle which gleamed in his eye, and which heralded the pleasant retort and the happy witticism, will long be remembered. The present Premier has adopted Lord Palmerston for his model, but the copy promises to surpass the original. Mr. Disraeli knows that members come down at half-past four to be amused as well as instructed; and as the ingenuity of the entire Opposition, and of mutinous and disappointed candidates for place, has been at work upon the notice-paper, in order to extract matter for hostile motions and to convey imputations against departmental administration, it is considered fair parliamentary warfare to banter opponents, to discourage unfriendly questions, and to turn the laugh against the critics.

Some of Mr. Disraeli's replies to ministerial questions have been masterpieces of pleasantry and quiet sarcasm. Mr. Darby Griffith having inquired whether it was true that the Government intended to give a baronetcy to the member for Thetford (in acknowledgment of the return of the Lord Advocate), Mr. Disraeli affected to be in doubt which member for Thetford was meant, and gravely assuming that it must be the Lord Advocate, assured his honourable friend, with many superfluous protestations, that the ambition of the learned lord had not as yet, to his knowledge, taken the form of a desire for a baronetcy. The mystification was kept up with such admirable mock gravity that shouts of laughter rang through the House.

Again, the somewhat eccentric Sir Thomas Bateson, a Protestant and an Orangeman, insisted upon having a "really truthful" answer to



a question he was about to put to the Premier; and when interrupted by cries of "Order!" said something about the sympathies and support of the Irish members around him depending upon Mr. Disraeli's denial of the policy attributed to him by Mr. Gladstone in the celebrated letter written during the East Worcestershire election. Was it, therefore, Sir Thomas demanded to know, the intention of the Government during the Session, to endow the Roman Catholic Church as well as the University? Mr. Disraeli hereupon, in a tone of airy banter, and a perceptible imitation of Lord Palmerston's half-humorous and half-contemptuous tone in putting off an inconvenient query, said he had seen Mr. Gladstone's letter, but, as it had appeared to him to be a caricature of the right honourable gentleman's least happy style, he had set it down as a mere electioneering squib, and had accordingly dismissed it as unworthy of notice. The reply, which was half a rebuke to Sir Thomas, was meant to be irritating and offensive to the writer of the letter; yet so inimitable was the tone and manner that even the Opposition benches could not help joining in the roar.

Of the same class of replies to disagreeable interpellations, was the answer to Mr. Grant Duff's inquiry relative to Mr. Disraeli's speech at Merchant Taylors'. The Premier met the inquiry in his usual fashion. Mr. Grant Duff's phraseology, his thin voice, and peculiar elocution, elicited a good deal of mirth from the Ministerial benches, and the Premier raised a ready laugh by referring to the speech of Mr. Grant Duff as "an exhibition." The laughter of his supporters was further encouraged by the Premier's suggestion that Lord Clarendon was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster in Lord Palmerston's Government, and that the holder of this office does not take an active part in the management of our foreign relations.

It was important to finish a somewhat delicate and difficult defence with a good "point," and Mr. Disraeli raised a hearty and prolonged cheer from the Ministerial benches by his concluding observation, that "Lord Clarendon, at the Foreign Office, had inherited difficulties, and he bequeathed them to his successors." Mr. Grant Duff called Mr. Disraeli the Leotard of politics; and when one remembers his agility, dexterity, and daring, and the cat-like grace with which he always alights upon his feet, the comparison was, perhaps, more complimentary than it was intended to be. In his "Vivian Grey" (written, as he himself tells us, when a boy), he says:—"No conjuncture can possibly occur (to a Minister), however fearful, however tremendous it may appear, from whence a man, of his own energy, may not extricate himself, as a mariner by the rattling of his cannon

can dissipate the impending water-spout." Forty years after this was written, Mr. Disraeli retains abundant confidence in his ability to dissipate an impending political water-spout by the rattling of his cannon, the most signal instance of which was his speech in the House of Commons, this Session, after his defeat on Mr. Gladstone's Irish Church Resolutions. It is impossible for Mr. Disraeli's followers not to feel something of the same confidence in their leader's presence of mind and fertility of resource which he himself displays in every exigency.

Mr. Disraeli's greater speeches have abounded in felicitous phrases and witticisms. In the first Irish debate, on Mr. Maguire's motion, he almost instantly dissipated the effect produced by the impressive peroration of his great rival, and raised a laugh on his own side, by deploring the misfortune that a struggle of seven hundred years had culminated within seven days from his elevation to the office of Prime Minister. How the Conservatives cheered when he declared that the crisis in Ireland was "got up" by Mr. Gladstone, and was a "monstrous invention;" and again when he sought to show that, to disestablish the Irish Church, would be to undermine the foundations of the Church in England; and that, to "effect such a revolution," the opposition must first obtain "leave from the country"—it is unnecessary to relate. He happily disposed of one of his own early speeches, quoted out of his own mouth against him. "Nobody listened to me at the time," he said. "That speech," he added, "bore upon it the heedless rhetoric which is the appanage of speakers below the gangway;" but in his "historical conscience" he believed the "sentiment" still.

The Premier's next great speech was at the close of the debate on the Irish Church Resolutions. It possessed all the characteristics of his midnight manner—was wildly paradoxical in places, so that Mr. Gladstone described it as the product of a "heated imagination"—but bristled with fun, wit, and drollery, and wonderfully amused the House and its royal and distinguished visitors. In sarcasms and epigrammatic personalities, Mr. Disraeli is unrivalled; and his allusions to Lord Cranborne and Mr. Lowe will never be forgotten by those who heard them. Of Lord Cranborne's attacks upon him, he said, with a happy collocation of phrase:—"He has great vigour in his invective, and he has no want of vindictiveness; but I must say I think his invective wants *finish*." His comparison of Mr. Lowe to Diogenes and his tub was still more relished. "When the bark is heard from this side, the right honourable member for Calne emerges—I will not say from his cave—but, perhaps, from a more cynical

habitation. He joins immediately in the chorus of reciprocal malignity, and

‘ Wails his monstrous melody to the moon.’ ”

Then with what consummate skill he hits off the personal antagonisms which it is Mr. Lowe's fate to elicit :—“ The right honourable gentleman, the member for Calne, is a very remarkable man. He is a learned man, though he despises history. He is almost as skilled in logic as Dean Aldrich. But what is more remarkable than his learning and his logic is that *power of spontaneous aversion* which particularly characterises him. There is nothing that he likes, and almost everything that he hates. He hates the working classes of England. He hates the Roman Catholics of Ireland. He hates the Protestants of Ireland. He hates her Majesty's Ministers. And until the right honourable gentleman (Mr. Gladstone) placed his hand upon the ark, he seemed almost to hate the right honourable gentleman the member for South Lancashire. But now all is changed. Now we have ‘ the hour and the man ’ [an expression of Mr. Lowe's]. But I believe the clock goes wrong, and the man is not here.” This may read comparatively tame, but in that crowded and brilliant House, with every shaft feathered by the cheers of the excited Ministerialists, and every sally provoking a burst of laughter from all parts of the House, the triumph of the orator was complete.

Scarcely less amusing was the trap which the Premier so skilfully laid, and in which he caught the entire House. If he had trespassed upon the House, it had been, he said, in fair self-defence, for, he added, very slowly and deliberately, “ *I have never attacked any one in my life.* ” The orator made a slight pause here, in order to enable the House duly to realise what seemed to be the unparalleled coolness and audacity of the assertion. There arose, of course, a storm of “ ohs ! ” followed by a burst of laughter and cries of “ Peel ! ” The Premier quietly waited until he chose to finish the sentence, which had been purposely left incomplete—“ *unless I was first attacked.* ” There was a general cheer and more laughter at this clever escape, and no one seemed inclined to dispute the assertion, although next day members in vain tried to satisfy themselves that Mr. Disraeli attacked Sir Robert Peel purely in self-defence.

The Premier's speech on returning from Osborne, was a masterpiece. The most keenly critical intellects in the House, sharpened by the desire for office, hung upon every word of the story of his visit,—how he asked the Queen for authority to dissolve, making at the same time an alternative offer of resignation, and how he

Majesty, after taking a night to reflect, declined to accept the resignation, giving him full liberty either to dissolve at once, or to appeal to the new constituencies, whichever seemed to him most judicious. Mr. Lowe did, indeed, hint that the so-called ministerial crisis was little better than a swindle, and that the Premier had simply determined neither to resign nor dissolve; but so skilful had been the ministerial explanation, that the House at large either believed that all the necessary constitutional forms had been observed, or that they had only been departed from or modified by the exceptional circumstances of the coming dissolution under the new Reform Bill. There had been another portentous water-spout, and the master-mariner had again dispersed the cloud by the rattling of his cannon.

Ever since Mr. Hardy's spirited speech on the Irish Church Resolutions, the Home Secretary has, by common consent, enjoyed a place only second to that of Mr. Disraeli as an orator and debater. His rapid, rushing, vigorous, whirlwind manner, carries the older members back to the days of Shiel. There is good reason to believe that the orators of the last century were more inflated and inflammatory in their style than those of the present day; and, if eloquence is to be judged by its power to move and excite the immediate audience, they were greater masters of their art than any of our contemporary orators. Our modern and more sober standard is doubtless attributable to the knowledge that speeches will be printed word for word next day, and that any bombastic language which might lash up an admiring audience into heat and enthusiasm, would be calmly measured and discounted at its true value by the more quiet and thoughtful class of people who read the speeches next day at their firesides. But Mr. Hardy has no rhetorical afterthoughts or misgivings. He has abundant fluency. He speaks in a high key. His voice is tremulous with emotion. His words are like a rushing stream, and he speaks the honest convictions of his heart. In his "No surrender" speech on the Irish Church, he spoke with such fervour of manner that, at no time during the debate, did the House ring with cheers so fast and furious. When, in his peroration, he said that, "speaking for himself," he would never consent, under any circumstances, to the disestablishment of the Irish Church, nor be a party to the separation from the State of that Church which had preserved the life of the Reformation in the midst of Ireland, the ministerial cheers were ringing, enthusiastic, and prolonged. Next day the *Times* said the House had been under the illusion that it had been listening to oratory, implying that Mr. Hardy was not an orator after all. When his speech came to be read the critics

discovered that it was wordy, verbose, and lacking in precision. The test of oratory is fully discussed by Cicero, "Brut." c. 49-54. The great Roman states distinctly that the goodness of oratory can only be tried by its success, and that the critical judge can only inquire into the causes of that success. The Conservative party would certainly think they had lost by the exchange if the Home Secretary should, on some future occasion, exchange his fervid oratory and vibrate sentences, which elicit a sharp rattling fire of cheers, for a more sober, more precise, and possibly more logical style, although it might command greater admiration in the newspapers next day.

Lord Stanley makes no claim to the character of a great orator, and no speaker of any pretension in the House is less of a rhetorician. While Mr. Hardy is most successful in appealing to sympathies and antipathies, Lord Stanley goes straight to the reason of his audience. Although a clear thinker, accurate in argument, and an impartial judge, his speech on the Irish Church was singularly unsuccessful. In the first place, his words were so indistinctly enunciated that only those who sat nearest him could hear what he said. Then his mechanical and judicial treatment of the subject was distasteful to that numerous section of his party with whom the maintenance of church establishments is quite as much a matter of religious feeling and tradition as of reason and judgment. Lord Stanley was not unnaturally mortified at the preference evinced by his party, and possibly by a majority in the Cabinet, for a policy that he regarded as in the long run indefensible; and for the rest of the session he contented himself with the defence and explanation of his foreign policy. Here he was unassailable. His speech on the Alabama claims was moderate, well-reasoned, and almost judicial in its candour and impartiality, and the cheers which greeted him from the Opposition, quite as loudly as from the Ministerial benches, probably more than consoled him for his failure as a party leader. His subsequent speeches on Consular Courts in the East, the affairs of Crete, the right of expatriation, in connection with the allegiance of emigrants to the United States, and lastly on Mr. Disraeli's speech at Merchant Taylors' Hall were so candid and so successful, that the Opposition in each case were foremost in leading the plaudits.

Mr. Ward Hunt succeeded to a deficiency, and when he rose in a comparatively thin House to make his financial statement, the traditional glory of Budget nights seemed to have departed from the House. Yet his manner was easy and assured, and his statement business-like and unimpeachable. Mr. Gladstone himself could not

have been clearer, more orderly, or more arithmetical. He was obliged to levy an income-tax of sixpence in the pound, and even with this could not calculate upon a surplus of more than 722,000*l.* There was at the last something almost poetical in the regrets of the new Chancellor of the Exchequer that he was obliged to stifle inspirations strong within him to do something creative and original as a finance minister. If his budget was unambitious, it was at least intelligible, and founded on sound principles. Mr. Ward Hunt's subsequent speeches on financial subjects—clear, unpretending, and accurate—while they were acceptable to the House at large, were the more satisfactory to the Conservative benches, as showing that they have a financier in their body competent at any time to hold his own, and not unlikely on some future occasion to write his name favourably in the annals of English finance.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer was still more sorely tried during the debates on the Metropolitan Foreign Cattle Market Bill. He was held responsible for the financial portion of the measure, and the sources from which the funds for erecting the new market were to be derived. Unfortunately the bill was in charge of the Vice-President of the Committee of Privy Council, who had conducted with very indifferent success the negotiations with the Corporation of the City. Few ministers have been harder pressed by a powerful and pertinacious opposition than Mr. Ward Hunt upon the Cattle Bill, yet he never lost his temper, and indeed hardly abated anything of his constitutional good humour. The Ministry lost their bill, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer obtained the respect of his opponents for resisting the pressure put upon him either to advance money out of the Exchequer for constructing the market, or to give a Government guarantee for the money.

Sir Stafford Northcote has derived a reflected lustre from the success of the Abyssinian expedition, and has won greater renown as an anxious and painstaking administrator than as an orator. His monotonous tone, hesitating delivery, and diffuse explanations, make him an unattractive speaker at the best; and his mannerisms have become confirmed during the session just ended. His Indian Budget was delivered to an audience fluctuating in number from twelve to twenty members.

Mr. Disraeli has been fortunate in securing the services of the best Lord Advocate we have had in the House for many years. Mr. Gordon has brought in fifteen bills this session, many of them effecting important and extensive improvements in the law of Scotland, and every one of these ultimately received the royal assent. The

clauses of the Scotch Reform Bill were drawn up with care and skill, and he greatly assisted by his tact and temper in passing the bill through the Commons. So popular did he become, that the members for Scotland, of all political opinions, gave him a dinner at Greenwich,—a rare compliment, but richly merited by his candour, accessibility, and *bouhomie*. Lord Advocate Gordon appears to be a great favourite with the Premier, who naturally takes to the new men who owe their political advancement to himself. He makes no pretensions to rhetoric, but his statements on Scotch matters are calm, clear, and unaggressive.

If Scotland has a popular Lord Advocate, Ireland is still more fortunate in her Chief Secretary. The Earl of Mayo has developed administrative abilities, and performed public services in putting down the Fenian rebellion in Ireland, which, in the opinion of his friends, justify his ambition to represent his Queen in a wider and more prominent field of action. His great speech of the session was delivered upon Mr. Maguire's debate on the past and present condition of Ireland, when Lord Mayo addressed the House for three hours and a half, exhausting at the same time the subject, the patience of the House, and the physical strength of the speaker. It was in this speech that Lord Mayo, in detailing the Government measures for the pacification of Ireland, threw out a feeler to the effect that policy and justice might demand the equalisation of Church establishments in Ireland, but that it must be done, not by a levelling, but by an elevating process. This passage was often quoted during the session, both in and out of the House, to mean the endowment by the State of the Roman Catholic priesthood, as well as the Presbyterian clergy. Lord Mayo more than once protested that his words did not bear so wide an interpretation, although there was no attempt to dispute the accuracy of the reports of his speech. He afterwards brought in the Irish Reform Bill, which, shorn of the distribution scheme, passed easily, if not half contemptuously, through the Commons, and almost without remark in the Lords. Lord Mayo's placid good humour is still the characteristic of his speeches, but the duty of dealing with the treasonable designs of the Fenians has driven much of the "offending Adam" of phlegmatic ease and seeming tendency to self-indulgence out of him.

Lord Robert Montagu is a Minister of an entirely opposite character. His vivacious self-assertion and intense self-consciousness provoke beforehand an antagonism which is not diminished by his speeches. He is quick and clever in debate, but rash and impulsive. He defended the Metropolitan Cattle Market Bill with ability, but

took his measures so ill with regard to the market authority that the measure broke down. He was the only Minister upon the Treasury bench who habitually said offensive things of and concerning his opponents. These are not qualities which commend a colleague to the present Premier, and it has been a moot point during the session whether Lord Robert Montagu would do the Ministry less harm from the unfriendly position occupied by Mr. Sandford, Mr. Liddell, and Mr. Lowther, than upon the front ministerial bench.

Sir John Pakington and Mr. Corry have taken no share in the defence of ministerial policy. Their departmental administration has been severely criticised. Sir John Pakington is a military reformer. He has been anxiously engaged in overcoming the War Office and Horse Guards' objections to the changes in army administration, which have been introduced on the recommendation of Lord Strathnairn's committee. Mr. Corry has been absent during a great part of the Session, in consequence of a severe domestic affliction; but his place has been not unsatisfactorily supplied by Lord Henry Lennox, Secretary to the Navy.

The orators of the Opposition still remain to be described. It is enough for the present to add that a member's reminiscences of the wit and eloquence, of the laughter, cheers, and counter-cheers of the Session, go far to compensate him for the long, dreary, and exhausting attendances upon the House and its committees which would otherwise make the duty of a legislator intolerable.

EPICURUS EYDEL, M.P.



## "AFTER DARK."

### A SKETCH IN THE STREETS

**M**URDER! Murder!" You have heard the cry before, no doubt, my friend; heard it on your way from the theatre or from Evans's, when taking a short cut to your rooms. It is a terrible cry; but somehow one gets used to it in London. Yet not so used to it but that it occasionally excites one's sympathy and interest.

Terrible cries of murder arrested my footsteps the other night, not far from Garrick Street. A few yards brought me to the scene of the disturbance. I think they called the locality Newport Street or Prince's Buildings. A crowd surrounded a fainting woman, light kirmishing between some few others of the sex going on at the outskirts of the throng.

"Give the girl air, can't you," said a rough-looking fellow, who held a limp, gasping young woman in his arms. "Get her some water. One would think you weren't human."

"Let her go to the 'orspital," said a stalwart woman, brandishing a brawny arm, and cleaving a way through the throng.

"Who are you?" asked the first speaker.

"I'm her mawther, I am."

"Then why don't you do something for your child? Get her a glass of water."

"She don't want no water. Take her to the 'orspital."

Upon which the fainting girl was led away, her hair falling in ragged heaps upon her shoulders.

Meanwhile a second damsel who had been in the fight re-engaged in a short closing encounter with the mother, and then made her escape.

I was curious to see the end of the disturbance. I had not followed the fainting person many paces before her "mawther" set up another wild scream of "Murder!" followed by a shriller yell of "Police!" In a moment the girl with her hair down came out of her faint, responding to the war-whoop quite vigorous and fresh.

"Well, upon my soul!" said the good Samaritan-in-chief who had held her, "there's a woman for you; nothing the matter with her."

Nor was there. For, joined by her mother, she once more plunged headlong into a general free fight, at the close of which the police appeared.

Up to this time nothing had been said of robbery. The heroine of the first encounter had disappeared.

"Where's that Mackney gal?" asked the one whom the crowd called "the mawther."

"Gone, and I've lost one of my ear-rings," said the daughter, whom they called Sarah Burke.

"Charge her with stealing it; I'll do it," said the "mawther;" and at this, in a fresh burst of feminine excitement, she pitched upon the pavement something out of a bundle. I looked down, and behold, it was a child. The infant fell upon a doorstep, and seemed quite used to it; another child picked it up, and the row went on.

"She's had a month just now," said the "mawther." "I give that gal in charge for stealing my daughter's ear-ring; hang her, she shall have another month."

"Come, clear out of this," said the police; "clear out."

"Robbery! stop thief!" shouted the "mawther." "This way, good gentlemen. That Mackney gal's the thief."

The police (three of them: they knew the wretched character of Prince's Buildings) followed the "mawther," who led the way to an adjacent house; and close by me, in the darkness, she struck another woman a violent blow on the head, then screamed "Murder! murder!" and swore some one had nearly killed her that very moment.

The police, somewhat bewildered, tried to clear the narrow street, which was blocked up with vegetable carts and coster's trucks, as well as with a dirty, yelling, fighting crowd.

At the door of Mackney's house stood the proprietor, in his shirt sleeves.

"What the divle d'ye want here?" he asked, in a rich Irish brogue.

"To see your daughter," said the police; and they pushed into the black, narrow passage, where a barred door stayed their progress.

"Do you persist in charging this girl with felony?" one of them asked, turning upon "the mawther."

"Yes, the brute, with robbery; I see her do it."

"Oh, you liar!" said another woman close by.

"Liar yourself!" said "the mawther," making a dash at her censor, and sending me flying against a rough fellow, who for a moment seemed inclined to resent the affront on my innocent self. How I

should have fared with my white waistcoat and light gold eye-glass, had he done so, I fear to think.

"Will you open this door?" shouted the police.

"Divle a bit, you've no right here," exclaimed the Irishman. "Where's your warrant?"

"You won't unlock it—you have the key."

"Never!"

"Break it in! Oh the base robber," exclaimed "the mawther," with an aside whisper to her daughter. "We'll have her now, swear you see her do it."

And then crash went the door, and out the officers dragged a pale, slender girl, whom they proceeded to remove.

I followed them, and when the crowd had thinned somewhat, I ventured to speak to one of the policemen.

"Did you find the ring upon her?" I asked, most deferentially.

"Dy'e think *we* search a woman," was the officer's reply, looking pityingly upon me.

"She never stole the ring," I said; "the charge is simply a piece of malice and revenge."

"Oh," was all the officer's reply.

"Here, sir, what's to be done along of the baby?" asked an urchin in rags, not much bigger than the other urchin in its arms.

"Go along," said the officer. At that moment "the mawther" came up, and took her offspring, and folded it in her shawl as she had done once before.

It was past midnight. The gas lamps gleamed fitfully upon the little ragged procession as it passed through sundry dark alleys, and finally emerged into Regent Street, where painted jades were still promenading, and late cabmen were picking up infamous fares.

We crossed to the station-house, and there I begged permission to enter with the charge.

All the time there kept close by my side a fierce-looking foreigner, who at every remark that I made in disparagement of "the mawther," and in favour of the accused, seemed to scowl upon me ferociously. However much I avoided him, he still perseveringly placed himself on my right hand, ever with the same fiendish-looking glare. Once or twice I thought his hand wandered suspiciously to his waistband, where I imagined some long knife lay hidden. "The mawther," too, looked as though she were continually taking my measure for one of her fierce deadly springs. Even when we were in the station-house, the foreigner stood where I stood, and in the course of my statement tried to interrupt me.

The officer in charge smiled kindly when I spoke, evidently amused at my useless philanthropy in appearing there.

"I should certainly not have come," I said, "did I not feel that it is the duty of an Englishman, when he sees an act of injustice being perpetrated, to do his best to prevent the accomplishment of such a design."

"Certainly, sir," said the officer.

"Thank you, kind sir," said the prisoner, whom they had put into a sort of dock.

"This person who has given the prisoner in charge is evidently a very bad woman. She was most violent, and I heard her arrange to bring this charge of robbery."

The foreigner glared at me, and "the mawther," unable to control her rage at my interference, made a dash at me, still baby in arms. She was ejected in consequence, and the case proceeded.

The "mawther's" daughter persisted in the charge of robbery, and the inspector explained to me that he had no other alternative but to enter it.

"And will she be locked up?"

"Yes; until Monday morning."

The night was Saturday. During the brawl it had become Sunday; so the prisoner would receive two days' imprisonment beforehand. I explained that this was rather hard, and offered, like a generous donkey, to be bail for the accused.

"Can't take bail for felony."

"Then I will appear on Monday at Marlborough Street."

"Very kind of you, sir," said the inspector; and he wrote down my name.

"Heaven bless you," said the prisoner.

And I inwardly invoked heaven's protection against that fierce, desperate foreigner, at whose hands I expected a violent assault. I could not mistake the malicious grin which I saw upon his face when he followed me into the ante-room to leave the station.

I was too proud to ask for the protection of the police; but it occurred to me that I had better explain to this bandit-looking fellow that my only interest in the case was an honest desire to see justice done.

"You appear to be angry, sir," I said, in my blandest accents, "at the course I have taken in this business."

"No, sair," he replied, in a weak, mild voice.

"Are you not connected in some way with 'the mawther?'" I asked

"No, sair," he said again, in a deferential manner.

"And you are not angry with me?"

"No, sair. I tank you, sair, ver much; from my heart, sair. De girl is as innocent as ze babe vot is not born."

"I am glad you think so; I feared you thought me meddlesome."

"Oh no, sair. I sall take your hand, sair, for your kindness. You are *un bon brave Angleterre—très bon Anglais.*"

Tears fell hot and fast upon my hand.

"Zat girl," he went on, "was in prison von month for my sake, sair; and on Monday she vas to be my wife, sair—on ze Monday, sair."

"And so she shall," I said, looking round defiantly.

I felt almost disappointed that he was not a cut-throat. Never was my physiognomical acuteness so much at fault. This bandit was a tender, soft-hearted Frenchman. When we got into the street "the mawther" had disappeared, and a small crowd, crying, "This is the gentleman," insisted upon escorting me home. They were nearly all Irish, and they called for all manner of blessings on my head.

When the prisoner was locked up, a tattered dress which she had brought with her to show how she had been ill-used, was handed to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mackney. When they reached my door in Covent Garden, Mrs. M. had discovered ninepence in the pockets. I regret to say that the parents quarrelled over this money, and so fiercely grew the altercation that I hurriedly used my latch-key and disappeared.

On Monday morning, when I went to the police-court, I found that nearly all the two contending families had succeeded in getting into gaol within two hours after I had left them. I had the satisfaction of seeing "the mawther" fined for an assault on my poor foreigner; the first prisoner's mother fined for assaulting the said first prisoner's father; Sarah Burke sentenced to a week for rioting near the gaol; and "that Mackney gal" acquitted of the charge of robbery.

That very day, as I had promised him, the foreigner wedded "ze innocent girl." At night "the mawther's" baby died in her arms. And this is life in London!

## A SONG OF AGE.



WHEN our feet were as feet of the dancer,  
And the tones of our voices as song,  
When the light was too fleeting for pleasure,  
And the darkness for slumber too long,  
We were glad and rejoiced in our being ;  
Our hearts were exultant in praise  
For the rapture of loving and living,  
And the infinite joy of our days.

Now the fervour of life has departed,  
We have emptied the gourds of delight ;  
We complain to the night, "It is weary,"  
And we cry of the day, "It is night !"  
We are guests who have risen for going,  
And our hearts only quicken with praise  
For the languor that cometh of living  
And the torpor with ending of days.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

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## EUROPE IN TRANSITION.

**I**N the midst of the tranquillity that now reigns throughout Europe it is difficult to realise the fact that we have only reached a pause in a mighty revolution. From one end of the continent to the other perfect peace prevails. Busy as the armourers may be in making needle-guns, Chassepots, or Sniders, and in finding out the most destructive kinds of cannon, not an angry shot is heard in Europe. Busy as the great military powers may be, conscripting and drilling and overtaxing their harassed citizens, not a single sentinel is called upon to perform the actual duties of war. Even the wordy warfare of diplomacy seems to have ceased. The rumours that float on the air show only the uneasiness of men's minds, for there is no mention of any matter of serious contention among the powers of Europe. The tomahawk lies buried, and the pipe of peace sends up its calmest wreaths. How long this deep tranquillity is likely to last may best be judged of by taking a glance at what has been accomplished, and comparing it with that which remains to be done.

The changes that have been effected in the state of Europe during the past ten years exceed in importance the changes accomplished in any former decade of modern times. Even when the great Napoleon carried his victorious arms over Continental Europe, and made and unmade kings, no such changes were effected as the reconstruction of Italy and Germany out of the scattered fragments of those ancient nations. The sword of the conqueror did indeed give new dynasties and new laws to vast masses of the human race; but the revolutions so accomplished were destitute of the moral accompaniments that make the recent changes in Europe so important in themselves and so significant of results in the future. In the one case, the face of Europe was temporarily changed by an irresistible overflow of the military power of France, led by a man of singular daring and wonderful genius as a soldier; in the other, the face of Europe has been changed by a series of events that have their roots in a deep and powerful current of human opinion.

Ten years ago neither Italy nor Germany had any national existence. Those grand old nations of the past had been broken up

into innumerable fragments, and in the weakness of division their national power had passed away. Italy was divided into petty sovereignties, whose rulers were tyrants to their subjects and puppets in the hands of their powerful neighbours. Germany was also parcelled out into such divisions, great and small, that her national power was completely destroyed. The second, and third, and fourth, and fifth-rate states were useful only for the two great German powers to quarrel over; and those two great powers were so well balanced, and so full of mutual jealousy, that they could safely be left to neutralise each other's influence. And so Germany, powerful enough united to take an equal share in the highest business of nations, was conquered by division, and made of no account in Europe.

Yet a strong national feeling existed throughout both countries. It was perhaps more latent in Italy than in Germany; but it was more passionate, and it was fed by the deeper degradation into which her petty sovereigns had led the Italian people. The love of Fatherland was at once a sentiment and a creed in the minds of the Germans; and despite a national tendency to waste their patriotism in sounding speeches, there was genuine revolutionary spirit apparent in the men who supported the Nationalverein. Here, then, were two nations possessing within themselves all the elements of national life and greatness, divided into parcels and shorn of their national existence by an artificial system of government. They were as two strong Gullivers, bound by swarms of Lilliputian princes. Their natural aspirations were to unity and national greatness; but in order that petty Italian and German princes might have thrones to sit upon, and that the patrons of those princes might have puppets to work, Italian was arrayed against Italian, German against German, and both nations were reduced to utter impotence.

Fortune and the Emperor Napoleon decided that Italy should first break her bonds. Divided as she was, Italy was but the vassal of Austria, and a very meek and obedient vassal. The Kaiser set off one Italian sovereign against another in such a manner that he could do what he liked in Italy. Himself at the time the humble slave of Rome, Francis Joseph used all his influence to keep Italy sunk in the lowest condition of civil and religious bondage. The Italian prince who showed himself the most tyrannical and intolerant gained for himself the highest favour at Vienna.

The Emperor Napoleon saw danger to himself in this state of matters. Knowing himself to be the creature of a revolution, he could not see without emotion the forces of reaction and bigotry



arrayed on every side of France. He determined to break the power of Austria in Italy, and the celebrated New Year's-day speech heralded the approach of mighty changes. The declaration of war against Austria gave the first impetus to a movement that has astonished him who made it by its power—a movement that has already effected vast changes, and that seems destined to effect yet greater changes in the future. In an unguarded moment the Emperor Napoleon proclaimed the doctrine of nationalities, little dreaming that the seed he then threw into the ground would grow up so speedily into something that he himself should fear.

The sagacious French ruler understood only partially the strength of the spirit he was evoking. He saw that the desire for national unity in Italy was strong enough to form a powerful revolutionary weapon; but he did not see that it was too strong and heavy to be guided by any man's hand. He let loose this spirit as a servant, and has found it a master. He meant to substitute his own power for that of Austria in Italy. He contemplated a confederation of weak Italian states, of which he should be the virtual head; but the national feeling that he had himself evoked made such a scheme impossible, and caused the different parts of liberated Italy to rush together like long-divided lovers.

Meanwhile, the desire for national unity was working strongly in the hearts of the German people. But they had no leader, and the aspirations which ended in patriotic speeches could not destroy that balance of power between Austria and Prussia wherein lay the weakness of the nation. So long as that balance of power existed it was felt to be impossible to make Germany great or united. Each of those two powers had influence enough to make any scheme of confederation proposed by the other impracticable, and the only hope for Germany lay in the possibility that the rival leaders might one day fight until the one should reduce the other to subjection. The Germans had no Napoleon to do for them what had been done for Italy; and in fact all the influence of that potentate was exerted to perpetuate the duality that reduced Germany to impotence.

But the time came, and the man. A minister, who by his harsh and despotic domestic policy had offended the dearest aspirations of the Liberal party in Germany, suddenly showed himself as the leader of the national movement. No more startling metamorphosis was ever effected on the pantomimic stage than that which converted the stern upholder of the divine right of kings into the leader of the German people in their assault upon the kingly rights that prevented the accomplishment of the national unity. It turned out that the

very cause of Count Bismarck's conflicts with popular opinion was a desire to advance the interests dearest to that popular opinion. His arrogant and unconstitutional attempts to increase the military force of the country without the assent of Parliament were made in the secret and incommunicable knowledge that the future destinies of the Fatherland would soon be determined by the strength of that force in conflict with the armies of Austria. He had resolved to break the power of Austria in Germany, but he could not publicly avow his determination.

The work Bismarck had to do was a work that could only be satisfactorily done by an irresponsible government; and in order to do it, he ignored the constitution, and carried on the government of Prussia in the spirit of autocracy. The strong-willed minister carried his point amid the execrations of Liberal Europe; and when Prussia met Austria in decisive conflict it was with the immense and well-equipped army created by him in spite of parliamentary opposition. For once unconstitutional conduct proved advantageous to the country. The power of Austria in Germany was utterly crushed, and North Germany was left free to constitute herself a nation under the headship of Prussia.

It is perfectly evident, we think, that all this has been accomplished, both in Italy and Germany, by something more than a mere fortuitous concurrence of circumstances. It has been effected by the power of a strong current of opinion in favour of that doctrine of nationalities of which the Emperor Napoleon made himself the mouth-piece, and of which he has since become the practical opponent. Such a current of thought could never have existed had not human opinion respecting the relationship between sovereign and subject undergone a complete revolution. Formerly, it was practically held that subjects existed only for the convenience of sovereigns; and in all territorial arrangements it was the interests of kings and not of peoples that were held to be of primary importance. The reverse is now the dominant doctrine in Europe. Sovereigns are held to exist only for the convenience of their subjects, and territorial arrangements may be made in the interest of the communities affected.

Men perceive that for the protection of their best interests it is necessary that the communities of which they are members should be powerful enough to defend and uphold their own laws; and wherever a race is divided by artificial arrangements it is natural that this desire for aggregation should lead them to break down those barriers, so that all who speak the same language and have a community

of national characteristics and interests, should unite to form a single nation. Respect for royal interests has for centuries allowed those artificial divisions to split nations into sections, but that respect is no longer powerful enough to induce nations to sacrifice their national greatness in order that many sovereigns may have separate kingdoms. Military force has of course done the rough work of unification in Italy and Germany, but we see in both countries indubitable proofs that military force has only acted as the instrument of the national will. When the military power of the first Napoleon overthrew ancient dynasties, and made new nations, it could not rally to its support the patriotism and talent of the conquered countries in the way that the military force of King Victor Emmanuel and King William has done in Italy and Germany. In the one case, military force was the instrument of an ambitious man's will, and in the other it is the instrument of a nation's will.

A clear understanding of the cause of the accomplished changes is the best means of enabling one to form a judgment respecting the changes that are likely to be brought about in the future. We have seen that the moving spirit of the past has been a passionate desire for national unity on the part of divided peoples. There are still divided peoples, and there is still the desire for unity. We have no reason to suppose that that desire has been satiated by the partial success it has achieved. On the contrary, we have every reason to believe that, like jealousy, such a desire must grow on what it feeds on. The aggregations that have already taken place have greatly strengthened the champions of nationalities. Italy is much stronger than Piedmont was, and North Germany than Prussia; and it is reasonable to suppose that the wish to complete their unity has not decreased as their power to gratify it has grown. There is, therefore, much yet to be done. Italy longs for Rome as lover longs for his mistress, and the German has much to do before he can say that the Fatherland is one and indivisible.

Germany remains divided into three portions. The victories of Prussia have given her all Germany north of the Maine, and she has formed of it the North German Confederation; Austria retains her German provinces; and the southern states of Bavaria and Wurtemberg retain their independence. Any one who speaks of German unity as an accomplished thing must, therefore, be understood only as asserting that a substantial foundation of national unity has been laid. This three-fold partition leaves Germany yet much divided; but it concentrates the vitality and power of the nation so entirely in one of the sections, that we may regard the complete unification of

the country as practically accomplished. So completely does Prussia command the national power of Germany that, foreign interference apart, she could at any moment complete the unification of the Fatherland.

The Southern States, who owe their nominal independence to the interference of France, which procured the insertion of a clause into the treaty of Prague, binding Prussia not to cross the Maine, have hastened to show their own estimate of the power of Prussia by placing themselves under her military protection, and handing over their armies to her control. They know that they lie at the disposal of Count Bismarck. Indeed that astute statesman made but little concession when he agreed to leave Bavaria and Wurtemberg alone for a time. Those States are now so thoroughly isolated that national influences will compel them, sooner or later, to seek admission to the Northern Confederation; and meanwhile Prussia commands the armed forces of those States, without being embarrassed by the circumstances attendant upon a closer connection. Besides the convenience of being able to please France by an apparent concession, Count Bismarck had very good reasons for deferring the inclusion of the Southern States in the Confederation. His object is not so much to unify Germany as to aggrandise Prussia, and that object is distinctly favoured by delay. He has already a powerful parliamentary opposition to contend with, and were the Southern States admitted, that opposition might become strong enough to endanger his policy. Aware that he can at any moment put such a pressure on the people of those States as would immediately bring them into the Confederation, it is convenient that he should leave them outside until he gets the existing members of the Bund well in hand. When Hanover has been sufficiently Prussianised, Count Bismarck may begin to think seriously of Bavaria and Wurtemberg.

Then, there are the Austro-German provinces. Is it likely that eight millions of Germans will forget their national aspirations and neglect their material advantages, to remain true to the throne of the Kaiser? Does there remain any such bond of union between German-Austria and Hungary, with her Slavonian neighbours, as will neutralise the attractions of the Fatherland? It must be remembered that the Austrian empire of to-day is altogether different from the Austrian empire of three years ago. Its centre of gravity has been removed from Vienna to Pesth, and the predominance of races is undergoing an entire revolution. Hitherto Hungary has been but a humble dependent of Austria. By using his great power as a leading member of the Germanic Confederation, the Emperor of Austria has hitherto

been able to keep Hungary in the position of a subject country. The common legislation of the empire has always been in the interests of the German provinces, and has frequently borne hard upon the interests of Hungary and the Sclavonian provinces. All this must be changed. The Hungarians now hold the balance of the empire, and the course of common legislation will be primarily in their interests. The newly-discovered importance of Hungary is shown by the amount of attention bestowed upon her by the Imperial Government, and by the reported determination to call the empire henceforth by the name of the "Austro-Hungarian monarchy."

When the common legislation of the empire changes its primary object, and the Austrians begin to feel in their turn those evils of subjection that more than once caused the Hungarians to revolt, they will naturally cast their eyes towards the main body of their own nation. A cry of distress, ever so faint, would bring them such assistance, that the Austro-Hungarian king would be powerless to prevent their entry into the Confederation. That some such desire will grow up ere long, it is reasonable to suppose. The Hungarians must, from the new conditions of the polyglot monarchy, get the chief command of the common legislation; and there is sufficient difference in the interests of Austria and Hungary to make it morally certain that something that is deemed advantageous to the one, will prove sufficiently disadvantageous to the other to produce active discontent. There is, therefore, on the one side of the Austrian provinces a country peopled by a strange race with which they have no community of interests, of language, or of literature; and there is on the other side a country peopled by their own race, in whose interests and language and literature they have full community. In short, on the one side there are all the powerful attractions of kindred blood, while on the other there are only the bonds of a conventional loyalty tying them to a strange and semi-barbarous people.

Were there no foreign influence to disturb the operation of the nationalities doctrine in Germany, it would be easy to trace its future progress. The Southern States and the Austrian provinces would fall like ripe plums into the lap of the North German Confederation. But he who was the first to proclaim that doctrine has arrayed himself against its propagation, and much of the immediate future of Europe depends upon the extent of his power to arrest its progress. We saw in the Luxemburg affair the nature of French policy. The Emperor was firmly determined to prevent, as far as might be in his power, any further unification of Germany, and indeed it was only a clear perception of the inferiority of his armaments that prevented him

attempting to undo by force of arms that which Prussia had accomplished in the previous summer. Nor has anything occurred to warrant us in thinking that a different policy now prevails at the Tuileries. The time that has elapsed has been diligently employed in military preparation. Additional powers of conscription have been taken by the Government in the face of such signs of popular discontent as would not be lightly evoked by a government that avowedly rests upon the suffrages of the masses; and the armourers of Vincennes have been working night and day, converting muzzle-loading rifles into Chassepots. The preparations of Prussia have been less ostentatious, but not less effective. Her work has been to organise the material forces of the new provinces and the new tributaries; and the successful accomplishment of that work should give her an increase of military power at least equal to that which the new conscription laws have given to France. The common possession of the needle-gun by both France and Prussia marks, however, a special advantage lost by the latter.

The motive of the Emperor Napoleon in attempting to prevent the completion of German unity, looked at from the point of view of personal or national ambition, is strong enough to make us anticipate very desperate efforts to sustain that policy. The question involves the supremacy of France in Europe. Up to the moment when Prussia showed herself so bold and so successful, France was practically supreme in Continental Europe. She was surrounded by weak neighbours. Spain, too feeble to resist her slightest suggestion; Italy, with her unity incomplete, and the hand of France at her throat; Germany divided, so as to have no national force. These were the immediate neighbours of France, and she could lord it over them loftily. Whether this supremacy was of any practical use to France or not, is a matter of no consequence. France loves pre-eminence, and she can ill bear to part with it. Yet the successful completion of Count Bismarck's plan will undoubtedly destroy that supremacy. It will create on the frontiers of France a nation as great, if not greater, than herself.

The rest of Europe may view the creation of a great State in central Europe with the utmost satisfaction, for the supremacy of France in Continental affairs is far from being an unmixed advantage to Europe. In truth, the appearance of a power strong enough to restrain the ambition of that power promises to be beneficial to the cause of peace. But principally as a check to the progress of the great Colossus of the North should Western Europe be inclined to  
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Germans, united under one government, would form no bad protection to the western countries against the advance of Muscovite hordes.

The appearance of France in the field as the armed opponent of national unity throws a veil of uncertainty around the immediate future of Europe. The leaders of national unity are in Italy weak, and in Germany politic; so that the resistance of a great military power, like France, may arrest the movement for a time. But if the movement in favour of allowing the people of one race to gather together and form a self-governing community be indeed one of those strong and steady currents of opinion that pass over the earth from time to time, it would be vain to suppose that any artificial barrier could long restrain it. As well might we seek to stop up a river, as to resist such a volume of human sympathy as we believe this great political movement to represent. Its accomplishment may, then, be delayed for a time, but only for a time.

Whether this tendency of men to aggregate in great masses representing complete nationalities is to spread until it shall have obliterated every kind of artificial division, or whether it is to stop short of that complete application of the nationalities principle, is a matter upon which one would not wish to hazard too positive an opinion. It is hardly possible that the principle can be so rigidly applied, since there are in the world races of men possessing all the distinctive features of separate nationality, who yet do not possess the qualities that are equally necessary to national existence. Sufficient strength to hold their own in the contentions of nations, and a capacity for self-government, are essential qualities in a community of men who would emancipate themselves from foreign rulers; and there are races who possess neither qualification. If Ireland, for instance, did possess the distinctive features of nationality that mark out separate peoples, self-government would in her case still be impossible, for the simple reason that Ireland is not strong enough to take a place among the nations of Europe. It is probable, then, that even after the principle of nationalities shall have knit together in political communion the principal branches of the human race, numerous fragments, too small of themselves to form nations, will join together for mutual protection. Judging from present appearances, Hungary promises to be the centre of such a group. The Austrian empire is now composed of many races, speaking many tongues, and there is every probability that future changes will yet compensate it for the loss of the Italian and German elements. The steadily approaching dissolution of the Ottoman empire may give to

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the whilom empire of Austria new provinces and new millions ready to follow the leadership of the Magyars, while it may give to Greece the means of supporting herself as a distinct and self-sustaining nation.

The union of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, in such a manner as to reunite all the great branches of the Scandinavian family, is far from being a remote possibility. It is a thing actually contemplated, and perhaps nearer accomplishment than we know of. The miserable conduct of the Spanish government is tending to make the establishment of a united Iberia possible. Sickened, degraded, impoverished, by the frightful misgovernment of their own queen and their own political leaders, the Spanish people are turning their eyes upon that small section of the Peninsula whereon a kindred people manage to conduct their affairs in peace, and in moderate prosperity. The obstacles to the union of Spain and Portugal seem at present insuperable, but so at one time seemed those that hindered the union of Piedmont with Southern Italy.

As the nationalities movement progresses, the position of such states as Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland will become more and more anomalous. The Dutch are too closely allied to the great German family, and too closely united, geographically, to the great German land, to escape the attraction that a great united nation must exercise upon political fragments on its borders; but the Belgians and the Swiss stand in a different position. Their lands stand betwixt two great rival nations, and their affinities of race and language incline them as much to the one as to the other. Belgium and Switzerland are, roughly speaking, as much French as German, and as much German as French. Will this peculiar character preserve the neutrality of those lands while the nationalities doctrine is reconstructing states all around them? Probably it may, for a time at all events. Neither France nor Germany will be strong enough to take the whole of either country in the face of the opposition of the other, and a peaceful division pre-supposes a unanimity that is little likely to arise. The exceptional happiness which those little states have enjoyed in their present condition, under the protection of their neutrality, will offer unusual obstacles to the penetration of the nationalities doctrine within their frontiers. To imagine the Belgians or the Swiss anxious to exchange their present liberty and security to become heavily-taxed citizens of France or Germany, is to pre-suppose a state of matters too different from any that now appears probable to permit of speculation founded on it. We can only see that the spread of the nationalities doctrine will subject these border

states to new influences which their surrounding circumstances may, or may not, enable them to resist.

The progress of this mighty movement will probably subject the peace of Europe to some sharp convulsions. It has already cost us two great wars, and if it be powerfully and persistently resisted, it will certainly cost us more great wars. But beyond these temporary convulsions, Europe has everything to hope, and nothing to fear, from the movement. If wars occur, they will be as the conflict of the elements in the wars of the atmosphere; and the thunder-storm once over, we shall have better prospects of settled peace than the present artificial parcelment of the human race, with its subjection of national interests to personal passion and ambition, has ever permitted. Nations formed on the basis of nationality will have few temptations to aggression. They will have no interest in seeking to filch provinces peopled by foreigners from their neighbours; and a thousand causes of quarrel that turn nation against nation in their present artificial arrangement will cease to exist.

JAMES SUTHERLAND.

## AT EVENTIDE.

**H**PACED the village lane at eve,  
The flaming sun had gone to rest,  
And left the clouds that flecked the heavens,  
In glowing tints of crimson drest.

There was no wind to stir the trees,  
The fragrant air was sweetly still ;  
The white rim of the moon appeared,  
And faintly tipped the verdurous hill.

The poplars in the distance seemed  
As though they almost reached the sky ;  
While clouds above their vernal heads  
In quiet beauty floated by.

No sound was heard save notes of birds,  
That calmly rose and softly died ;  
Not e'en one zephyr came to blow,  
Or turn one blade of grass aside.

The stars looked white and cold, and each  
Its image in the river placed ;  
The while the moon with pensive smile  
The hills and vales and woodlands graced.  
Deep silence reigned on land and sea,  
So great that soon it seemed a power ;  
One might have heard a green leaf stir,  
Or dewdrop shaken from a flower.

Rare odours lay upon the air,  
The clouds now vanished one by one ;  
Till every vestige of the day,  
The sunset's blush, all, all had gone.  
The shadows of the trees lay still,  
The lane looked like a path of light ;  
The great white splendour of the day  
Had been transfigured by the night !

S. H. BRADBURY.

## COURSING.

“ A monk there was, a fair for the mast'ry,  
An outrider that lov'd venery.

Greihunds he hadde as swift as fowl of flight ;  
Of pricking and of hunting for the hare  
Was all his lust, for no coste wolde he spare.”

*Chaucer's Prologue to Canterbury Tales.*

“ Remember'st thou my greyhounds true ?  
O'er holt or hill there never flew,  
From leash or slip there never sprang,  
More fleet of foot or sure of fang.”

*Scott's Marmion.*

**F**OUR hundred and forty-three years separate the births of Geoffrey Chaucer and Walter Scott, and yet each bard brings before us in his immortal verse the “greyhound true,” and the graceful sport to which he ministers. This noble hound can boast a yet longer lineage in art and poetry. His figure appears in rude and ill-executed forms on the vases of Greece and Rome ; and on the chaste ware of Etruria has been seen a beautiful female holding a greyhound in slips ; while in the “Metamorphoses” of Ovid, and the “Epigrams” of Martial, frequent allusions are made to the healthful recreation of coursing.

The remains of the greyhound have been found with those of the mastiff among the Roman antiquities recently discovered at Wroxeter, and that it was the British greyhound which supplied sport to the Romans may be inferred from the lines of Nemesian, so aptly quoted by Wright in his “History of the Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon,” as follows :—

“ Sed non Spartanos tantum, tantumne molossos  
Pascendum catulos ; divisa Britannia mittit  
Veloces, nostrique orbis venatibus aptos.”

Both in Asia and Europe coursing was supremely the sport of princes and nobles. The Persian princes are passionately fond of it, and cherish the greyhound with great care. The quaint Froissart records with pride the number of greyhounds kept in camp by

Edward III. when carrying on his wars with France. By our old forest laws all below the rank of a franklin (*liberalis*) were excluded from keeping a "greihound," and those of that grade could do so only at a distance of ten miles from a royal forest; and to this day it may be numbered among "the wrongs of Ireland" that coursing is not, legally, permitted to persons possessed of less than one hundred pounds per annum, or of one thousand pounds in money (10 Will. III., c. 8, s. 2). We commend this "badge of conquest" to the attention of the redoubtable Mr. Bright, when next fishing on the banks of the Shannon. Yet inasmuch as, according to the high authority of Stonehenge, it costs upwards of seventy pounds to rear a litter of six greyhounds, it may be questionable whether it was not both benevolent and wise to control the impulses of an excitable and improvident people by statute, rather than permit them to waste their small means in profitless pleasures.

All field sports in a populous island like to England must be expensive, and coursing, although the least expensive (fishing excepted) of all manly sports, requires some capital for its due accomplishment. There are, however, in this rich land thousands to whom the sport is a legitimate pastime, and we adopt with all heartiness the patriotic wish of Burns when he wrote,—

" O would men stay aback frae courts,  
An' please themselves wi' countra sports,  
It wad for every ane be better,  
The laird, the tenant, and the cotter."

This sport has become in a large degree the sport of the middle-aged "middle classes." It can no longer boast of active royal devotees, as in the days of the Henries, the Edwards, John, and Elizabeth; the more costly, luxurious, and enervating sport of horse racing has superseded it. Horse racing takes place in the summer, in the afternoon, and is seen with ease from the luxurious couch of a carriage or a Grand Stand, and calls for no great personal exertion, no muscular fatigue, and little exposure to weather, and accords, therefore, with the feelings of a wealthy and indolent class. It admits of great display. It invites the splendour of costly equipages, liveries, dress, and the companionship of "Bohemian" beauty, while it ministers in a fascinating degree to the pleasure and excitement of gambling. Coursing is well nigh the opposite of all these things. It necessitates early rising, long walks, exposure to sunshine and storm, and evokes all manly qualities. It requires no large army of

"touts," and it is, to borrow the language of the most able and exhaustive writer on the subject, Stonehenge, "the most innocent public amusement, connected with the hunting propensity so natural to every man, and more especially to every Briton. For I think it may be shown that, *properly conducted*, the pursuit of the hare by the greyhound at public meetings may be carried on with perfect innocence as regards the morals both of the parties actually engaged, and also of the spectators. Now this can be said of scarcely any other amusement of the kind." It is not, however, without aristocratic supporters of the highest order. The Earls Sefton, Stradbroke, Craven, Eglinton, and Grey de Wilton; the Lords Garlies, Lurgan, and others, are among its ornaments; while it numbers many among the "true nobility" of this country—the untitled country gentleman. There are about eight hundred known supporters of "the leash," and it is annually increasing in popularity.

Between September 1 and December 31 of the past year, 3368 greyhounds ran for stakes. The stakes now run for are often of great value; 128 dogs, at 6*l.* 10*s.* each, competed for the great Scarisbrick Champion Cup, at Southport, in March last, the great stake being gallantly won by Mr. G. Blansherd's bitch-puppy, Bab at the Bowster, by Boanerges, out of Mischief. *The blue riband* of the leash, the Waterloo Cup, has increased gradually from an eight-dog stakes to one of sixty-four dogs, at 25*l.* each, the value of the cup last season being estimated at 1600*l.* sterling. To win this noble prize is the ambition of all true coursers; as, apart from its money value, the best greyhounds in the world are the competitors; each man knows that, in entering upon this great struggle, he is sure to meet "a foeman worthy of his steel," and his desire to win rises in a corresponding degree. There is an enthusiasm as intense as was ever felt on the downs at Epsom, in competition for the Derby; and the evil day has not yet dawned, in which the demon of gambling has caused a dog to be scratched, or a coronet to be dimmed.

In 1838, the Waterloo Cup became a thirty-two-dog stake, and then, for the first time, we meet as competitors therein, the renowned names of Stradbroke, Talbot, Eglinton, Goodlake, and Graham. The Earl of Sefton had not, up to that time, run for this prize, although the winner of the first Waterloo Cup was Mitanie, by his lordship's dog, Milo. To the present Earl of Sefton, and his noble ancestors, coursers are deeply indebted for the splendid plains over which the coursing takes place. Hares are preserved in

almost lavish abundance. From seventy to eighty hares have been seen at one time, at spots distant from the immediate scene of coursing, after they had become alarmed by the presence of the greyhounds, and the thousands of persons who crowd to see the sport. The site seems formed for the purpose. The wide extended circle of "sea banks" forms a "vantage ground," from which hundreds of pedestrians can fairly see the coursing without interfering with its proper performance. The "Waterloo" picture, by Ansdell, gives a general idea of the nature of the ground, and transmits a faithful portraiture of the gentlemen then interested in the sport; but the drawing, or correctly writing, the engraving of the "runner up" Emperor, is execrable. Coursing owes little to the pictorial art of modern times. The great meetings of Ashdowne and Amesbury still require illustration, for the mezzotint of the latter simply gives an ugly group of horsemen, and would serve as well to illustrate a camp meeting of Puritans, prior to the battle of Bothwell Bridge, as a gathering of English sportsmen. The late Earl of Sefton won the Waterloo Cup in 1847, the first time he tried for it, and the honour was great inasmuch as his lordship not only bred the winner, a red dog, Senate, but bred also Sadek and Sanctity, the sire and dam of the winner. Moreover, Senate became himself the sire of Sackcloth, a black dog, the winner in 1854. It is a remarkable circumstance that Senate, Judge, and Canaradzo, are the only winners of the Waterloo Cup who have themselves become the sires of a winner. Judge, on three occasions, or nearly so—that is, he was the sire of Clive, who divided the cup with Selby in 1859; of Chloe, who won the cup in 1863, and of Maid of the Mill. Canaradzo won the Cup in 1861, and was the sire of King Death, who won it in 1864. No greyhound has twice won the stake since 1857, when it first became a sixty-four-dog stake; but prior to that event Messrs. Cooke & Hinde's Cerito—a fawn and white bitch, by Lingo, out of Wanton—won it no less than *three* times. A very excellent engraving of this bitch, from a drawing by Ansdell, may be seen at the Waterloo Hotel, in Liverpool. She ran fifty-three courses, winning forty-five of them, netting some thousand pounds in cash, besides other prizes. A remarkable performance, eclipsed however, by Mr. Randall's black bitch, Riot, who won seventy-four courses out of eighty-four, never having competed for The Waterloo. The following are the names of the winners of The Waterloo Cup since it attained the dignity of a thirty-two and sixty-four-dog stake, together with the names of their sires and dams:—



WATERLOO CUP.

DATE.	NAME OF WINNER.	SIRE.	DAM.
1838	Bugle	Bachelor	Nimble
1839	Empress	Tramp*	Nettle
1840	Earwig	Hailstone	Pastime
1841	Bloomsbury	Redcap	Preserve
1842	Priam	Emperor	Venus
1843	Major	Moses	Melon
1844	Speculation	Sandy	Enchantress
1845	Titania	Driver	Zoe
1846	Harlequin	Emperor	Lady
1847	Senate	Sadex	Sanctity
1848	Shade	Nonchalance	Margery
1849	Magician	King Cob	Magie
1850	Cerito	Lingo	Wanton
1851	Hughie Graham	Liddesdale	Queen of the May
1852	Cerito	Lingo	Wanton
1853	Cerito	Lingo	Wanton
1854	Sackcloth	Senate	Cinderella
1855	Judge	John Bull	Fudge
1856	Protest	Weapon	Pearl
1857	} King Lear	Wigan	Repentance
64 dogs			
1858	Neville	Autocrat	Catharine Hayes
1859	Clive and Selby divided	Judge, Sire of Clive	
1860	Maid of the Mill	Judge	Bartolozzi
1861	Canaradzo	Beacon	Scotland Yet
1862	Roaring Meg	Beacon	
1863	Chloe	Judge	Clara
1864	King Death	Canaradzo	Annoyance
1865	Meg	Terrona	Fanny Fickle
1866	Brigadier	Boreas	Wee Nell
1867	Lobelia	Seafoam	Lilac
1868	Master McGrath	Dervock	Lady Sarah

During the past thirty-one years this noble prize has once only been divided, and it would be well if the National Coursing Club would decree that this stake should be exceptional to all others in this respect, and that it should invariably be run off. A glance at the issue of a long series of years, as to the relative victories of the two sexes, seems to prove the truth of the axiom laid down by Arrian, in his great treatise on coursing, some centuries ago—namely, that “the dog, because he can run *through the whole year*, is a much more valuable acquisition than the bitch. Good bitches abound, but it is no easy thing to meet with a thorough good dog; a really good high-bred dog is a great treasure, one that falls not to the courser without the favour of some god.” And then, with the true devotional spirit

\* Bought of a travelling tinker for ten shillings.

of a grand old Pagan, he adds, "For such a blessing he should sacrifice to Diana Venatrix."

During the past seven years the preponderance of winnings in this "Blue Riband" of the Leash rests with the "ladies;" but, for definite conclusions, a longer period of time is required; and the statistics of the whole period give a decided advantage, as stated above, to the male sex. There is a growing desire, especially among the coursers of Lancashire, to possess *large* dogs; but public running does not endorse the soundness of this wish. Lobelia—the winner of the Waterloo Cup in 1867—weighed only 44 lbs.; and Master McGrath—the clever and popular winner of 1868—is a small, compact dog, weighing only 54 lbs. His blood, however, represents an illustrious line, as he classes among his ancestors the renowned names of Bugle, King Cob, Liddesdale, Senate, Emperor, and Kouli Khan. Public running of the past season confirms, in a remarkable degree, the popular opinion of the great merits of the *David* blood. Not to name dozens of inferior stakes, at Barton-on-Humber, a thirty-two-dog stake was won by Rosini, by David; the Brownlow Cup at Lurgan, by Weasel, a daughter of this sire; the Drayton Manor Cup at Tamworth, by Marionette, a grand-daughter through Patent. Symphony, the winner of the Victoria Stakes (thirty-two dogs) at the same place, and of the Hordley Stakes, is also a grand-daughter through Glendower. Howard—the winner of the Tamworth Stakes, and of the Talbot Stakes at Southport—is a son; and lastly and notably, Master McGrath, the winner of the Waterloo Cup, is a grandson through Lady Sarah. Indeed, during the past coursing season, Patent, by David, numbers fourteen winners among his sons—a total which cannot be approached by any other stud dog during the same time. 500*l.* has been offered and refused for this dog; and subsequent to this offer he has realised, as a stud dog, the following sums—first year, 290*l.*; second year, 310*l.*; third year, 475*l.*; fourth year, 220*l.*; total, 1295*l.* This explains the high fee (fifteen guineas) which his owner is enabled to secure freely for his use. It, at the same time, sustains the value of the "cross" so much condemned by Thacker and one or two old coursers of the past generation—namely, that by the bull-dog. It was as warmly advocated by Lord Orford, who from this source, in the seventh or eighth generation, obtained the renowned greyhound Czarina, the winner of forty-seven matches successively. His lordship imperiled his life to witness the running of this great favourite. An important match was to come off, his lordship was ill, and under strict orders not to leave his bedroom. He, however, stealthily crept off, mounted his

favourite piebald pony, and hastened to the arena of Czarina's combats. She ran superbly, beating competitor after competitor in grand style; but the excitement was too great for the enthusiastic lord: in the moment of her victory he fell from his pony and expired. Matches were more common then than now, and Swaffham, one of the oldest coursing grounds in England, was especially famous for these. Pipes of wine, silver baskets, bracelets, silver couples, and gold snuff-boxes, were the prizes often competed for; and if money was run for, it was always more evenly and more wisely divided among the owners of the dogs than it is at the present time. *Chance* was more handicapped than under existing arrangements; there was more sport, and less gambling. It was not a golden age of purity however. At a coursing breakfast, towards the end of last season, an aged gentleman related with great glee a trick which he had practised many years ago on a coursing judge. His dog had "run up" to the last, and was then matched against a dog of great local renown which he felt certain would beat him with ease; but not wishing to be vanquished, and having moreover a large amount of practical fun in his nature, which occasionally (in small matters) obscured his sense of justice, he said to his trainer, "Now, Joe, I have been at great expense, and we have won nothing this season, *and you and I part*, unless our dog can beat H——'s. I don't want you to harm the dog, but we must win, can't you manage it? The judge is as deaf as a post, and will certainly take no leap, but will go a long way round. The hare is sure to run to yonder coppice, you go off there, and mind you, *we must win*." The man went; borrowed a smock frock from a peasant, and otherwise dramatically arranged himself. As was expected, the hare and dogs came rushing to the covert, and the judge some time afterwards came toiling up. The impudent trainer, disguised as a rustic, and affecting to have been at the spot for an innocent purpose, stares vacantly at the judge, who says, "Have you seen the dogs?" "Yea, I h'an, and if the black un belonged to me, I'm blowed if I wouldn't hang 'im, he's good for nought." The judge returned, and shouted out "red," to the great glee of the cunning trainer, and his fun-loving master. There can be no perfectly satisfactory decision where the judge does not ride up to the dogs, except, indeed, in a short, straight course, such as is often seen on the plains of Altcar, or the country around Southport. At the last Waterloo Meeting several such courses occurred, the hare running rapidly and straight to a well-known drain or "sough." The courses between Cock Robin and Innkeeper, between Ventre St. Gris and Julia, were of this character; and the course between the two

crack greyhounds Brigade and Jane Ann involved only a single turn, when the hare escaped into a sough in which four or five hares had previously sought refuge. Such brief courses are rarely seen on the magnificent downs of Ashdowne and Amesbury.

Southern coursers of the old school are astonished at the large fields obtained at Lancashire meetings, near Southport, where the judge is unable, from the nature of the ground, to ride on horseback; and all the decisions have to be made from a fixed point. It is a mathematical impossibility that the exact position and pace of each dog, through a long course, can be thus ascertained. At all other meetings, bystanders bow to the decision of the judge, when in opposition to their own impressions, solely from the conviction that position affects the appearance of things; and that it requires a person to be closely behind the dogs to judge accurately of their respective merits. It may, perhaps, be alleged, that the Southport plan is as fair for one as for another; that the greater element of chance thus introduced, encourages the owners of inferior dogs to enter them, and stimulates somewhat the betting system. Moreover, it must in justice be added, that there is always an abundant supply of hares, and a good muster of coursers; and that the public spirit, personal courtesy, and able management of the lessee and secretary, throw a great charm over these meetings, and go far to redeem even the very great disadvantage alluded to.

To see coursing in its perfection, however, resort must be had to the breezy downs of Ashdowne or Amesbury; there with Warwick as judge, and Raper as slipper, and with weather propitious, the speed, the skill, and the endurance of the greyhound are evoked in the highest degree. The hares, accustomed to go long distances from their coverts for food, are always in a state of training, and run with extraordinary speed; the open state of the country admits of free horsemanship; the presence of ladies adds grace to the scene, and the health-inspiring atmosphere so exhilarates the spirits, that the courser feels supremely happy, and thinks, that whoever else may throng the race course, the theatre, or the ballroom,

“ I'll wander with my greyhounds still,  
(Halloo ! Halloo !)  
And hunt for health on the breeze-worn hill,  
And wisdom too.”

## HOST AND GUEST.

**T**HE difficulty of acquiring accurate ideas of the ways of our fellow men has nothing, in my humble opinion, to do with being "to the manner born." These accurate ideas must be cultivated, and may be cultivated by all who will give time, and have a fair share of the power of observation. Just as when a man recovers his sight, after an operation, all is confused to him, and he can form no accurate comparison of the colour or outline of objects: so he who has not cultivated his powers of observation, and has not afforded himself broad scope for the exercise of these powers, is unable to draw good conclusions between the character, habits, and customs of nations. Mr. Walker's instance of a Frenchman's idea of an English dinner, is an example of a man of uncultivated observation—of a man who might be an exiled shoemaker, or a deposed prince. The story runs that a French emigrant of property, who had enjoyed much hospitality during the late war in a town in the north of England, invited his friends on the eve of his departure to a dinner, which, on their arrival, he informed them with much satisfaction, he had taken care should be in the true English fashion. Observe his idea of our style of eating, or of selecting a feast.

There was a hare at the top of the table, a hare at the bottom, and a pie containing three brace of partridges in the middle. This was the light first course: that was to take the edge off the British appetite. The second course consisted of a goose and a large piece of roast beef. The English reader laughs heartily, and Mr. Walker remonstrated vigorously so far back as June, 1835, when dinners were heavier than they are now among people who know how to eat in England. The feast was out of all rule, as Mr. Walker said, "Still, it exhibited the principal features, though exaggerated and inverted, of a substantial English dinner—a joint and poultry, and a course of game." We have got, I will not say, beyond this now; but we are out of it. Every household aspires to *entrées*—generally making the guest lament the old simple plan: not because *entrées* are not the Field of the Cloth of Gold of the kitchen, but because they are this field, and it is horrible to see slipshod people in it. "How many

descriptions by foreigners," Mr. Walker reflects, "of the habits, customs, and ways of thinking of any people, are not more faithful than was this confident attempt at imitation! Nay, often natives themselves, when treating of what belongs to any class but their own, fall into as great errors. It is only profound observers who are aware of this difficulty of attaining accuracy. Those who have seen little, or seen imperfectly, seldom distrust their own knowledge. I remember once in a party of travelled men, where the conversation turned upon the comparative merits of English and continental inns, by far the most decided opinion was given by a young officer, whose experience of the continent proved to have been confined to forty-eight hours' residence at Quillacq's hotel at Calais."

Exactly: and the experience of the French emigrant was limited to one English locality; and, above and before all, he had not acquired the power of making just comparisons. He had been cast across the channel; and he knew about as much of the resources of the English *cuisine*, as the French travellers who were wont to spend a honeymoon at the Sablonière hotel in Leicester Square, knew about London hotel accommodation.

A man cannot be born to experience of the world: to a knowledge of the continent of Europe. There is no royal road to the position of the travelled man. The manner of the traveller is not to be got out of voyages round the world, read in any number of solid octavo volumes. In the same way the art of dining cannot be attained by the mere reading of cookery books. Dr. W. A. Bellowes, a Boston physician, has lately issued, in New York, a book on "The Philosophy of Eating." It is the concentrated essence of experience carried over thirty years. A student cannot grow a philosophic tooth in a year; nor can a reader of the doctor's, profiting by all his accumulated observation, get it out of this learned manual. The aspirant may be helped over the rougher paths; but he must make the journey himself. You cannot buy taste:—and only the seeds of wisdom.

I am interested in the similarities of direction and aim which I find in our "Original" and the American physician's "Philosophy of Eating." The doctor was struck with the waste of food, and the harmful use of it, which he saw around him. That which was most provoking in the waste was, that he often found the nutritious parts cast aside, and the least valuable bits consumed. An example is best to the purpose. Buttermilk is more valuable than butter: butter is fat, heat; buttermilk is muscle—the doctor says, brain. One would think that the farmer was bent on rearing learned pigs and fat children, for he gives the muscle and brain to the porker, and

the heat to the babe. With us the case is often more desperate, for there are many places within these realms where the child of the agriculturist cannot get butter or buttermilk—muscle or heat. The doctor objects also that his countrymen sift away the outer crust and husk of the grain—the muscle-producing part of the wheat. The cattle get this—and the men and women consume the starch, which will not support life; whereas the “unbolted” wheat which, as God ripens it to the housewife’s hand, is the more palatable and nourishing article, will maintain a man in sound health. Dr. Bellows is more scientific than Mr. Walker. The American cupboard philosopher is busy with carbon and nitrogen. He has studied the kitchen in the laboratory: has put the cook into a crucible. His complaint is that the American serves as much carbon upon his table in summer as in winter. Baked beans and fat pork for breakfast he admits for a wood-sawyer in January, but not for the gentleman who will just have to lift a spill to his cigarette afterwards. The doctor is sprightly where he shows how the stomach dominates the brain. Yea—let us bear this in mind—both the British and American table philosophers teach it us, we may cultivate our intellect with our knife and fork. The doctor says familiarly: “Here is your fat, good-natured old grandfather living on fat beef and pork, white bread and butter, buckwheat cake and molasses, rice and sugar, till he has lost all mental and physical energy, and desires to sit from morning till night in the chimney-corner, or at the register, saying nothing and caring for nothing. Change his diet, give him fish, beef-steak, potatoes, and unbolted wheat bread, or rye and Indian, with one half or three-quarters of the carboniferous articles of his former diet, and in one week he will cheer you again with his old jokes, and call for his hat and cane.”

That which you can teach, which Mr. Walker endeavoured to teach, and so unsuccessfully, more than thirty years before the doctor opened his crusade against Pie, is the importance of self-study, of self-teaching. Your cook will not be bothered with the due proportions of nitrogen and carbon. You shall say to her, “Yes, Udina, a very good dinner; the chicken was most daintily touched with tarragon—but there was a *leettle* too much carbon in the carte, I am inclined to think, for this temperature.”

The prince of darkness, to whom we are indebted for cooks, laid us under no obligation, on the score of health. The author of the *Almanach des Gourmands* impresses masters with the importance of physicking their *cordons bleus* often, that they may have cool palates: but he gives no heed to the well-being of the guest. There is a

marked tendency in epicurean literature, to remedy this omission ; and with the spread of good taste, there is some reason to believe there will be combined a knowledge of that which is healthful. But the taste must and will come first.

I return to our starting-point. The epicure is not, cannot be, to the manner born. The epicurean leaders of the day,—not to put my finger on anybody, I will add, on the continent,—were not born to discuss gelinottes. By birth they were entitled to hope for a rare dip into a rook pie, a *barrière matelotte*, a galette between the acts, to be digested with cyder and *petit bleu*. But he who has genius may twist an iron prong, bought in the market-town fair, into a *redoutable fourchette*. Taste is a plant that may be cultivated : the creature is the soil, and soil is barren or charged with the elements of fertility.

In touching upon the art of dining, an art which is worth training for your own comfort, as well as for those who depend upon you, the English writer must be struck at once with the unpromising nature of the theme. It is necessary to go over ground which has been well occupied already, and this excursion is disheartening. Mr. Thomas Walker is admitted to be the most important and authoritative writer we have yet produced on aristology. He wrote thirty-three years ago: "It is a rule at dinners not to allow you to do anything for yourself, and I have never been able to understand how even salt, except it be from some superstition, has so long maintained its place on table. I am always in dread, that, like the rest of its fellows, it will be banished to the sideboard, to be had only on special application. I am rather a bold man at table, and set forms very much at defiance, so that if a salad happens to be within my reach, I make no scruple to take it to me ; but the moment I am espied, it is whipped up from the most convenient into the most inconvenient position. That such absurdity should exist amongst rational beings, is extraordinary!" The absurdity is in full force still, when you can get the salad upon the table—which is a rarer treat than when the Original wrote. I will venture one "reason why,"—reasons why being the order of the day upon book-stalls. The unscrupulous gentleman who knows all the better places of the salad, is apt to leave very little for the latest served. Persons who have occupied the bottom of the table have been presented with a few green leaves, and requested to take some lobster salad.

The Original, harping on his great theme, attendance, draws a tearful scene : "See a small party with a dish of fish at each end of the table, and four silver covers unmeaningly starving at the sides, whilst everything pertaining to the fish comes, even with the best attend-



ance, provokingly lagging, one thing after another, so that contentment is out of the question ; and all this is done under pretence that it is the most convenient plan. This is an utter fallacy. The only convenient plan is to have everything actually upon the table that is wanted at the same time, and nothing else ; as for example, for a party of eight, turbot and salmon, with doubles of each of the adjuncts, lobster-sauce, cucumber, young potatoes, cayenne, and chili vinegar ; and let the guests assist one another, which, with such an arrangement, they could do with perfect ease. This is undisturbed and visible comfort." Such comfort as the diner, of a party of eight, in an ordinary establishment, gets less frequently now than he did when the Original wrote. Undisturbed and visible comfort, is replaced by hired servants, all elbows ; and he who has helped himself to salmon, is left to contemplate a pretty arrangement of ferns and flowers, while the fish cools, and the embarrassed, red-faced man who has a hard fight with the butter-boat, to balance it successfully over the shoulders of the guests, toils towards him. The Original has not moved society an inch in the right direction. From small parties the Original, a social martyr, if ever one lived, waiting for the sauce, turns to large parties, as to only a greater evil.

He draws breath after the vision of the turbot and salmon, with the new potatoes and the cucumber on the sideboard :—"As to large ones (parties), they have long been to me scenes of \*despair in the way of convivial enjoyment. A system of simple attendance would induce a system of simple dinners, which are the only dinners to be desired. The present system I consider strongly tainted with barbarism and vulgarity, and far removed from real and refined enjoyment. As tables are now arranged, one is never at peace from an arm continually taking off or setting on a side-dish, or reaching over to a wine-cooler in the centre. Then comes the more laborious changing of courses, with the leanings right and left, to admit a host of dishes, that are set on only to be taken off again, after being declined in succession by each of the guests, to whom they are handed round. Yet this is fashion, not to be departed from." The wine-cooler has disappeared from the centre of the table. Russia rules the roast. Less gravy falls into the diner's lap : but how miserable is the studied table even now—overloaded with glass—over-flowered—over-ornamented. Why not, madame, or monsieur, peep into a cabinet of the *Café Anglais*, when the table is laid for just six, and when the dinner has been ordered in the fullness of epicurean knowledge ? The service is simple and bright ; and fresh as a hay field. There is room—there is no sense of laborious

preparation about the place : and yet there is everything that can possibly be wanted at hand, each thing being of dainty size, not heavily proportioned, like our dinner services. We helped fish only a few years ago with an instrument as formidable as a hatchet. A Frenchman likened our dinner side-board to an entresol : unto what could he have likened our cruet-stand and cruets ?

The Original pursues his complaints with uncompromising spirit. He must have suffered acutely, being a constant guest in constant torment. "With respect to wine." Even the wine arrangements were not satisfactory. "It is often offered, when not wanted ; and when wanted, is perhaps not to be had till long waited for. It is dreary to observe two guests, glass in hand, waiting the butler's leisure to be able to take wine together, and then perchance being helped in despair to what they did not ask for ; and it is still more dreary to be one of the two yourself." To appreciate all the sorrow of which this position is capable, it must be experienced at a public, or great city dinner, with an officious acquaintance, gesticulating at you until the waiter singles you out, after having made twenty false dives. The satisfaction derivable from the pantomime I have never yet been able to understand. In private life, happily, the predicament which distressed the diner of the Original's time is not inflicted now. Let us be thankful for even this lightening of the load. The Original proceeds—"How different, where you can put your hand upon a decanter at the moment you want it !" This is not the direction in which we have improved. Your hand upon a decanter at the moment you want it ! Nay, a berlin-wool glove, in a family that has pretensions and a moderate income, is about the bottle. If the health-drinking prevailed, in this berlin-wool period, dismal indeed would be the fate of the sensitive man. With plenty of servants, and trained to your habits and whims, it could not be made endurable. Happily, the decanter being removed from under your hand, the obligation to pledge the gentleman opposite is removed also.

But the affluent have not followed the advice of "The Original" yet. These may be refined, they are not simple days. Overgrown luxury has its origin, I agree with Mr. Walker, has always had its origin, from the vulgar rich, "the very last class worthy of imitation." Do we think we are not feeling the effect of the growth of such a class, as well as our neighbours, among whom the Bourse prize-holders have trampled out the lofty manners, and at any rate the outward chivalry of the old *souche*. We laugh at the vulgar rich of New York, who have risen upon an oil-cask or a *pork-tub*, till rivers of diamonds are seen sparkling under lips which

call a *fête champêtre* a "shampeter;" but is this not the day when money gives the fashion, and every young partner in a commercial house believes that the Lady's Mile is his natural ground? "The affluent would render themselves and their country an essential service if they were to fall into the simple, refined style of living, discarding everything incompatible with real enjoyment." The affluent well-bred, Mr. Walker meant, in 1833. Did he advise in vain? Let us note what follows: "Although I think a reduction of establishment would often conduce to the enjoyment of life, I am very far from wishing to see any class curtailed in their means of earning their bread; but it appears to me, that the rich might easily find more profitable and agreeable modes of employing the industrious, than in ministering to pomp and parade." The banquet halls of 1868 are the world's answer to the refined and sensible gentleman who wrote this sentence. We have imported French Second-Empire show and tinsel and extravagance; and have avoided just that which is simple (when compared with us) among our neighbours, viz. their dinners and dinner-tables. The dishes are few in the best French dinners: few and fine. The service is exquisite in taste, but not overdone, as when we are bent on state banqueting. The English host is wrong from the beginning. A few dishes, and these faultless, even when you dine fifty. People sicken over the dull rounds of the servants, with dishes nobody touches. I would make every dish a spasm of pleasure. No cook can do justice to a hodge-podge of fish, meats, birds, and vegetables. To begin with a great state dish, is a failure always. That monument of vulgarity, the late Mr. Soyer's Hundred Guinea Dish (we shall fry *rouleaux* in batter at last), was something to avoid. They who are to the manner bred, not born, for none are born with a taste for the olive, hate a feast. The Lord Mayor's *menu* is a barbarism to them:—epicurean war-paint and feathers! The simple dish that is perfect: two or three flavours, pure and sweet as the wind that has stolen over thyme. A party, not a crowd. A table, not an exhibition of the genius of Copeland and Dodson and Salviati. This was the cry before "we were boys together." It is only a few who enjoy the quiet and high refinements of life: the very few, when the age is a show one; and the vulgar rich have taken society by storm. Was this a well-conceived party?

Lovegrove's, Blackwall, August 26, 1835. Dinner of Thomas Walker, Esq. Mr. Walker explains his own proceedings, one example being worth very much abstract discourse. He writes, on the morning of the feast:

“The party will consist of seven men beside myself, and every guest is asked for some reason—upon which good fellowship mainly depends; for people brought together unconnectedly had, in my opinion, better be kept separate. Eight I hold to be the golden number, never to be exceeded without weakening the efficacy of concentration. The dinner is to consist of turtle, followed by no other fish but white-bait, which is to be followed by no other meat but grouse, which are to be succeeded simply by apple fritters and jelly; pastry on such occasions being quite out of place. With the turtle of course there will be punch, with the white-bait champagne, and with the grouse claret: the two former I have ordered to be particularly well iced, and they will all be placed in succession upon the table, so that we can help ourselves as we please. I shall permit no other wines, unless, perchance, a bottle or two of port, if particularly wanted, as I hold variety of wines a great mistake. With respect to the adjuncts, I shall take care that there is cayenne, with lemons cut in halves, not in quarters, within reach of every one, for the turtle; and that brown bread-and-butter in abundance is set upon the table for the white-bait. It is no trouble to think of these little matters beforehand, but they make a vast difference in convivial contentment. The dinner will be followed by ices, and a good dessert, after which coffee and one glass of liqueur each, and no more; so that the present may be enjoyed rationally without inducing retrospective regrets.”

A very sensible, sufficient feast, far beyond, in point of taste and refinement, the Derby dinner of last year, with one fish *à la* Knowsley—soles Stanley—eels Disraeli—flounders Malmesbury—and the like. Elated by his coming gastronomic glory, Mr. Walker submitted to his benighted country a magnificent proposition—“Such, reader, is my idea of a dinner, of which I hope you approve; and I cannot help thinking that if parliament were to grant me 10,000*l.* a year, in trust, to entertain a series of worthy persons, it would promote trade and increase the revenue more than any huggermugger measure ever devised.”

I think so too. Thomas Walker, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, barrister-at-law, and one of the Police Magistrates of the metropolis, has passed to his rest. But there *is* SOMEBODY left in the quick who is ready to entertain a series of worthy persons, at the public expense, by way of promoting the refinement of table pleasures.

The Minister of the State Hospitalities would satisfy the ambition—*even of*

## A YORKSHIRE SHOW YARD.

**I**T is quite a "popular error," that a Yorkshireman cares about no live stock save horses. "Give her the glory of going on, and still to be," from Tennyson's "Wages," would certainly suggest to him an epitaph for a mare that could stay a distance, and his only doubt would be about adding "there or thereabouts" to his author, but still sheep, pigs, and short-horns have a strong grip of his affections. With regard to these three branches of prize stock, the Yorkshire Agricultural Show is a great court of appeal from the Royal; so much so, that no judge can accept office who has acted at the latter in the previous July. As a general thing, the Yorkshire authorities are more careful in their judge appointments, and their blood-stock, hunter, and roadster bench more especially, is always composed of picked men. Horses are, in fact, the very heart-blood of their show; whereas, at the Royal, they may be fairly said to rank behind both sheep and cattle. This year a Norfolk exhibitor won 30% worth of Royal prizes with two ponies, for which he had only paid 23 gs. and 25% ; but it would have been 10 to 1 against his doing so if he had entered them in "the Yorkshire" lists. The agricultural year always seems to lack one of its pleasantest elements if we have missed that meeting. Some linger in the county for six weeks from its date, and what with Doncaster, York, and Ripon races, visits to herds, racing-stables, studs, agricultural shows, foal shows, and ram lettings, a gentle St. Leger excitement, more especially if John Scott has a favourite, as in "the brave days of old," with a dash of Harrogate and Scarborough thrown in for flavour, those pilgrims may well call their sojourn the very "sweet o' the year."

With us, three sultry weeks had passed away since we looked on the bannered lines of the Royal, at its "Midland mart of pork, and cheese, and stockings," and, as yet, no times of refreshing had come. The accumulated dust of Middlesex, Herts, Bedford, and Northamptonshire on our raiment was soon obscured under a fresh Leicestershire layer, as we once more steamed across those big bullock pastures, which now seemed hardly able to carry a tenth of a beast to the acre. The railway banks were charred by vagrant

cinders from the engine, till they looked as if all the gypsies and potters of the three kingdoms had camped on them over night; and the blackened remains of a haystack stood hard by the line, eloquent in its silence to the "sprightly young attorneys," who "briskly travel on their journeys," of the case of *Vaughan v. Taff Vale Railway Company*, and the question as to imperfect chimney caps, upon which it turned in the Exchequer Chamber. Partridges seemed the real masters of the situation for 150 miles. They had been hatched early, and thriven gaily amidst that dreary drought. Many never lived till September the first, and poulterers of lax principles sold them to magistrates and other magnates, ready plucked, as "pigeons." Sheep, with plenty of water to aid them, had not gone down in condition, and every hill and plain

"Was hung as if with golden shields,  
Bright trophies of the sun."

Greener pastures and better green crops marked the frontiers of Yorkshire, but passengers told, as they joined us, of no rain, save "one shower, which made a middling spatter of it," since the end of May, or to be more precise, the Oaks Day. Leeds looked more dreary than ever, and we esteemed the vicar happy who had just escaped from it, mitre in hand, to the green orchard alleys of Herefordshire. On we go, past the meadow where the Royal encamped in '61. It was there that the Weatherby Duchesses, with Duchess 77th at their head, won a treble victory and retired on their laurels, that young Nutbourne vanquished old Sir John Barleycorn, as teetotallers never did, that Adam Bede and Overplus were dons in the hunter classes, and that Wainman's Silverhair was such a dainty quene amongst sows. Any reflections on that congress of cracks is speedily put to flight by a pale hump-backed boy, who gets into the carriage with an accordion, and after quavering out "Not for Joseph! oh! dear no!" in a feeble falsetto, makes a collection of halfpence in his cap and gets out, with 2*d.* balance over and above his fare, to await a return train. Another boy plays a still more leading part on the line. There is no pointsman at one station, and this official of tender years and six stone is proxy for him. A growler in one of the carriages "never knew anything so disgraceful," and is determined to write to the papers about it. Others merely joke the boy, and hope to see him with his wife and child at Wetherby, and ask him whether he takes out his wages in toffy. He walks away silent and scowling, but with dignity.

We hardly know Harrogate again, and try in vain to recognise

the traces of what it was, when we first saw it in '34, or Touchstone's year. "Old Johnny's Well," or the strong chalybeate, has received the cupola from the Old Sulphur Well; the Tewit, or Iron-water Well, is roofed in at last; the Tewit, or Iron-water Well, on the Moor, seems unchanged; and the cupola of the Old Sulphur Well, whose waters savour of the scourings of a gun-barrel, has been replaced by one thrice as large. It was the practice in those days of expensive travelling to meet the fashions half way, and therefore the moment the London season closed the Bond Street dealers detached a foreman, with a large amount of unsold goods in a van, to spread his nets in High Harrogate, before the "mothers and daughters" of the North. To some extent they do so still, but the things do not find such favour, now that the metropolis can be reached by rail. The Dragon, the Granby, and the Crown were, at the time we are noting, the only great hotels, and the peerage, the "M.P.'s, and the Lancashire visitors, were supposed to be their patrons respectively. Admission to the Dragon's balls was the object of countless hopes and fears. It seemed to be for the summer months a very Almacks of Yorkshire. We have heard a Crown president speaking as mysteriously of his diplomacy in a ball-room "difficulty" between the inns, as if he had been negotiating a triple alliance. Being president was esteemed such an honour that, as it went by seniority, one eccentric man was said to arrive in March, and possess his soul in patience and the solitude of the big room for months, in order that he might be in office all the season round. Rich bachelors made quite a sensation as they dashed up to the hotel door in their yellow chariots, and then descended to the big room and took the vice-chair at dinner, by virtue of being the last arrival. Heiresses and rich widows, anxious to cast their weeds, were also a Harrogate speciality. Their monetary attractions did not lose by telling. "A girl with 30,000*l.* when her father dies," according to the version in the bar on arrival, has become "an heiress with 3000*l.* a year in her own right" on the ball-room settees at night.

The Queen's holds the lead now, and in the summer evenings the company linger on the garden terrace, and peer through the panes at the dancers within. By day it is the old story, Knaresborough Dripping Well, Fountain's Abbey, Plumpton, Hackfall, &c., and Brimham Rocks, where Bill Scott, the winner of four Derbies, three Oaks, and nine St. Legers, once rode in a donkey carriage in state, with two donkey boys as outriders. It needs some excitement to keep the casual visitor in spirits on a dull summer's evening, as we sought for it in vain before the sun went down. There was no-

a soul in the room at the old Sulphur Spa. Those who were not at dinner had gone to hear the band play at a shilling a head to non-subscribers, in Montpelier Gardens, or the readings of Mr. Bellew. Punch and Judy occupied the green in front of the White Hart, and had many grey-haired sages in their audience; and if you did gaze carefully into the windows of the front shops, you only withdrew perplexed as to which was really "the last photo. ever taken" of a local physician recently deceased, and which he had most honoured with his approbation.

Early next morning there was quite an agricultural gathering on the railway platform for Wetherby. The judges who had sojourned in Harrogate over night had departed by a still earlier train, but it soon leaked out who they were, and speculations as to "the style of beast they go for" beguiled the way. Wetherby is a very small place, but it had obtained the honour of the show which Leeds had sought in vain, and its National Steeple-chace Ground, which Jacob Faithful, Israelite, and Emperor II., knew well, is, according to many, "the best in Britain, bar none." The town bade its visitors welcome with a few flags and a flower arch, but everything seemed very quiet, and it was said that the fear of sun-strokes, which had many newspaper paragraphs just then, would keep away some thousands. Only one youth had spirits for recitation, and he began—

" My name is Norval ; on the Grampian hills  
My father keeps—a grocer's shop—"

and stopped, overcome by the effort and the witticism. There was a picture of Captain Gunter's one thousand guinea heifer in a book-seller's, and half a hundred goats of many colours formed an army of occupation at the bridge end. One word was enough to set off the loquacious Irishman who led them, and he soon priced us a kid at seven and sixpence, and a nanny, equal to a fabulous number of quarts per day, "Cheap, yer honner, at twenty-five." There was not the wonted waterfall to drown his chaffer, as the Wharfe had collapsed into a bed of shingle, and the whole stream might have gone through an eight-inch pipe. Two men and a woman, the usual company, were singing the song of "The Great Agricultural Show" as we crossed the bridge, and rousing the local spirit by stating that its author is "a young *muck*-chanic in Wetherby." It was really an old halfpenny friend, and not with a new face either, but simply the well-known *blanks*, to be filled up by fact or fancy. Mickelthwaite is the township over the bridge. It has evidently no church, as the overseer's



list of men claiming to vote is hung at an inn door. There are only three claimants, and it is signed, "*W. Burley, Overseer.*" Some one, with a sad lack of reverence, has drawn a fancy portrait of "ye overseer" close by his signature, in a Spanish hat and beard, and put "*W. B.*" beneath it, so that all men may know.

Captain Gunter's farm is on the opposite side of the road to this work of art, and his herdsman, Taylor, looks over the wall with rather a sorrowful face. He remembers the days when he took Mr. Eastwood's white bull, Hero, to the Worcester Royal, and brought home the first prize ribbons. He is pugnacious in the highest sense of the word, but the captain has retired from the show lists. Taylor's regrets are not lessened as the day proceeds. Two of the judges visit his "American heifer," and tell him that the roan heifer calf which has been sold at 100*l.*, to go along with her, would have won to a certainty if she had been entered. The pangs which he suffers in consequence must be untold. Mr. Cochrane's pair have a levee in their barn all day, and devotees go wandering off through the hot haze into the park to gaze on Duchess 86th, 87th, 88th, and 91st, as well as Mild Eyes and her daughter. It was by the merest chance that in 1853 the captain was tempted to bid 300 *gs.*, at the late Lord Ducie's sale, for a three months' heifer calf of this tribe, which is said to have a two hundred years' title in Stanwick Park, and which the late Mr. "Tommy" Bates first brought out at Halton Castle, and then nearly ruined by in-breeding at Kirklevington. The captain has now fourteen females of the tribe, and lets his bulls as fast as he can furnish them at 200 *gs.* a year. Neither he nor any one else ever sold a cow or heifer for 1000 *gs.* until now. He refused a similar offer from Mr. Betts three years since, simply because the cow was to stop in England. Duchess 77th and the twins, 78th and 79th, were his great show cows, but they are eaten or buried, and the Duchess numbers now reach 103 in the Herd Book. For those who are learned in these matters Duchess 96th has especial interest, seeing that she is the only living daughter of 77th, and therefore the only Duchess which lacks the Usurer cross. Numbers 97th, 98th, 99th, and 100th, were inseparable in the home meadow; and of these Mr. Cochrane had his choice, and plucked 97th as "the red, red rose" of the lot. Her dam, Duchess 84th, broke down as a calf during her preparation for the Royal, at Leeds; but although she would never "make up" again for show purposes, she had not become useless for breeding. Judges are too often caught by size and fat, and under the present show system, if calves are not "fed from the post," they have no chance in the ring. "I must burst two or three

a year if I am to make a name, and a good bull calf trade by this showing," said an eminent breeder to us; and he was true to his word. And so it is year after year, heifers (of which if they are very beautiful, we have actually seen enthusiastic breeders speak with tears in their eyes), instead of being kept in a nice healthy state, are converted into mere sperm-oil mills, and the result is that they break down in training, refuse to breed altogether, and end their days in the Extra Class at Smithfield. Hence many breeders refuse to prepare stock for show, after they are two years old, and some dread mischief if they even go on with them after calf estate.

If Captain Gunter wisely declines to take his part as a principal in the lists, he is most decidedly an aider and abettor, as he laid his Wetherby Grange Park entirely at the disposal of the Yorkshire Society. The Grange was once the property of "Kit Wilson, the father of the turf," who owned Comus, the blind chesnut, who did such good to Sledmere in the days of the first Sir Tatton. Hence there is a double significance in the selection of such a spot for a festival of byre and stable cracks. About twenty acres were enclosed round with hoarding, which was sold off by auction after the show; and a considerable portion of it reappeared a fortnight after, in the shape of yearling boxes and auctioneers' sheds on Knavesmire. The rolling stock which is kept from year to year is considerable, and that of the Royal was recently found to weigh 85 tons, when it was put upon the railway and sent from Leicester to Manchester. A great stride has been made in show-yard shedding of late years, and it is to Mr. Parrington, the secretary of the Yorkshire Society, that the improvements, more especially in horse accommodation, are mainly due. Horses no longer stand with merely a canvas covering over their heads, and exposed to

"A' the airts the wind can blow,"

but in comfortable boarded boxes, whose only weak part is the canvas cover, which failed utterly during the one heavy shower at Leicester, and sent one disconsolate reporter creeping under an engine to keep his manuscripts dry. At Wetherby there seemed to be nearly six hundred yards of stalls and boxes, the former in one continuous range, and the latter for stallions and mares with foals. In the same line stood the committee-room, where judges meet to sign awards, and police cases are heard with closed doors; the refreshment room, where representative men in every branch of breeding take long and deep draughts of "the loving cup," and exchange

minds over cold roast beef ; the cloak room, with cloak pegs innumerable ; " the jewel room," where a silversmith sets his wares in array, and fits up winners with cups ; and a room for the reporters, whose labours are varied by the utterances of an eccalobion lecturer in the next compartment, who dwells in his zeal for twopences on a serpent he has hatched by steam. "*Dang it, John, but we must go in and see that,*" says the fair Mary Anne to her sweetheart ; and so the old serpent beguiles us again. The police bivouack, thirty strong, in the same " Wood Street." They have plenty of night work, as the men, more especially the grooms, get very drunk, and make night hideous with their hullabaloo. They cannot sleep for the heat, and therefore they will, to use their own phrase, " still be lapping," which means that they are always at the canteen for soda-water, or something a little stronger. Under its influence they run foot races with nothing on but their shirts ; and it is daylight before those gentlemen in white finish their revels and return to their straw wisps.

One of them had hired a bed in the town for 5*s.*, but finding on inspection, that if its insect inmates were only unanimous in their efforts, they would have him out of it, he made a great favour of letting it to another groom for 6*s.*, and hardly knew his unhappy sub-tenant in the morning. There are some quaint characters among those grooms. One was attacked this year by five men in a garden, at Scarborough. " If it had been nobbut one or two, I could have *warmed* him," was his version of the combat, " but five's owre mony ; so I just put my hand in my pocket, and kep shooting till somebody came. I let 'em just batter away at my head ; I can stan' a deal of rough wark that way, if I nobbut nod to the brass."

But we have to deal with day, and not with night scenes ; and we first make our way, in obedience to old instincts, to the short-horn ring. Three good judges are inside it—Jamie Douglas, who once could beat on " the grand tour " the heifers of the three kingdoms with his Rose of Summer and his Second Queen of Trumps ; Charles Howard, of Oxford Down fame, who won his first royal prize at Leeds with one of twin bulls ; and Stephenson, of Fourstones, a known man on the border. There may well be an excited buzz of conversation, as Booth's roan bull, Commander-in-Chief, has just been led out of the ring with only the second prize ribbons, while Knight of Knowlmere, who was second to him at Leicester, takes the first. The decision falls upon the short-horn men like a rocket upon the Life Guards of King Theodore, and they know not what to make of it. It goes round that Jamie " shot him down " the moment *the roan* entered the ring, and went stoutly for the white.

You hear the decision hotly discussed, not only at the ring side, but by lovers of short-horns, of both sexes, who sit hard by on inverted pails and bundles of hay. After all, parties seem pretty equal, though the roan would have it on a poll. Says an anti-Commander-in-Chief man, "he has a head like an ox—his horns are three inches too long—that tail-head of his, how do you get over that?" Then comes a fierce cross-counter. "Did you ever stand behind such a vulgar bull as The Knight? Look at his hocks." "I don't like him about his shoulders either." "Do you call his a good bull-head?—I don't." And so the combatants go on, and then become conscious that the two-year-old bulls have been judged, and that Lady Pigot has taken a first with her Charles le Beau, a very distinguished performer in her strolling *troupe*, of which John Ward is manager and scene-shifter. Their journeys, at all events, pay the expenses, as they took 70*l.* at Leicester and Wetherby. Mr. Foljambe then takes two firsts with his Knights of the Thistle and the Crescent. Friar Tuck is a beauty in his way, but his hair is too sharp in its texture, and there is no benefit of clergy for that.

If Booth loses with Commander-in-Chief, there is balm in Gilead with Lady Fragrant, a sweet cow with a "picture head," as they phrase it, and his two heifers head the young class. Here the Leicester decisions are "corrected" again—the reserve number is put first, the second holds her own, and the first drops into a third place. As a defeated candidate once said at Greenwich, "I'm not beaten, it's only the poll that's got turned topsy-turvy." And so Lady Anne's friends seem to think, and 200 guineas are asked for her, in the teeth of the "correction." As for the merits of his two roan heifers, Mr. Booth has tried to settle them in vain. He and "Nestor," John Outhwaite, and other "friends in council," have had them out over and over again, before "Nestor's" judgment chair in the orchard at Warlaby, and generally ended by voting two for one and two for the other, and then staking hats on the public issue. In public they beat each other alternately, and the unhappy man who had five hats on Lady Gaiety and Patricia at Leicester and lost them, had none on the heifer of his choice at Wetherby. Neither of the pair had a chance with Lady Fragrant for the Female Winner's Cup, and one walk round the ring decides that Mr. Foljambe's bull calf, Knight of the Crescent, beats Knight of Knowlmore, and all his seniors, when the males are on their trial. The proud little red is hardly in the ring an instant, and *Veni, vidi, vici* is the word to-day. The last decision is in the Extra Stock Classes, where a three-year-old short-horn ox has nothing to meet but Zelika, a little half Brahmin cow. The

first ribbons are handed to the leader of the latter by mistake, but one of the judges dashes forward, with quite a melodramatic start, and rescues them from such profanation.

Then the Job's comforters begin their work. There is the hollow consolation ever ready for the losers, "Everybody says you ought to have won;" "They're all calling out about it;" "I'd sooner have your bull than two like the winner;" and so they go on, ulcerating the minds of losers when they wish to soothe them, until they consider the judges their mortal foes. Irresponsible judgments on men and cattle do a great deal of harm, and the utterers should remember that similar fare awaits them when they accept office. Such a thing as "a good loser" is about as rare as the bustard or the copper fly. Disappointed herdsmen often bang down the ribbons in the ring if they don't get the place they expect. On one occasion a defeated exhibitor collared a young judge because he saw that he had been "standing out against my beast" in favour of a younger one, which, as years went on, won the silver cup, as the best bullock, at Smithfield. Some judges, especially breeders and butchers, take very different estimates of the same beast. When the celebrated Beauty's Butterfly was shown at Rugby, the Christmas after she beat everything at Baker Street and Birmingham, two judges, who did not know her, gave her the prize at once, while the third went stoutly for a bullock which his colleagues thought too rough to require a second glance. Men who judge well in public often "try" their cattle badly at home, and expect to win everything they try for. Friends come to see them, and lunch or stay the night, and make a point of lauding everything to the skies, just to please them. They take it all in and quote it, and never think that their friend has too often his tongue in his cheek and is smiling to himself over their powers of belief or gullibility. If a man speaks his plain mind it is a dire offence, and of course he "doesn't know them when he sees them," and all that sort of thing, *ad infinitum*. Dick Stockdale used to be very funny with the horse judges when they came out of the ring, asking them, in a joking way, what people said of them: "Well, gentlemen," said Dick, "I have heard a man say—and a varra good judge, too—that you ought all to be hung."

Mr. Borton has it all his own way in Leicesters. For more than twenty years he has held his place as the Yorkshire champion, and true to the county nomenclature, Blair Athol is his great ram. Of late years he and Mr. Cresswell have had some tough fights, but Ravenstone was out of luck this year, just when his county required her best men to meet the strangers. Shorthorn improvers are

honoured with tombstones and monuments and painted windows and plate, and yet "the inventor of the New Leicester" has no pilgrims to his resting-place at Dishley. If they went they would only see a deserted church, and if, being spare in habit, they squeezed in through the rustic window-bars, they would only be co-tenants of the building with the bats and the sparrows, and find the very pulpit, and the chancel in which he lies, inches deep in pigeons' litter. Southdowns do not take in Yorkshire, and as there was no entry the Society saved their 557. Lincolns and Cotswolds came, and among the latter "Mr. Tombs's big sheep," but the Ridings have no solid resting-place for the sole of their feet. They have used the former on the Wolds, but they did not thrive, and one Leicester patriarch had a flying sarcasm at their expense, that if three came in a cart, and all stood with their heads on one side, they would infallibly upset it. The sheep rival to the half Brahmin was one from the coasts of Galilee, with a tail of 12 lbs. weight, and described on its card as a combination of fat and marrow. Still the sight of the show was the *cervina senectus* of Mr. Wiley, who is upwards of 91, and is as brisk at a bargain as ever. He dates back to the days of the Brothers Collings, and was one of the few men living who saw the bull Comet sold for a thousand. Pigs, sheep, and shorthorns have all been his care, and he has held his own well at the shows with his bull Carcase, his neat little gimmers, and his small white pigs at 20 to 25 gs. apiece.

Duckering, Sagar, Dyson, Eden, and all the familiar names, are to be found among the pig-winners, but the judges complain of a lack of hair. It is a more popular part of the show than the sheep, but still it is at the horse ring that the most earnest gazers are found. When the ring was smaller in old days we have seen them stand round it for hours, four thick. There are only 68 classes in the catalogue, and of these 30 are for horses, and range from 338 to 666. Go when you like to the side of the judging or the trial ring, and there is the apparition of a little man in a white overcoat, flying round and standing up in his stirrups, as if the eyes of Europe were on him. He much resembles the dark gentleman on the grey cob, who used to square his elbows at Islington, and ride persistently about the side alleys and among the refreshment tables, when he wasn't in the ring. Two sets of judges are at work, but the trio to whom the coach and cart horses are allotted have a much easier task of it than the hunter and roadster men. The latter take the half of the ring next to the stand, and have a goodly gathering of "the upper ten" for their audience. "Burbidge and the grey" (as Leicestershire was wont to speak of him when the old horse was in being) "Jack Skipworth," an equally

famous horseman with the Brocklesby, and Garfit from Cheshire, make up the bench. The blood sires come in first, and for the third year in succession the big-boned Angelus takes the first rosette. It is difficult to pass a horse of such power, but the top of his shoulder is rather heavy, and one cynic remarks that he "will want two men to ride him hunting." He is the property of Sir George Cholmley, the oldest horse breeder in Yorkshire, and from a Nutwith dam of Lord Exeter's, which was purchased as a draught-mare at Doncaster. Cathedral is another of the same size, with a dark, dappled chesnut coat and a hollow back. He once beat the winner in the East Riding, but it must have been "a fluke." Judges, like greyhounds, will "throw out a wild turn" at times. Laughingstock has been sent from Cumberland to have a slap at Angelus. Both have taken royal firsts, but the son of Stockwell's limbs are not quite big enough for his handsome top, and he gets no nearer than fourth. King Brian is second, and the neat, compact Wyndham, from Rawcliffe paddocks, to whom not a few, who remember how he "came to the rescue" in his racing days, hold most tenaciously, gets no mention among the ten. Comparatively few ex-racers of much standing come into the Yorkshire ring. We believe that Lanercost and Melbourne were both beaten in it, but they were never show horses, and that Weatherbit, whose hind-quarters were perfection, was third; but owners did not then care to send valuable sires to run the risk of being beaten, and of the exposure of a show yard, even with the privilege of making a deposit and taking them to stables in the town at night. Canute and Spencer had many a tussle at the Yorkshire. The latter was very deficient in action, while the former had more of a mare's forehand, and lacked spirit so much, that we have seen his owner publicly ginger him just before he went into the ring, and "deliver him" snorting like a hero. Among the coachers we look in vain for the old Cleveland bays, such as Howdenshire loved, and which once drew the heavy family chariots at six miles an hour. They have been gradually crossed up with blood sires, so that if any foal from a Cleveland mare falls smarter than usual, the breeder can cut its tail, and call it a hunter. In fact, a horse which a few years since was almost the champion of the hunting classes all over England, began his show life in a class for young coach horses. The winner on this day looked as if he had an extra cross of blood in him, and won easily enough. Two blacks, sire and son, the latter rejoicing in the name of Sir Edwin Landseer (whose summers are principally spent sketching at Chillingham Castle), headed the roadster class. There was only three years between them, and the sire had lost an eye, but

still the six-year-old was fairly beaten. Trotting sires' conductors are generally "a set of wild Indians," and show their horses' paces with remarkably jealous zest. They trot them with a long rein, and use words in an almost unknown tongue, and they will watch half a market day for a rival, whose owner has been "bouncing" in his advertisement, so as to lay their horse alongside of his pet, when he is giving him a sly trot, and thus make him eat or prove his words. Each medal recording a fresh victory is attached to a conqueror's neck collar, and one horse which came to Wetherby, and "took nothing by his motion," wore a breeching of medals as well, and looked more like a charger of the middle ages than a trotter of the nineteenth century.

The young hunters had not many among them which would "pass the college." One class was so afflicted with curbs and bog spavins, that when at last three were left in, it was proposed to set them aside, and go on with the next class, while Professor Spooner decided which was least unsound. One of the judges said, with quite an injured air, "I like one of the five we've put aside best, but then his bog spavins aren't of a size." Sir George Cholmley and his chesnuts have a rare time of it, and Bob Brignall, the "first cross-country jock" to the stable, shows them in "black waistcoat and pants." Many look at the splendid chesnut three-year old, Don Juan, and talk of cups in store. The riders are a study of themselves. One of them wears a black and yellow jockey cap, and is saluted with, "*Now, Fordham, wake her up!*" as he tears round on his pony. Another in a grey cap looks so stolid over it, and sits so artistically (in his own eyes), that the judges cannot resist sending him a strong gallop three times round, for the pure enjoyment of the thing. He is so dreadfully in earnest during the performance, that he does not see them laughing, and his look of disgust when he is put among the knock-outs at its conclusion, is like the mien of the warrior in the song, at once "stern and high." Bob Mulcaster is as great an *artiste* with the leading rein as Bob Brignall in the saddle, and there is quite a buzz of delight when he leads out old Crafty, from Cumberland, "the heroine of a hundred fights," as the local papers delight to call her, and sends her along with her thin tail extended, like the old beauty that she is. We have seen fat men of eighteen stone strip to their work in obedience to the call all round the ring,—"*Now, Franky, man, it's thy turn. Thoo'se a bit too fat for't job. Now, mettles up!*" And away went Franky, top heavy, and "*bad on thy pins,*" only to receive the consolation "*thoo maks a varra poor tew of it,*" There was a man who had the knee in curb-chain action to



such perfection, that he could teach his master's horses to be steppers. He did it in the ring with a face as calm as if he were carved from stone, while the laughter rung as it did in the Adelphi when Wright's voice was heard at the right or left wing. The boys made quite a Sir Roger de Coverley gallop of it on their ponies, before their ponies were settled; and a grey trotted in such style, that a hunting baronet declared that at last he had found the cover hack he had been seeking all his life.

The hunters, from three year old and upwards are, after all, the cream of the thing. Showing them has become a great business, and those who delight in it, will scour county after county to find a likely young horse. With a prize taker, this line of business pays. Mr. Booth took nearly 200*l.* in money and cups with Brigadier this season. Lady Derwent, the queen of the season, had a long contest with Borderer and another, and once more the white rosette was pinned on to her bridle. She is a beautiful mare with a dished head, which she owes to her sire Codrington, a son of Womersley, whom Sir Tatton Sykes had for a season. He had given her so much quality that scarcely any one suspected that she had only one cross of blood in her. It seems, however, that her dam is only by a coaching sire, and the fact came out in consequence of her breeder writing to claim a medal which she had won at Islington with a wrong pedigree. Her dam, which cost 6*l.* 10*s.* as a foal in Malton market, was worked for years in a carrier's cart, and she herself was sold for 8*l.* as a foal. Some of those round the ring had caught an inkling of the fact, and found it confirmed by the mention of only one cross in the catalogue. Armed with this knowledge, it is remarkable how they say that they "always thought" she lacked quality, and sufficient crosses of blood! Sprig of Shillelah, Iris, Mountain Dew, and Cavendish, two bays, and two dark browns, are in the ring nearly three-quarters of an hour before the judges can make up their minds. We never saw Mountain Dew look better; he held his head up, and good hunter as he is, looked the very nag for a colonel of Life Guards. "Sprig" tried a trot and did not succeed, and at last the battle waxed hot between Mountain Dew and Iris, and the saddles were ordered off. Then they were re-saddled, and the judges mounted them for some scenes in the circus, and Iris, a horse of tremendous power, and the best that the master of the Pytchley possesses, gained the day. Mountain Dew galloped well, but his owner is a rare tutor, and hunting-men call to mind how he has been seen to go in *Leicester Forest*, and how he once led the Hurworth field over

the Wiske. The hunter first prize winners are put together for the cup, and Lady Derwent has no chance with Iris, who seems to gallop everything down, and is ridden specially by the head groom, who "sends him out" to perfection. Mr. Thompson looks on at the side of the rails, and adjourns in due time to the Jewel House, to take his choice of a cup. His horse and the mare had met at Peterborough the week before, and the decisions correspond. If the judges had any doubt, they have none when they mount.

The hound show was held in a quiet spot in the park, just under the chain of woodlands which flank the grange. "The Brambara Moor and two-and twenty couple" is the hunting toast in these parts, and their name is one of the thirteen above the hound cages. Sixteen or seventeen huntsmen and whips from England and Scotland are there in scarlet, awaiting their turn to bring their lots on to the flags. Only one wears a cap, and hats and "pudding basons" are all the go. There was an old Yorkshire huntsman, Will Carter, who never could be persuaded into anything but a felt wide-awake even in the field, and placed a horn under the same ban. "Hard-riding Ben" from Lord Middleton's is there, but we miss old Tom Sebright, who fought many a good round with him at Redcar, Yarm, and Guisborough, in those pleasant summer days when the Cleveland Society held the lead, and gave such an impetus to agricultural meetings. John Walker, Harry Ayris, Charles Payne, Jack Goddard, Jack Morgan, and other celebrities, do not show; but Peter Collisson, a worthy successor to Joe Maiden over Cheshire, looks on from the stand benches. Old Will Danby is the patriarch of the day, and wears his 75 summers as lightly as a flower. It was he who said to a clergyman who rode a horse sadly out of condition, that he must keep him on "chopped sermons." He further expressed an opinion respecting a feeble foxhunter, that it was well he was going to put up for M.P., as "he is good for nowt else," a sentiment which a candidate can always quote in an electioneering speech with the certainty of a roar. Will seems to have come into the world only to send foxes out of it, as he was at it for just fifty seasons, and then, in his expressive words, "he lapped it up." He is great in dates, and if you ask him the cause of his vigorous old age, you hear that he has tasted nothing stronger than raspberry vinegar for seven-and-forty years. He "goes into less room" than he did, and in his neat black coat and waistcoat, white cravat, and drab breeches and gaiters, he looks his profession to the life. "I can sleep like a man, and eat any mortal thing," and "I never wore trousers in my life, and I never will," is his general sketch of himself. In this respect he differs from his

successor in the York and Ainsty, who comes to the *fête* in grey trousers, and gets well joked about them, as he thrice walks up for a prize.

Thirteen kennels contend, but the prizes fall to the lot of four, and every county save Yorkshire and Lincolnshire is out of it. Lord Kesteven may well be in a high flow of spirits, and people may well wonder how he has achieved in six seasons what others cannot in a lifetime. There, too, on the front bench sit a bevy of fox-hunting peers,—Hawke, Macclesfield, Middleton, and Wenlock. Sir Charles Slingsby watches the brilliant fortunes of the Nelson and Comedy litter, and Mr. Thompson of "the Pitchley," as Mr. Bright once called it in the House, to the inextinguishable merriment of the landed interest, vibrates between the front benches and the horse ring. Mr. Hall, of the Holderness, rides up with a geranium in his button-hole, and "looking as hard as nail stubs," on Captain Gunter's grey Crimean Arab, takes his part in the fun. The hunting-field has no gamer or more battered hero, but he jests at his scars; and if his horse does roll over him and squeeze the breath out, his first impulse, when the lungs fill, is to ask to be helped on again. "John o' the Bedale," and nearly every other Yorkshire master, is on the back benches; but we miss the form of Mr. Foljambe, in his green coat, leaning on Mr. Parry, of the Puckeridge; and Captain Percy Williams, the Cresswell of the hound bench, and once a Jem Robinson of gentlemen riders, is not among them to-day. Jack Parker of the Sinnington, the very Zekiel Homespun of huntsmen, is not there to tell of the feats of his trencher-fed dogs; and that Tommiad of fox-hunting centaurs, Tom Smith, Tom Hodgson—with his big white hat and bigger white cravat—and Tom Sebright, are all in their graves. There are twenty-six couple in the entered hound lots, and Lord Kesteven wins them both. The Brocklesby kennel is second to him, and its representatives have not quite the quality that we have seen, and rather short necks. Lord Kesteven's have quality for ever, but they are too full of flesh, a very common fault in kennels. Still, with Foreman and Primate to help in one class, and Artful, Rally, and Stately in the other, they have it *una voce*. Four of Stately's stock come with her, and one of them, Seaman, who won at Thirsk the year before, is among the winning lot. Yarborough Nelson—a useful, bony dog, but rather lacking fashion in his neck and colour, and still holding the line as well as ever in his ninth season—wins the Stallion Hound Prize. Still some inquire, with amazement, why Lord Kesteven's Primate, and Lord Wemyss's *Rummager* do not beat him? However, the judges, and there are four of

them—one of them in the most varmint of hats that ever the heart of hatter conceived—think differently.

The rain, which has prophesied of itself through divers thunder-peals, comes at last, rolling up the valley of the Wharfe before we are half done; and the huntsmen cage themselves up with their hounds till this happy harbinger of cub-hunting and drought-deliverance passes briskly by. There is a tent spread with dinner for the huntsmen when all is over, but nothing can tempt old Will Danby under canvas; either he thinks that he will be required to make an oration or to drink something, so he stoutly refuses to enter, and marches about in front of the cages like a *gendarme*, keeping the hounds in order. They are quiet enough till the Tallyhos begin in the tent after Mr. Fox's speech, and then they send up an answering cheer. Some simple-minded visitors don't understand these sounds. We once met two women running violently to the spot from whence they proceeded—"Dearie me! Mary Ann, let's gan and see. Somebody's murdering somebody. Come along, lass!" Jack Backhouse's speech has accompaniments which may well make the fox cubs tremble in their pads. The toast was, the "Unsuccessful candidates," and Jack announces himself as "Yorkshire Jack." First he tells how, when he and his friend Ben Morgan are "ligging a long way fra yam," they don't "lap it up," but they draw for a second fox. Leaving the past, he dashes boldly into the future; and referring to the contests of the day, he says, "I'll get a prize ye now—I've been what they call 'recommended.'" It was a great speech, and we shall hear a still greater one next year, when the Society meet in his own Holderness. Mr. Hall can hardly believe in such eloquence on the part of Jack, when it reaches his ears later in the day, but he asks a huntsman or two, and they are unanimous in their testimony. The scarlets linger near the hunters for the rest of the afternoon, but by the morrow's morn they are far away. On Friday, the sixpenny crowd are in at one o'clock, and by four, man and beast are on the move homeward. Some lead the foal and dam, or ride the stallions, with the carpet-bag and sheets folded up in front of them. The owner of Lady Derwent is in this mind. The mare is in a white hood and sheet, and wears a collar studded with pieces of round pasteboard on her neck, each containing the printed record of a victory. He rides her through Wetherby in state, and we leave her standing in her groom's hands waiting to be trucked, with a bunch of white ribbons flying from her head, big enough for an army of brides.

"OUT OF HARNESS."

**F**OUR years ago ! It seems but one  
To me, reclining here,  
Since last I wore the spurs I won  
By Evesham's bloody mere !

Since last my sword was girt about  
My waist, now shrunk and thin ;  
And when I rode my horse so stout  
Among the deaf'ning din !

Come hither, Hubert, sad of face ;  
Reach me my arms adown,  
The crimson stains you yet may trace :  
I call to mind the frown,  
That darken'd with the deepest hate,  
On that false traitor's brow,  
When with my axe I clove his pate—  
I see him scowling now !

With yon sharp sword I slash'd amain—  
And so did fifty more !—  
Until the blows fell like the rain  
Descending on the shore.  
With this same battle-axe I smote  
A score of Cromwell's slaves—  
Their bones they rot beneath the moat,  
All in unhallow'd graves !

And here's the pistol, too, that shot  
My cousin, brave Sir Guy,  
Who join'd the Brewer-King, I wot,  
For that base bribe which I  
Hurl'd back, with curses on their gold,  
And bade them Cromwell tell,  
The Wiltons ne'er their good name sold,  
Nor e'er as traitors fell !

I mind the day my brother Ned  
 And I together rode  
 Along the bridle-path, which led  
 On to the London road ;—  
 This glove was his—this blood-smear'd glove,  
 Which I so long have kept,  
 Was erst the *guerdon* of his Love,  
 O'er which I've ofttimes wept !

Aye, I, the soldier stern, have cried  
 Over this bauble gay ;  
 You see I lov'd him, and he died  
 One fatal autumn day !

\* \* \* \* \*

He fell four miles from Evesham town,—  
 I found him, cold and dead ;  
 And Puritans a score shot down  
 T' avenge my noble Ned !

Well, well, my boy, put up the arms,  
 The sword, and axe, and spear ;  
 Until again come War's alarms,  
 We'll take our pleasure here.  
 Tell not a soul the tale you've heard :  
 Though Cromwell's star is high,  
 The luck *must* change. Hist ! not a word !—  
*The King's conceal'd close by !*

EDWARD LEGGE.

## WITH THE SAVANS AT NORWICH.

**I** AM a victim of the classical system. I am one of Mr. Lowe's frightful examples. It was my lot, as it was that of the distinguished nobleman who in culture and accomplishments is the type and model of an English gentleman, to be born in the pre-scientific period. Science to me is as yet little else than a stumbling-block. In my school days the worship of inutility still reigned in all its heathenish glory at Rugby, Eton, Harrow, and Winchester; and the education of a gentleman was thought to be as perfect as it was possible for any man's education to be when, knowing next to nothing of the grammatical construction of his mother tongue, he was turned out into the world more or less profoundly versed in all those branches of learning which Mr. Lowe, and the practical men of Mr. Lowe's school, now laugh to scorn—

“ The languages, especially the dead ;  
The sciences, especially the abstruse ;  
The arts, at least all such as can be said  
To be the most remote from common use.”

Aristotle I know, and Plato I know ; but who are these gentlemen of the British Association ? What is their science ? What is pre-historic archæology ? Who is Dr. Odling, and what is “ reverse chemical action ? ” I know something, I hope, of the habits of salmon and trout ; but what about “ the beautiful and interesting subject of the habits of rivers ? ” I have a vote for my own county, and I try to think that I know how to exercise it ; but at present I am bound to say that I have the very haziest of conceptions about the science of “ political geometry ” which has just been developed in Section A of the British Association.

Yet, after all, I have one consolation in common with the rest of the world. It is never too late to mend. The gates of the British Association are open to all ; and, thank Heaven, they have not yet hit upon that most horrible of all the devices of this scientific age of ours, a competitive examination, to test your right to take your place in their ranks. The British Association, whatever else it may be, *not yet an association of pedants.* It is, as Horne Tooke said of the

law and the London Tavern—open to all who can pay; and, *entre nous*, if you wish to spend ten days of your next vacation in a round of *fêtes* and picnics, with a crowd of agreeable and accomplished people, who know everything that is to be known at present of the heavens above and the earth beneath and the waters under the earth, take my advice, pay your subscription—it is only a trifle—join the British Association, and dabble in science. It is cheaper than shooting; less immoral than gambling; it neither ruffles your temper nor spoils your tone, and it has this recommendation at least, that it keeps you up with the march of intelligence. I have taken in enough science in the past ten days, under the auspices of the British Association, to keep me in countenance even with the *Daily Telegraph* for the whole of the year; and who can ever be at a loss for a topic of conversation—when you have used up the weather, and do not wish to flirt—if you can talk of the mystery of life in the Atlantic plateau, of the mechanism of the phenomena of nature, of the miracles of molecular groupings, of new ventilating fireplaces, of Kent's Cavern, and international coinage?

Goethe, a perfect man of the world, as well as a man of the highest order of genius, laid it down as a rule of life that to preserve tone, and to preserve it at a high level, a man ought not only to dine and ride, but read a fine poem every day, listen to a piece of good music, and talk with a beautiful woman. It was wholesome and pleasant advice. But it has one fault, the fatal fault of most advice—it is in our day impracticable. Perhaps it was practicable in Goethe's own time; for those were the days when Leisure ruled the camp, the grove, the court. But those days are gone. They are with the years beyond the flood. What with railways, telegraphs, and penny postage, these are hard times for all of us. It is an age of hard work and hurry. Look at the life that most of us are leading. Suppose we begin with the Premier? Mr. Disraeli has lifted the curtain that conceals the Prime Minister of Great Britain at his desk in Whitehall. He has shown us the man as well as the minister. "When I know that not a sun rises on a British minister that does not bring him care, and even inexpressible anxiety—an unexpected war, a disturbed and discontented colony, a pestilence, a famine, a mutiny, a declining trade, a decaying revenue, a collapse of credit, perhaps some insane and fantastic conspiracy—I declare I feel very often I wonder where there is the strength of heart to deal with such colossal circumstances;" and that is only a description on a large scale of the labours and anxieties that perplex and distress the professional man—the lawyer and physician, the merchant and broker, the author and the journalist. Look at the life of a barrister in full practice. "He



must be called at four o'clock, and sit reading his papers by candle-light when less prosperous Christians are comfortably asleep. He must be holding consultations at hours when the most humble bank clerk is only just getting his breakfast. He must be in court with half a day's work done for the most part at nine o'clock. Then he has his weary hours of wrangling, reading, verifying authorities, and spinning out hours of talk, less to convince the Court than to satisfy his clients. In the afternoon, when the burden of the day is thrown off by all ordinary labourers, the prosperous barrister is needed at chambers. There are cases to answer and conferences to hold, and the work of to-morrow is just come in, and he must go home and read up as much as he can before bedtime, throw the rest aside, and make haste to take his modicum of sleep—for the inevitable morrow will bring its candles and its brief-bag, and its mass of labour, which cannot wait for the sun." It is just the same with the great merchant in his office. In the pre-telegraph age he rode down to his counting-house at eleven o'clock, opened and answered his letters, looked through his ledgers, and drove home again to an early dinner at four or five o'clock. He heard from his correspondent at New York once a month, from his correspondent at Calcutta only two or three times a year. Accounts were balanced once in two or three years, and the balance quietly settled by a note of hand, or perhaps simply carried on to the next account. There was no flurry and confusion. Every man knew his neighbour and could trust him. Profits perhaps were not very high: but the losses were few and far between. International banks were unknown; speculation, except on the Stock Exchange, an offence against the code of commercial morals, and on the Stock Exchange it was left for the most part to "bulls" and "bears" and gamblers by profession. This was the golden age. City men talk of it now as politicians might talk of the Heptarchy. It is past and gone. A new era has dawned upon us, an era of Atlantic and Red Sea and Mediterranean telegraphs. A paper age has followed the age of gold, a telegraph age the age of stage-coaches. All the commercial capitals of the world have been brought into a circle. They are all within speaking distance. The merchant now walks into his counting-house in the morning to find a handful of telegrams on his desk from every point of the compass. More than half the business of the world is now carried on, not by postal correspondence, but by electric telegraph; and the day is not far distant when the whole of it will be. Even now the price of all the great articles of commerce is regulated by Reuter's telegrams; and the Liverpool cotton-broker, the Manchester cloth-manufacturer, and the London

bill-broker, are all governed in their business transactions by the morning telegrams from Calcutta and New York. A telegram from San Francisco may any morning reduce the price of wheat in Mark Lane two shillings a quarter. A telegram from New York may bring down the value of the Liverpool stocks of cotton by a million sterling. A single line in the *Times* may alter the rates of exchange on all the Bourses of Europe. It is this that makes the life of the merchant, manufacturer and broker of our day so harassing and anxious. A single miscalculation may end in bankruptcy. A single happy hit may lay the foundation of a colossal fortune. Barring the prospect of dying a millionaire, this description of the daily life of our merchants and brokers may stand in all its main features for a class of men personally but little known to the outside world, but whose power and influence are felt in all the intercourse of social and political life—I mean the class of journalists. What lives of worry, and thought, and hard work must these men lead! Originally, of necessity, men of high culture, of brilliant powers and vigorous health, they must enter upon a profession which has none of the splendid prizes of the army or the law, and devote themselves day and night to a species of work in which, under the present system, it is impossible that many of them can distinguish themselves as men of equal powers distinguish themselves in the open and acknowledged professions. The wear and tear of a daily newspaper will break down the hardiest constitution, and exhaust the strongest and most fertile intellect. To all these men leisure and relaxation are a necessity; and yet the more and more they need leisure and relaxation, the more and more difficult does it become to get either. The man fits himself to his work; and his work in time becomes part of his nature—the habit of his daily life. He cannot tear himself from it. The physician may prescribe repose; but repose is not always possible. If these men were to be idle, they will tell you, as Sir Walter Scott told his physician, they would go mad. “As for bidding me not work, Molly might as well put the kettle on the fire and say, ‘Now, don’t boil.’” Men habitually active will not be ordered to rest. Fresh work, a change of occupation, is the only sort of relaxation that they can understand. Change of scene and change of occupation is the only approximation to leisure that they can appreciate. This is a necessity to them; and this it is all but impossible to find. The lawyer may rush off to the Alps; but his books and his briefs follow him. He takes up the “Origin of Species” in despair, tests it by the rules of evidence, and reviews it for one of the magazines.

Sir Henry Holland, I believe, wrote most of his contributions to our critical and philosophical literature in this way. It was the only way that he could discover to kill time; and Sir Henry Holland is only a type of the class of men that I am speaking of. What are they to do? How are they to pass ten days or a fortnight in leisure and relaxation, and yet without *ennui*? That is the question that thousands of men with overwrought brains put to themselves every year.

The British Association has solved the problem; and every year associations modelled upon the principle and plan of the British Association are springing up—provincial associations, national associations, and even now international associations. Perhaps, after all, this is the greatest achievement that the British Association has yet accomplished; and it has apparently been reserved for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in this age of science and art, to develop upon rational principles the philosophy of the autumn holiday.

Sick of politics, out of tone, yet knowing little of art, less of science, and nothing at all about Sir John Lubbock's mystery of mysteries, prehistoric archæology, and, to tell the truth, preferring Patti and Nilsson to either "science, philosophy, ethics, or Greek," I found myself one bright afternoon in the early days of August, swirling through the classic regions of Saxon romance and Danish chivalry in the Great Eastern express, surrounded by a group of agreeable and chatty companions, for the most part distinguished men of science, discussing the mysteries of the Miocene era: and now at the end of a week's round of *fêtes*, concerts, flower shows, lectures, *soirées*, breakfasts, banquets, and an almost endless series of scientific discussions, I sit down, surrounded by a pile of papers, fresh and bright, and in the highest tone, to discuss, in the congenial pages of the *Gentleman*, all the old and perhaps a few of the new theories of science in the light of the latest facts, discoveries, and experiments—to explain if I can, with Miss Becker's captivating voice and eloquent periods ringing in my ears, the difference, if there be any—and I hope there is—between the sexes; to show the ladies the cruelty they are conniving at, and therefore the impropriety of wearing gulls' feathers in their hats, charmingly coquettish as they look; and to explain, if I can, why the great copper-fly has disappeared from the fens, why there are no bustards' wings to wear where gulls' are worn now, the *rationale* of the Norfolk system of farming, the proper way to keep the Admiralty accounts, how pig-iron may be more cheaply turned out, how the streets of London may be kept clean without the aid of a vestry Hercules, and—the prettiest theory yet started in the

name of science, especially for those who wish to talk science at the dinner-table—how the pyramids might have built themselves without troubling the Pharaohs at all.

Perhaps, however, before I take this flight I ought to say a word about Norwich itself. It has, I believe, but one fault—it is out of the world ; it leads nowhere. The capital of a county that has few attractions for the sportsman and none at all for the excursionist, except perhaps those vast and desolate lagoons which Wilkie Collins has sketched with a graphic pen in his story of "Armada," where you may enjoy the blue devils to your heart's content, and Charles Kingsley's "Black Nor' Easter," if that is an attraction to anyone but the brilliant Professor of History, Norwich is now, like most places of its class and rank, a city of the dead. It has very little to boast of but its traditions, silk shawls, and Colman's mustard. Its manufactures are all but gone. The shuttle of the weaver is still ; most of its banks look like museums ; and what was once "a citie of gardens," distinguished "more in bellie chere than in serche of wisdom," is now only noticeable, in the eye of the tourist at least, as a quaint and picturesque collection of ruins, representing nearly every variety of architecture, and all that a candid man of science can think to say of it in the way of compliment is that it is distinguished by its birds of prey. Even Bale, I believe, could not now find it in his heart to point his cruel sarcasms at the expense of Norwich.

Yet, perhaps, in the eyes of an archæologist this city in an orchard, as it once loved to call itself, is one of the most curious and interesting in the country. If I were an archæologist or a millionaire of a speculative turn of mind—and Norwich may thank her stars that I am neither—I should buy up the city just as it stands, and transport it bodily, like the mausoleum of Halicarnassus, to the Crystal Palace or the British Museum, as a curiosity. It is worth any money, as a relic of the thirteenth century ; and ten years hence, when our novelists have exhausted their imagination and have to fall back upon facts, they would pay any fees for the privilege of working up the traditions of Norwich in the form of historical romances, with sketches of the scenes taken on the spot. Every street has its legend and its ruin, and most of them have little else. Seen from the high ground beyond the river, I know few cities more picturesque. The ancient castle keep still takes you back in imagination to the days of Hereward, and beyond the days of Hereward to those of the heroic queen of the Iceni ; there, among trees, still stands the gloomy pile of the cathedral, every arch rich with traditions, and its stately and

beautiful spire ; and the eye can take in at a sweep the towers of six-and-thirty churches. Looked at from this point of view, Norwich bears a striking resemblance to the Holy City of Palestine. You have only, however, to take a short stroll through its streets to dispel all illusions of this sort. There, as you look around, you may puzzle your wits to say *à priori* whether you are in Flanders or England, whether you are in an old Flemish town or in the capital of an English county, whether you are living in the fifteenth, the seventeenth, or the nineteenth century. You require a special education to find your way about. The streets are a violation of every rule of geometrical proportion. They are narrow and irregular, dark and tortuous as the policy of Mr. Disraeli. Every ten steps a court or an alley invites you to take a short cut, and lands you, after a stretch of a few yards, in what Mr. Boucicault's hero would call a hole. These bye-paths lead to "plains," that is, squares, generally with gardens in the centre, and with no outlet. The city thus appears to be built in a series of concentric circles. It is a little puzzling at first ; but if you have either taste or sentiment, and especially if you happen to be of an antiquarian turn of mind, you will hardly have the heart to quarrel with the arrangement, queer and vexatious as it is. In these plains you find clusters of quaint old houses, looking for all the world as if they had been built after the plans of the old Flemish masters. If you have any skill in reading historical hieroglyphics, you may see at a glance in those old gable ends, in those quaint but still stately mansions, green with age, the industrial history of Norwich, and the origin of those great and flourishing branches of manufacture which form the basis of our wealth and commerce. Nor is this all. The priest and the noble have left their marks behind them, side by side with those of the Flemish weavers. Perhaps the noblest of these are St. Andrew's Hall and Erpingham Gate ; the first a splendid relic of a famous house of the Black Friars, the second a rich and costly gate in the Minster yard, built by Sir Thomas Erpingham to atone for his heretical espousal of the doctrines of Wicliffe. These still stand in all their ancient magnificence and beauty. St. Andrew's Hall is now consecrated to music and champagne ; and Norwich handsomely atones for the sacrilege by her musical festivals, the finest of their kind in the provinces. But every street speaks of the past. Here you find, as the screen of squalor, the carved gates that once marked a palace of the Howards. There are the towers of an ancient castle, still pierced with loopholes for arrows, turned into the lodges of a manufactory. In one street you find the groined vaults of an old monastery serving the purpose of wine and beer cellars. In another

you find an ironmonger's shop lighted by oriel windows. Roger Bigod's tower is a debtor's prison ; and Dissenting ministers preach the faith of the Lollards from pulpits standing in the chancels where the Black Friars once intoned mass and read the sentence of excommunication against Sir Thomas Erpingham. Time works marvels ; but perhaps in no English city are the marvels of time so piquantly illustrated as they are in Norwich.

But with all this the people of Norwich have at least kept faith with themselves. They are still as distinguished for the barbarous virtue of hospitality as they were in those old days when, with open arms, they welcomed the troops of Flemish weavers who, in return, taught them the higher arts of industry. Custom, after all, is stronger than castles. It is no light thing for a second-rate city to throw open its doors to such a host as the British Association represents, either in members or camp followers ; but it is only due to the city to say that all that taste and courtesy and generous hearts could do to make the visit of this Association a pleasant one was done. Their hospitality was worthy of their history, and the *fête* at Crown Point, by Mr. and Lady Henrietta Harvey, formed a fitting *finale* to the series of entertainments by which the business part of the week's programme was so agreeably diversified. This was worthy of the city of the Howards ; and to say that is to say all that need be said.

I turn from ruins and *fêtes* to business.

Perhaps to the dabbler in science, to the lounge, no scene is more interesting than that which presents itself in the Reception Room. This is the central point of the Association. All the gossip, all the Platonic flirtations which *savans* permit themselves, if they do permit themselves flirtations at all, take their rise in this room ; and if you wish to study science, or to make thumb-nail sketches of scientific men and scientific women—and you will find them here by the score—this is the place for you. It is to science what the lobby of the House of Commons is to politics, what Tattersall's subscription room is to the turf, what the Stock Exchange is to the City. Here, if you are a tuft-hunter—and most Englishmen are tuft-hunters, more or less, at root—you may rub shoulders with a duke, a bishop, or a millionaire. If you are of a military turn of mind, you may button-hole a major-general or an admiral of the fleet, and discuss the best form of shot to fire at an ironclad when you wish to strike her below the water line. You may chat over the science of language with men who have mastered a score, who can spell out the Vedas, and illustrate an argument by a text from Confucius. You may compare astronomical notes with men who have analysed the sun, and have

perhaps got photographs of him and all his spots in their pockets. You may criticise theories of race with men who have gone to the prairies of North America to study in their own huts and on their own heaths the Cheyennes, the Kiswas, the Comanchees, the Apaches, and the Sioux, who know the Khirgees of Central Asia as well as they know the street Arabs of London or the Norfolk farmers. Authors, artists, journalists, stare you in the face at every turn ; and you need only keep your eyes open to find Liverpool cotton-brokers, Capel Court bulls, Bristol men, and Manchester cotton-spinners. Professors from Oxford, Cambridge, St. Andrew's, and Edinburgh, jostle with Scotch bailies and English aldermen. Here is a man who has scaled the Andes chatting about the glacial epoch with a distinguished member of the Alpine Club who is off next summer with a dog-sledge to explore the interior of Greenland ; and here in the centre of another group is a man who has investigated the botany of the highest peaks of the Himalayas, interchanging compliments with a Hungarian professor who, disguised as a dervish, has travelled all through Bokhara to settle a point in the history of language of no earthly interest to anyone but a handful of ethnologists. Here a Norfolk farmer is telling stories about Turnip Townshend, and in a corner of the room a group of statisticians and squires are talking over the rate of wages and the policy of allowing agricultural labourers "to take in young men and do for them." In the Reception Room of the British Association, and there alone, I believe, is it possible to find groups of men distinguished as most of these men are by rank, wealth, science, travel, letters, and art. Every rank and every profession has its representative—the peerage, the church, the military and naval services, law, literature, science and art, manufactures, trade and commerce. Even the poet laureate of Exeter Hall jostles with the Director of the Observatory at Rome, and a consul from the Argentine Republic may shake hands with one from Trebizond. It is a queer agglomeration, this ; but no loungeur who wishes to know a little of everything, and to be on speaking terms with everybody worth speaking to, ought to miss once now and then spending three or four days with the British Association. If you have an original thought to throw out, a speculation to put to a preliminary test, or a shrewd criticism to offer, and know how to talk, this Reception Room is the place above all others to prove your metal ; and you may then take yourself off to Section A, B, or C, and read your paper, or make a sensation in the discussion. It is the easiest and most effective plan I know of gaining a drawing-room reputation as a *savant*.

*The President's address used to be the greatest attraction at these*

gatherings. But the address is now held by many to be a bit of a bore, and it has been superseded by the agreeable associations of the Reception Room and its lions, the *fêtes, soirées*, experimental lectures, and picnics. Men of science, mathematicians, geologists, and botanists, it has been found out by experience are not orators. They read their addresses; and as three out of four of them are men of thin or weak voices, often short-sighted, and never particularly graceful or expressive readers, people now simply go to hear the address as they go to hear sermons, as a compliment to the president, and afterwards put a newspaper copy of the address in their pockets to con over at their ease on a long winter evening, or to read it by bits and scraps. Dr. Hooker's address was no exception to the rule. It was very long. It was very indistinctly heard. It was too subtle and critical for the ladies, a trifle too heretical for the clergy, and perhaps, if the truth is to be told, too controversial in some parts, and too superficial in others, to please the mass of men of science. Dr. Hooker's strong point is the science of botany. Perhaps his weakest point is his worship of Charles Darwin and his theory. Probably no man living could have discussed all the phenomena of the vegetable kingdom, or traced more philosophically, or in the light of fuller information, the relation of those phenomena to the collateral sciences; and assuredly no man could have better sketched the rise and progress of scientific botany since botany has been a science than the deep and thoughtful Director of Kew Gardens. An address upon either of these topics would have been an invaluable contribution to science. But Dr. Hooker had not time to do justice either to himself or botany, and Science is the loser. Possibly he may yet find time to do her the service that no man living can do half so well.

Perhaps, after what I have said, it may sound presumptuous to offer suggestions to men of science; but if a still small voice might whisper a word in the ear of Professor Stokes, it would be this: that, instead of attempting a scientific *tour de force*, or a semi-popular, semi-philosophical discussion of any of the floating theories of creation—theories which are, and must be for years to come, little more than day-dreams—he should strictly confine himself to his own science, tell us all he can about that science, and, perhaps, illustrate his explanations by an experiment or two. His *forte* is light; and among men of science he stands pre-eminent as the greatest authority on the theory of double refraction. In the present state of science, when men are unfolding the deepest secrets of Nature, there is no more mysterious or beautiful branch of scientific inquiry than that to which Professor Stokes has specially devoted his attention; and if



the observations of the great solar eclipse in India have been as successful as we all hope they have been, they will throw a flood of fresh light on the nature of the sun's rays. The subject is ripe for popular explanation, and no man living can explain it better than the Secretary of the Royal Society.

But this is a digression. I return to the Sections. This is where all the business of the British Association is carried on. Here the papers are all read and the discussions held. All I can say of the papers this year is, that they were of a fair average description. None of them was particularly brilliant; none of them was strikingly original. No fresh discovery in science has been announced; no *savant* has struck out any startling or revolutionary theory to run its nine days' round and then explode, or to set inquirers on a new track after the hidden mysteries of Nature. Perhaps the best of the sectional addresses was Professor Tyndall's. Thoughtful and brilliant, it was distinguished above all the other addresses by its tone, and by what I may call the depth of its perspective. Looked at from a critical point of view, the best of the miscellaneous papers was Mr. Hepworth Dixon's broad and graphic, and yet most suggestive, sketch of the Prairies and the Prairie tribes. In point of practical usefulness, the statistical paper of Professor Leone Levi on International Coinage, that of Mr. Corrance on the position of the Agricultural Labourer, and especially that of Mr. A. Newton, on the Game Laws and the policy of proclaiming a general "close time" for all wild animals alike,—a paper which led to a discussion enlivened by the keen wit and humour of that prince of good fellows and sportsmen, Frank Buckland,—were by far the best of those presented to the Association. Miss Becker's paper "drew" immensely. It was keen and piquant, and charmingly read, and the conversation afterwards was kept up with remarkable vivacity; but I hope it is not ungallant to say of papers and discussions like these, what the French critic said of the Balaclava charge. They are very diverting; but they are not science. Canon Girdlestone's description of the West of England peasantry ought to be placed in the same category. It set all the country gentlemen and economists in the Section by the ears; but that was all. Conversations like these resemble the geographical position of Norwich too much to be encouraged. They lead nowhere; and they end in nothing but a storm of contradictions and an explosion of temper. They will never add a farthing to the rate of the agricultural labourers' wages; and if these questions are to be discussed at all, let them be discussed in the newspapers.

*I had intended to sum up the general result of the work of the*

Sections, and to say a word or two upon Professor Huxley's lecture and Professor Fergusson's most interesting and suggestive sketch of Buddhism. But I have outrun all the space I can ask in the *Gentleman* for my account of a week with the *Savans*; and if I have induced any of my readers to make up their minds to spend a few days next August with the British Association in Devonshire, I have accomplished my purpose. I have only one word to add, and that is a word of advice to the Exonians. Norwich has set you an example how to receive the British Association. You were, in your palmyest days, her greatest rivals in loyalty, in trade and commerce—Show yourselves her peers still in intelligence and hospitality.

P.

## NOT IN SOCIETY.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### DELICATE DIPLOMACY.

**T**HE dinner at Lord Brighton's, to which Smith was invited, was not a political dinner. At least, it was not a purely political dinner. Certainly there would be a vacancy in the representation of the City soon; and two or three of the guests had some influence in that quarter. Lord Gabalva was the only cabinet minister present besides Lord Brighton, and he was not supposed to have very great weight in the ministry; but, then, he was one of the most agreeable men in Europe. And it must be remembered that, even in this practical nineteenth century, men, whose reputation has been achieved at the dinner-table, have attained the highest honours of the state.

There were some members of the Lower House, some in the Government, some not. With regard to these gentlemen, Lord George Atherleigh confided his opinion to Lord Westsea, that they were "a very good lot, and nobody here to put on the drag."

Lord Brighton had invited those two after he had seen Smith, because he remembered they were friends of his.

"What is the latest news from Paris, Gabalva? They have been making great improvements there lately, have they not? Were you much struck by them, Lord Gabalva?"

"I was once, when I fell over a paving-stone."

"They have made some magnificent new streets though, have they not?"

"Beautiful broad streets, and very convenient," replied Lord Gabalva, "for great guns."

"What would be the effect, now," inquired Lord Brighton, "upon the stocks, of a barricade in Cheapside and a park of artillery playing upon it from the front of the Royal Exchange?"

"Reduce the stocks to ribbons," said Smith.

"Tell Lord Gabalva that story about the Civil Service Examinations," said Lord Brighton.

*When the tale was finished Lord Gabalva shook his head. "It is*

all very well for you gentlemen to laugh ; but I find these Examinations a very serious business. I cannot get any young fellows to go up for my department now. When they are plucked, their fathers think it is my fault, and consider it a personal insult. I had a pleasant interview with a Gloucestershire baronet this morning, whose young hopeful entertains original views with regard to geography. I have been expecting a hostile message ever since. Ten years ago I should have had one, too, before this."

"If your lordship would only make me your under-secretary, I'd see all those fellows for you with the greatest pleasure in life," said Fred O'Brien, a young Irish barrister.

"They gave this poor boy an outline map of England to fill up," continued Lord Gabalva : "he inverted the map, and put London in The Wash."

"A great reformer and an extremely intelligent young man," said Lord Brighton. "The very place it ought to go to."

"Effected with a stroke of his pen that which will take the Metropolitan Board of Works a quarter of a century to accomplish," said Mr. Rushworth.

"Do you not nominate three candidates to compete for every vacancy, Lord Gabalva?" inquired Smith.

"Yes ; that is the nuisance of it : two fellows must be plucked."

"Why don't you keep two stock idiots always on hand to send up ; then your own candidate would be sure to come in, while the illusion would be complete?"

"That is not a bad idea at all ; I think I shall try it. Just make a note of it, Southwold," said Lord Gabalva to the under-secretary for his department, who was sitting opposite to him.

"Of course they won't go up for nothing," said Smith ; "but then you might pay them out of 'office contingencies.'"

"Don't you let out the secrets of the prison-house," said Lord Southwold.

"If I were you, Gabalva," said Lord Brighton, "I would not do it in a hole-and-corner way, but appoint them officially to the places, and publish their appointments, too, in the *Civil Service Gazette*, with those of tide-waiters and other functionaries."

"That is all very well," said Lord Gabalva ; "but what am I to call them on the Estimates?"

"Idiots in ordinary," said Smith ; "it has a pleasing official sound."

"You mentioned tide-waiters just now, Lord Brighton. What are tide-waiters?" inquired Lord George.

"They are a kind of dumb-waiter," said Lord Westsea, "whose duty it is to know when to shut their eyes."

"Do not mislead our young friend, Westsea," said Lord Brighton. "Tide-waiters are gentlemen selected for their scientific attainments, whose duty it is to keep Admiral Fitz-Pluvius accurately informed with regard to which way the wind blows."

After dinner, when the party had broken up into convenient groups for conversation, Lord Brighton took an early opportunity of speaking to Mr. Rushworth. After a few observations with regard to the city election, he said,—

"I think you sat next to Smith, did you not?"

Lord Brighton had taken particular care that he should do so; but that he did not think it necessary to mention.

"Yes," replied Mr. Rushworth. "What a nice fellow he is."

"Did you never meet him before?"

"No. Is he the Member for Clodshire?"

"Oh, no. He was a member of the great banking firm that failed the other day, Billing, Smith, and Billing."

"His misfortunes do not appear to have affected his spirits."

"No. He bears up well. By-the-bye, they got through it very well, did they not?"

"Yes," said Mr. Rushworth; "Reisenburg was talking to me about it yesterday. Sir John Billing was nothing very brilliant, and I fancy his son was rather a *mauvais sujet*; but your friend behaved remarkably well. He not only gave up everything without the slightest reservation, but they say, if it had not been for him, the accounts would never have been got into anything like order; and he came to it all fresh, too,—knew nothing of the business until they stopped payment. Reisenburg was one of their largest creditors. He was dissatisfied about things at first; but he said, after he had met Mr. Smith once or twice, that he felt certain everything would be done that could be done. He said he had never met with a man in his life who took up a thing so well without any previous knowledge of it."

"Do you know," said Lord Brighton, "I am quite delighted with what you have told me; for I was just going to ask you if you could help him in any way?"

"Why, I should think your lordship could do as much for him as any man in England."

"Well, between ourselves, I have offered him two or three things; but he does not wish for anything in my way. He wants to go into the City."

"It is not a very cheering prospect, for a man of his age, to take a subordinate position in a City house."

"If he could be started in any way for himself, or as a partner, I would advance a few thousands with pleasure; and I know Westsea would find as many more. The only difficulty would be to get him to take the money."

Mr. Rushworth looked at Lord Brighton with such surprise, that that nobleman felt bound to apologise for his generosity.

"You see he is a very old friend of mine, and a capital fellow, and—I knew his father."

(Lord Brighton had met that old gentleman once at the Lord Mayor's dinner.)

He need not have excused himself, however, for he did not sink the least in Mr. Rushworth's good opinion. That gentleman did not think him at all more likely to be hoodwinked by France, or beguiled by Austria, after their conversation than before it.

"Well, my lord," he replied, "that alters the matter. Perhaps I ought not to make such a suggestion on the spur of the moment; but my nephew, who has been in our house for some years, is anxious to set up for himself. I think it is possible that, on the terms you mentioned, the thing might be arranged to the advantage of both parties."

"There is nothing I should like so much for him as to be connected with any one who has been trained under your eye."

Mr. Rushworth carefully placed his tongue in that cheek which was not turned towards Lord Brighton, and then bowed in acknowledgment of the compliment.

Lord Brighton was not the man to allow the ball to stop when it was beneath his foot. He crossed over to Lord Westsea, and whispered half-a-dozen words to him. That nobleman replied by a nod of his head. Then Lord Brighton joined the group where Smith was sitting. After talking for a minute or two to Lord Gabalva he turned to Smith. Taking out his watch, he said, suddenly,—

"Will you do me a favour, Smith?"

"With pleasure, my lord," replied Smith, jumping up.

"Mind, I shall hold you to your promise."

"I place myself in your lordship's hands."

"That is exactly what I want." And, passing his arm through Smith's, he marched him off into the next room. "You know," he continued, "that this was not to be a party of pleasure only, but that I *hoped* to transact a little business as well, and in your behalf. Now, I *think* I have entered into negotiations which may lead to your being

satisfactorily started in that murky orbit you have selected, the City. The favour I ask is, that you will allow your friends the pleasure of rendering you such assistance as may be necessary to complete the arrangements."

They looked straight into one another's eyes for two seconds, then they shook hands, and the thing was settled.

"Now, come and talk to the principal, or rather, I should say, the principal's uncle."

And, having detailed in a very few words his previous conversation with Mr. Rushworth, Lord Brighton left Smith with that gentleman, and walked off to exercise his fascinations upon another citizen.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### NEW ENGAGEMENTS.

To be the favoured cavalier in attendance upon a celebrated actress, or the honoured instructor of a duke in the mysteries of driving four-in-hand, are positions which may be justly considered as objects of legitimate ambition; but, like many other proud positions (the representation of a metropolitan borough, for example), when attained, they cannot be properly supported without much expenditure of time and money.

When, therefore, they had walked up and down the Burlington Arcade four times, and duly lamented the decay of female beauty since their earlier days, Lord George Atherleigh said to his companion, —

"Bailey, do you want any money?"

That gentleman replied, "I believe you; I just do," with an earnestness of manner that at once placed his sincerity beyond a doubt.

"Then I vote we get some," said Lord George.

Bailey bowed.

"Did it ever strike you, Bailey, how neatly impecuniosity illustrates that beautiful old proverb, 'Two negatives make an affirmative.' For, if one man wants money, he may have a difficulty in getting it; but, when two require it, the thing becomes easy directly. Now, I should never think of asking a man to put his name to a bill for me except on the principle of an equal division of the spoils. The only question for us to consider, then, is, whether I shall draw upon you, or you draw upon me. If you can get the bill done, I should prefer the latter."

*Bailey shook his head.*

"Then I have a very decent fellow who only charges a shilling in the pound per month."

"Sixty per cent.," said Bailey.

"Well, I believe it comes to about that; but the other mode of calculation seems to let you down easy."

"What amount do you propose to make it for?"

"Well, as it is our first, suppose we say a hundred, or a hundred and fifty. Or, no! a hundred and fifty-seven. The odd seven will give it an appearance of business."

"Of course, you will be prepared to meet your share when it comes due?"

"Certainly not. Do not imagine such a thing for a moment. I shall be prepared to renew it; and I may say that, if I was to offer to meet it when it comes to maturity, the gentleman who negotiates for me would receive such a proposition with surprise, if not with disfavour."

After a brief debate, Bailey assented to Lord George's proposition; and in the course of half-an-hour the bill was drawn, accepted, discounted, and Lord George had drawn fifty pounds on account. They then dined at the "Pococurante," and proceeded to Cremorne.

With regard to Bailey's share in this transaction, it must be mentioned that he had been rendered reckless by Clara Merton's departure for Dublin on the previous day. It had taken him quite by surprise. He had been out of town for three or four days to Torquay to bring back his mother, who had been staying there for her health.

The day after his return to town, as he passed the "Duke's," on his way from the bank, he saw posted up on large placards, "Last two nights of Miss Clara Merton's engagement." He jumped into a hansom at once, and drove to her house. The instant he saw her he said, rather abruptly,—

"What is the meaning of this placard I see about?"

"What placard?" said Clara, very innocently.

"About the last two nights of your engagement at the 'Duke's.'"

"Oh! did you not know?" she said. "I start for Dublin on Sunday."

Clara had been looking forward to the present scene for some weeks. She had acted it over in her mind twenty times at least. She had determined to conceal every appearance of emotion. In this she succeeded perfectly. But, great actress as she was, she *could not* perform as well in her own drawing-room as upon the stage. She committed a fault at that moment of which she had



never been accused in her theatrical career. She over-acted her part. She threw more indifference into her manner than she had intended. She had a perfect conception of her part; but she was unable to throw in the lights and shadows with that delicacy of touch for which she was so famed "in another place."

"May I be permitted to ask how long your engagement at Dublin lasts?"

"Two months."

"And, then, I presume, you return to the 'Duke's?'"

"I do not know. I have no engagement. It is possible that I may go to America. I have had an advantageous offer made to me from that quarter."

And now Mr. Bailey took a leaf from Miss Merton's own book. He showed that he had profited by the lessons she had given him so frequently.

"I should think you would succeed in America; if possible, even better than in England."

"Why?"

"They are so fond of cool people in America,—appreciate them so thoroughly."

Coolness was not the prevailing sensation in Miss Clara's cheeks or forehead at that moment. She replied, however, quietly enough,—

"I believe I am generally tolerably self-possessed."

"I never heard a lady hit off her own character so well in a single epithet."

"You must forgive me if I cannot indulge any longer in that fine tonic which your conversation supplies. It is time for me to dress. Good morning."

And, without even shaking hands, she passed through the folding-doors, and was gone.

They neither of them thought, at that moment, it was to be their last parting before the journey to Ireland; but so it proved. Bailey called the next day (Saturday) at five o'clock; but the servant said, "Not at home."

It was so unusual a thing for Clara to be out at that hour, that he immediately made up his mind that she had given orders she should be denied to him. He erred in his judgment, as young men will, especially when their feelings are much excited. Clara was detained by important business which she was obliged to transact before she went to Ireland. She did not return home that afternoon at all, but went straight from her lawyer's to the theatre. Moreover, she had given a message to the servant to the effect that if Mr. Bailey called, he was

to be told that she did not start until one o'clock to-morrow afternoon, and she should be happy to see him at any time before that hour. The maid forgot to deliver this message, although she assured Clara on her return, with an unblushing countenance, that she had given it faithfully.

Clara's packing on this Sunday morning did not progress very satisfactorily. It generally happens that there is a good deal of packing to be done at the last moment; but then there was more excuse for Clara than for the majority of her sex. She had had very little time to do it before.

The reason why the packing did not go on well was because Clara was always stopping in the middle of what she was about, to go and look out of the window. Mind, she constantly said to herself, "I do hope he won't come. It will be so much better if he does not." But at the same time she appeared unable to remove her eyes from the corner of the pavement on the opposite side of the way, where the street in which she lived joined the Knightsbridge Road,—that being the exact spot where any one coming from the east would first be visible.

At a quarter-past twelve her maid was obliged to remind her that half the things were not put in, and that she had not had her lunch. But one o'clock came at last, and the carriage with it, but no Mr. Richard Bailey.

As soon as she had started, she said, "There is a weight off my heart. How glad I am it is all over."

Accordingly she pulled down the blinds, put her feet upon the opposite seat, and buried her face in her hands,—that being, as our readers are doubtless aware, the usual method in which ladies manifest their delight when not in the presence of witnesses.

And where is the object of the lady's thoughts? He is trying his best to forget her—at any rate, for the moment. He is playing the piano at Lord George's rooms in Bury Street. He has a very short pipe in his mouth, from which are rising the fumes of Latakia. A Moselle cup is conveniently placed on the piano, and turning half round upon the music stool, without removing his fingers from the notes, he requests his host to put some more ice in it.

He has just been playing something from the last opera. For a moment his fingers wander listlessly over the keys, and then he begins one of Mendelssohn's Songs without Words. He plays it well, wonderfully well, considering that his thoughts are far away. In spite of every effort to restrain them, those thoughts are dwelling on the railway train which bears away his first and only love.

## CHAPTER XX.

## MR. BAILEY LOSES HIS SITUATION.

WHEN his chief at the India Office suggested to Charles Lamb that he came very late in the mornings, he immediately replied, "Yes, sir; but then I go away very early in the afternoons."

Whether or not this was accepted as a valid excuse, I cannot say; but it is certain that a similar course of proceeding on the part of Mr. Bailey at Robinson's Bank was not appreciated by the authorities of that institution.

Late hours, supper parties, constant engagements, even the visits of casual acquaintances during business hours, had all tended to make Mr. Bailey a much less efficient clerk than he was three months before. Lord George knew his way quite well to Bailey's seat at Robinson's, through the labyrinth of high-standing desks. Arrived there, he would vault on to Bailey's own desk, and sit chattering for half an hour, relating anecdotes of a doubtful tendency, and otherwise scandalising Richard's respectable neighbours.

Bailey had had a hint given him at last that it would be better if his friend would limit the number and length of his visits.

Bailey had three years' good character to fall back upon, and as he was clever and could get through an immense amount of work when he liked, his shortcomings had not as yet been visited with any very serious reproof. But it was fated that an accident should bring his career at Robinson's to an untimely close.

Three or four days after his promenade with Lord George in the Burlington Arcade, as he was sitting at his desk and working rather harder than usual, the messenger came to him and told him that Mr. Robinson wished to see him in the bank parlour. He went prepared for "a skinning" with reference to his general attendance, &c., for he had been late that morning; but as soon as he entered the room he saw by the expression on Mr. Robinson's countenance that there was something serious the matter. Mr. Robinson held in his hand a slip of paper, which Bailey did not at first recognise. It was only when that gentleman held it close to him, and pointing his finger to a name, said, "Is that your signature?" that he recognised Lord George's bill.

"Yes," he replied, in a firm tone.

"Then you must permit me to inquire under what circumstances you became indebted to Lord George Atherleigh in the sum of a hundred and fifty-seven pounds?"

"I did not owe him anything when the bill was drawn."

"Am I to understand, then, that it is an accommodation bill?"

"Purely."

Bailey had answered his questions in so straightforward a manner, that Mr. Robinson felt some compunction in doing what he knew to be his duty. He hesitated for a few seconds before he spoke. Then he said,—

"Your conduct, Mr. Bailey, has not been exactly what I could have desired for some time past. I do not know that there has been anything in it which might not have been passed over until this present transaction. But after my knowledge of this, I should not be doing my duty either to you or to the house if I allowed you to remain in a position which necessarily exposes you to constant temptation. Mr. Selwyn will pay you your salary up to the end of next quarter, but, if you please, we will dispense with your attendance at the bank after to-day."

Bailey bowed, and departed.

"You are looking seedy, old boy," said Lord George when, on entering his rooms, he found Bailey stretched at full length on the sofa, with a volume of a new novel in his hand.

"I have just got the sack."

"What d'ye mean?"

"From Robinson's."

"That's jolly. Now you can come to the Leger with me to-morrow."

"You take it coolly; but it was all through that infernal bill that it occurred."

"My dear fellow, you don't say so. If you care about it, I would not have had it happen for the world. Is there anything I can do? I'll go down and see the old boy in a minute, if you like, and tell him it was all my fault. Let us see. Robinson is the old party with the bald head and spectacles, who sits in the little pigeon coop all by himself on the right hand as you go in?"

"No, that is the porter," said Bailey, laughing at Lord George's error.

"Well, never mind, I'll engage to run him to earth—or stay, I know what will be better still, I'll get the maternity to go down and see him; she'll explain the thing, and put it all straight. I'll make her promise to move her account from Buffer and Bloke's to his shop, if that's all. They are no good—Buffer and Bloke are not. The last time I went down there about some business of hers, I asked *t'iem* to do a little bit of stiff for me, and they would not."

"Thank you all the same," replied Bailey; "but don't trouble yourself about it. I do not want to go back again."

"Well, I think you are quite right; it always seemed to me a very slow place; and they won't let you smoke. But how did they find out about the bill?"

"A man named Zelger paid it in to his account."

"Zelger! By Jove! that is the man Moss is always bothering me about. He told me once the scoundrel had offered him half-a-crown a pound for all my acceptances, taking them by weight. I always thought he was an imaginary swell until this moment."

"I see how it is," said Bailey; "Moss charges you sixty per cent., Zelger charges him fifteen, and the bank charges Zelger five—not an equal division of the spoils."

"Do banks only charge five? I never knew how badly Buffer and Bloke had behaved, until now. But really, though, you can't do better than come with me to the Leger; you remember what I told you about Rokessa the other day. If we see her come well to the post, and put it on pretty stiff, we shall land a great stake. You can win more money than you would have got out of Robinson's for the next ten years to come."

"I don't see why she should beat the favourite."

"Well, you come to Doncaster and look at her, and hear what my uncle says. You know he'll run to win if he can; and I think this will prove to be about her journey."

After a little more persuasion on Lord George's part, Bailey consented to accompany him.

They had a very pleasant journey to Doncaster. Lord George met two men he knew upon the platform, and made up a rubber immediately. A railway-rug served them for a card-table, and both our young friends found themselves a few pounds richer when they arrived at their destination.

"Good beginning," said Lord George, as, striking his waistcoat pocket, he caused the sovereigns lately placed therein to jingle. "I always like to win my money on the first event."

Bailey was a good judge of horse-flesh. Very few men of his age, Londoners especially, could have competed with him on this point. He had a natural talent for it, which had been developed by some valuable lessons from his uncle the coach proprietor. When, therefore, he was admitted to the privilege of seeing Rokessa the evening before the race, by Sir Arthur Furzley himself, while Lord George was voluble in her praise, he looked at the mare carefully for about *three minutes without saying a word.*

"And what do you think of her, Mr. Bailey?" inquired Sir Arthur.

"I think she is the very picture of her dam. I saw her win the Leger in 185—."

"So she is, so she is," said Sir Arthur.

"And I think she will win to-morrow, if she is not made too much use of in the early part of the race."

"The very words I said to Cutts this morning," observed Sir Arthur.

"She will see a shorter price than twenty to one after her first canter to-morrow," continued Bailey.

"You can get that about her now."

"Your friend is not a bad judge of a horse," said Sir Arthur to his nephew, as they were leaving, and Bailey had walked on in front.

"I should say not," replied Lord George. "And you should see him drive."

In the course of the evening Lord George and Bailey backed Rokessa to win them three thousand each.

The following morning the betting justified Richard's opinion. After her preliminary canter, ten to one was taken about Rokessa freely, and to a considerable amount. There was a tendency also to lay against Clapham, the favourite.

Half an hour later. The race is drawing to a close. The favourite is beaten. Sir Arthur's well-known brown and pink are showing in the van. The Yorkshiremen are shouting "Rokessa wins!" when next to the rails comes out from the ruck an outsider, a horse against which you might have got a hundred to one at any time, against which a thousand to five had been laid, and a magnificent race ends by Chickweed beating Rokessa on the post by half a head. The favourite third, and Punch-his-Head fourth.

Bailey was equally unfortunate in his speculations on the smaller races the next day. He looked at the horses, was guided by his own judgment, and generally managed to select one which ran second or third. Not once did he "spot" a winner.

When the meeting was over, Lord George and Bailey parted. Lord George was going to Scotland; Bailey returned to town. He had managed to lose all that remained of the proceeds of the bill, and all the salary he had just received. When he returned to Barnard's Inn he found that his whole worldly wealth amounted to half a sovereign and some silver.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## FROM BAD TO WORSE.

THE morning after his return from Doncaster, when he had completed a rather unsatisfactory breakfast, it occurred to Mr. Bailey that it would be useful to make up his mind what he intended to do. He had contrived to stave off reflection upon the subject until all his money was gone; but this crisis having arrived, it became an absolute necessity. He soon determined that the first thing he ought to do was to see his father, and inform him of his dismissal from the bank. But when he arrived at Uttoxeter Square he found that Mr. Robinson had already written upon the subject. That gentleman had been in the habit of meeting Mr. Bailey, senior, frequently, in the way of business, some years before, and entertained a great respect for him. Accordingly, when he dismissed the son he wrote a long letter to the father, explaining all the circumstances of the case, and wound up by saying he was afraid Richard had entered into the society of companions who led him into expenses much beyond his means, and who might ultimately prove his ruin.

If Richard had gone to his father immediately on his dismissal from the bank, he would have been received with kindness, though necessarily with sorrow. But during the three days he had been absent at Doncaster, both his parents had been very anxious about him. They had inquired constantly at his chambers, but could ascertain nothing of his whereabouts. When, therefore, on the afternoon of the fourth day, he walked in, dressed up to the height of the prevailing fashion, and looking as if nothing particular had happened, his father was very angry, and began at once,—

“Mr. Robinson has written to me about your dismissal, and the disgraceful conduct which caused it. Where have you been ever since?”

“At Doncaster.”

“At the St. Leger, I suppose?”

“Yes.”

“Betting and gambling, and drawing more bills to meet your *debts of honour*, I suppose?”

“I have neither drawn nor accepted any more bills.”

“Have you been losing any more money?”

“Yes; I lost nearly a hundred pounds.”

“And now, I suppose, you have come to me to pay it for you?”

“No, I have not.”

"Well, if you have, you have come to the wrong place, that is all; and what is more, I am not going to keep you here to eat the bread of idleness. I don't want a son who has disgraced his father, as you have done, ever to darken my doors again."

Richard bowed, took up his hat and extremely thin umbrella from the table, bowed again, and walked out.

In his inmost heart he knew very well that his father did not mean what he said, or, at any rate, all of what he said; and a few months before he would have met such a speech with promises of amendment; but he was soured by his misfortunes, his dismissal, and his losses, although he knew that he alone was to blame for them. More than all, the circumstances under which he had parted with Clara had given a recklessness to his character which had never belonged to it before. He was in that frame of mind when a man feels it a satisfaction to be able to say to himself that all the world is against him; so he quietly accepted the expatriation from Uttoxeter Square as an addition to his other miseries.

As he entered his chambers at Barnard's Inn, the idea occurred to him that quarter-day was very near at hand, and he had no money to pay the rent. So he went immediately to a broker's in the neighbourhood, brought him into his rooms, and sold him all his furniture for about a fourth of its value. This enabled him to pay the rent, but having done that, his stock of money was not much increased by the transaction.

Then he went out to look for lodgings, and found a small room in Soho, which he engaged for six shillings a week, returned, packed up his things, and at ten o'clock that night he left Barnard's Inn for ever.

The next day, when his mother came to see him and to arrange the terms of a reconciliation, the porter informed her that "Mr. Bailey had left the Inn for good, and had not left no address."

Settled in his new lodgings, Richard betook himself to the most heartrending of all occupations—that of answering "wanted" advertisements.

Richard soon found that the circumstances under which he had left Robinson's, and which he made no attempt to conceal, effectually prevented him from obtaining any respectable situation in the City. After undergoing repeated disappointments, and selling all his personal effects to pay for his food and lodging, he had almost made up his mind to enlist in a regiment of dragoons, when one evening, as he was returning to his lodgings, he met a young man, named \_\_\_\_\_ who was employed in copying parts for the actors and



actresses at the "Duke's." He had seen him once or twice on business for Clara Merton, at the time of the production of "Wives as they Were." Bailey had a free, kindly manner, and when he was regarded at the "Duke's" as a man of fashion, had treated this young man with more politeness than he was accustomed to experience. Their roads that evening proved to be the same, and as they walked on together the idea occurred to Bailey that possibly this young man might be able to help him in getting something to do.

"Are you very busy now?" he said.

"Yes; we are going to bring out a new play of Mr. Allersley's very soon."

"I quite envy you," said Bailey. "I have been out of a situation for the last two months, and I cannot get anything to do anywhere. I suppose you don't know of anything in your way?"

"The pay is so small, it could never be worth your taking," said Russell; then, noticing a considerable alteration in Bailey's general appearance since he had seen him last, he modified his statement,—  
"unless it was for a short time, until you could get something better."

"I should be very glad to get anything to do, I can assure you," replied Bailey.

"I heard, a few days ago, that they did want some one at the 'Parthenon.' If you like I will go down to-morrow morning and inquire about it for you."

"I shall be very much obliged to you if you will."

"This is my street," said Russell, pointing to a turn upon the left.  
"Perhaps you will come in and take a cup of tea?"

"Thank you, I shall be very glad."

Russell made a humble feast in honour of his guest, who made a better meal than he had done during the preceding week. In the course of the evening the two young men became very good friends. Of course they had an animated debate upon the drama, and disputed the merits of old and new comedies, Bailey quoting Wycherly and Congreve, Russell, Tom Taylor and Watts Phillips. They both felt the delight of companionship, which neither had enjoyed for some time.

Russell was proud and solitary in his habits, and had no acquaintance with whom he cared to associate intimately. Bailey had had literally no one to speak to, since he left the bank. His grand friends were all out of town, others of older standing he felt he had neglected during the sunshine of his magnificence, and was, therefore, too proud to claim now that his prospects were clouded.

According to his promise, Russell went the next day to the "Parthenon," at which theatre he had been the copyist before he was engaged at the "Duke's." After some difficulty he succeeded in obtaining the work for Bailey, on the understanding that he would engage to exercise some supervision over its performance himself.

At last, then, Richard Bailey has an opportunity of earning his bread once more ; but to do so he must write twelve hours a day in order to obtain a pound a week. And he sets to work gallantly, for he is a young Englishman, and has good courage to do the duty which is set before him. He comes of a race who have never been afraid of work, although he has been led away by bright eyes and a soft voice, and pomps and vanities. He is a man of business once more, although it might seem that he had resigned all claim to that title. He calculates his expenses, and plans how they may be brought below the funds he has to meet them, and something saved to meet the bill. And not only does he lay down a plan, but he adheres to it. He leaves his lodging in Soho, and takes a room in Newton Street, Drury Lane, for which he pays three-and-sixpence a week.

For two months he worked hard at his new calling, and out of his small salary he managed to save five shillings a week. Not much towards a debt of more than seventy pounds, but still it was a beginning.

Poverty and solitude are stern teachers, but there are some characters for which they are the best instructors, and Bailey's was one of them. That pale, thin, careworn young man, whose pen traverses the paper so rapidly, is a very different looking person from the crack bat, the skilful boxer, the wonderful whip of last summer. But the outer man is less changed than the inner. The strong will which forces that cramped hand and those wearied eyes to do a law-stationer's work after the copying for the theatre is finished, belongs to a very different man from him who put his name so easily to Lord George's bill.

About the bill itself he has been relieved from all immediate anxiety. A little before the expiration of the three months it had to run, he had written to Lord George enclosing him a new bill ; but, to his great surprise, that young nobleman had returned it to him, with the information that the maternity having come down handsome, he had thought it better to take it up, and that Bailey could pay him his share when it was convenient.

*There was another lesson which Richard Bailey had yet to learn—that it is quite possible, though not so easy, to do too much, as too*

little ; and that extravagance in either respect is likely to be attended with inconvenience.

One morning, when he got up, he immediately proceeded to fall down again. This process he repeated three times, to the serious detriment on the last occasion of the back of his head. After this he remained calm ; that is to say, as calm as the sensation of several humming-tops spinning in his head at once permitted.

He was expected at the theatre that day ; and, as they did not know his address there, they sent down to Russell to inquire about him. Accordingly, in the afternoon, Russell came round to Newton Street to see what was the matter. As soon as he entered the room, Bailey said to him,—

“ You need not have said, ‘ Not at home,’ that day, because you must have known that I should like to see Rokessa win ; and she would have won, too, if they had not given her half-a-crown a pound for all her acceptances. They made too much use of her in the first act of ‘ Wives as they Were.’ Are you married ? ”

At which point of the conversation it occurred to Mr. Russell that his friend was delirious. Therefore, he asked Richard’s next door neighbour—a lady engaged in the fruit trade—to watch him while he went for a doctor. And the lady did watch him carefully ; for, as soon as she had ascertained to her own satisfaction that he was incapable of noticing what she did, she removed two pounds and seventeen shillings from his writing-desk, comforting her conscience with the reflection, “ Poor fellow ! I dare say he will never want it.”

When the doctor came, after he had examined his patient, he asked Russell a few questions about his friend, the nature of his employment, &c. When he had listened to the replies, he shook his head, and said,—

“ I thought so. Overwork. Bad case of brain fever.”

## CHAPTER XXII.

### ST. PATRICK SMITH IN THE CITY.

THE suggestion which Mr. Rushworth offered to Lord Brighton about a partnership between Smith and his nephew, Henry Rushworth, was carried out ; and the brilliant St. Patrick has settled down into a City man. The business of the new firm is going on very well, increasing every day ; but Smith still remains in his old lodgings at Dalston, and confines his personal expenditure within the smallest possible compass. To do this was no hardship to him. In other

days he had loved to surround himself with everything that was beautiful in art: his cuisine was perfect, his taste in wines inimitable. Now, he dined at an eating-house, in the middle of the day, on a rump-steak and a pint of old ale, and made a better dinner. He was one of those men upon whom luxury has no enervating effect. He had accepted it when it seemed to belong to his position; but when it passed away, its absence caused him no regret. He could enjoy the present, but he did not sorrow for the past; or, perhaps, one great sorrow, which underlies the even current of his life, leaves no room for minor vexations.

He feels that, a few months ago, one whispered word would have made Ada Stanley his for ever. His; in spite of bankruptcy, ruin, ay, even of disgrace; and, idiot that he was, that word had never been spoken. Of course, he was too proud to speak it now. Ada might think that he did not mind asking her to share his poverty, although he had shrunk from offering her his wealth. It never occurred to him that, in making this supposition, he had passed from the comparative degree of idiocy to the superlative. As if a woman ever attributed any other than the best motives to the man she loved. For ladies can love even in the eighteen hundred and sixties. I wish to write guardedly; I will not pretend that they do very often, but occasionally, even in the best-regulated families, they break out in a manner which defies all calculation.

Quiet young ladies who play mildly on the piano, and sing the songs you see advertised in the *Times*, copy Jullien's heads in crayons, work for fancy fairs, and teach their younger sisters, will suddenly defy all parental authority, and insist upon accompanying the object of their choice to New Zealand, or some other equally tempting locality. And, to carry out the system of bravado, they will even write letters from that colony, pretending that they are happy out there, and, like the fox in the fable, endeavour to induce unsuspecting friends to follow their mad example. As if there could be any happiness without a season in London, the opera, Exeter Hall, Rotten Row, and the other amusements.

St. Patrick Smith does credit to the prognostications of his friends. He is rapidly being transformed into a very good man of business. Henry Rushworth and he have become very good friends; for whenever his partner is anxious to take a little relaxation, Smith is always ready to take his share of the work in addition to his own. Smith's prepossessing manners do good service to the new firm; for most people like to do business with agreeable people—when they don't swindle them. Some persons were inclined to imagine, from the

softness of his exterior, that the internal texture would be found to correspond ; in fact, that he might be done, and they tried it on accordingly ; but they discovered, to their cost, that muscles of steel may be hidden beneath the velvet glove.

Smith had two reasons for the strict economy which he practised : one was his anxiety to repay the capital advanced by Lord Brighton and Lord Westsea as soon as possible ; the other, a wish to pay in full the creditors of Billing, Smith, and Billing. From both these burdens, however, he was fated to be suddenly relieved.

When the affairs of his firm had been wound up, the iron trade was at its lowest ebb, and it had been found quite impossible to find purchasers at any price for the immense iron works which they had been compelled to take in lieu of the money they had advanced to the former owners. But for the last three months the trade had been improving ; and now, a sudden impetus was given to it by the statement that the Government was about to build a large iron-cased fleet.

One morning Smith received an offer for part of the property from a person who had been making inquiries about it for some time past. It was not a very liberal offer, but Smith went at once to communicate it to Mr. Henderson, the assignee for the creditors.

"Ashford?" said that gentleman. "Ah! that's the man who has been nibbling for some time past. Hooked at last, is he? He is not worth landing, though. The tide is turned at last, and you will have half-a-dozen offers in the course of the next month, and of more than double the amount this man names. I congratulate you on the prospect, Mr. Smith ; for I know how anxious you are on the subject, and how hard you have worked, too. Yes," he continued, "I think I see our way now to the twenty shillings in the pound and, I hope, a handsome surplus. And when the money is paid, the creditors ought to give you the handsomest piece of plate that was ever subscribed for in the City of London ; and I shall be happy to head the list."

Mr. Henderson was a man of a sanguine temperament and a demonstrative disposition. But for once he was right in his prophecy, and he did not forget his proposed subscription.

When Smith returned to his office he found two gentlemen waiting to see him, and eyeing one another with a friendliness similar to that which exists between a well-matched cat and dog. Directly they met, they had both guessed that they were come upon the same errand. They were acquainted, and at first they only discussed the ordinary topics of the day, carefully avoiding the subject which was uppermost in their thoughts. Then, getting tired by the delay, one of them began to depreciate the property he had come to buy. The

second, whose genius was of a higher order, reflecting that whatever he said would assuredly be disbelieved, proceeded to praise it in strong terms.

This step nonplussed his opponent, who spent the next two minutes in endeavouring to guess how much his adversary would be likely to offer. Then he said, "It is not the kind of property I should care to purchase myself, but a friend of mine asked me to make a few inquiries," &c., &c.

Now number two could stand a great deal, but for any one to suppose for a moment that he could be deluded by a device so transparent and obsolete as this, was an insult which he could not endure calmly, so he replied, with an indignant sarcasm,—

"Nobody ever does want anything for himself now-a-days. Everybody knows that there is nothing to be found but universal philanthropy and total self-abnegation."

At this juncture, very fortunately, Smith came in. Neither of these gentlemen, however, ultimately became purchasers. The whole of the property was sold very shortly afterwards, and for a very good price. All the debts of the old firm were paid in full, and such a sum remained to be divided between the partners, that Smith was enabled to repay Lord Brighton and Lord Westsea, and have a few thousands remaining besides. Lord Brighton was very loth to take back the money.

"My dear fellow," he said, "I am sure it would help you in the business. I know money is always useful, although I have never been Chancellor of the Exchequer. Well, then, if I must, I must. But I have one satisfaction: you can't stop me from leaving it you in my will."

The subscription which Mr. Henderson started would soon have reached a large amount, but Smith very properly put a stop to it, suggesting that if he received a testimonial for paying his debts, it would imply that it was something unusual for a London banker to do—if he could avoid it.

But Smith was rewarded in another way. The customers of the old firm threw business in the way of the new house. Honesty is not without its value in the present day, and in the City of London. Rushworth and Smith are doing very well. It is unmistakeably a rising house.

But Smith spends as little money as possible, and still retains his lodgings in Dalston. He resists all the persuasions of his old friends, who are anxious to induce him to return to what Lord George calls "a Christian neighbourhood."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

“WHEN PAIN AND ANGUISH WRING THE BROW.”

AFTER a lengthened tour in the provinces, Clara Merton has returned to town once more. Again she treads the boards of the “Duke’s,” and is welcomed with increased applause.

She has been in town three days, and has heard nothing of Richard Bailey. She says to herself, “He has forgotten me long before this. A boyish fancy, nothing more. It is best so—much best. I am glad of it.”

On the fourth morning after her return, as she was leaving rehearsal, Russell, the copyist, stopped her.

“I beg your pardon, Miss Merton,” he said; “but might I speak to you for a moment?”

“Certainly,” she said; for she was kindness itself to all the subordinates of the theatre, and led the way back to the green room, which was empty.

“I hope you will excuse me,” he began; “but I wished to speak to you about a young gentleman you used to know—Mr. Bailey.”

Clara blushed, as if she had never acted in her life.

“What of him?” she said shortly, for she could feel the blush, and was not very well pleased with herself or the cause of it.

“He is very ill.”

Clara turned as pale as she had previously been red, but she answered, quietly,—

“I am very sorry to hear it, and I am much obliged to you for telling me. I shall send down to inquire for him.”

“Forgive me,” continued Russell; “but Miss Merton’s kindness is so well known, that I venture to speak. He is in very bad circumstances. I have done what little I could, but I have an aged mother to support. I have paid his rent to prevent his being turned into the street, but I could not buy him the nourishing food he now requires.”

During this speech Clara had supported herself by the table; but, a true woman, she was not going to faint away when there was a good work to be done, although she might have preferred doing so for her own edification.

She said, “I will go to him at once. Will you come with me?”

“Yes, miss; but it is scarcely a fit place for a lady to go to.”

“I am not afraid,” said Clara; “and you will take care of me. *Let us lose no time.*”

Clara purchased some port wine and jelly on their road, and in a few minutes they entered Drury Lane.

At the farther end of Newton Street they enter in at an open door, and up two pair of stairs; then they stop on the narrow landing-place, and Clara whispers to Russell,—

“Go in and see how he is, and tell him I am here.”

Russell did not keep her waiting long. He only told Bailey that a lady had come to see him. Richard fancied that it was a district visitor. Clara entered very softly, and he had not yet turned his eyes towards the door. As she gazed on him she thought he was dying; but when their eyes met, what a smile it was that lit his face! In that smile she seemed to read a thousand things—love, joy, hope, happiness, even new life itself, seemed crowded into it. Then, if never before, she felt how much he loved her. She tried to speak to him, but a strange rising in her throat prevented it. She took his hand, and he seemed quite content. A moment she held it clasped in hers, and then, woman like, she bethought her of the contents of her basket. She decided that Richard was evidently too weak to feed himself. He smiled, but did not object to being assisted by the lady.

Clara had written a hurried note to her own doctor, from the shop where she bought the jelly, and had despatched it by the first Commissionaire she met. She strictly enjoined her messenger to take a hansom, and promised him a sovereign if he brought the doctor back with him within an hour.

“DEAR DOCTOR,—Please come at once to see an old friend of mine at Number 3, Newton Street, Drury Lane. It is a case of life and death.

“CLARA MERTON.”

“Newton Street, Drury Lane,” said the doctor to himself, when he had given the address to his coachman; “a very cheerful neighbourhood! I remember attending a confinement there, when I was at King’s College. Irish colony, if I remember right.”

Clara was still administering jelly and port wine in alternate spoonfuls, when the doctor entered.

“Finding time to play the good Samaritan, in addition to the other parts in which you delight us all so much,” said the doctor, gallantly.

“Oh, doctor, how kind of you to come so soon!”

“Well, now I am here, I do not know that I can prescribe better than you have done.”



Clara rose and left him with the patient. When he came out of the room, a few minutes afterwards, he found her sitting on the stairs, crying bitterly.

"Come, come, this will never do," he said; "or we shall have you ill next, and then what will become of the 'Duke's'? They wanted you back again badly enough, I can tell you. Besides, there is really no occasion. He has been very ill, but all disease is gone now, and he wants nothing but food and care, and better air than this, as soon as we can move him."

"Will Brompton do?" said Clara.

"Very well indeed, until he is strong enough to go into the country. It will be the best possible place for him, if he is going to be under your care."

Clara's eyes fell beneath the doctor's glance. Doctors have so much experience of human nature in its most unguarded moments, that they soon learn the state of affairs. It may be doubted whether many people ever tell the whole truth to their lawyers, but their doctors can read it for themselves.

"He has no one else to take care of him," said Clara, very gently.

"I think one guardian angel is sufficient for any man, and I am sure that is *his* opinion," replied the doctor.

"Doctor," said Clara, who was beginning to brighten up again, "you should write one of those plays of the powder and patches period, in which the gentlemen never speak without taking off their cocked hats, nor the ladies without making an elaborate curtsy. I believe you could dictate the whole of the dialogue to a shorthand-writer, without once stopping to take breath."

"Miss Merton," replied the doctor, "it is evident that you will not require my assistance to-day. I must be off. Good-bye—unless I can set you down anywhere."

"No, thank you; there are some arrangements I must make here before I leave. Can you tell me of a nurse?"

The doctor recommended one and departed, with a fee which repaid him even for venturing into Newton Street. He was not induced, however, to invest his fresh capital immediately, although six young gentlemen requested him to have his boots cleaned, before he reached his carriage at the corner.

Proper nourishment carefully given, and Clara's presence, soon worked a wonderful improvement in Bailey. On the third day Doctor Mainson told Clara that he might be moved as soon as she liked.

Clara had resided for some years in the same furnished apartments at Brompton. The upper part of the house had usually been let to some one else. Finding it was now unoccupied, Clara had taken a set of rooms for Bailey.

"You must reserve all your strength for this afternoon," she said to Richard. "We are going to move you at three o'clock."

"Where to—the workhouse?"

Clara raised her hand with a threatening gesture.

"To my house at Brompton."

For a moment a remembrance of his former visions of independence came back to him. He said: "I do not like it; I trespass on you too much."

"Nonsense," she replied. "Think what a waste of time it is, my coming to you down here. At Brompton I shall have you always under my own eye, and I shall know how you are when I come back from the theatre, instead of having to wait until the next morning."

He shook his head.

"And if anything more is wanted," she said, leaning forward and looking down straight into his eyes, "you cannot help yourself now; and I will take you, whether you like it or not."

Bailey bent his head a little forward, and turned down the palms of his hands, to signify that he yielded to the pressure of superior force. Then he gazed at her again, and looked supremely happy.

*(To be continued.)*

## NOTES & INCIDENTS.



**P**OURQUOI N'Y aurait-il pas un éleveur d'hommes?" Baby-farming, we may be told, is a subject fitting for the British or Social Science Associations; but it is one that interests us all, and especially so as great colonisers and exporters of Saxon flesh and sinew. The British matron is essentially maternal, and a great contrast to the French. In France the government is paternal, and wet nurses are regulated by a set tariff, under the surveillance of the

police. In England the demand (*pro ratio*) is not so extensive as abroad, where it is hardly deemed *comme il faut* for madame to nourish her offspring, though that modest contribution to the population consists alone of the usual boy and girl, to promenade before their parents, or grace the chimney corners—like a pair of Dresden figures—precocious "*enfants terribles*" of the happy country where there are "no children or old people." Here the wet nurse is not an unknown institution, for we sometimes send our children of tender ages miles away, heedless of season or weather, to be reared by poor women, with overgrown families, who have to labour and divide the proper wants of their offspring with little strangers, for which, naturally, they can have no preference. The mock-mother sometimes takes in washing, or even labours in the fields, whilst her offspring and *protégés* are left in charge of old men or children of tender age, in ill-ventilated, badly lighted cottages, and at the risk of falling into the fire, out of window, or other dangers. To remedy evils of this kind and create a vigorous physique, where feebleness and incipient disease too often commences, Dr. J. B. Dereins, of Paris, proposes to organise, on the banks of the Marne, an extensive nursery, or *Villa des Nourrissons*, in which the

aliment of support is to be nearly independent of humanity, the nourishment to be imbibed from that well-known animal, the goat, aided by the cow, and perhaps the ass. As an artificial mother, the goat has been found well suited to the wants of infants, who take kindly to the animal and its milk, which is afforded in abundance by a creature both tender and gentle—coming to the cry of its little adopted, who receives its supply in a pure and healthy condition direct, the milk losing none of its invigorating qualities, being drawn by the infant itself. The cow and the ass, we presume, would be used as an auxiliary for hand-feeding and special cases. The following table gives an analysis of the milk afforded by four animals (humanity included):—

	Water.	Butter.	Sugar of Milk and Soluble Salt.	Caséum, Albumen, and Salt Insoluble.
Woman .....	88·90	2·50	4·80	3·80
Goat .....	82·	4·50	4·50	9·
Ass .....	90·50	1·40	6·40	1·70
Cow.....	87·40	4·	5·	3·60

By this table it will be seen how rich the milk of the goat is in flesh-making and heat-producing qualities. In this large farm, near Paris, it is proposed to build up humanity, under medical superintendence, surrounded by light, air, warmth, and good gardens, and tended by experienced nurses; where children should be nurtured instead of coddled, pampered, soothed by cordials, or deranged by drugs; running no risk of being overlaid, but studied in every particular—regularly fed, washed, exercised, cradled, and cared for, with all the best forms and appurtenances experience shall suggest. The Park would contain the building, with the house for the doctor and administration; in the centre, the reception room for parents and visitors, offices, linen stores, laboratory, pupils' rooms, and central kitchen; the whole being surrounded by nurseries, in groups of eight little bed-chambers, grouped again round common rooms for the nurses in charge of infants, the sleeping chambers being 15 ft. by 15 ft. and 12 ft. high, each to receive one nurse and four babies, the common nursery room to be 36 ft. long by 30 ft. wide, to permit the nurses to assemble in bad weather and in winter near their little charges, or with such infants as may be wakeful. Near each group would be two little pens for the goats, each pen containing four animals. The Farm—consisting of the general stables, dairy, laundry, bake-house, and court-yard—would supply the infants of riper age. The staff is estimated at 155, and the goats at 125. The nurses being numbered at 125, the laundresses and sempstresses at 17, the men for stables 2, the gardeners 2, the cooks 2, the gate-porter 1, and messenger 1. Encircled round a central building, each portion would be under the eye of the resident physician in charge; whilst, again, each common nursery, containing eight nurses, would be constructed so as to be easy of access to all; and the cots (each separate) would again

be easy of access to the goat pens ; each section having its garden, in which the infants, nurses, and goats would recreate in fine weather. Of course there is nothing like the natural nourishment afforded by the mother, whose best substitute is a kind and tender nurse (deprived by some casualty of her offspring), who can, without chagrin for the loss of her own, submit to cherish another ; but, alas ! how few are actually qualified to meet such an extensive demand. Economy, and experience to minister to it, proposes, in the *Villa des Nourrissons*, to meet a want in which the goat and cow are to afford the main part of the supply demanded by infantine nature, under a favourable hygiene. Doubtless, it would be well to begin with the wet nurse, graduate with the goat, and finish with cow's milk and bread, ministered by hand, until such time as the infant should be ready for rendering to its lawful parents. Here is a field of philanthropy, voluntary, subsidised, or self-supporting. It may be better suited to France than to England. However, it is somewhat new for practice on a large scale ; and we are not above taking ideas, or even lessons, from our neighbours.

MR. E. S. DALLAS, editor of *Once a Week*, has done something towards the realisation of Richardson's dream of immortality. He has condensed the wonderful story of "Clarissa" within reasonable compass, and presented it to the modern novel reader in a shape that will command attention. Our grandfathers and grandmothers were familiar with fiction of a much warmer character than the worst of the lady-novelists' works of the present day ; but the genius of Fielding, and Smollet, and Sterne, compensated largely for their filthiness. Richardson was of this bygone class, in calling a spade a spade ; but he wrote the most virtuous, the most moral, and the most truthful story of them all. Hitherto the prolixity of "Clarissa" has kept it on back shelves in out-of-the-way corners ; but the loving hand of an accomplished editor has restored the work to a new generation, and we think Mr. Dallas's labours will be appreciated. There is not a more pathetic story in our language than that of Clarissa Harlowe.

IT has been stated by Roman Catholic writers, whose witness on such a subject is above all suspicion, that in the year 1792 there were not thirty Roman Catholic chapels in the whole of Great Britain, and certainly not a single college. Even at the close of the last century, when the flood of the Revolution had burst over France, and had landed many of its emigrant priests and religious ladies on our hospitable shores, their total was very small indeed, though it is very difficult to arrive at the exact number of them. An article in the *Ami de la Religion*, published in July, 1836, endeavours to show, but without much success, that their number at that date has been much underrated. It is admitted that the Roman Catholic "Ordo" for 1802, published in London, gives a

(or women), and 19 colleges, incl  
for Scotland add 201 priests, 201  
This shows an increase of 100 per

THERE is no longer any doubt ab  
this year to England. We have en  
wards, and he has been captured a  
particularly fierce in localities alr  
American papers bitterly complain  
says :—

“The mosquitoes have descended up  
energy. Not even the ‘coolest theatre’  
They have invaded Wallack’s, Niblo’s, t  
alike. They (*sic*) would have been des  
house are alike affected with the same sc  
as the denizen of the cellar has suffered e  
ourselves of them, it would be perfectly t  
Newport—our friends are enjoying the  
cursed them heartily and deeply at Long

The “cads” at Folkestone who ha  
gloating over the sufferings of sea  
rejoiced in the blotched and pimp  
from Boulogne, had they known the  
inmates of the Imperial and other  
from a very plague of mosquitoes.

THE canteen used formerly to l  
soldier. Latterly it has been

50*l.*, which is to be solely expended in providing for unavoidable losses. Now it is well known that all the profits arise from the sale of liquors, so the result of the new order will simply be that the soldier instead of having the amusements and advantages mentioned above, will get more beer, which seems an undesirable change. It is probable that in some instances the profits may have been unduly accumulated or unwisely expended; but if this be the case, it would appear preferable to rectify the abuses rather than to do away entirely with what so obviously tended to the improvement of the social condition of our soldiers.

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NOTWITHSTANDING all the fuss which Imperial France has made about *La Lanterne*, M. Rochefort's red *brochure* is still openly sold in the shops; a fortnight ago his placards still adorned the walls; and in the Palais Royal you can buy lantern scarf-pins and lantern note-paper. It is looked upon as significant that the Orleans family have had a general sort of meeting at Baden. The Paris shop-keepers complain loudly of increased and increasing taxation. Latterly all Italians entering France have been subjected to unusually strict surveillance.

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THE majority of our readers are, no doubt, familiar with the Tauchnitz editions of British authors which they find everywhere on the Continent—neat, well-printed, handy volumes. Similar in character, but better printed and on stouter paper, is "The Handy-Volume Series" in course of publication by Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co. The English publishers, moreover, give you a choice of bindings, which is a boon to those purchasers who are permanently enlarging their libraries. One of the series is "Shenstone's Essays." The editor has had several applications for Shenstone's autograph. Mr. Home should be applied to. A Dublin gallery once called for Sophocles, on the performance of an adaptation from that eminent classic.

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HE must be well posted up in astronomical intelligence who can tell from month to month how many planets there are in our system, so vigorously are the heavens now searched for hitherto unknown small fry of the solar family. Our forefathers knew but of seven or eight. The commencement of the century brought the number up to a dozen. Here there was a stand for forty years. Then, in 1845, began the discoveries of the little planetoids of the group—now proved to be a most extensive one—circulating between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. By the end of 1850 thirteen of these were picked up. The end of 1860 saw the number swelled to 62 (50 planets found in ten years!). On July 11 of the present year the list reached just 100; and so eager, it would seem, were the searchers to find the 100th planet, that it was independently discovered by three of them. Here might have appeared a convenient place to stay

further searching; but no, the astronomers are indefatigable, and two new members have been found since the date of the 100th. The 101st was picked up by Dr. Watson, an observer at Chicago, U.S., on the 16th of August, and the 102nd by Professor Peters, of Clinton, New York, on the 22nd of the same month. So now, large and small, we know of 110 planets. This is the tale at the time this note is written; when it is read the number may be greater still.

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THE art of wood engraving must hold a strong position to enable it to withstand the repeated attempts that are made to supersede it. Every two or three years some new method rises up and threatens loudly to give the old process its *coup de grâce*; but still the Swains and Dalziels flourish on and increase their works both in number and beauty; and the menacing innovations drop into oblivion. A short time since the graphotype came noisily into the artistic world, and certainly seemed full of promise; but it has not taken a position, although it appears to have had every chance. Now we have a method of producing relief-printing blocks by the intervention of photography. Messrs. Courtenay and Fruwirth are its patentees, and this is how they operate:—A drawing is made in line or stipple, and a negative photograph is taken from it. This is used to print, photogenically, upon a well-known film of gelatine mixed with a chromic salt, which gives an impression with the whites of the picture in intaglio and the lines in relief. A plaster cast is taken from this matrix and a type metal cast from the plaster. This last is touched up, if necessary, and mounted, like a stereotype, for printing. A manifest advantage of the method is that it allows the block to be produced upon any scale relatively to the original drawing. We have a few specimens of the process before us as we write: they have rather the wiryness of an etching, and want the *finesse* and tone of a wood engraving. If a comparison be admissible, we should say that they are rather inferior to some of the best graphotypes; but allowance must be made for the youth of Messrs. Courtenay's process. Had either of these methods been known fifty years ago, they might have gone to windward of wood-cutting; but the latter has got such a firm hold upon taste and favour that no more rapid and cheaper process can hope to overthrow it, unless it can give results of finer excellence to boot.

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THE tomb in the choir of Winchester Cathedral which has long been called Rufus's tomb, but about which much doubt existed as to whether it contained any human remains at all, has for years been a great inconvenience, occupying as it did space that was much wanted; the cathedral authorities, therefore, had it opened on the 27th of August last, to ascertain whether it might be removed. It was found to be a stone coffin, measuring eight feet by four, and it contained human bones, which had evidently been previously disturbed. The surgeons who were present pronounced



the bones to be those of a person about 5 ft. 8 in. in height, but so decayed that the sex could not be distinguished. A careful examination of the contents of the tomb was made by Mr. Colson, the cathedral architect, but nothing was found to indicate royalty. Many pieces of corroded lead were found, also some fragments of bark resembling cork, nut-shells, and what appeared to be sprigs of hazel, fragments of clothing and gold embroidery, a turquoise stone, apparently from a ring, a small head carved in ivory, some pieces of wood and metal, forming either a large arrow or a small spear. The bones and remains were then carefully and reverently returned to the tomb, and the lid of Purbeck marble cemented down. On examining the tomb on the outside, there was found a plinth under the pavement line, clearly showing that it had been removed from some other position. Accordingly the Dean and Chapter decided that there could be no impropriety in removing it again to a more convenient spot, and on the 15th of September, it was removed bodily to the open space behind the high altar, and placed between the chantries of Bishop Waynflete and Cardinal Beaufort. Amongst the loose mortar under the coffin was found a quantity of decayed clothing and gold embroidery similar to that in the tomb, and a few more bones. These must have fallen through one of the holes in the bottom, made for letting out the moisture; though one would imagine they could hardly have got into such a position without the agency of mice or insects. By the side of this tomb, but quite under the pavement, was found another stone coffin without a lid, it contained a lead coffin, in which was a skeleton; but this was not examined, though it was possibly the remains of Henry de Blois. The lead coffin had been opened.



RUFUS'S TOMB.

## CORRESPONDENCE OF SYLVANUS URBAN.

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### GROTESQUE BRACKETS FOR ALTAR-LIGHTS AT GLATTON CHURCH, HUNTS.

MR. URBAN,—In the recent controversy upon Church ritual, much was said on the subject of lights for the altar. The two brackets on the east wall of the chancel of Glatton Church, Huntingdonshire, placed north and south of the altar, may have been the supports to statues; though, from their position, they would seem to have been intended for the altar-lights. Any way, their treatment for such a position is very remarkable, their sculptured decorations being of the nature usually assigned to the brackets of misereres or corbels, or to the grotesque gargoyles on the exterior of churches and houses; as says Lydgate in his “Boke of Troye” :—

“ And every house covered was with lead,  
And many a gargoyle, and many a hideous head,  
With spouts through, and pipes as they ought  
From the stone-work to the kennel wrought.”

Although there are no pipes or spouts to these two heads, yet they are certainly sufficiently hideous. The one is torturing himself at mouth and eye; the other is tortured by the toad which is forcing its way into his mouth. Were they intended to point at penance? These satires in stone—like the witticisms in wood in the misereres—were designed to convey some specific lesson to the observer, and to teach a moral in their caricatures, much in the same way that *Punch* does at this present day with his weekly cartoon. The wood-block jokes of the fifteenth century were cut in churches and cathedrals, and ecclesiastics and laymen were held up to wholesome ridicule in the most hallowed precincts. The peculiarity in these Glatton brackets is that subjects grotesquely treated should be placed, as it were, in the chief post of honour, right and left of the altar, and possibly designed to bear the two symbolical lights. As no illustration of these two brackets has ever been published, a representation of them may be acceptable to your readers.

The church of St. Nicholas, at Glatton, is one of the most interesting in the county of Huntingdon,—that county to which even the ubiquitous Murray has not yet penetrated, and whose history its illustrious son, Sir Robert (Bruce) Cotton, did not live to write. It sadly lacks a competent *historian*. Its “ecclesiastical and architectural topography” has only *once* been efficiently treated in that work of Mr. Parker’s, which, for lack of encouragement, unfortunately was stopped at its fifth number, in 1851,

which was that for Huntingdonshire. This was written by "W. C." (Mr. William Caveler), who describes Glatton as "a cross church," which it is not, its one arm of the cross being a transept to the north. The church is chiefly Perpendicular, with some Decorated work, also some late Norman pillars and arches, with transition to Early English. The church presents capital studies to the painter and photographer, and has various points of interest for the ecclesiologist. I may specify its very interesting low-side window (passed over by Mr. Caveler), which is continued into the western bay of the three-light window over it; the well-carved wood screen; the elaborate poppy-heads of the old open seats; the aumbrie, double piscina, and sedilia; the remarkably high font, its upper band of



quatre-foils, unfortunately half destroyed by last-century masons, who mixed up their mortar in the bowl; the churchwardens' initials and "marks" branded on the roof-beams of the south aisle; the (present) "vestry," with its stone-groined roof, built over the Early English windows of the northern transept; the four stone nondescript heraldic figures on the tower battlements, that held vanes in their paws; the string-course of comical heads on the exterior of the nave aisles; the large clerestory windows, and the great amount of fenestration in the chancel.

The fine effect of the interior of the church is at present interfered with by the blocking up of the tower arch, and the consequent obliteration of the west window. This, however, will very shortly be remedied; as at a parish meeting held last July 27th, under the presidency of the Rector, the Rev. George Wingfield (at which were present the lord of the manor, William Wells, Esq., of Holme-Wood, Lord Sherard of Glatton Hall, and the chief parishioners), it was resolved to lay out upwards of 500*l.* in the needful repairs of the church, and the throwing open of the tower arch.

I may add that it was this village of Glatton that gave the name to H.M.S. *Glatton*, of fifty-six guns, built by the father of Admiral Wells of Holme-Wood. It was commanded by Captain Seacombe, who was killed when, in 1808, he aided in the attempt to recover the Sicilian gun-boats that had been captured by the French off the coast of Calabria. Its chief celebrity, however, was acquired under his predecessor, Captain

Trollope, who, on July 15, 1796, when in command of the *Glatton* (of 1256 tons, 56 guns, with twenty-eight 68-pounders on lower deck), fell in with a squadron of French ships,—viz., *Brutus*, 50 guns; *Incorruptible*, 38 guns; *Magicienne*, 36 guns; *Républicaine*, 28 guns; two corvettes of 22 guns each, a brig of 16 guns, and a cutter of 8 guns. These eight vessels, with their 220 guns, Captain Trollope unhesitatingly engaged single-handed, the action lasting from 9:45 p.m. till 11 p.m. During the night he repaired damages, and at daybreak offered the French battle, which they declined, and bore away for Flushing, followed by the *Glatton*, which, when it had driven the enemy into port, proceeded to Yarmouth to refit. Her loss was astonishingly slight, no one being killed, and only two wounded. The French lost seventy in killed and wounded, and had one frigate sunk in Flushing harbour. The largest of their frigates was 300 or 400 tons larger than the *Glatton*. An account of this exploit will be found in the first volume of James' "Naval History." The *Glatton* was one of nine Indiamen that had been purchased by the Government in 1795 of its owner, Mr. Wells; and the name has been sustained in the navy, having been given to the steam floating-battery, the *Glatton*, launched in the spring of 1855, an engraving of which will be found in the *Illustrated London News* for September 29, 1855. Not many years since, the village of Holme contained three public-houses, all of which had signs not usually met with in an inland village,—viz., "The Admiral," "The Ship," and "The Man-of-War;" all complimentary, of course, to Admiral Wells and H.M.S. *Glatton*.

The name of "Glatton" will be yet more widely made known. On August 16th, the shipwrights at Chatham dockyard began laying the blocks and ways for the new armour-clad turret-ship *Glatton*, a vessel designed by Mr. Reed, C.B., Chief Constructor of the Navy, of 2700 tons burden, engine power of 500 horse (nominal), with a length of 245 feet, and a breadth of beam of 49 feet. It is, however, in her armour-plating that she will surpass in defensive powers every ship yet constructed, it being intended to plate her with armour twelve inches in thickness along her most exposed parts, while on her turrets the *Glatton* will carry armour of fourteen inches in thickness, laid on a ten-inch backing of teak, with the usual inner "skin" plating. Unlike the *Monarch*, the deck of which is encumbered with a top-gallant fore-castle, the single turret of the *Glatton* will have an all-round fire. Her offensive powers will be on a par with her defensive powers, it being intended to arm her with a couple of 25-ton guns—the most formidable armament yet given to a vessel of war.

CUTHBERT BEDE.

#### REMARKABLE SKULLS.

MR. URBAN.—Such an event as the alleged discovery of the remains of King Alfred the Great, surely merits a record in the pages of *The Gentleman's Magazine*. It has long been known that the king was buried at the foot of the High Altar of the chapel of Hyde Abbey, Winchester, the site of which, in the immediate vicinity of the present church of St. Bartholomew, Hyde, had been approximately determined some years

ago. In October of last year, while the Vicar of Hyde was absent on account of ill-health, a self-styled "historian and antiquarian" took it into his head to make excavations in order to discover the remains of the



great king. Breaking into some handsomely built chalk graves, he came upon fragments of five skeletons; one of which (A) he immediately fixed upon as that of King Alfred himself. He supports this statement by the evidence of a leaden plate with the letter A stamped upon it, which he



turned up in the course of excavation. A very hasty inspection of this plate, however, is sufficient to convince any unprejudiced person that it is of modern manufacture; and there is too much reason to believe that it was put into the ground but a very few minutes before our "antiquarian" turned it up.

The skulls, however, are certainly very remarkably developed, and it has been thought advisable to have them photographed before re-interring them. I enclose the photographs [engraved above] for your inspection.

Yours, &c.,

JOHN P. WRIGHT, B.A.

*Curate of St. Bartholomew, Hyde.*

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#### CROQUET LAW.

MR. URBAN,—Your admirable articles on Croquet, signed "Cavendish," lead me to hope for a solution of the following questions from such an able hand:—

1. Of four balls, A, B, C, D, played by two hands, A and D are rovers. A roquets D (his enemy), and in so doing drives D against the winning

peg. D is thus a dead ball before A can be put up to it. Is A entitled to any benefit from the roquet?—if so, whence is he to play his ball?—and to how many strokes is he entitled?

2. A (a ball in play) is inside the cage; B enters by the opening requisite to make the cage, and roquets A: they both remain within the boundaries of the cage, but not touching. B is put up to A; B plays out through his proper exit opening. Is B to be counted to have run the cage?

The reasons for the decision determined on would be most acceptable.

Yours, &c.,

G. H. MORRELL.

*Moulsford, Wallingford.*

["Cavendish" informs us that, at the present time, there is no authority for deciding questions of croquet law. The laws of the game are not settled; but probably, in a few months, the decisions of the All-England Croquet Club (now forming) will be acquiesced in by most croquet players. In the present state of croquet law, the opinion of "Cavendish," or of any other writer or player, can only be binding by agreement.

In reply to question 1: the usual rule is, that if a rover is roqueted against the winning peg, the striker loses the rest of his turn, as he has no ball from which to take croquet.

In reply to question 2: the whole of the cage must be run by the ball. Hence, if a ball that has roqueted another in the cage is moved up to the latter, the cage is not run, notwithstanding that the ball enters and takes its exit by the proper openings.—S. U.]

## OBITUARY MEMOIRS.

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### LORD FARNHAM.

THIS amiable and excellent nobleman, who was killed in the terrible railway accident near Abergele on the 20th of August, was in his 70th year, having been born on the 9th of August, 1799. He represented the county of Cavan in the Conservative interest for many years before his accession to the title, and had been for nearly thirty years one of the Irish Representative Peers. He was also one of the Knights of the Order of St. Patrick. He was an excellent landlord, a firm supporter of the Established Church in Ireland, and a liberal subscriber to its charities, especially to those of a Protestant and Evangelical character, though he did not go the lengths of his Orange neighbours in the North. He was an accomplished man, a scholar, and an antiquary, and no mean proficient in genealogy—a pursuit to which he was the more devoted, perhaps, because of his own descent in the female line from one of the Tudor sovereigns. He is succeeded in the title by his brother, the Hon. Somerset R. Maxwell.

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### JUDGE BERWICK.

THE HONOURABLE WALTER BERWICK, one of the Irish judicial bench, who likewise perished in the railway accident near Abergele, was called to the Irish bar in 1826, and became a Queen's counsel in 1840. He was successively assistant-barrister of the counties of Waterford and Cork; and in 1855 he received the dignity of a serjeant-at-law. In 1859 he was raised to the bench as a judge of the Court of Bankruptcy. He was one of the members of the court of enquiry into the affair at Dollybrae, which led to the withdrawal of the Earl of Roden's name from the Commission of the Peace. He was the son of a clergyman near Dublin, and brother of the President of Queen's College, Galway, and was never married; his sister who lived with him shared his death.

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### THE EARL OF NORMANTON.

WE have to record the death of a venerable and eccentric nobleman, the Right Hon. Welbore Ellis, Earl of Normanton, in the peerage of Ireland, at the age of 89. He was a notability of the West-End even in the days of the Regency, and he was well known as an *habitué* of Christie and Manson's sale-rooms for more than half a century. A great connoisseur in works of art and taste, he would bid high for nearly all articles of *vertu*, and generally did not leave off his bids until the article that he required

was knocked down to him at any price. He was also a good judge of pictures, in which he once "took in" so able a critic as the late Dr. Waagen, who mistook some copies for originals by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The old Earl was short and thickset in person, and always dressed in the plainest manner. He had his coffin made for him some quarter of a century ago, with the coffin-plate and inscription, a blank being left for the date of his death. His daughter is the present Countess Nelson; and his son, Viscount Somerton, succeeds to his title and estates.

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#### THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

IN Dr. Francis Jeune, Bishop of Peterborough, Oxford has lost its earliest and most active reformer. A native of Jersey, and born of a respectable family of French extraction, he came up to Oxford and won his way, unbefriended and unaided, to a first-class and a fellowship at Pembroke College; then became public examiner and tutor of his college; next he spent a year or two in Canada as tutor to Lord Seaton's sons; then he was made head of King Edward's School at Birmingham; then Dean of Jersey (by Lord Russell); and in 1843 he was chosen head of his college. Returning to Oxford, he at once initiated a course of reform in his college, which raised it from a low to a high position. He then made his presence felt among the heads of colleges as a university reformer; and to him more largely than to anyone else, are due the university commission, and the introduction of the schools of "natural science," and of "law and modern history," which have done so much of late years to widen the narrow sphere of academic instruction. He was also indefatigable in working out the idea of middle-class examinations. It is said that the greater part of the elaborate report of the Oxford University Commissioners was written with his own hand. Dr. Jeune held the office of Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford during the residence there of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, whom he frequently entertained at his "Master's Lodgings" at Pembroke College. He had held the Bishopric of Peterborough for only about four years; in his religious opinions he was inclined partly to the Broad Church and partly to the "Evangelical" school.

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#### JOHN REYNOLDS.

MR. JOHN REYNOLDS, a gentleman well known in the educational world, died recently in Chadwell Street, Pentonville, at the age of 76. Born in Islington in December, 1791, and brought up under intellectual parents, whose treatment of their children was more rigid than wise, he desired to become an engraver, but abandoned that idea in favour of the scholastic profession. Having acted as an assistant in several private establishments, he set up for himself a school in St. John Street, London, where for upwards of fifty years he laboured with success as a school-master, his pupils being more than ordinarily numerous. He took an



active part in originating the London Mechanics' Institute, and laboured hard under Lord Brougham and Dr. Birkbeck in its establishment, as is testified by the inscription on the Institute in Southampton Buildings. He was also an original member of the College of Preceptors; and we may mention that the association now known as the Botanical Society of the Regent's Park, was originated in the little study which he had erected at the bottom of his garden for the purpose of studying botany, a science in which he was a proficient, and something more. Mr. Reynolds was also an accomplished antiquary, and an enthusiastic collector of matters relating to "Old London." He was buried at Highgate Cemetery, his funeral being attended by a large number of old pupils and attached friends; and it may be said that he fully deserved the title given to him in the inscription on a handsome silver vase presented to him by his former pupils a few years ago—"an active and successful friend of education, and an unwearied advocate of human progress."

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#### SIR J. D. PAUL, BART.

SIR JOHN DEAN PAUL having lived for some years in retirement, has died recently at St. Alban's, in his 67th year. He succeeded his father in his title, and in his share in Messrs. Strahan's bank in the Strand, near Temple Bar, in 1852, and was at one time high sheriff of Surrey. In 1855 the house of Messrs. Strahan stopped payment; and it was then discovered that the bank had fraudulently sold or pledged elsewhere certain securities belonging to some of its customers. This being the case, Messrs. Strahan and Bates, and Sir J. D. Paul, were tried at the Old Bailey, and sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude. The three prisoners, however, were liberated before the expiration of the term; and Sir J. D. Paul took up his residence, first at Lancing, near Shoreham, and subsequently at St. Alban's, where he died. He was formerly one of the lights of the religious and charitable world, and "respectability" was shaken to its centre by his fall. Since the expiration of his sentence, he married a third wife, a Miss Bugden, who survives him; and his title passes to his son by his first wife, now Sir Aubrey Paul.

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#### THADDEUS STEVENS.

NEWS of the death of Mr. Thaddeus Stevens reached us last month from America. In Congress he will be remembered as the bitterest opponent the democratic party has ever had. He was in the 76th year of his age, and his public life extended over a period of thirty-five years. From first to last he was loud in his denunciation of slavery, and as the leader of the party which has recently impeached President Johnson, he has filled a larger space than he otherwise would have done as one of the celebrities of his age. He was energetic and vehement in all that he said or did, and preserved his hatred against President Johnson to the last. *Dr. Johnson* once said that he "liked a good hater"; if so, the great

lexicographer would have admired one quality, at least, in the remarkable person who has just passed away. Though he was not born in Pennsylvania, yet he made it his adopted state, and in its Legislature he had a seat long before he entered Congress. When the Civil War began, he foretold that it must grow into a war of emancipation, unless it were put down with the strong hand of the military; while Mr. Lincoln, as is well known, held more moderate views. It was chiefly owing to him that the Republican party, which went into the war protesting that it had no intention of interfering with African slavery, was forced to abolish it. For many months before his death it was known and felt that he was dying, and in the last session not only was he brought into the House in a chair, but he was obliged to have his speeches read for him by his friends. He never held any Cabinet office; and though he more than once sought to be elected to the United States Senate in Pennsylvania, his party never fell in with his wishes.

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#### M. VIENNET.

WE learn from Paris the recent death of M. Viennet, the French Academician, whose name is well known as the strenuous and persistent opponent of the imperial *régime*. He had passed his ninetieth year. He entered the marine artillery in 1796, and was for some months a prisoner in the hands of the English. He fought under the banner of the first Emperor, at Leipsic. His strong political opinions contributed largely to prevent his professional advancement. During the "Hundred Days" he narrowly escaped transportation for voting against the *acte additionnel*; but when the second restoration came about, he was made an officer of the staff. Disappointed with his military prospects, he took to literature at an early age. His "Philosophical Promenade in Père la Chaise Cemetery" was published as long ago as 1824; and a wish which he expressed at that time to be buried in a particular spot in that place of sepulture from which a fine view of Paris is obtained, has been carried out by his friends. He was a peer in the time of Louis Philippe, and made himself remarkable by going to the Chamber as a *bourgeois* in an omnibus with an umbrella under his arm. He wrote several fables and some tragedies, among others "Clovis" and "Constantin." His academical discourses were models of purity of diction, and some of those delivered in his extreme old age were among his best. M. Viennet was Grand Master of the French Freemasons of the Scotch rite, and took a leading and successful part, some years ago, against the project of the Government to amalgamate that body with the Grand Orient. "There was not," adds one of the French papers, "in the *Académie Française*, a more bitter or persevering opponent of the Second Empire than M. Viennet."

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THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1868.

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CHRISTOPHER KENRICK.

HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES.

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CHAPTER V.

FAMILY CRITICISM—A CHAPTER BY THE WAY.

**I**T would have been more conducive to my own comfort, and probably more satisfactory to the reader, had I published no part of this story until it had become a finished and complete performance.

My neglect in this respect has, since the first portion of the narrative appeared, subjected me to a running fire of family criticism, objections, and remonstrances. This is not all; it has resulted in the introduction of a new feature here which I certainly never contemplated at the outset—a new feature which may or may not please the reader.

*The Gentleman's Magazine*, containing my opening chapters, has not been in the house a day before Mrs. Kenrick favours me with her confidential opinion upon the work.

"It will not only be a failure, Christopher," she says; "it will do the family irreparable injury."

"Why will it be a failure?" I inquire.

"Because it is too true, my dear," she says.

"And why will it injure the family?" I ask.

"Because it is too true," my wife replies again.

"Its truthfulness will be its greatest charm with the public," I reply,

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"Readers quite jog with Antony's exclamation—'who tells me true, though in his tale lie death, I hear him as he flatter'd.'"

"I do not care about Antony or the public," my wife rejoins, with more than ordinary emphasis. "When I have urged you to tell the story of your life I never for one moment thought you would describe it so closely."

"Have you any other objection?" I ask, quietly.

"I shall simply be confined to the house for ever, if you continue to write this last book on the plan you have set out with; I shall be ashamed to visit any one."

My wife evidently does not know what else to say; so she bounces off to her room, and leaves me to digest her opinion. There is some truth, perhaps, in what she says; I might have coloured the early chapters a little: the rest can take care of themselves.

After our evening cup of coffee on that same day, I can see that I am in for a general family criticism.

My eldest son is the first to open fire. He is studying for the army; he has a commission in the militia, and that gallant force will be up for training in the county town next week.

"Excuse me, governor," says my eldest son; "but I wish you had not considered it necessary to go into all those details of your youth in that professed autobiography which you have commenced."

"Indeed," I reply, willing to hear all that my family can advance upon the subject.

"I shall be chaffed at mess next week, I know."

"Indeed," I say, quietly.

"I shall be asked if I ever ran away from home."

"You can say 'No, you were never miserable,'" I rejoin, without the slightest emotion.

"Yes, but governor, is it really necessary to go into all those details?"

I sip my coffee and smile. My youngest daughter (she is engaged to our promising curate, who will one day be vicar of Hallow) looks up into my face, and says she has been asked over and over again, which young lady papa really married, the one with the blue eyes or the actress.

"Pleasant, truly," says Mrs. Kenrick, "to have one's daughter questioned in this fashion. I wish you had told the story differently, Christopher. If you persist in continuing it, do pray disguise the facts in some way."

"Shall you relate that scandal about Mrs. Mitching?" continues my youngest girl; "that affair which you were describing to mamma the other night?"

Before I can answer this last inquiry, my military son looks coaxingly at me, and says, "I wish the governor would drop the story altogether, and say the opening of it was simply done in fun."

"My dear children," I reply, "there is nothing to be ashamed of in this narrative. Our greatest men have made their own way, as I have done."

"But they don't tell everybody all about their antecedents," says my son.

"There you are in error, my boy. Men, who have risen above all other men, like to talk of what they were. My old friend, George Stephenson, delighted to chat about his early struggles; and so, I believe, did Telford, though I never met him."

"The Kenricks being of such a good family, as we know they are, how did they come down to be printers?" asks my youngest daughter.

"Come down, Cissy!" I exclaim, warmly. "Come down! The press is the brightest gem in our escutcheon, my dear, as it is in that of the noble house of Stanhope."

"There! you have done it," says my wife to Cissy. "If your father has one particular hobby-horse which he is never tired of mounting, it is the press."

"Come down!" I repeat, despite this side attack of Mrs. Kenrick's. "Printing has conferred the greatest of all earthly blessings upon poor humanity. Printers were men of special consideration not many years ago, and wore swords. Indeed, they may wear swords now; the act bestowing upon them that privilege is still unrepealed."

"You are quoting yourself, Christopher—quoting from your 'Essay on Printing,' which appeared in 'Bint's Encyclopædia,'" says my wife.

I decline to be pulled up in this way.

"The story of printing would be a history of the world's civilisation; and the history of famous printers would contain a list of the greatest men of this and every other age. To say nothing of Franklin, don't you remember that the author you most admire, Douglas Jerrold, was a printer?"

I light a cheroot and walk to the balcony, which looks out upon a smooth, well-cut lawn, adorned with croquet hoops; and I commend my own taste, though it be a painter's trick, in having the pegs tipped with vermilion.

"Your father is as enthusiastic about printing as Mr. Caxton in Bulwer's novel," says my wife, who follows me, and links her arm in mine. She has no silly pretentious objections to a mild cigar. In

It is an author's excuse to say  
rity for interested readers that he t  
Whether this one be father's rea  
immensely entertaining."

"Thank you, Bess," I reply, still

"May I offer a suggestion?" she

"Certainly."

"Devote a chapter now and the  
story."

"A good idea," I reply; "but, li  
a new one, I fear. Sir Edward Bul  
mentioned, would tell you, I think  
Novel."

"An outline of our conversatio  
altogether," says Bess. "We don't

"I wish we did," I rejoin.

"Do you, father? Do you, reall  
and not half so original as the Ken

"Vanity, my love, vanity," I repl

"At all events, if your story reall  
it is, the chat of the hero and heroi  
their own lives would surely be an  
fail to be interesting. What do you

"I quite agree with you, love; s  
in it," replies Mrs. Kenrick, "the I

How far I have done well in trusting my pen to carry me safely and creditably through this somewhat extraneous chapter is for the reader to say.

I pull the scampering quill up, after its long unchecked gallop, and collect my thoughts to regain the old highway in which we are to follow the vagaries of that romantic Stonyfield printer, whose history crops up in my mind like a half-remembered dream, as if I really were *not* Christopher Kenrick at all.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE STORY OF MY LIFE PROGRESSES.

HAVING sat up the remainder of the night on which I supped with Miss Belmont to finish my report of the magisterial proceedings already referred to, I was fully entitled to the leisure which I proposed for myself on the morrow.

I marvel at the physical power that I possessed in those early days. To sit up half the night, and get up, bright and brisk, early the next morning, was a common thing; and sometimes I did not go to bed at all. In the height of that short-hand agony, when I was getting into my mind Mr. Harding's strange characters, I have sat up for several nights in a week. It is true I often looked pale and ill; but a little additional rest soon put me right again, and I went on learning my newspaper lesson, and working out my destiny.

After rehearsal on this next day, I dived up that smudgy passage beyond which Miss Belmont lodged, and asked her if she would like to see some of the lions of Lindford.

The lady was most gracious. She thanked me for this mark of attention, and said she would accompany me with pleasure. I see her now in a light muslin dress, a little dingy in appearance, a Galway cloak, and a bonnet trimmed with blue. I see her companion in a suit of loose grey clothes, with a cane under his arm, a black hat just a trifle on one side of his head, and a certain amount of swagger in his gait. They are an odd-looking couple, and I do not wonder that people look twice at them as they pass along the High Street. I remember to have heard over and over again the remarks of one citizen to another, in an undertone, "That's Miss Belmont," and once I distinctly noted a voice saying, "And that's Mr. Kenrick."

*Here was fame indeed! I am free to confess that this public*

recognition was sweet to me then, whether my momentary fame arose from my position on the press, or from the fact that I was walking with Miss Julia Belmont, from the Theatres Royal Drury Lane and Haymarket.

How the old street comes up in my memory, with its lines of quiet shops, intermingled with quieter private houses. On the left by the bridge is the ancient conduit; further on we pass beneath the Roman arch, and then we climb up the long steep hill which is crowned by the cathedral and castle.

There is a social legend to this day amongst the inhabitants of the hill that they are the aristocracy of Lindford. This is not believed in by the people below; but the hillites frequently give their neighbours of the plain startling illustrations of their own faith. An uphill lady will not meet a lady from the regions of the bridge; an uphill professional looks down, in more senses than one, upon the professionals below; an uphill tradesman sneers at a below-the-hill one; and an uphill washerwoman would not demean herself by scouring the linen of a person who resided downhill.

These distinctions of Lindford society created a perpetual feud between Uphill and Downhill, and there was no chance of settling the differences of the two sections of the community, for the reason that the uphill division was being continually strengthened by a desertion from below; the deserter usually turning out to be the fiercest asserter of the truth of the aristocratic legend of uphill caste.

I explained this Gulliverian kind of difficulty in the social relations of Lindford to Miss Belmont, who was particularly amused at my recital.

"It is lucky for the theatre that the house is built between uphill and downhill," she said.

"Luckier that it is more uphill than down," I said, "or Lindford would never have seen Miss Belmont. Two yards further downhill, and the theatre would have been given up to strollers and vagabonds. Uphill would not have supported it, and Downhill could not have afforded the luxury all to itself."

"Do you like living in such a place as this, Mr. Kenrick? Would you not rather be in London?"

"I like Lindford," I said, "and I never was in London but once. Stay, I have been in London twice; once when I passed through it by coach on my way to Stonyfield. I was only four months old, however, then, and could not be said to have taken much notice of what I saw. A second time I was in London when I was eight, and



my memory is confused concerning the great Babylon's appearance on that occasion. My father took me by the first excursion which had ever started from Stonyfield, and I remember that he beat me on the return journey, because I nearly fell through the window of the carriage in my anxiety to see some boats on a river which we were passing."

"You are a strange boy, Mr. Kenrick," said the actress.

She evidently regarded me as a sort of human curiosity, and I felt flattered that I had made so much impression upon a lady of such distinguished merit.

I showed Miss Belmont the exterior of the castle, pointed out to her the tower where criminals underwent their sentence of death, and then we strolled through the cathedral.

The legend of the two painted windows in the transept was unknown to her.

"That window," I said, pointing to the one on my right, "was the work of the master, and this," pointing to that on my left, "was the work of his apprentice. Both windows were uncovered in one day, years and years ago. Each artist stood on the parapet there near his own work. The master's was uncovered first, and then the man's was uncovered, and the man's was by far the finest window of the two; so great was the master's chagrin, that he threw himself to the ground: and that mark by your foot is a blood stain!"

As I concluded, Miss Belmont quite started at the idea of standing by the poor fellow's blood. She had taken in the whole story with the utmost reliance upon its truth.

"I did not think you were so sensitive," I said.

"You told the story with such earnestness, and made your point so dramatically, that I could feel the blood on my foot. You would make an actor, sir," replied Miss Belmont, looking at me without the least cynical expression.

"Of course the story is only legendary," I said.

"It is much more like truth than that wretched feud of Uphill and Downhill, which is as bad as the Lilliputian quarrel about the eggs, or that stupid business in the 'Corsican Brothers.'"

"Over the college yard, and down yon slope," I said, when we were once more outside the cathedral, "are the ruins of a monkish chapel. Would you like to walk as far?"

"I am quite in your hands," said Miss Belmont pleasantly. "You have afforded me so much pleasure, that I leave the conclusion of our walk to your own selection. I have only to beg that you give me time to get to the theatre by half-past six."

So we rambled to the monk's chapel, and there we sat down beneath the trees, and saw the lazy barges, with the big brown bat's wing sails, going down the quiet, still river.

"This is delicious," said Miss Belmont. "How I envy girls who live by quiet places like these, girls who play their parts in a real world, with real abbeys and real trees and real water. It is a weary life that of an actress."

"Are you in earnest?" I said.

"I was never more so. You see the stage from the front; you know nothing of the miserable heart-burnings behind. It is true I am not much annoyed now; I have certain business to do, and I do it; but at first, oh, it was a weary, wretched life."

"I should have thought it the happiest life of all. The whole world seems to envy you."

"The whole world looks down upon us. Why even the ladies of Downhill would hardly deign to receive Julia Belmont as their visitor; and the Uphill women would not think me entitled to a seat in the servants' hall," said Miss Belmont bitterly.

"Surely this cannot be true?"

"It is true," said Miss Belmont; and at that moment I startled her with an exclamation of joy and surprise.

Beneath the trees and round by the back of the old chapel, with a little basket in her hand full of wild flowers, and an infant jumping on in front, passed that pretty girl in the lama frock.

"What is the matter?" Miss Belmont asked.

"Oh, is not that a pretty girl?" I exclaimed.

"Rather pretty," said the actress, "but what of that? Did you never see a pretty girl before?"

"Only once, and then it was this same young lady."

Miss Belmont must have known that this was not said out of any disrespect to her, or with a view to depreciate her charms; but she changed the subject somewhat coldly, and by-and-by suggested that it was time to return home.

That night Miss Belmont played better than I had ever seen her play before. The piece was Lytton Bulwer's new play of "The Lady of Lyons," which had only recently been done at Covent Garden with Macready as Melnotte, and Miss Helen Faucit as Pauline. All Lindford was at the theatre, not only to see the new play, but to see the piece which Bulwer had written, because the author had offered himself to the electors of Lindford to represent them in Parliament.

Uphill and Downhill mustered in force, I say, at the Lindford

theatre. The orchestra had been strengthened for the occasion, and special programmes printed for the dress circle. Right opposite to my seat sat the young lady with blue eyes and brown curls, accompanied by the darker beauty, her sister, a lolloping-looking countryman, and a chubby-faced lady, who seemed to be a woman in some authority over the others ; for she sat in the best seat, and cowed the blue eyes now and then, with an angry remark.

From the stage to the seat opposite, my eyes wandered all the night, and the young lady in white muslin (she had changed her lama frock) caught me gazing admiringly at her more than once, and without seeming displeased : her more discreet sister of the dark hair palpably nudged her once when she seemed, I thought, about to convey as much in a pleasant smile.

And all the time Julia Belmont played Pauline with a grace and vigour which I have rarely seen excelled : she looked the part to perfection ; and when she confided the whole secret of her love to the cloaked figure, when she said she would rather share Melnotte's lowest lot than wear the crown the Bourbon lost, the house almost sobbed with sympathy ; Uphill and Downhill were surprised into a sudden exhibition of real feeling, and for my own part, I could not see the lady in the curls for tears.

How Julia Belmont must have hated me if she could have known that in these latter scenes I fancied myself Melnotte, and allotted the part of Pauline to that unknown girl with the blue eyes and the soft, sweet smile.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE BELLE OF BROMFIELD ROAD.

How it came about that at this early period of my life I might have offered my hand to, and been accepted by, three different marriageable young ladies, is a mystery to me even now. In these days, a person in a similar position might sigh in vain for the smallest recognition from ladies even of the modest rank of the trio which honoured me with such complimentary recognition. But all classes of society have changed very considerably in thirty years.

It is quite certain I must have been a very manly youth, unless the explanation is to be found in the fact that one young lady, who was evidently desirous to win my good opinion, paid similar court to every other gentleman ; the other, Miss Belmont, was attracted by my somewhat unsophisticated manners ; and the third was simply *my Fate, as novelists say*, and there an end.

It seemed to me as if I were destined to know all the beauties of Lindford, before I made the acquaintance of that fair apparition in the lama frock, who was to make all other attractions pale their ineffectual fires.

Miss Amelia Birt was a celebrated young lady in Lindford when I was matriculating in the journalistic school of that midland district of England, and I was surprised to discover in this *belle* of Bromfield Road, the sister-in-law of an old friend of the Kenricks.

My introduction to her came about in this wise :—

One morning, when I was poring over that everlasting note-book in the reporter's room of the *Lindford Herald*, there entered to me Mr. Richard Fitzwalton, whom I had known at Stonyfield.

"How do you do, young Kenrick?" he said, in his gushing way; "how do you do, young Kenrick?"

"Very well, thank you," I said; "how do you do?"

"Capital," said Mr. Fitzwalton; "why, how long have you been here?"

"Ever so long," I said.

"I saw your father last week, and promised to call and see how you were getting on."

"Oh!" I said, brightening up. "And how was my father, sir?"

"Very well indeed."

"Did he say much about me?"

"Said you'd run away, and all that sort of thing."

"No more? Is he coming to see me?"

"Yes; I think he said he should come to see you."

"And my mother, sir?"

"Very unwell indeed, very unwell."

"Did they seem hurt at my staying away?" I said. "Did they say they missed me much?"

"No, not they: you were a great source of annoyance to them, weren't you, young Kenrick, eh?"

I did not answer this last question. It cut me to the quick to feel that I was not missed, that I was not lamented. Moreover I thought there was a patronising style in Mr. Fitzwalton's address which was displeasing to me. I had mistaken my visitor in that respect; he was a good fellow, and a most hospitable, kindly gentleman.

At Stonyfield the Fitzwaltons were aristocrats. Old Fitzwalton was a magistrate, lived in a great brick house, kept horses, and had all beggars imprisoned. His son Richard was a manufacturer on a large scale, but he was unsuccessful, and his father had to pay his

debts when the works closed, and the bankers returned Richard's cheques. After that Mr. Richard ran away with a nurseryman's daughter, married her, and took an appointment as chief draughtsman in the great iron-works at Lindford, where he had resided some six months when he called upon me.

Richard Fitzwalton was decidedly handsome. About thirty years of age, he was a well-built, athletic-looking fellow, with light brown hair and sanguine blue eyes. His costume always seemed made to match his complexion and manner. Everything he wore was loose and flowing: his collars were low and ample, his neckerchief always tied in a sailor's knot, his trousers fastened round the waist with a belt; he never wore gloves, and he looked more like a yachtsman just come home from a pleasant voyage, than a draughtsman who had been sitting over a drawing-board at the Lindford iron-works.

"Will you come and see us, Master Runaway?" he said on this morning when he called upon me.

"I shall be very happy."

"Burton Villa, Bromfield Road," he said. "We dine in the middle of the day. Will you come and have tea at six to-night?"

"Thank you, I will."

"Put on your flannels and we'll have a pull afterwards."

"All right," I said, Fitzwalton's geniality beginning to tell upon me.

In the evening I presented myself at Burton Villa, which was prettily situated upon the slope of Bromfield Road, conveniently overlooking the county gaol, where the melancholy wheel of the treadmill was continually going round. Beyond this there were a few trees and a bit of distant hill.

I entered a small green gate, and found myself in a small walled garden, then under a small porch, and in two minutes afterwards in a small hall, where I was received by a small lady—a piquant, bright little woman, with dark eyes and hair.

"Mr. Kenrick, I suppose," said the lady.

"Yes," I said, making my best bow.

"Very glad to see you. Come in; Richard will be here presently. My sister, Miss Amelia Birt, Mr. Kenrick."

Amelia was a young lady of most fair and fat proportions. She was dressed in the height of the fashion of those days, and wore an exceedingly low dress. She came forward, and offered me a fat, rosy little hand, and thereupon began to make love to me at once. Having fixed me with an endearing glance, she retired to her seat, and showed me a white round arm, that was certainly pleasant to look upon.

I imagine Miss Amelia was about the age of Julia Belmont, but she would have made two of that young lady in width, though she was considerably shorter in height. She wore her hair tightly bound to her head; her eyes rested upon you with languid, endearing glances, and when she laughed she did so with a pretty little affectation, which she had acquired in an effort to hide a slight touch of decay in one of her front teeth.

I could not but feel flattered to receive such marked attention as that with which Miss Amelia favoured me; but my conceit suffered a rude overthrow in days that followed, when I found that Miss Amelia made love to everybody. If she had no visitors on the spot to captivate and enthral with her languishing eyes, she sat at the window and pierced the hearts of passers-by. One conquest was nothing to her; she went in for a whole host of suitors; and she had no respect for persons.

When Richard Fitzwalton came, Amelia gave him a loud bouncing kiss on the cheek before her sister his wife had time to speak; whereupon that gentleman said,—

“Get on your linen togs after tea, we are going for a pull; Christopher Kenrick can row.”

“I'm glad of that,” said Mrs. Fitzwalton in her brisk, bright way. “Let us have tea at once.”

We had tea at once; a substantial, north-midland tea: a nice little steak, some cold ham, hot muffins, and a dish of strawberries afterwards. I sat near Miss Amelia, and we talked together as if we had known each other for many years. I had been acquainted with her brother-in-law at Stonyfield, but only through his father, who had taken a great deal of notice of me in that little bookseller's shop, and had once invited me to go home with him and have a ride on one of his horses, which I had done to his cost and my own, breaking the horse's knees, and narrowly escaping myself with a whole neck.

After tea Miss Amelia came out in a dress and jacket of white linen, trimmed with blue, and she took my arm with a charming familiarity that made me feel quite fast and manly. The people looked at us almost as much as they had looked at Miss Julia Belmont and her guide to the curiosities of Lindford.

By-and-by we arrived at the quiet, sluggish river, engaged our boat, and started, Miss Amelia taking the ribbons to steer, Mrs. Fitzwalton establishing herself near me in the bow, and Mr. Fitzwalton taking stroke oar.

We had hardly got well under weigh when we saw a pair-oared boat ahead of us.

"That's Tom Folgate's boat," said Fitzwalton, looking round. "Let's pull up and have a race."

On reaching Folgate's boat we found it occupied, as our own was, by two gentlemen and two ladies.

"How's the fair coxswain?" asked one, their bow oar.

"Very well, thank you," said Miss Amelia, taking the title as though it had been honourably conferred by some powerful institution.

"Tom, we are going to race you."

"All right—fire away, sir," said Tom. "Amelia shall start us."

"One, two, three," said Amelia, with a little laugh, carefully managed with respect to that decayed tooth.

Away went the two boats. We all rowed in downright earnest. The ladies cheered us on. I pulled with all my might. Only a vigorous spurt now and then, on either side, made the slightest difference. Once we had nearly fouled our opponents, but this was in the fair coxswain's efforts to get the best water at a bend of the river. The young lady was successful, which made up somewhat for the additional weight we carried in our stern.

When the Halfway House came in sight we were slightly in advance, and at the goal we had the advantage by nearly a boat's length. Then, in an exhausted condition, we laid down our oars. It was with no little difficulty that I landed after this terrible exertion. My fagged look excited the interest of the ladies and the sympathy of the men.

Tom Folgate said I was a plucky little beggar; but he had heard of me before, and was very glad to meet me—aye, and to be beaten by me, too.

"Heard of me!" I said, in some surprise, when Tom handed me a foaming bumper of shandy-gaff.

"Yes. Why old Mitching is continually talking about you."

"Indeed," I said.

"Does nothing else; you're quite a hero in his eyes; and Mrs. Mitching says you are the dearest young man."

Then all the ladies laughed, and Miss Amelia repeated Tom's words, "The dearest young man!"

I felt a little confused at this, but I had presence of mind enough to say,—

"Then here's Mrs. Mitching's health!"

"Bravo!" exclaimed Tom Folgate. "Sweet Ann Mitching!"

The ladies tittered again, and then, at the suggestion of Mr. Fitzwalton, we walked out into the Halfway House tea-gardens, and thence into the open meadows beyond, where every little breeze

brought with it the scent of newly-mown hay. Here we met another aquatic party, and Miss Amelia considering it necessary to captivate a youth of fifteen summers and his father, Tom Folgate and I had an opportunity for the exchange of further compliments.

Tom Folgate stood, at least, six feet in his boating shoes ; but his was one of those compact figures that look much less than they are. He had a dark blue eye, prominent lips, a well cut nose, and red, crisp, curly hair. All his actions denoted firmness and passion. He had a long, manly stride ; and a loud, full laugh. He spoke in a deep voice ; said cynical things with a noisy kind of relish ; and swept away all minor considerations of the proprieties with a contemptuous flourish of his arm.

"I don't set up for a saint," he would say ; "nor any such dam nonsense. I have seen the world, and know what humbug there is in it. Don't talk to me of virtue and patriotism. Rot ! I know all about it, Kenny, my boy ; but it is all right to believe in it, if you can. Don't let me influence you. Look at Fitzwalton's sister-in-law : there's an example of the world, if you like : as hollow as hell !"

This was Tom Folgate's language to me after we had all returned to Lindford that night, and after I had smoked two cigars with him at his rooms.

"I like you, Christopher Kenrick ; and I shall call you Kenny, as Mr. Mitching does. Eh ? What do you say ? May I ?"

"Oh yes," I said.

"You call me Tom, and let us be friends. It's a twopenny-halfpenny hole, this Lindford ; and a fresh hearted friend, like you, is a novelty here, I can tell you. I like a fellow who's had the pluck to cut his home and stand up for himself."

"I have sometimes felt sorry that I did so," I replied.

"You've got sensibilities, I suppose," replied Tom. "Beastly things to have ; get rid of them at once. Don't care for anything or anybody ; work your own way according to your lights ; don't be licked in anything you undertake ; and let sensibilities and all such rot go to the devil."

It was not long before I discovered that Tom Folgate, like many others, did not altogether act upon his own advice. His was a strange, contradictory, passionate nature. This cynical fellow had evidently been struggling with sensibilities all his life. A wise writer has somewhere said that fine sensibilities are like woodbines, delightful luxuries of beauty to twine round a solid, upright stem of understanding ; but very poor things if, unsustained by strength, they are left to creep



along the ground. My dear friend Tom had evidently been hampered with sensibilities; had thrown them down, and left them to creep and trail where they pleased, to be trodden on and bruised, and he had felt their wounds.

Railing against everything, he reminded me of the incident which Goldsmith relates in his "Letters from a Citizen of the World," where the man in black encounters the beggars, and whilst talking of the enlargement of prisons and the crime of beggary, relieves the mendicants on the sly. I cannot say that, in the end, this judgment of mine was altogether verified; for I would not have upon my soul the crimes of Tom Folgate for Valentine's

"Twenty seas, if all their sands were pearls,  
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### MRS. MITCHING GIVES A PARTY.

"WE are going to have a few friends this evening, Mr. Kenrick. Will you come?" said Mrs. Mitching, addressing me a few days after my boating excursion.

Duly appreciating the honour thus conferred upon me, I accepted the invitation with pleasure. I answered Mrs. Mitching that I felt honoured by her kind remembrance of me.

"Bring your violin: we intend to have a little music. Mr. Tom Folgate is coming; Mr. Wilton and the Miss Wiltons, Mr. Fitzwalton and Mrs. Fitzwalton, and some other people are expected."

Mr. Mitching was in a desperate fuss when I arrived, balancing his eye-glasses at everything with praiseworthy perseverance, and now and then saying pleasant things to his wife with a becoming amount of admiration and humility. Mr. Mitching never made speeches to his wife, but he did to everybody else. He button-holed people like the Ancient Mariner, and addressed them as if they were the Lindford Town Council or the British House of Commons. But Mrs. Mitching would not consent to be treated as an audience; and the pompous old gentleman respected any wish of Mrs. Mitching's with something like awe and reverence.

"The first arrival, Christopher," he said, as I entered. "The first arrival; that's right. Punctuality, my boy, is the soul of success;—punctuality, my boy, is appreciated at the *Lindford Herald*; punctuality —"

"George! let us ignore the shop to-night," said Mrs. Mitching.

"Certainly, my dear," said Mr. Mitching, in reply.

"And don't make speeches at present."

"By no means, my love, I was merely remarking that ——"

"Then, don't remark, my love. Mr. Kenrick, how do you do?"

She was in one of her grand moods, this pretty little woman; and Mr. Mitching knew how to be submissive upon such occasions.

"I hope you are well, Mr. Kenrick?" said the lady, looking down at her white gauzy dress, and then surveying herself in a mirror where her pinky-white complexion, her blue eyes (set off with just a gentle shadow, put on with a camel-hair brush), looked still more enchanting by the aid of a little distance and a sombre wall paper.

How do I know that Mrs. Mitching used artificial means to enhance her beauty? Never mind, my friend. You may take it for granted that I will not deceive you. Mrs. Mitching was a beautiful woman; but she was not content to be simply beautiful, she wished to be altogether overpowering; so she increased the brilliant dazzle of her eyes by artificial means; and I am not prepared to say whether she did not paint, ever so little—ever so little, I say, because she might have had all that rosy bloom without painting. She was one of the prettiest, most fascinating little women I ever saw in my life; but there was at times just a trifle of mystery in her conversation and just a twinkle of devilry in her eye, that it were mere folly to try to interpret.

"There! that is your editor's ring, I am sure. Go and meet him, George."

Mr. Mitching thereupon darted to the drawing-room door, and received Mr. Noel Stanton, the conductor of that illustrious journal at Lindford, upon which I had the honour of a leading appointment.

Mr. Noel Stanton was a gentleman who believed in one man, who had the highest respect for the genius and ability, and experience and honour of one individual. Mr. Noel Stanton believed in Mr. Noel Stanton. It was the leading principle of his life to assert the superiority of Mr. Stanton's judgment and Mr. Stanton's ability. No matter that you looked in vain for any brilliant example of Mr. Noel Stanton's genius in the *Herald*, Mr. Stanton knew everything, could do everything, had seen everything. On the smallest provocation he would take off his spectacles, rub them with his silk handkerchief, and tell you so. Yet he was evidently a young man. If you threw out a gentle hint that he was young to have had so much experience, he would tell you that he had lived; yes, sir, lived. He had not muddled away existence; he had not been in Lindford all his life. On the contrary, he had only been in Lindford three years,

during which time he had made himself too valuable to the place for Lindford ever to do without him. Was he not the life and soul of the *Herald*? Had he not put down the bumptiousness of the opponents whom he found rampant against Mitching's paper when first he came to Lindford? Had he not asserted the power and independence of the press against the overbearing insolence of the lord-lieutenant? Had he not defeated, in a famous controversy, the most powerful cleric in the city? And, above all, had he not increased by many hundreds the circulation of the *Herald* amongst the higher and more intellectual classes of Lindfordshire? If you had the slightest doubt upon these points, Mr. Noel Stanton would wipe his glasses, and convince you, without for one moment begrudging the valuable time which his explanations would occupy; and he would dine with you afterwards, and win your money at whist or billiards with a degree of condescension and magnanimity perfectly charming to behold.

"Ah! how do you do, Mr. Stanton? how are you, sir?" Mr. Mitching fussily exclaimed, when the illustrious editor appeared.

"How do you do, Mitching?" said Mr. Noel Stanton, in reply, adjusting his shining spectacles with both hands. "Very warm, Mitching. Ah! Mrs. Mitching, I hope I find you well this evening?"

If there was one man whom I admired up to the commencement of Mrs. Mitching's party, for his intellectual power, and his general knowledge of the world, above all others, it was Mr. Noel Stanton. I checked off in my mind his personal attributes and his wise sayings with great relish. I little thought that the day would arrive when I should square up at him in his own room, and plant my right full upon his proboscis, as they would say in the ring.

He looked quite *distingué* on the night of this famous party. His blue frock coat, light waistcoat, and grey trousers were perfect; and he explained to Mrs. Mitching that he had not dressed *de rigueur*, understanding that the entertainment was not a dinner party, but rather a pleasant evening meeting *en famille*. He adjusted his stiff stick-up collars as he said so, and wriggled further into his coat. His hair was in elaborate frizzy curls; and his whiskers, in furzy-looking clumps, rested upon his collar, and made his sharp, incisive nose look all the sharper.

Mr. Mitching always subsided in presence of Mr. Noel Stanton. The bright, sparkling spectacles of the editor seemed to cut out even Mr. Mitching's heavy gold rimmers, which the proprietor balanced in vain on his capacious nose, or poised argumentatively between the thumb and finger of his right hand. Mr. Stanton had only to take off

his light and elegant spectacles, rub them deliberately, and then replace them, to overawe and completely vanquish the gentleman of the gold rimmers. This reminds me that the more irreverent citizens of Lindford called Mr. Noel Stanton "Specs," varied occasionally with the cognomen of "Collars." Wherever you saw him, your eye would always fall, in the first place, upon his spectacles, the dazzling brilliancy of which sent you speedily in retreat to his collars. I hold that there is character in shirt collars. You could have sworn, had you seen Mr. Stanton's collars hanging out to dry, as I often did, that they belonged to an extraordinary man.

Well, Mr. Stanton had hardly arrived when my big, red-headed friend Tom Folgate arrived also, and made a great point of shaking hands with me, and complimenting me upon my boating capabilities.

Tom was got up in full evening dress; and, if he had been a newspaper man, he would probably have cut out Mr. Stanton in my estimation; but Mr. Folgate was only an engineer, and, what is more, he had rather a mean opinion of the press and press men. He used to call Mr. Mitching an old fool, and Noel Stanton a conceited ass, which, for a time, rather lowered Mr. Folgate in my estimation, though there was a certain manliness about Tom which could not fail to impress everybody in his favour.

The next arrival was my gushing friend, Mr. Fitzwalton, his bright-eyed little wife, and his lazy, languishing, buxom sister-in-law, Miss Birt.

Whilst Mrs. Mitching was doing the amiable, as the modern phrase goes, to Mrs. Fitzwalton and her cheery, chatty consort, Mr. Mitching tried to make a grand speech to Miss Birt in a quiet corner; but the plot was discovered by Mrs. Mitching, who speedily defeated the daring rebel, thus enabling Miss Birt to take the seat which I gallantly offered to her; whereupon Miss Birt smiled most pleasantly upon me, with due and proper consideration for her decayed tooth.

It seemed as if it were the fate of that young lady in the lama frock to flash upon me and surprise me into inextricable confusion upon all occasions. I had scarcely told Miss Birt how glad I was that she had come, when I looked up to discover in the youngest Miss Wilton my unknown beauty. For a moment I seemed to lose myself in a kind of mental fog, that left me blushing and bowing to the two Miss Wiltons, whom I had first seen on that memorable evening in the High Street.

Tea and coffee was being handed about, and some other persons had come in before I quite knew what I was doing. Indeed, it was not until Miss Birt had plunged through the heat and turmoil of

"The Battle of Prague," and got into the cries of the wounded and all the other pomp and circumstance of that valuable composition, that I recovered my self-possession sufficiently to speak to Esther Wilton's mother.

Mr. Noel Stanton led the fat and fair Miss Birt, in a high state of excitement, to a seat close by my chair, and she at once proceeded to assail the editorial heart in a manner that was by no means disagreeable to Mr. Stanton, who proceeded to impress her in return with an account of his distinguished family connections, and of certain romantic incidents in his remarkable journalistic career.

Presently I found courage enough to address Esther Wilton, and I am bound to say that she did not seem quite so self-possessed as I have seen her since upon many more trying occasions than that of an evening party. I have a faculty for remembering little details of manner and expression long after they occur, and I shall never forget the soft tremour of her first words, and the slightly nervous action of that tantalising little fan behind which she occasionally hid a blush or a smile.

She was a perfect picture of health, this round, dimpled beauty, with pouting lips and supple waist. Her mother was evidently a quiet, weak, affectionate, silly old woman, and her sister Emmy a sharp, clever girl. Between them they succeeded in keeping Esther in a constant state of alarm as to her general behaviour. Esther had rather the manner of a pretty slave who had not her own way, and was continually throwing out appeals for assistance. And no wonder; for she had two other sisters besides Emmy, two elderly sisters, the offspring of Mrs. Wilton's first husband, and these ladies had succeeded in gaining the upper hand over Mrs. Wilton, though their influence was sometimes checked by the bad conduct of a married brother, who had been their especial favourite, and who occasionally amused himself by turning his wife and family out of doors, whilst he smashed all his furniture, and went to sleep blind drunk amidst the *débris*.

This, however, is by the way; let us return to that hot, stuffy drawing-room, and listen to the serio-comic, half sentimental, half humorous ballad which Mrs. Mitching is singing with so much zest; whilst Tom Folgate turns over the leaves and looks into her languishing eyes, evidently to the discomfort of Miss Emmy Wilton, who is watching him from a distance.

"Thank you. Very well sung, indeed," said Mr. Noel Stanton, when the song was finished; whilst Tom Folgate took the lady's hand like a prince on the stage, and led her to her seat, where, after

carefully disposing her dress to the best advantage, she fell back into a sea of muslin, and looked provokingly bewitching. By-and-by Tom Folgate went and sat near Miss Emmy Wilton, who treated him with marked coldness, and cast a scornful glance at Mrs. Mitching.

Then I was called upon to produce my violin, which I did with more than my customary nervousness; and Miss Emmy Wilton accompanied me, at sight, in a little piece arranged by a noted performer. We got through the duet without actually breaking down; but it was a melancholy exhibition, and with the exception of Esther Wilton and her mother, this seemed to be the opinion of the audience generally. I hid my diminished head in a corner afterwards, close by Esther and her mother. The former said, with a sweet smile, that I played beautifully; whilst Mrs. Wilton, endorsing the opinion of her daughter, went into the family history of two persons who played the fiddle when she was a girl, one of whom cut his throat during a seizure at his house for rent, and the other was made fun of for many a year because during an attack upon him by robbers he was reported to have exclaimed, "Take my life, but spare my fiddle!"

I smile at myself now when I think how complacently I sat and listened to that poor old woman's stories, laughing promptly at the proper place, and sighing when she did. Esther looked at me and smiled, and I made up my mind to summon up courage enough to take her down to supper; but during a momentary word or two with Tom Folgate, that wretched "Specs" came forward and secured Esther—that wretched "Specs," I say, for I hated him just then with a mortal hatred; and as I blundered down-stairs with some wheezy old woman, whose name I had not heard, I muttered to myself, "conceited ass!" "Specs!" "Collars!" and a variety of other epithets by no means complimentary to Mr. Noel Stanton.

How it came about that Miss Birt allowed Mr. Stanton to escape her is a mystery to me, even now, unless it arose out of some blundering upon the part of Mr. Mitching, who walked off fussily with Miss Birt, before Mrs. Mitching had time to make him take down Mrs. Wilton.

During supper I looked across two lobsters, a pair of chickens, and a ham at Miss Esther Wilton, and she was certainly not displeased at my most unmistakable glances of love and admiration. I drank champagne in an abstracted sort of way, and nibbled the crust of a hard-baked roll; but I ate nothing. I drank champagne, and composed imaginary verses in praise of Esther's beauty, and gradually found myself getting away into a world of my own, in which there

was a multitude of lights, a confused mass of faces, and a jumble of lobsters, chickens, jellies, and other dainties, which people were talking about and praising in a stupid, idiotic kind of manner that seemed puzzling, but not at all strange.

I remember quietly slipping out into the hall, and leaving the house in a strange, wandering fashion, and sitting in the porch of the old church close by, until I heard a voice that sounded like Mrs. Mitching's say, in a whisper, "Good-bye, dear," and then I saw Tom Folgate, with his hands in his pockets, lounge past me, and sigh a great sigh, whether of pain or relief, I could not distinguish.

"Hollo, sir!" I said.

"Hollo! Who are you? Why, Kenny, as I live!" replied Tom. "Everybody was wondering what had become of you."

"Indeed, sir?" I stammered.

"Yes. Weren't you well, eh, Kenny?"

"No, I was not well," I replied.

Then Tom laughed a loud laugh, and took me by the arm, and said, "Come along, my boy."

And we went home, Tom laughing all the way at my abuse of "Specs," whom I did not hesitate to denounce as a conceited, stuck-up ass, which was a most ungrateful thing to do, seeing that he had always behaved most kindly to me; but it is human nature to let the smallest offence shut your mind to the memory of former kindnesses. Moreover, it often happens that you dislike a person on account of some unintentional wrong on his part, and you never give him the opportunity to set himself right with you. I quite hated Noel Stanton on that night, and I am sure he does not know to this day that he annoyed me by taking Esther Wilton down to supper.

When I left Tom Folgate at my own door, or rather when he left me there, he pointed to a light in a bedroom window about six houses off, and at right angles with mine.

"You see that, Kenny?" he said.

"Yes," I said.

"That is Esther Wilton's room. I fancy Emmy and Esther sleep together."

When I had said "Good-night," and the sound of Tom's firm tread began to grow faint in the distance, the light at Wilton's disappeared, and a head covered with curls looked out for a moment into the quiet night.

If "hanging and wiving goes by destiny," as the ancient saying quoted by Nerissa hath it, what is my destiny? I remember to have

asked myself as I stood there with my latch-key watching, in a very maudlin fashion, I fear, the window where that dear head appeared. It occurred to me that it would be a good thing to settle that point as soon as possible. If I could have said, "draw the curtain, Nerissa, and bring me to that mysterious casket," I would have sealed my fate at once. I was not accustomed to drink champagne in heated rooms, and Tom Folgate should have opened that disgusting door of Mrs. Nixon's for me. It is an old joke to say that somebody had tampered with the lock. I don't know how long I stood upon that lonely doorstep. There is an incident in "Hard Times" which made a great impression upon me when I read it. Two fellows intoxicated on the highway are asked for assistance in a case of life and death. One of them comprehends presently what is expected of him, and plunging his face into a pool of cold water, stands up before the half-crazed woman, sober and a man. There was no pool of cold water near Nixon's, or I should have been glad of it; for my head ached and my brain throbbled like an engine with extra duty imposed upon it. I am in doubt to this day how long it was before that obstinate lock yielded to my latch-key; but I know I quoted Mr. Feeble over and over again, "An' it be my destiny, So; an' it be not, So;" but whether this had reference to the possibility of my destiny leading me to wait on the doorstep until the milk came in the morning, or applied to the chance of my marrying Esther Wilton, will always be involved amongst several other subjects of doubt associated with the closing scenes of Mrs. Mitching's party.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE ELECTIONS.

**P**ARLIAMENT stands prorogued till the 26th November; but it is to be dissolved, I believe, by royal proclamation within a few days of the appearance of the *Gentleman*, and then, for twenty-eight days at least, Great Britain and Ireland will go mad by Act of Parliament; probably three millions of money will be thrown into the streets; a thousand or fifteen hundred gentlemen will half kill themselves in haranguing and canvassing the free and independent electors for the privilege and honour of representing them in the House of Commons, and at a period of the year when London is simply hideous, "My lords and gentlemen" will meet in St. Stephen's to break the seals off the Act of Settlement and the Treaty of Union, to reduce government across St. George's Channel to "a mere matter of police," to depose Disraeli, and, generally, to commit havoc with the British Constitution in Church and State, or to renew Mr. Disraeli's tenure of power, to reform and renovate the Irish Establishment upon the plan of the Irish Church Commissioners, and to maintain our Protestant institutions without violating the religious sentiments of our sensitive and high-spirited Roman Catholic countrymen.

To the ins and outs these issues, I know, represent the issues of political life and death, that is, 10,000*l.* or 12,000*l.* a year perhaps to half-a-dozen right hon. and learned gentlemen, stars and garters to a troop of noble lords, mitres and peerages to a host of rectors and squires, and the prospect of 1,200*l.* a year in the agreeable form of a commissionership of something or other to the rank and file of the victorious army. To me these issues represent nothing more than what they really are. Neither Gladstone nor Disraeli visit me in the night watches. I belong neither to the Guelphs nor the Ghibelines. I have hedged the trifle I laid against Gladstone in South Lancashire by taking the odds against him at Greenwich; and I can, therefore, read the *Times'* return of the polls, when they are published, with at least as much nonchalance as I have just read Lieutenant Herschel's notes on the Eclipse of the Sun. I have a profound faith that the *British Constitution* will, at least, outlive me; and, till Mr. Gladstone

proposes to turn Bank Stock into Terminable Annuities, or to wipe out the National Debt with a sponge, I shall think no worse of him for eating up his book on the "Union of Church and State," leaf by leaf, artichoke fashion, and running a tilt at the Irish Church, than I think of Mr. Disraeli for swallowing all his anti-Reform speeches, throwing his principles to the winds, and re-establishing the old Anglo-Saxon franchise of scot and lot as the basis of our system of parliamentary representation. Looking at the contest from this point of view, I can light my cigar with the Premier's address to his constituents, and, without the slightest twinge, picture the right hon. gentleman in his study at Hughenden or Grosvenor Gate casting up his gains and losses, and developing a policy to "heal the wounds of afflicted centuries" out of the speeches of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, and Sir Roundell Palmer. I know how skilfully Mr. Disraeli can spin Penelope's web; and when, by a long process of what logicians call approximation, the politics of Whig and Tory have been reduced to the colours of a straw, I can hardly find it in my heart to anathematise the right hon. gentleman's tactics, even though these tactics should, in the eyes of chivalrous politicians like the Marquis of Salisbury, illustrate the morals of an adventurer; for I am afraid we are all tarred with the same brush. There is, I know, a great deal to be said in favour of atoning for Lord Palmerston's lapses in principle by the sacrifice of Mr. Disraeli; but, perhaps, after all, it might be juster to grant a general amnesty, and revive the golden age of politics in the Householders' Parliament under the leadership of Vivian Grey. We owe something ourselves to the memory of Lord Palmerston; and Mr. Disraeli, as Premier, pleasantly marks the irony of the situation.

I know only one drawback to parliamentary life, and that is a general election. To say nothing at all of election bills—the ugliest and dirtiest bills that one sees, and which it is generally prudent to use for cigar spills, and pay without looking at anything but the totals—there is an amount of hard work in the form of speaking and canvassing that is simply hideous to most men; and Mr. Disraeli, with these "ancient and constitutional franchises" of his, has simply added to the horrors of an election fourfold. "You have no conception of what I have to go through down here," says a friend of mine, who is contesting a borough which, at present, I can only say is somewhere between here and Cappadocia. "I have to pay my respects to about ten thousand electors. Four-fifths of them, the chairman of my committee assures me, on his honour, are Liberals to the core. I have been at work day and night for the past six weeks. I have not

had a single day's shooting or fishing; and yet I have still another fortnight's work before me. I am up four days out of the seven at five o'clock in the morning to pick up the early worms as they go to work, and I have to hunt up electors at all hours of the night in courts and alleys that will give me the yellow fever to think of next July. I attend ward meetings in public-houses and tan-yards twice a week to explain my views on the topics of the day to my future constituents, and to answer questions—and such questions! What I think of the three-cornered trick? How I voted upon the Dog Tax? What I think about Currency—What my opinion is upon Courts of Conciliation? Whether I will vote for the Permissive Bill? How I got my pension? Whether I think I have either a moral or a legal right to it? How I intend to deal with Ritualists? Whether I will blow up the fortifications of Bermuda, throw up the colonies, disband the army, and put the navy out of commission; abolish all sinecures, relieve the bishops of their duties in Parliament, and pass an act for the protection of trade unions? Of course, I offend ten to every one that I conciliate by my replies; and the next day the Tory papers are down upon me, exposing my inconsistency and my faithlessness, denouncing my revolutionary and godless tendencies, and Heaven knows what besides. I am anathematised by the dean and chapter with bell, book, and candle; I am preached at every Sunday afternoon by the prebendaries, and lampooned and caricatured by the wits. I have a brace of Tories to fight, and a working men's candidate for a colleague, who is booking all the split votes on the hypothesis that I shall not want them. Thank God! it is a penal offence to bribe, or else—well, you know what Lowe said. If parliamentary life is to be tolerable under this system, we must have, not triennial or septennial Parliaments, but ten years' Parliaments." I can "vouch for every fact" of my friend's pathetic description of his contest; for I have had a run through the shires, and seen the constituencies exercising their right of baiting Cabinet Ministers and parliamentary representatives—and I speak from personal observation when I say that they bait them even more mercilessly than they are baited at two o'clock in the morning by the keenest and most audacious matadors of St. Stephen's—Bernal Osborne, Ayrton, or Bright. Of course, there is only one way of dealing with a cantankerous constituent or a riotous meeting, and that is by keeping up a sort of good-humoured audacity. Resent an interruption, lose your temper, or go off into an explanation, and get prosy, put in a good word for hares or rabbits, sneer at the ballot box, or mutter a syllable against the Permissive Bill, and it is all up with you. You

may as well finish off your speech at once ; for when once you have raised the demon of democracy in an English mob you may try all the incantations of sophistry and eloquence in vain to lay the spirit you have called from its lair. It is a rough course of political training this, to put men of thought and culture through as a preliminary for the House of Commons ; but if the gentlemen of England are to hold their own in the government of the country, to vindicate their superiority to mere demagogues, they must accustom themselves to it, and vanquish demagogues with their own weapons. England, it has been said, is unrivalled for two things—sport and politics. Happily, most of our politicians are sportsmen, and know how to ride at a five-barred gate after the hounds as well as they know how to face an ugly amendment in the House of Commons ; and if sportsmen wish to keep the imperial game of politics in their own hands, they must study politics as they study pheasants and partridges.

Representative institutions in England are now on their trial ; for in no other part of the world do representative institutions exist in all the simplicity and strength that they exist in this country. In America the power of the people is held in check by a series of stringent guards of a well-defined nature. In France the power of the people is little more than a phrase. Here, and here alone, popular power is what it professes to be ; and here, till now, representation, as the basis of a system of imperial government, has been rather a fiction than a fact. Though the mother of parliaments, and the model of all free states, high political power in this country, up till now, has been practically vested in the hands of the aristocracy, and has been exercised by them with singular moderation and sagacity. That power is now in the hands of the mass of the people ; and upon its exercise depend the position and the prosperity of the prerogative state of Europe. Under the old system the House of Commons has represented all the highest intelligence and practical ability of the country. Imperfect and faulty as our system has been, it is impossible to deny that it has worked well ; for it has kept the doors of the House of Commons open to men of all ranks, men of every type of thought, of every variety of experience ; and its legislation, as far as it has gone, has been just, enlightened, and successful. The House of Commons still possesses all its power. It still possesses all its original attractions for men of ambition, for men of property, for men of thought and culture. It still forms the avenue to all the highest honours of the state, to all the great posts of government, of diplomacy, and of law ; and Englishmen of all ranks *still look to* a seat in the House of Commons as one of the highest

honours that they can attain ; for the House of Commons is still not only the first club in London, but an assembly distinguished above all other assemblies of its kind by its high tone, its personal purity, and its independence. Whether it shall retain these characteristics depends upon the choice of the electors ; and, so far as I can see at present, I am glad to observe that there will be little or no alteration in the *personnel* of the new Parliament in comparison with that which in a few days will be relegated to the domain of history with all the honours of a royal proclamation.

Every seat, where the scrutinising eye of an election agent can detect the slightest prospect of success, will be contested by either Whig or Tory, and contested, apparently, with a keenness which has characterised few of our recent elections. County constituencies like West Suffolk and South and East Devon, Carmarthenshire and North Warwickshire, where, ever since the days of the Corn Laws, the representation has been in the hands of the Tories, are now to be contested by the Liberals ; and Captain Parry, of Madryn, has even thrown down the gauntlet as a Liberal against Lord Penrhyn and his son, Mr. Douglas Pennant, in what has hitherto been considered one of the most intensely Conservative counties within the four seas—Carnarvonshire, a county where, for nearly seventy years, I believe, the representation has been in the hands of a single family, and no Liberal gentleman has ever shown his face on the hustings. And it is the same in the boroughs. An audacious young barrister, the son of a peer, but a Radical of the Radicals, the Hon. George Brodrick, is bearding the Duke of Marlborough in his own pocket-borough of Woodstock ; and Lord Chelsea is in the field at Bury, where three years ago even Mr. Frederick Peel was thought too Conservative in his tendencies. Tories are in the field at Birmingham, and Radicals at Liverpool. But, with all the preparations that are in progress for testing the temper of the constituencies upon the rival schemes of policy laid down by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli, you may look in vain through the columns of the *Times* to find the names of more than a dozen men who differ from the recognised type of parliamentary candidates ; and these men are, for the most part, representatives of the Reform League, and are contesting the seats, not of Conservatives, but of Liberals. Perhaps I ought to strike out of this list the name of the president of the League : for Mr. Beales, after all, is a gentleman of position and education, and is linked with men like Mr. Bradlaugh, Mr. Odger, Mr. Hartwell, and Mr. Holyoake only by similarity of political sentiments. These men are appealing to the *working classes* as their special representatives ; but they are about

the only candidates whose appearance in the House of Commons would excite the slightest remark from the oldest, or, I may add, the most hypocritical of the old class of members. Mr. Ernest Jones's name is closely associated with the Chartists; and he, too, is, I believe, contesting Manchester as a representative of the Reform League; but Mr. Jones is a gentleman by birth and education; and Mr. George Wilson, who is standing for Halifax on similar principles to those of Mr. Jones, is a great Manchester cotton-spinner. Mr. Frederick Peel, Sir John Trelawney, Mr. Coningham, Mr. Harry Thompson, Mr. Walter, the proprietor of the *Times*' newspaper, and the Right Hon. W. N. Massey have all been in Parliament before. The names of Sir Robert Hamilton, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, the Hon. George Brodrick, the Hon. Auberon Herbert, Sir George Jenkinson, Sir J. D. Acton, Sir Charles Wingfield, Captain Bedford Pim, and Captain Sherard Osborne, all speak for themselves; and, when to these I add the names of Mr. Vernon Harcourt ("Historicus" of the *Times*), Dr. Deane, Serjeant Cox, Mr. Edward James (the only fresh lawyers of note who have as yet put in an appearance), Mr. Edwin Chadwick, Mr. Edgar Bowring, Dr. Lyon Playfair, and Mr. Ralph Ward Jackson, I have enumerated all the new names that will strike the eye as it glances through the list of candidates.

No, not all; for over and above these there are, I see, the names of a class of men who are, I believe, destined to play a more conspicuous and useful part in the work of legislation and government than they do at present—I mean the class of journalists. Hitherto these men have only been known in the House of Commons as premiers, reporters, and loungers in the lobby; but perhaps no men are better fitted by their training and habits of thought to take part in the discussions and committee work of the House of Commons than "gentlemen of the press;" and I am, therefore, glad to see them throwing off the mask and standing forward, as they do in France and America, to take a distinct and acknowledged position in English politics. In the present parliament there are only a couple of newspaper men—Mr. Maguire and Mr. Baines; and these are the proprietors of provincial journals. There is, I believe, only one more gentleman of the press in the House, except the Premier, and that is the Right Hon. Robert Lowe. You may frequently meet Mr. Delane, the editor of the *Times*, in the lobby, and on special occasions you may generally see him in the Speaker's gallery. But why not on the floor of the House, why not on the Opposition or the Ministerial benches, or in that part of the House which Mr. Gladstone once called the Mountain? That is the proper position for a

distinguished and powerful journalist like the editor of the *Times*; and the electors cannot do themselves or the country a higher service than by selecting men of Mr. Delane's class as their representatives. There are at present, I believe, ten or a dozen gentlemen of this class standing for constituencies. I know most of them personally, and apart from their political principles, I know no men in the present parliament who, in point of information, experience, and natural powers are their superiors. Dr. Russell, the special correspondent of the *Times* in the Crimea, in India, and in America, is contesting Chelsea, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, the editor of the *Athenaeum*, is out for Marylebone, and Mr. Miall, the editor of the *Nonconformist*, for Bradford. Mr. Passmore Edwards is standing with Captain Vivian for Truro. Mr. Morley, the editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, is, I hope, still in the field for Preston; and I have not yet abandoned all hope of seeing Mr. Walter Bagehot, the editor of the *Economist*, returned, if not by the University of London, by one of the constituencies in the West of England who can appreciate the political value of a thoughtful and brilliant writer. The provincial press will, if the constituencies know their own interests, send up half a dozen of its more conspicuous members to the new parliament; and I have no doubt that if Dr. Sebastian Evans, Mr. Jaffray, and Mr. Tillet are returned, they will, like Mr. Baines and Mr. Maguire, vindicate, in the House of Commons, the high reputation they enjoy in the provinces as the editors of powerful and popular newspapers. At present, however, I am sorry to add, that as far as I can see, there is but a slight prospect of the return of either of these gentlemen of the press. Most of the constituencies have a horror of new men. They distrust mere genius even more than Sir Robert Peel did; but to counterbalance this I am glad to see that they adhere to their old representatives with striking fidelity, even when these men are outbidden by more popular rivals.

Perhaps it is a little premature at present to speculate upon the result of the elections; but as far as I can form an estimate from the notes upon the constituencies that are published day by day in the newspapers, aided by my own knowledge and observation, I do not believe that the Reform Bill will affect the *personnel* of the House of Commons more than it is generally affected by a contest of this description; and it will, I believe, affect it far less than Lord Palmerston's appeal to the country ten years ago, upon the China war. The representation of the counties is still in the hands of the landowners; and as long as land is held by its present tenure, a *Reform Bill* will break their power. Perhaps here and there, as in

Norfolk and Aberdeenshire, the agriculturists may band themselves together and return a man of their own class as their representative; but as a rule the county members will be sprigs of the aristocracy, popular county gentlemen, distinguished either by the extent of their estates or by their personal traits, or as chairmen of quarter sessions, or as "farmers' friends." Perhaps when the agriculturists feel their power, and find that they can put that power into force through the action of chambers of agriculture, they may follow the bold example that has been set them in Norfolk; but at present Mr. Clare Read is the only tenant farmer in the House, and what is more, he is the only one who stands the slightest chance of being returned to the next parliament. He is the fly in amber; and those who know the counties best, and know how often their representation is settled over a bottle of port or claret after the ladies have left the dinner-table for the drawing-room, only wonder, like Byron, how the devil he got there. Most of the boroughs are now open; and the representation of at least three-fifths of them is in the hands of the working classes; but the elephant has not yet looked behind his ears and discovered how big he is. It will be ten years yet, I believe, before the working classes realise Mr. Lowe's anticipation, and "set up shop" for themselves; and I doubt whether, even then, a gentleman of position and culture will not be able to hold his own against the leaders of trades' unions. Rank, and wealth, and intelligence, are sovereign powers in an English borough; and in the great centres of manufacturing industry, in the northern and midland counties, neither "a working man" nor "a working man's candidate" has a ghost of a chance against an iron-master, a cotton-spinner, or a cloth-manufacturer. Take Middlesborough, for example, and pit Mr. Odger against Mr. Bolckow. Does any man suppose that Mr. Odger could put Mr. Bolckow's seat in hazard by proclaiming universal suffrage and the ballot? Or take Birkenhead. Does any man who knows the town suppose that Mr. Beales or Colonel Dickson could turn out even a Tory of Mr. Laird's type? Perhaps, of all the towns in the north, Rochdale is the most thoroughly Radical. The operatives there are as independent and as free as even Mr. Bright could wish them to be. They have all but superseded the shopkeepers by the establishment of their co-operative stores; and they might, if they wished, by a slight effort set themselves free of "the tyrant Capital" by the erection of a few more co-operative mills. They have their own leaders, men of their own class, men far superior to any of the Leaguers in intellectual power and social standing. Yet who is their representative? Tom Potter, a Manchester millionaire; and Mr. Potter could hold his



seat at Rochdale against all the working men's candidates in Great Britain. These are significant facts, and they ought to be borne in mind in estimating the probable character of the House of Commons in the future. The truth is, "the heroic virtues" by which Mr. Stuart Mill has been returned for Westminster, and may possibly be returned again, are not virtues to be invoked by any man of lower rank than Mr. Stuart Mill or Mr. Gladstone. Have the electors of Marylebone yet taken up Hepworth Dixon's invitation? Does anybody in the Tower Hamlets believe that Mr. Beales can oust Mr. Ayrton from his seat by the mere force of popular enthusiasm? No. "Blood can hold its own against bone" in politics as in war, even under a scot and lot franchise; and therefore, I for one have no fear that the House of Commons will be lowered either in its tone or its principles by the Reform Act.

All, or nearly all, the front rank men are sure of their seats. Mr. Disraeli will not even be opposed; and Mr. Gladstone will go in for Greenwich even if he should be vanquished in the contest for the representation of West Lancashire. Mr. Gathorne Hardy holds his seat for the University of Oxford by a tighter tenure probably than any man in the country, the tenure of ingrained sympathy. Mr. Anthony Trollope has abandoned even the thought of ousting Lord Stanley from King's Lynn; but Mr. Corbet, the salt manufacturer, has not postponed his hope of replacing Sir John Pakington in the representation of the quiet little borough of Droitwich. The War Secretary's opponent hopes to win with the new voters, who are chiefly employed at his works in the new district of Stoke; but Sir John, who seems to enjoy perpetual youth, has a strong party in the borough, and a county full of sympathisers in Worcestershire. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is personally too popular a man to be superseded in his seat for Northamptonshire; and even the Liberals of North Devon will split their votes to keep Sir Stafford Northcote at his post in the India House. Mr. Stephen Cave, the President of the Board of Trade, and Sir John Hay, sit for close boroughs, and may therefore reckon upon the cheap luxury of a walk over; but Sir John Karlake, the Attorney-General, and Lord Henry Lennox, will have a hard up-hill game to fight at Exeter and Chichester, against men like Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Smith. Mr. Bright's seat for Birmingham is out of danger; but Mr. Stuart Mill's candidature will put the heroic virtues of the electors of Westminster to the test, and it is by no means improbable that the author of the "Essay on Liberty" may next session find himself relegated to his library by a keen and accomplished representative of the "stupid party." Mr. Lowe has abandoned the

Marquis of Lansdowne's pocket-borough of Calne, a borough which in its day has returned more distinguished men of letters to the House of Commons than perhaps any borough within the four seas, or possibly Calne has abandoned Mr. Lowe; but the University of London will reflect lustre upon itself by returning as its first parliamentary representative a man who, as a scholar, as a statesman, as a man of letters and wit, is the ornament at once of learning, letters, and politics. Sir Roundell Palmer and Mr. Coleridge will again be in the House to contest the palm of legal acumen and eloquence; and Mr. Cardwell, Mr. Milner Gibson, Mr. Chichester Fortescue, and Mr. Hugh Childers will be at hand to take either of the ministerial portfolios that chance or Mr. Gladstone may throw in their way when the Tory Ministry is broken up on Christmas-eve, if it is to be broken up at all. At present, however, I see but slight prospect of the return of either the Marquis of Hartington or Mr. Austin Bruce; and Mr. Edwin Chadwick promises to run Mr. Bouverie hard for the representation of the Kilmarnock Burghs.

Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Laing, Lord Elcho, and Mr. Horsman, are threatened with a pretty sharp opposition; but with all their faults they are all four men who ought to be in Parliament, and I hope to see them in December in their old seats. Mr. Bernal Osborne has left a sick room, and crossed St. George's Channel, to join in the fray at Nottingham against three or four rivals and the Liberal Registration Association into the bargain; but the electors of Nottingham owe it to themselves to take care that the reformed Parliament does not begin without "the universal representative" whose audacious and sparkling wit adds piquancy to the dullest of debates. Mr. Grant Duff has not yet realised the promise of his own abilities; but no man of brilliant gifts ought to be pronounced a failure in the House of Commons till he is past fifty, and with the aid of the Elgin Burghs, he may yet meet Mr. Disraeli at Philippi. Mr. Austin Layard has marred his parliamentary reputation by explosions of temper; but no man knows the East better; and the electors of Southwark may yet furnish Mr. Gladstone with an able and experienced under-secretary for the Foreign Office by the re-election of "the Nineveh Bull." Mr. Thomas Baring will, no doubt, be re-elected for Huntingdon. He is the Merchant Prince of the House, and speaks on all commercial questions with the weight and authority of high personal character, and long political and commercial experience. Mr. Goschen, as a minister and debater, has turned out a brilliant failure; but as a City man he has everything except experience to recommend him to the electors of London; and as long as Mr.

Goschen, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Hankey, and Mr. Moffatt, retain their seats in the House of Commons, commerce and high commercial interests will not need representatives and spokesmen.

General Peel, the colleague of Mr. Thomas Baring in the representation of Huntingdon, will, I fear, be his companion in parliamentary ostracism; and Sir Henry Rawlinson, Sir William Heathcote, Mr. Beecroft, Mr. Chas. Neate, Col. Cartwright, Mr. Banks Stanhope, Professor Fawcett, Lord Amberley, and Mr. Rearden, will, I anticipate, be conspicuous by their absence from the first of the reformed Parliaments. But these blanks in the serried ranks of the House will be balanced by the re-appearance of Sir John Trelawney, Mr. Fred. Peel, Mr. Walter, Mr. Ferrand, Mr. Coningham, Mr. Edward Miall, Mr. Morley, and Mr. W. N. Massey. There is some prospect of Mr. Ayrton, Mr. Smollett, and Colonel Sykes, finding themselves reinforced as the representatives of the interests of India in the House of Commons by the return of Sir Robert Hamilton, one of the heroes of the Indian mutiny, and a man of rare experience in the work of governing our Indian empire. But beyond this, at present, I see very little prospect of any noticeable changes in the *personnel* of the House of Commons. The country gentlemen of the high Tory school will still find their representatives in the venerable and manly forms of Mr. Henley and Mr. Kekewich. The agricultural interest will find its natural protectors in Mr. Clare Read, Mr. Thomas Dyke Acland, and Sir Massey Lopes, the representatives of three of the most deeply-rooted ideas in the agricultural mind, namely, free malt, a minister of agriculture, and fewer taxes. Mr. Wyld will be there to superintend the establishment of county financial boards. Mr. Locke King will still be there to do justice to younger sons by the restoration, after a lapse of eight centuries, of the old Anglo-Saxon law of gavel-kind as the English rule of inheritance. Mr. Torrens will reappear with his ground plan and estimates for building Swiss cottages or American hotels for his constituents in Bloomsbury Square, or any other available site that the Board of Works may find for him. There, too, the ladies in their gilded cage will still pick out with their opera-glasses the striking figure of The O'Donoghue of the Glens, one of the handsomest men in Europe. Eöthen Kinglake, Tom Hughes, and the author of the "Competition Wallah," will still represent literature. Lincoln will once more return Mr. Seeley to look after his "pigs;" and Southampton and Devizes that "fell Serjeant" Gaselee and Mr. Darby Griffith, to vindicate the constitutional right of cross-questioning all her Majesty's ministers upon the afternoon rumours at the club. Mr. E. A. Leatham will still

be there to fire off his sparkling epigrams and *bon-mots*; Mr. Charles Buxton to represent his "Ideas of Policy;" Mr. Newdegate and Mr. Whalley to illustrate the strength and the suspicions of British Protestants; and Mr. Charles Lefevre to win the plume and spurs of a knight errant, by releasing Ariel from the oak, and making her and all her property free as air from the incantations of the Prospero of Westminster Hall.

So far, therefore, there is every probability that we shall find in the next Parliament as efficient an instrument of government and of representation as Mr. Hare promises us even in that political millennium of his when the world shall elect its parliamentary representatives by a code of algebraic signs. So far, too, all is clear. But when we descend from the *dii majores* to the rank and file, that is, from the hundred and fifty noble lords and right honourables who represent a sort of constitutional fixed quantity, to the five hundred undistinguished noblemen and gentlemen who do their best to facilitate the progress of business by reading blue books, holding their tongues, and voting as they are told by Colonel Taylor and Mr. Glynn, and attempt to form an estimate of the probable strength of the rival parties, the task is less easy. I make no pretensions to second sight. No one has yet reached the bottom of that Serbonian bog at which even Mr. Bright stood aghast. The residuum may either turn out Chartist or Tory, or it may possibly vote like the rest of the world, half and half. My impression, however, from what I know of the constituencies and of municipal elections, is that when the muster rolls come to be made up in December, Mr. Gladstone will find himself at the head of a majority, a small one perhaps, but still a majority. Here and there of course the Liberals will lose a seat, and here and there the Conservatives; and there are a few seats still left which pass by a sort of traditional right from Liberal to Tory, or from Tory to Liberal, just as Liberals or Tories happen to be in possession of the offices of government. But in most of the great northern towns, and in those counties where the small towns exercise a powerful interest, the Liberals will carry everything before them. In these boroughs, and in these counties, the artisans and small shopkeepers hold the elections in their hands, and they vote for the Liberals partly from tradition, and partly from prejudice. They are apt to look at Toryism as one of the disagreeable superstitions of country gentlemen; and they have been so often told in the best and worst of English, by orators like Mr. Bright, and by Oxford Professors like Mr. Goldwin Smith and Mr. Thorold Rogers, that no working-man

who knows anything at all of political history, and political principles, can have the slightest association with the party who taxed the poor man's food, denied him a cheap press, and keeps the land out of the market, and thus keeps down wages, that three-fifths at least of the working-classes believe what they are told, and vote accordingly. Even those who are too intelligent to be taken in by what the Yankees call bunkum of this description, prefer Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Disraeli, the policy of the Liberals to the policy of the Conservatives. And this is not all. Many constituencies are governed by crotchets. One borough takes up the Permissive Bill; another espouses the Ballot. The Trades' Unionists hold the representation of one town in their hands. The Co-operative Societies rule another. Now these crotchets are fatal to the prospects of a Conservative candidate. I know that in this election a new species of Tory has turned up in some of our boroughs—a Tory Radical; and this gentleman, by some process that I have not yet been able to comprehend, manages to bring the poles of political thought together, to be a Radical to the Radicals, and a Tory to the Tories, without being a Radical to the Tories, or a Tory to the Radicals. Dr. Sebastian Evans is a fine type of this class of politician. Thirty years ago it was illustrated by Vivian Grey and Pelham. But as a rule a Conservative has not the ghost of a chance in a borough with a crotchet; and a Liberal steps in, takes it, perhaps with a mental grain of salt, and swells the chorus of ironical cheers that rises from the back benches of the Opposition when Mr. Disraeli's sarcasms against every description of crotchet are hurtling in the air at two o'clock in the morning. All Scotland is ruled by a single crotchet, the crotchet of the General Assembly, and is Liberal even to the residuum. It will probably send fifty Liberals to ten Tories to the next Parliament. Ireland will send up more Tories than this to the House; but of course Ireland this year, if the tenants take the elections into their own hands, will send up a larger proportion of Liberals than she has probably sent to any previous Parliament. Co-operating together for a common object, it is impossible that the Roman Catholics of Ireland, the Presbyterians of Scotland, and the Dissenters of England and Wales, should not return a majority to the next Parliament. But what the precise number of the majority will be, I cannot say. Mr. Gladstone's friends calculate upon a hundred and twenty votes. It will hardly rise to that, I think. But it may be equal to, or perhaps even a trifle larger than, the majority which Lord Palmerston bequeathed to Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone in the autumn of 1865.

But still we must look deeper than mere numbers. There is no grosser piece of self-deception than to count noses in the House of Commons. The tail is not always governed by the head; and perhaps no great party leader has ever shown less tact in the management of his tail than the distinguished statesman who, possessing all knowledge but the knowledge of the weaknesses and littlenesses of men, permitted himself to be dished on a great popular question by the Tory leader, kept out of power for a couple of years by the mere exercise of parliamentary adroitness on the part of his rival, and compelled after all to assist in passing a great measure of representative reform in honour of that rival, when it ought to have been directly associated with his own name in the political history of his country. Looking at the future by the light of the past, I have a strong impression that Mr. Gladstone will find his Irish Church majority as far beyond his power of control as the Reform majority of 1866. It will, I believe, be, like that, a rotten majority; and if it is, Mr. Disraeli may find it as easy to break its neck as he found it to break the neck of Lord Palmerston's majority. It is impossible for any one who is accustomed to read between the lines, to glance through the addresses and speeches of the rival sets of candidates, or to listen to the under current of political conversation, without seeing that the Conservatives are strong in all the strength of a single idea, and of a single purpose; and that the Liberals are weak in all the weakness of a multiplicity of ideas and a multiplicity of purposes.

There are not many Conservatives who take their stand on the *status quo*. You may find scores of men in the ranks of the Tories who, like Lord Stanley, will reform the Irish Church with a pitchfork, cut down the Establishment, throw its revenues together in a common fund, and toss all the deck cargo overboard, deans and chapters, archbishops and bishops, or break up every rectory in Tipperary and Limerick; and there is a powerful section of the Liberals who, if they can help it, will not go a step further than these Conservatives to conciliate either Pope or Presbyterian. At present, of course, we hear little of these men. They do not speak till they find themselves in a position to act; but they will find voice before next July, and when they do, they will speak out with a voice that will find its echo in the hearts of many men who are now perhaps humbugging their constituents by heedlessly talking about disestablishment and disendowment, without acknowledging even to themselves that the disestablishment of the Irish Church may possibly mean nothing more nor less than the establishment of a South African Church within arm's length of

Westminster Hall, and that disendowment, after all, may only mean what Sir Roundell Palmer says it does, "mere confiscation."

Mr. Gladstone has spread too large a net. Perhaps, by proclaiming a policy of disestablishment and disendowment, the right hon. gentleman may have doubled his majority; for a scheme of policy of that description arouses popular passions and popular prejudices, brings together under a single banner Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, and Dissenters, all those who object to religious establishments, all those who object only to Protestant establishments, and all those friends of establishments (and there are many of them) who, nevertheless, think with the late Lord Macaulay that all the arguments in favour of religious establishments, and all the arguments against religious establishments, are alike arguments against the Protestant Church of Ireland; and if Mr. Gladstone had carried all his points when he has got his majority, kicked out the Tories, and knocked the Irish Church on the head as an establishment, we might all at once offer him our congratulations on the success of his masterly stroke of policy; that is, of course, supposing politics to be a game of ins and outs, and nothing more. But there is only one thing worse than a minority, and that is a very big majority. That, I believe, will be the vice of Mr. Gladstone's majority in December. It will be big enough to turn out Mr. Disraeli. It will be big enough to overthrow the Irish Church. It will be big enough for all purposes of mere destruction. But there we must stop. Yet that is not all. The work does not stop there. When the work of destruction is accomplished, only half of the work will have been done; and the Protestants may, and probably will, insist upon knowing the whole scheme of Mr. Gladstone's policy,—what endowments are to be taken away from the Irish Church, what is to be done with those endowments, and how the Irish Church is to be governed after her disendowment, before they vote with the Roman Catholics for either disestablishment or disendowment. Mr. Gladstone, at present, has made no sign upon either of these points. He refuses to explain his intentions. None of his friends had the slightest conception of his plans, if he have any. Mr. Walter says point blank that he has none; but, as Mr. Disraeli once said, Mr. Walter has an oracular way of making the most obvious observation. The Attorney-General, perhaps, speaks with more consideration, and possibly with more authority; and Sir John Karslake, like Mr. Walter, says Mr. Gladstone has no plan. None of his friends say that he has; and it is clear that if he has, he is keeping his secret locked up in his own bosom. *Not long ago a friend, who had a right to ask him what his intentions*

were, put the question to him in its directest form. "What do you propose to do with the surplus when you get it?" "Return me to power," said Mr. Gladstone, and this was his only answer, "and I will propose a plan which will, I believe, be acceptable to the nation." Mr. Gladstone is a true pupil of Sir Robert Peel. "When I am called in, I will prescribe, and not till then;" and that is the translation of Mr. Gladstone's address to the electors of Lancashire. "The mode of its application" (that is, of the surplus) "can only, in my judgment, be suggested to Parliament by those who, as a Government, may have means and authority to examine fully the provision now made by law for the various public and social wants of Ireland, and to compare in each case both the urgency of the demand and the facility of meeting it with general satisfaction." That, of course, may do for the present. The constituencies will take Mr. Gladstone upon trust. But the House of Commons will not. It refused to be led blindfold in the work of Reform. It will refuse, I believe, to be led blindfold upon the Irish Church; and after the catastrophe of '66, Mr. Gladstone ought to be the last man in the world to attempt to hoodwink the House of Commons. There is no policy like frankness. The House of Commons hates mystery, and it is apt to refuse point blank to be led by an autocrat. A Parliamentary Leader who refuses to trust his friends, can hardly expect to be surprised when his friends turn round as they did in '66, and as they may turn round in '69, and refuse to trust him.

Mr. Disraeli has taken his stand, and taken it with frankness, and perhaps I ought to say courage, upon what he calls the principles of the Reformation. Perhaps the best illustration that I can give of this policy is to be found in an anecdote that is told of George III. His Majesty, as all the world knows, was a gossip; and riding along the road he pulled up to chat with a farmer on the state of the crops. The farmer, to the disgust of the equerry, kept on his hat; and when the conversation was over, the equerry gave John Bull a hint, that if he wished to show his respect for the King, he would take off his hat the next time his Majesty spoke to him. "I am very sorry," said John Bull, "but, you see, there is a little difficulty about that. I wear a wig. My hat is fastened to my wig, and my wig is fastened to my coat; and so if one comes off they must all come off together." That is what Mr. Disraeli says about the Irish Church. The Irish Church is linked with the English Church, and the English Church is linked with the British Constitution; and if you break up the Irish Church, the whole system must go by the board. The English Church cannot stand without the Irish Church; and the British



Constitution cannot stand without the English Church. But anything short of disestablishment and disendowment the Tory Government are, at least, open to consider. They will reform the Irish Church within an ace of its existence; they will throw overboard bishops, deans, archdeacons, and even archbishops. But whatever else goes, the principle of establishment must be kept up, if only as a phantom. "The connection of religion with the exercise of political authority, is," says Mr. Disraeli, "one of the safeguards of the civilisation of man;" and the historical sign of that connection is a religious establishment. The Irish Church, when it represents nothing else, must at least represent a phrase. Modifications of course there must be. That is acknowledged by all except the Premier; Lord Stanley acknowledges it; Sir John Pakington acknowledges it; Sir Stafford Northcote acknowledges it. But what these modifications are to be, how deep they are to go, no one gives us the slightest hint. The Premier is silent as to the future. His policy is obviously to play a waiting game. "Time and I," said Philip the Second, "against any two;" and that, too, I believe, is Mr. Disraeli's defiant thought. There is, he knows, a strong feeling in the Liberal ranks against disendowment, and a still stronger feeling against the creation of a great, wealthy, highly-educated, powerful, and perfectly free and unfettered religious body in Ireland. He knows, also, that many thoughtful men in the ranks of his own party, think with Sir Roundell Palmer, that it is high time that something were done to take down the insulting flag of Protestant ascendancy in Ireland. This feeling has not yet found articulate expression from any man of note; but it exists nevertheless. Sir W. Stirling Maxwell, one of the most thoughtful of Tories, and yet a Tory after Mr. Disraeli's own heart, and, I believe, a close personal friend of the Premier, speaking at Perth a few days ago, acknowledges that, though strongly opposed to disestablishment, he could not shut his eyes to the fact that "there are good reasons why the position of the Irish Church, confessedly the Church of a small minority, should be reconsidered, and why a portion of its wealth should be devoted to more useful public purposes—such portions of its wealth, that is, as may reasonably and fairly be considered public property." And Sir W. Stirling Maxwell is not alone. You may trace signs of hesitation and yielding in many speeches, and only a day or two ago, Sir Edward Lechmere offered to surrender the principle of establishment. The baronets form the backbone of the Tory party. When they begin to waver, talk of the necessity of reform, of modification, of surrender, of withdrawing the Irish Bishops from the House of

Lords, and of appropriating Irish tithes to more useful purposes than the uses of the Protestant Church, a policy of No Surrender is impossible; and when, in addition to this, the Whigs are mutinous, men like Sir Roundell Palmer hang back, and Mr. Gladstone has no distinct and popular plan to lay before the country, or perhaps no plan that he cares to explain, most men who look at the question from an independent standpoint, will probably agree with us in thinking that, after all, the Irish Church question may probably be settled by a compromise, short of disestablishment and disendowment.

What the terms of that compromise will be I cannot even pretend to guess. It is enough for me, at present, to note the fact that there is the prospect of a compromise. But I have a strong impression that it will be found, in the end, that Mr. Gladstone is precipitate in supposing that "endowment of all is out of the question." I am strengthened in this impression by an ably written letter, signed "Pro Lege," which appeared in the *Times* of October 10, in support of Pitt's idea of concurrent endowment, an idea which probably formed the basis of what Mr. Lowe called "the hot potato policy" of the Ministry developed in Lord Mayo's speech:—"The bold manly letter, to which the signature of Professor Plumtre gave a special weight, shows that such a proposal of settlement as my letter contained, finds an echo in the most intelligent and experienced minds; and let me add that that feeling extends to a far wider section of the community, than might be supposed. I am in a position to state, as a fact, that there are many, both supporters of the present as well as the late Government, candidates for election, country clergymen, and others, whose private convictions are with Pitt and Castlereagh, with Arnold, Whately, and Sydney Smith, with Sir George Lewis, Lord Grey, and Lord Russell, for all these and many more have advocated this endowment. From Heaven-sent Pitt down to revolutionary O'Connell, intelligence and statesmanship, embracing all parties except the philosophers, have been in favour of the measure, and the philosophers will pardon me for observing that they are not statesmen. *Moreover, such a scheme would embrace the leading principles of both Liberals and Conservatives as at present expressed, for disestablishment and levelling-up would thus both be conceded.*" I know the prelates of the Romish Church contemptuously refuse to touch a farthing of what they call the "desecrated endowments" of the Irish Church; and they are, I believe, sincere in this. But it is impossible to strip Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Presbyterians all round of every farthing they possess; and when Roman Catholics and Presbyterians have once grasped the injustice of Mr. Gladstone's

proposal to permit the Protestant Church to retain three-fifths of its present endowments, and yet to balance the appropriation of the two-fifths by the withdrawal of the Maynooth Grant and the Regium Donum, I think it is very probable that they will be the first to suggest the revival of the abandoned plan of concurrent endowment, probably in the form suggested by Professor Plumptre, as the only just and practicable solution of what is on all hands acknowledged to be a disagreeable difficulty; and if Roman Catholic virtue is proof against endowment in that form, I shall confess that Roman Catholic virtue is the most heroic type of virtue yet discovered.

To talk of disestablishment and disendowment is easy. It seems, also, to be popular with many of the borough constituencies. But I have not yet met with a single man who had thought out the case in all its bearings, who had thought it out, that is, as a lawyer thinks out a case—thought out all its points to their logical conclusions—who did not confess that the policy of disestablishment and disendowment announced by Mr. Gladstone, is a policy beset with perplexities that will test the highest powers of English statesmanship. Obviously it is not a question to be settled in a day. It is not a question to be settled by a single division. It is not a question to be settled, I believe, in a single session, probably not by the overthrow of a single government. It is a question that, probably, involves the fate of more than one government and of more than one parliament. The issue involved in the present contest, is, as it stands at present, merely an issue of principle; but the real work of pacificating Ireland, of conciliating rival religious sects,—

“Hating each other for the love of God,”—

and of healing the wounds of afflicted centuries, will yet remain to be accomplished when the constituencies have pronounced for Mr. Gladstone against Mr. Disraeli—for the policy of Her Majesty's Opposition against the policy of Her Majesty's Ministers, if that be their decision, and when in pursuance of that verdict Mr. Disraeli and his friends have been once more relegated to the shady side of the Speaker's chair, and the Parliament of 1869 has ratified the policy of the Parliament of 1868. But the work must be done; and upon the accomplishment of this work depends the loyalty of the Irish Roman Catholic peasantry, and upon their loyalty the good government and prosperity of Ireland, and the honour and strength of the British Empire.

## A SWIMMING LESSON.

SKETCHED BY A LADY.

**T**'ART *de natation* is undoubtedly *la mode*. *Potichomanie* reigned once; so, more recently, did "tatting;" so, many years before, did Berlin wool. And there was the sway of netted purses, when every deft and dainty pair of hands was threaded in and out with nooses of silken purse-twist; and that of ornamental pens, when quills (the only *media* then of correspondence) were cabled round and round with sewing-silk, and made prickly and uncomfortable with love messages in small glass beads; and there was the reign, also, of crochet, embroidery, and revived knitting, when a mystic literature was consulted, and male readers, looking at the engrossing pages jealously, saw curt commands to noose one, drop one, slip three, and so forth, with wild ideas as to their meaning, and irreverent incredulity about their being of the least import. But *Le roi est mort* has been uttered over each of these; and *Vive le roi* again echoes it. A new kingdom is established. Swimming has it, both sanitarily and by properly-succeeding inheritance; and for its hour we take our cap off to it, and make it a reverential bow.

Here is a peep at the sovereign, while yet under the glory of its crown. For this we have no especially eligible *locale*; to no French watering-place, with *belles* and *beaux* in mutual contest for the blue riband, have we the *entrée*; a town-built swimming-bath is all we have prosaic access to, and the payment of the admission-money, a few pence, is the only preparation for which there is any need. The day is one that is devoted exclusively to ladies, and after being conducted through intricate passages of closed bath doors, we come suddenly upon a chorus of the gay laugh of girls. It is a merry prelude, and we stop, enjoyingly, to listen. As we do so the manageress, who is our leader, opens a large thick door, and there the laughers are. There are a dozen of them, perhaps, not more; their faces rising out of the clear green water with so lively an expression of enjoyment on them, it at once accounts for the jubilation of their tongues. Their pretty dresses must have some influence, too, on their unmistakeable complacency. As girl by girl grows

tired of her graceful exercise, and leans against the steps leading down into the bath, or sits upon the tiled ledge surrounding it, she looks so charming in her woollen *caleçons* and "Garibaldi," it is easy to see she knows it, and that the knowledge makes her more charming still. We see, too, what a mistake it is to suppose that robes bring dignity, and that the only way to make kings and queens appear of consequence is to weld them to the earth with folds and encumbrances of velvet and heavy silk. Look at that massive matron, inducing the pert little person beside her to join her in a bold plunge. She raises her arms to show the best attitude for the performance, and she is as regal as a Norma, as imposing as a grave Greek goddess. As for the lithe creature she is stimulating, she is at once an expression of high art and a distraction.

"I can't!" she says, cowering on the brink. "I am afraid!" And she looks down at the green water, and turns from it with the most captivating crouch and shudder. Then she raises her arms—bare from a little above the elbow—in imitation of the action to which she is again and again invited; she lays the palms of her pointed hands together; she looks round for the admiration she knows her pretty attitude gives rise to; and leaps in. A round of clapping greets her when her head comes up again, and she dashes the water from her saucy face; and then we can see she is an expert swimmer. Courage and love of approbation have brought this expertness to her; and courage and love of approbation urge her to hurry up the steps again, when her swimming has brought her near them, that she may repeat her applauded plunge. She crouches and shudders again, standing perched high up there above us; and with her dress of russet colour, and its edge of warm red, and her untrammelled limbs, no tinted statue could have more beauty than has her every *pose*.

"One! two! three! and away!" cries the matron, initiating her. And she is bravely in again, with a splash and scatter of the water, and a renewal of her very flattering applause.

She has had a swim, and is bounding up the steps again, when a timorous lady brings her to a stop.

"You have matriculated now," she says. "Surely you don't want to venture any more!"

"Oh! I have done nothing yet!" is the little person's dauntless cry. And she springs on to the platform, making the petticoated ladies shrink far from her to be beyond the terror of her spray; and she makes her third plunge, and is up again on the level of the swimmers, the swiftest and gayest of them all.

*But there are novices here, as well as such bright adepts. For*

these former there are ropes hanging from the vaulted ceiling—swing ropes, on which the ladies can be seated, or on which they can rest themselves whilst learning the way to stroke, and at which they can catch, too, if they chance to lose their footing; so any may venture into the water, without being at all afraid. And though there is no professed teacher, all are thoroughly helpful to one another and good-tempered, and will freely tell the best way anything is to be done. There steps solidly into the water, for instance, a lady who confesses she knows nothing of how to swim at all; and an *habituée*, who chances to hear her, shows her how to make the strokes, and holds her round the waist whilst she has a bewildering try. Another *habituée* holds a second beginner by the chin, and walks the whole length of the bath beside her, with her face thus resting on her hand. A third lady, bound up in a swimming-belt, is none the better for her cumbersome accoutrement, but is fain to be led by a fellow-bather, just as if it were away. Then, for a specimen of skill, look at this lady under us, close below our feet. She is swimming with only one hand, holding in the other a folded towel, which she shows dry and untouched, without a spot of water on it, when she reaches the bath's end. This accomplished creature could undress and cross a river (if she were put to it), and by carrying her clothes thus cleverly, could dress herself again upon the opposite bank, and so be spared a journey round of many toilsome miles. Or she could save lives from drowning, instead of losing them; and would be sure not to paralyse the nerves of others by uttering appalling screams. She would be as cool in danger as any others who see a clear way out of it; and yet she could swim, she assures us, after she had only tried five times. She was always a good bather, one not afraid of cold water; none of your hot-house folk, who stand shivering on the edge of a wave, and run to a dry place the moment they feel its white foam. She had floated and taken "headers" before she had had the ambition to try to swim; but still, she says, this preparation only caused the skill to come to her the quicker: she does not mean that without it it never would come at all. Here is a lady who has none of this experience, who has nothing, indeed, but the great requisite for all of it—courage. Tyro as she is, she disdains the steps to go gradually into the water, and jumps in from above them with the help of a rope, which rubs her hands cruelly in the transit, as we can see when she holds them up, to show how much she has been hurt. She is a handsome woman, rather too bulky to be quite so satisfactory a picture as some who are in the water with her; and it is possibly her size and thickness that put a limit to her ambition. At any rate to float, and that

by means of the rope that has so ill-used her, is the extent of her aim; and to do it she puts out all her power. Putting her head back to lie flat upon the water, she loses her cap (all the ladies wear caps, as coquettish as they can be, and trimmed smartly with quilled scarlet braid, or something equally gay), and when she has recovered this and tied it firmly on, she has a new disaster. She gets herself so entangled in the rope she cannot touch the ground with both feet, but stands there uncomfortably and dangerously poised on one.

"Help me!" she cries out. "Minnie, Minnie, do come and help! If you don't, I shall never get right!"

At which Minnie wades to her as quickly as she can. She is so tall and slim she is shapeless, and so timid she has merely crept into the water after trembling for a long time upon the brink; but she is able to give the assistance wanted, and in a minute her large friend is free. Then she begins her efforts again. She sits on the rope; he puts her feet up—higher—higher—till they are level with the surface of the water; she gradually bends back her head.

"Minnie!" she cries, "I'm afloat! I'm afloat!" And the bath-house resounds with laughter at this comical triumph,—at her great *fait* being at length *accompli*; and Minnie and all look at her, and her certificate may be said to be taken out.

An incident of another nature causes a laugh yet more merry still. A new arrival has just entered trippingly from the street. She has on a short petticoat of the newest mode, a dress looped up to be shorter still, a jacket considerably shorter even than that, a hat and *coiffure* of the most striking fashion, and such a quantity of rows of beads, and fringes of "bugles," and bunches of ribands, the wonder is why she should have been at such pains to get herself up, when it was only to come there to be immediately got down; but she receives only a nod from those who have bathed with her before, and into her dressing-closet she goes. This is one of a row ranged in the usual manner along the side of the bath, and in a few moments her voice is heard from it high above all the others, and high above even the sharp and rapid rattle of the handle of her door.

"I'm locked in!" is her cry. "I'm locked in! I'm locked in!"

Upon which all laughter is concentrated on her difficulty, and every other cause is gone. The absurd young people find a delight in everything. There is such exhilaration in the cold green water, it is like a sea-side to them, and there is no lamentation anywhere, but a perpetual shout of joy. Hark! here is a fresh one, as the imprisoned girl is released by the bath-attendant, and shows herself at her opened door. She holds up a large biscuit, and feigns to throw

it in to the busy swimmers, as if they were hippopotami or polar bears.

"Ha! ha! ha!" they all give out, crowding fish-wise, or seal-wise, or duck-wise, to the side, and advancing their eager hands. And "Ha! ha! ha!" again when the girl, with a knowing nod, holds the biscuit all the tighter, and makes a gesture of how much she shall enjoy it when her swim is done. Her descent into the water, too, is the signal for another peal. She stands a moment on the ledge, while she ties a woollen sash about her, and the attendant fastens on her decorated cap; and then she makes such a sudden plunge into the midst of the swimmers, she and all of them are lost in the splash and scatter. "Ha! ha! ha!" is the sound then predominant (and dominant, for that matter; and good tonic, too), when the right stroke is recovered; and there are little races run (all causing more merriment), and leaps effected, and feats essayed, till the new-comer has been so demonstrative in her enjoyment, she begins to feel she has a head, and that that head, like others, is quite capable of an ache. But she has a remedy, not a whit less characteristic than anything that has emanated from her before, and she proceeds at once to make an application of it.

"Turn on the water," she coaxes of the woman in attendance. "Just for a few minutes. Do."

And when the good soul—old, of course, and somewhat more grave than agile—hobbles off to do as she is bidden, the girl swims to the far end of the bath, and stands with her back against the wall. Projecting over her, chiselled in fair white marble, is a gigantic wide-lipped shell. It is topped by a lioness's head, with a large, open mouth; and through this opened mouth pours a stream of fresh, cold water, spreading into the lap of the shell, pouring over its fluted brim with a hard and heavy sound; and the harder and more forcible, the better for the girl who has ordered it to come, and she stands underneath the thickest pour of it, with her eyes hidden in her hands, and her head bent that she may feel the weight of every drop. It looks now as if it were only for admiration she did it. No sculpture-room, certainly, could have furnished a prettier figure than hers, with the water feathering over her, forming such a limpid covering to her limbs; and she stands there, getting recovery from it, and then swims animatedly away.

"Oh! dear me!" she cries a short time after, as she sits on the bath-steps to rest, "this is my last swim this season. I am going out of town to-morrow, and when I come back the place will be closed. Oh dear!"



"That *is* a pity," the lady she speaks to commiserates. "I am sure you will miss it greatly."

"I shall, indeed!" the girl petulantly sighs; and then she begins to count up the months upon her fingers that must go by before she can be once more a mermaid, and resume her aquatic revels. "October," she says, laying her right-hand fore-finger upon her left-hand thumb, "November, December, January, February, March;" and then pretending to think she has not counted properly, she commences her calculation all again. "November," she repeats, this time consolingly letting a month go, "December—January—February—March—oh!" with a charming scream, "only five months after all! How nice! And then," she remembers with further ecstasy of consolation, "then—there's skating! Think of skating! Oh, skating is *delicious!* Do *you* like it?"

"No," is the sober answer from a very sober voice. "I never tried."

"Oh! you *must* then!" comes a regular volley of flexible persuasion. "You *must!* Do! It is *the ni-cest* thing you can possibly imagine! I am longing for the winter! I hope we shall have the frost very severe!"

She is in the water again—seeing a good opportunity for a dive—before any rejoinder can come; and then, because her lips are turning blue, and her teeth are chattering, she condescends to come in. One more exhibition, though, before she disappears. She can do nothing, of course, without as near an approach to a bevy of attendants round her as circumstances afford, and she beckons to the bath-woman to come and bind up her hair. There is a picturesque way of managing this that is an additional attraction she has no intention of doing without, and she stands with the air of knowing there is something coming that shall make her irresistible indeed. The good woman places a towel low down across her forehead *à l'orientale*, goes behind her, draws the wide ends of the towel tight, twists them into a tail, gives this a twirl, and secures the end of it firmly with a pin. The girl is Eastern now. A Zuleika, a light of the harem, an Ayesha; and she is well aware of it, and walks consciously to her little closet, and gives a languid look at us as legacy, and then reluctantly shuts the door.

The action of swimming is very pretty, seen thus clearly as it is in this level quiet bath. It is very droll, too. The nearer it imitates the action of the frog, the easier it is, and the more fleet. One young woman (a solid, sturdy person, in her walking clothes) moves all her limbs in such harmony she is full of grace; every muscle of her

body must be brought into use, as she draws her hands and heels in, and then nimbly thrusts them out. She is frog entire. A rather uncomplimentary verdict, she might think this. It is not meant so. It is written for unhesitating praise ; and, assuredly, the more Master Frog's movements are imitated, the sooner will man or woman learn to swim. And persons need not have all their limbs, either, to acquire the art. The gallant Kennington cricketers, who, minus each an arm, or minus each a leg, play a yearly match on the anti-geometric oval, could swim to the same perfection as men who have suffered no such amputation. We have been told, indeed, of an uniped swimming-master ; an adept at everything ; able to teach swimming in every branch. He unscrews his cork-leg before getting into the bath, standing there upon the brink of it a cripple, a *fainéant* among active men, a lameter who must be left out of all their exercises and enjoyments because he is reduced to one leg, and they are erect on two ; but help him to a leap into that other element, and he is superior to them all. His heart must beat high when he feels his recovered strength. Humiliated upon the shore, he is a king when he is amidst the surge and freedom of the water ; and is it not cheering to all of us to think an art exists that the maimed can follow, and that is the same exuberant pleasure to them that it is to others who are whole ? The thought was happiness to us, at any rate, who heard the laughter of this dozen of merry girls ; and the consolation will endure till we can recall no longer the picture of their graceful movements, and the sound of their lively plash.

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## A WALK ROUND CLERKENWELL.

**T**HE traveller who now finds himself deposited by the Underground Railway close under the walls of the Clerkenwell Sessions House, in the midst of crowded courts and the dingy dwellings of industrious artisans and hard-working costermongers, a century ago would have been standing, as a cotemporary print proves, in the midst of green fields, having before him a pleasant prospect of St. Paul's, of St. Sepulchre's Church, and the valley of the Fleet River, and with a hay-rick standing just where now he turns up out of the Farringdon Road towards the delectable regions of Hatton Garden. Alas! if "Moorfields are fields no more," it is equally all up now with the rural glades which a hundred years back surrounded the Gate of St. John's Priory, Clerkenwell, with which our readers have been made familiar on the wrappers of this magazine from its first establishment by Edmund Cave down to a few months ago, and which stands at the head of the preface to this volume. Let us then try to throw ourselves back a century or so, and taking in our heads the large and handsome "History of Clerkenwell" with which Messrs. Pinks and Wood have favoured us, try and see if we cannot throw a little special interest into an antiquarian ramble.

Clerkenwell, or the Well of the Clerks, was originally part and parcel of the ancient parish of Isendune, the modern Islington, a spot which abutted on the skirts of the great forest of Middlesex some fifteen centuries ago, when painted and half-naked savages roamed over what is now Kentish Town and Camden Town, and the district of Bedford-cum-Russelldom. So late as the reign of Henry II., if we may believe Stow, the situation is described as having "fields for pasture, and a delightful plain of meadow land, interspersed with flowing streams, on which stand mills, whose clack is very pleasing to the ear." These mills belonged to the Knights of St. John, of whom we shall have more to say hereafter.

At the Well, which became the central attraction of the neighbourhood, the "Clerics" of the several parish churches and monasteries in and about London used to meet from an early date to perform those miracle-plays which were among the many strange sights of the Middle Ages. The site chosen by these sons of the Church

was very favourable for the purpose, as the ground rose by a gentle slope on each side, thus enabling a host of gaping men, women, and children to view the spectacle. Herod was a favourite character with these "clerks," as also was our Saviour in his Passion; and so were Adam and Eve, both in a state of primitive simplicity, and also when adorned with their rustic fig leaves.<sup>a</sup> In the reign of Henry IV., according to Stow, the plays at "Skynners' Well, neere unto Clarkenwell," lasted no less than eight days, and were attended by "the most part of the nobles and gentles of the land."

With respect to these clerics or clerks, Messrs. Pinks and Wood tell us that they "were anciently poor, real clerks," in the common acceptation of the term. "Their reading of the lessons (as now in some places) is an ancient custom, and was shared by the sub-deacons. Upon condition of their assistance at church, parsons were to let them have the holy water for hawking about, and they sprinkled not only the people, but the houses. They went about on Sundays with the censer. They attended funerals, going before the corpse, and singing, with their surplices hanging on their arms. In some churches they still wear a surplice without sleeves. There was at Rome a *Schola Cantorum*, or college of singing men, in churches; and in the same manner the parish clerks formed a guild or fraternity in the time of Henry III., and so excelled in church music, that ladies and men of quality on this account became members; and on certain days they had public feasts, with singing and music. Upon working days they attended the schools. Their ancient duty at church was to assist the priest at the altar, sing with him, and read the Epistle. In some places they had a contribution every Sunday from each housekeeper; for carrying the holy water at Christmas, a loaf from each house; some eggs at Easter, and corn in autumn: in other places a quarter-age collected round the parish. Before the invention of newspapers, when country families thought it necessary, in case they came to town, to know the state of health there, the London clerks used to communicate accounts of it to them."<sup>b</sup>

These parish clerks were re-incorporated by James I.; and the company now consists of all the parish clerks of London, Westminster, and Southwark, and the fifteen out-parishes which were included in the bills of mortality. They formerly had the exclusive right and privilege of compiling and preparing these bills, many of which are printed in the earlier volumes of the former series of this

<sup>a</sup> T. Warton's "Lectures on English Poetry," vol. ii. p. 30.

<sup>b</sup> Fosbrooke's "Encyclopedia of Antiquities," 8vo ed., p. 803.

Magazine; but their "occupation" is now "gone," being superseded by the "Table of Mortality" in the metropolis, which has been issued week by week from the Registrar-General's office since the very commencement of her Majesty's reign.

It was not only for miracle-plays that large crowds used to assemble at Clerkenwell, but also for athletic sports, and especially for wrestling matches. Our illustration gives a specimen of such a wrest-



ling match, which, by the way, was not conducted after the Cornish fashion, but by athletes mounted, as on horseback, upon the shoulders of two parties. This must have been a great source of fun to the dapper young 'prentices of the neighbouring city, and to the aldermen and their wives; yes, and even to the lord mayor himself, who used at Bartlemtyde to ride thither in state with his brethren on their way to Smithfield, before sitting down to the customary dinner with which they concluded the day. We learn from Burton's "Historical Remarks on London," a work published nearly two centuries ago, that—"At one of these public wrestlings on St. Bartholomew's day, 1456, at which the lord mayor and sheriffs of London were present, as was also the prior of St. John of Jerusalem, to witness the sport, one of the servants of the prior was a competitor, but on being foiled in the presence of his master, was so ashamed that he desired to wrestle again. This the lord mayor refused to allow, which enraged the prior of St. John's, who in revenge fetched a party of bowmen from the priory against the mayor, and some slaughter ensued. The mayor's cap was shot through with an arrow, yet he ordered that the sports of the day should continue; but no wrestlers came; whereupon he said

he would stay awhile to make trial of the citizens' respect for him, and presently a great party of them came, with banners displayed, and fetched him home in triumph."

Even so lately as the reign of Elizabeth, Clerkenwell was but a rural village, and scarcely extended beyond the limits of the buildings of the Priory of St. John and the Convent of St. Mary. Indeed, in a map still preserved in the Guildhall Library, drawn by Ralph Aggas, in 1560, there are only two houses in Goswell Street north of the wall of the Charter House; and the street itself is simply marked as "the Road to St. Alban's." Forty years later, according to Stow's "Survey," Goswell Street must have undergone an immense change, as it is then said to be "replenished with small tenements, cottages, alleys, and gardens, banqueting-houses, and bowling-places;" while St. John Street is described as "on both sides adorned with buildings up to Clerkenwell." The village was largely increased in houses and in population by the Fire of London, which drove thither a great many of the industrial classes; so that, to use the quaint phrase of a cotemporary, "the marring of the city was the making of the suburbs." We must, however, leave those who are curious to trace accurately the growth of the little hamlet, to the work of Messrs. Pinks and Wood, who tell us that at the census of 1861, Clerkenwell contained 7086 houses, and a population of 65,632 souls.

The parish of Clerkenwell comprises two manors, named respectively after the two monastic houses which once rose here in all the magnificence of the Middle Ages, and of which we hasten to give a brief account. Early in the twelfth century, it appears that much of the land in the parish was in the hands of a noble Norman baron, who founded here a convent for nuns of the Benedictine order. But very little now is on record concerning this institution; and what little we know is to be gathered from the register of the Priory of Clerkenwell, of the reign of King John, now preserved among the Cottonian MSS. in the British Museum. Its site was as nearly as possible identical with that of the modern Church of St. James; and the founder, one Jordan Briset by name, endowed it with lands to the extent of fourteen acres, in order that a priest might say mass daily for the repose of his soul and that of Muriel his wife; and that the "Black nuns," as they were called, might second his priestly offices by their prayers. These nuns, for some four centuries or more, followed here the rule of St. Benedict, rising soon after midnight to matins, never eating flesh unless when sick or dispensed, and (as though this were not enough) fasting still more strictly from the

feast of the Exaltation of the Cross to Easter-tide. The funds and coffers of this convent were afterwards replenished by large gifts from the De Ros, Neville, Lincoln, and Mandeville families; and we may mention, *inter alia*, that in 1269 (if Dugdale is to be believed), the Prior of St. John's close by, gave them no less a present than one of the six hydra or water-pots in which our Lord changed water into wine at the marriage feast at Cana of Galilee!

But we must hasten on. In 1539, the cruel edict of the tyrant Henry went forth, and quietly "suppressed" this ancient home of religion and faith. One Richard Layton, under date of Sept. 6th in that year, coolly informs the Lord Privy Seal that he had "put the Duke of Norfolk in custody of the convent of St. Mary's, Clerkenwell," and had fully dissolved the same to the "contentation" of the prioress and all her sisters. "Contentation" indeed! The mockery of the word is as bad as its grammatical formation! As if the king or his minion cared whether they were "contentated" or no. The king never spoke twice when once would serve his purpose; and his ministers had too much of self-interest at stake to falter in the work. The last prioress was a Sackville—one of that knightly and courtly family of whom afterwards came our Buckhursts and Dorsets. She was pensioned by the king with 50*l.* a year, and, like most pensioners, she lived to be very old, dying in 1670, aged upwards of eighty. She had seen her convent apparently in the zenith of its glory, and honour, and wealth; and she must have wept bitterly when she saw her old and consecrated home given over to lay courtiers as a "palace." Five sovereigns had swayed the sceptre of England in her time, and four of them had been gathered to the dust before her. One by one they had died, and had left her to mourn them, or to pray for their souls; and now, when the Star of Protestantism was fairly in the ascendant, and while Elizabeth wielded the sceptre, weary of the changes of life, she sunk into her grave, which she desired to have hollowed out for her in front of the high altar of her old parish church of Clerkenwell, in spite of its having been devoted to Protestant worship. Another sister of the convent lived to nearly an equal age, and lies buried in the church of All Saints, Dingley, Northamptonshire.

On the Convent ruins rose the suburban residence of the Dukes of Newcastle, the site of which is still marked by the name of Newcastle Place. In 1793, when Pennant saw it, the once ducal abode was occupied by a cabinet maker, and in its garden were several broken monuments taken out of the old church; the garden extended eastward as far as what is now St. James's Walk, and one of the fo

sides of the old cloister was still standing. This building was a beautiful specimen of Early English architecture, with groins not unlike that of the roof of Exeter Cathedral. At that time, however, there were no antiquarian or architectural societies to put in a word on behalf of the venerable edifice, and it is needless to say that the cloister has long since been destroyed. An account of it will be found in our Magazine for 1785.

Hard by, coeval in its erection, but far superior in its grandeur, rose the ancient Priory of St. John of Jerusalem, whose gate still frowns down upon us in all its massive and imposing outline. It stood some two hundred yards nearer to the city, and, as we need hardly say, it was the home of one of the noblest and most celebrated of all those military and religious institutions to which the ages of the Crusades gave birth. Indeed, if one would wish to learn how far the fame of the valour and prowess of the Knights of St. John extended, we must look eastward and southwards to the shores of Palestine and Egypt, to Acre and Jerusalem, to Italy and Malta. This order had several abodes, or Preceptories, in England; but its chief home was Clerkenwell; and so highly was the Grand Prior of St. John esteemed, that in an engraving of a drawing on vellum of the House of Lords in the time of Henry VIII., he is represented as seated at the head or right hand of the temporal barons, taking precedence next to the spiritual peers.

The priory of St. John was the work of the same Jordan Briset, of whom we have already made mention as the founder of St. Mary's convent. It was begun in A.D. 1185, the foundation stone being laid by Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem; subsequent additions were made in the time of the Edwards, when we read of the erection of a chapel and a cloister. We are sorry to say that this edifice, however, was very much injured by the rabble under Wat Tyler, and it was not until A.D. 1509 that the restoration of the house to its original dimensions and grandeur was effected by Thomas Docwra, who erected the great south gate, which happily is still standing. Camden says that it "resembled a palace, and had in it a very faire church and a tower steeple, raised to a great height, with so fine workmanship that it was a singular beauty and ornament to the city."

In the 32nd year of Henry VIII. (A.D. 1546), the priory of St. John at Clerkenwell was suppressed by a special statute, which enacted that "the King's Maiestie, his heirs and successors, shall have and enjoy all that hospitall, mansion house, church, and other houses, edificions, buildinges, and gardienes of the same belonging.



being nere unto the cite of London, in the countie of Midd., called the House of St. John of Jerlm. in England." Not long after the king granted the site, &c. to John Dudley, Viscount Lisle, for the sum of 1000*l.*, in consideration of his public services, reserving to his majesty only "the lead, bells, timber, stone, glass, iron, and other things of the churche." Stow tells us that the priory church was not pulled down at all, but kept as a house for the king's "toils and tents" for hunting. Edward VI. granted the site of the old priory to his sister Mary; but in the following year the massive walls of the church were blown up with gunpowder, and the stones were used in the erection of Somerset House, in the Strand; a misdeed for which, as worthy old Spelman tells us, the curse of sacrilege cleaved to the house of the Protector Somerset like leprosy with the Jews. Be his view correct or not, one thing is historically certain: the Protector was beheaded for high-treason, and his stately house in the Strand reverted to the crown.

No doubt the work of demolition was that of Somerset, and not of the Princess Mary, who, as a sincere Roman Catholic, must have grieved tenderly over the fall of so noble and sacred an institution. The choir remained in a "pitiful plight" until the arrival of Cardinal Pole in England, who refitted it and restored it, though much foreshortened in length and shorn of its former exquisite proportions. The possessions of the ancient order were restored, and Sir Thomas Tresham was appointed Grand Prior; and during the reign of Mary the church was used annually by the Merchant Taylors' Company to hear Mass, before adjourning to their Hall to dinner. On the accession of Elizabeth, however, the venerable Order was again abolished, and an end was put to its connection with Clerkenwell.

In the good old days of the Plantagenets the Grand Priors of Clerkenwell had entertained kings at their hospitable board, and Henry II. made the priory of St. John the rendezvous of his barons when he summoned them to meet him in parliament; among other royal visitors, Messrs. Pinks and Wood mention the names of King John, Prince Edward (afterwards King Edward I.), and his wife Eleanor of Castile, Henry Duke of Lancaster, and King Henry V. It was in the great hall of the priory, too, that Richard III. declared publicly to the civic authorities of London that he had renounced all idea of his intended marriage with his niece, Elizabeth of York. During the reign of Edward VI., also, the old priory was tenanted by the Princess Mary and her household, whose *cortège* was thronged by the Roman Catholic nobility of the land on her frequent visits & progresses to her brother, the young king, and the court authorities

In the time of Elizabeth the old priory underwent a strange and curious change, being made the head-quarters of the drama in this country, under the queen's patronage. The master of the revels, or supervisor of stage plays, resided at St. John's; he had the charge of those dramatic establishments in which the queen took so much delight. Edmund Tylney, who held that office for some thirty years from the date of his appointment in 1579, here beheld the dawn and midday splendour of Shakspeare's dramatic genius, and in his official



West Side of St. John's Gate.

capacity licensed no fewer than thirty of his dramas, commencing with "Henry IV.," and ending with "Antony and Cleopatra." Tylney died at Leatherhead in 1610. Two years later, namely, in 1612, the "Revels Office" was removed to St. Peter's Hill, and James I. gave the house of St. John to Lord Aubignee, or Aubigny. It subsequently passed into the possession of Sir William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, and Earl of Exeter, grandson of Queen Elizabeth's famous Lord Treasurer Burleigh; and in the fifth year of Charles I. (1641) the house was conveyed by Diana, daughter of the Earl of Exeter, on her marriage, into the possession of Thomas, Lord Bruce, and Earl of Elgin. The Earl's son, Robert Bruce, afterwards Earl of Aylesbury, subsequently becoming possessed of the priory house, the church attached to it, in which the family and household were wont to worship, was thence designated Aylesbury Chapel. An engraving

of the west front of this church, after a print by Hollar, published in 1661, is given in the "History of Clerkenwell."

The chief entrance to the priory was by St. John's gateway, which is still standing in all its massive strength, and of the west side of which we here give an illustration.

A very few words will suffice to describe a building so familiar to all our readers.

This venerable relic, which is now the only survivor of the stately



Part of the Stairs of St. John's Gate.

fabric, and which, as we have seen, formed the principal entrance to the priory, was erected by Sir Thomas Docwra on the site of an earlier structure. It is built chiefly of brick, faced with freestone. Its architectural characteristics are those of the Perpendicular order, as exemplified by the obtusely pointed windows, Tudor-arched doorways, embattled parapets, and the more minute details of rib, boss, and moulding. The gateway consists of a centre flanked by two towers, pierced by numerous windows, the principal one on either side being a wide, obtusely-pointed arch, glazed with diamond panes, and divided by mullions of wood into three lights, beneath which are several shields in Gothic niches, bearing the arms of France and England, of the Hospital of St. John, and of Sir Thomas Docwra, the restorer of the priory. An engraving of these arms, with the inscription on the gateway, is given in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for October, 1788, page 853. The entrance to the west tower from the north

side of the gateway formerly led to a staircase which conducted to the top of the gate, and was the entrance to Edward Cave's printing-office. A portion only of the original staircase now remains, the lower part having been replaced some years ago by a modern zig-zag ascent. The roof of the archway presents a beautiful example of the groining of the fifteenth century, adorned with shields, bosses, and moulded ribs, springing from angular columns, with moulded capitals; but its elevation is somewhat dwarfed by the accumulation of the soil beneath and around it, as is evident upon approaching the gateway from the south, where the fixed iron shaft of one of the top hinges on which the gate swung, is about even with the elbow of a person of ordinary stature.

Many years ago the gateway was converted into a tavern, which purpose it serves at the present time, under the sign of the "Old Jerusalem." The eastern basement, to which there are three entrances, forms the bar of the tavern; the ceiling is somewhat low-pitched; and in the room immediately above it, now used as a coffee-room and for convivial meetings, &c., is an ancient stone mantel-piece, discovered some few years since on pulling down a mortar fireplace which stood before it. In this room hang portraits of the Grand Masters of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, framed and glazed: there are also several relics and curiosities connected with the building; one of the most conspicuous of these is an old-fashioned, wooden elbow-chair, called by Dr. Johnson's name. The capacity of the chair appears to be particularly well suited to the learned doctor's burly figure; at present the seating is of wood, not a little worm-eaten, but it appears originally to have had a rush bottom, and an engraving of it in that condition appears in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for Dec. 1856, p. 673. The principal room over the arch, called the "Grand Hall," has been denuded of its architectural beauty; a modern flat ceiling supplies the place of a groined roof, and wooden window frames have been substituted for stone mullions. In this room it is said that Garrick made his first essay as an actor, and Johnson, Goldsmith, and other kindred spirits used to congregate. The room adjoining the Grand Hall on the east side is partly wainscoted with oak, and is now used for purposes in connection with the tavern. The rest of the building, although greatly modernised by being adapted to and furnished with the necessary conveniences of a dwelling-house, still retains some features of its original character.

In 1846, at the instigation of W. P. Griffith, Esq., F.S.A., St. John's Gate was partially restored, at a cost of upwards of 130l.;

but much remains to be done to render the building as imposing and magnificent as it must have been at the date of its erection.

Our readers may, perhaps, feel interested in the accompanying autograph of Edward Cave, dated from St. John's Gate,—just 121 years ago.

dr  
I am  
your humble servant  
Edward Cave

But our walk and talk about Clerkenwell would be obviously imperfect without a few words on the Red Bull Theatre, which stood in Red Bull Yard (now Woodbridge Street), hard by the present House of Detention, and which vied in size and repute with the Globe and the Fortune of Shakspearian celebrity; there are constant allusions to it in the literary history of the reign of James I., as the place where plays were put upon the stage by "her Majesty's servants, who had been the Earl of Worcester's players." We are told that "Shakspeare's plays were for some time acted at this theatre by an independent company, of whose success the king's company became jealous; and that they sought to keep to themselves the right of exhibiting the unrivalled productions of our immortal bard by obtaining an injunction from the Master of the Revels on the 26th of April, 1627, to forbid the playing of Shakspeare's plays by the Red Bull Company, for which injunction they paid 5/."

Among other actors who trod the stage of the Red Bull Theatre, was Edward Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich College. It has also been stated, that the first female performances on any English stage were given at the Red Bull; but this is not quite true, since on Nov. 4th, 1629, we read that "certain vagrant French female players, who had been expelled from their own country, did attempt, thereby giving just offence to all virtuous and well-disposed persons in the town, to act a certain lascivious and unchaste comedy in the French tongue at Blackfriars;" but it appears that they were hissed and hooted off the stage. In a little less than three weeks afterwards, however, these same "French" players appeared at the Red Bull for a day.

From Prynne's "Histriomastix," published in 1633, we learn that the "Red Bull" had been lately rebuilt and enlarged. Up to this time it appears to have been built after a very original and simple model, open to the sky. Those in the gallery paid but 2*d.*, and the groundlings only 1*d.*, for admission; but it was now roofed in, and decorated in the usual manner.

Like the rest of the theatres in London, the Red Bull suffered much from the outburst of Puritanism which marked the reign of Charles I.; and we read in Whitelock's "Memorials" that in 1649 some stage-players in John Street were apprehended by troopers, their clothes taken away, and themselves cast into prison.

Messrs. Pinks and Wood give us an amusing illustration, representing (from a *fac-simile* of a print in 1662) the stage of the Bull Theatre. The view is taken from the front of the stage, from a point of sight level with the foot-lights, the spectators being arrayed on the sides of the stage, on which stand Falstaff and the Hostess, Clause, the French dancing-master, and Simpleton, the smith; while the Clown, with the words "Tu quoque" on his lips, is stepping forth from behind an arras curtain on the rear of the stage.

During the Protectorate the regular drama was kept alive, and that was all; and if any performances took place at the Red Bull, it was by the connivance of the soldiers, who were bribed to wink at what they personally could not have had the wish to stop or suppress. At the Restoration, the king's players acted at the Red Bull for some time, when they removed to "a new-built playhouse in Vere Street, by Clare Market." Pepys writes thus, somewhat censoriously, it must be owned, upon what he saw on the 23rd of March, 1662:—

"To the Red Bull, where I had not been since the plays came up again. Up to the tiring room, where strange the confusion and disorder that is among them in fitting themselves, especially here, where the clothes are very poore and the actors but common fellows. At last into the pit where, I think, there was not above ten more than myself, and not one hundred in the whole house. And the play, which is called 'All's Lost but Lust,' poorly done, and with so much disorder; among others, in the musique room, the boy that was to sing a song not singing it right, his master fell about his eares, and beat him so that it put the whole house in an uproar."

This confusion and uproar, "a scene of myrth," a double comedy, did not prevent Pepys from again resorting for amusement to the Red Bull; for on the 26th of May, in the same year, he saw performed there "Dr. Faustus," but "so wretchedly and poorly done," says he, "that we were sick of it."

The fortunes of the Red Bull seem to have waned from this date, and soon to have come to an end. It was abandoned by players proper in 1663. "The Red Bull," says Sir William Davenant, "stands open for fencers, for there are no tenants in it but spiders." It appears that the public were not slow to take the hint, for in April, 1664, Pepys writes that he went "to the Red Bull, and there saw the latter part of a rude prize-fight." "On Whitsun Monday, the 30th of May, 1664, at the Red Bull, was a trial of skill, with eight several weapons, to be performed betwixt two scholars of Benjamin Dobson and William Wright, masters of the noble science of defence, beginning exactly at three o'clock in the afternoon, and the best man to stake all. The weapons fought with were backsword, single rapier, sword and dagger, sword and buckler, half pike, sword and gauntlet, and single falchion."

Here, as Messrs. Pinks and Wood remind us, the history of this old playhouse ends abruptly. The house was, doubtless, soon afterwards, converted to other uses, and was at length pulled down, and not a vestige of the building now remains to mark its site. And here, too, we must end, for the present at least, our Clerkenwell ramble.

EDWARD WALFORD, M.A.

## TRANQUILLITY.



WHEN the night her brow is wreathing  
With the flowers that star her plains,  
Balmy as the west wind breathing  
Summer's sweet æolian strains,  
Comes an angel bearing blossoms  
From a far off golden clime ;  
Solaces for careworn bosoms,  
Cull'd to a celestial chime.


Soft her footfall, as the gleaming  
Of the gently breaking dawn,  
Noiseless as the moonlight streaming  
On a paradisal lawn ;  
And divinest aspirations  
Are among the buds she brings ;  
Brighter than earth's fair creations,  
Radiant as a seraph's wings.

When the mourner's tear is falling  
On the silence of her woe,  
Ever is this Angel calling,  
Sister, sister, weep not so.  
Earth is not our destination,  
Death is the immortal's door ;  
Pass it and 'tis exultation ;  
Once in Heaven you weep no more.

EDWARD CAPERN.

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## ON SOME PLEASANT BOOKS.

**N**O matter to what century they belong, to what period of our literary history, that grand Augustan age of Anne, or the brilliant eighteenth century, our theme is pleasant books,—those pleasant books which most of us know, or ought to know. They belong to all periods: we class them not in our thoughts with this or that time; they are our dear familiar friends.

Welcome, grave Knight of Mancha! Doré hath done thee justice; fuller justice than he hath done to Dante or the Bible. Etchy headings to chapters, sketchy tail-pieces, full of life and spirit and quaint humour. And thine own portrait and Sancho's, most worthy knight, no magic mirror could reflect ye more truly. But this edition is for highdays and holidays, to be glanced at in drawing-rooms with albums, admired over coffee, and trifled with during small talk. Turn we to that *petit* thumbed record of thy wonderful exploits, dear, kind, old foolish warrior! And here thou art, ensconced cheek by jowl with Pepys, quaint old gossip Pepys, who finished his last notes just as the first daily newspaper in London, the *Daily Courant*, began to build up journalistic history. When will some industrious writer, who can afford to wait for the reward of "a grateful posterity," tell the story of England, during the newspaper period, from those diurnal, weekly, and monthly records? What a mine of illustrations of character and customs, of local and general laws, of public opinion, of habits, of travel, still lies unworked in those old journals. Macaulay turned over some of the treasures, so did Froude; but what hundreds of files still remain undisturbed in old bookshelves and lumber-rooms. Mr. Timbs has laboured perseveringly and with honour amongst many of them, but what is wanted is a complete digest of a period from the journals, not a mere collection of fragmentary paragraphs, however attractive and interesting they may be.

Works like these come not within the category of pleasant books, you say, and truly. They conjure up dusty ghosts of ancient journalists, though haply we may leave the early host of miserable news-mongers, who were whipped and imprisoned for their tale-telling propensities, and take Cave and Johnson by the hand, through

Boswell's introduction. "Boswell's Life of Johnson." Yes, that is indeed a pleasant book. It is the wizard's ball. We look into it, and are at once in the company of Johnson and Goldsmith and all the wits and celebrities of the time. We take snuff with Sir Joshua Reynolds, we hear the King talking in that famous library to his magnificently egotistical subject. What tremendous prefaces that said egotist wrote in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for his friend Cave. They treated every rival with a supremacy of contempt which is highly entertaining in these days of respectful rivalry. Was there not something mean in the Doctor's treatment of Garrick? Johnson seems to have kept him out of his club at the Turk's Head for years, because he was an actor. "He will disturb us with his buffoonery," said the *Gentleman's* illustrious contributor. What a magic ball it is, this production of the Scotch tuft-hunter! Here is spiritualism, an' you will. But there is no tedious sitting round tables and waiting for knocks with Boswell. Summon whom it shall please you of those halcyon days, and here they are as they lived, their very sneeze and cough described; and, duly noted, every wise and foolish thing they said. There were professed *clairvoyants* even then, spiritualists with second-sight theories, and Boswell believed. Dr. Johnson was willing to try and believe; but "I do believe," said Boswell to George Colman the dramatist; "the evidence is enough for my mind, if it is not for the greater one. What will not fill a quart bottle will fill a pint. Sir, I am full of belief." "Are you?" said Colman. "Then cork it up." He must have been an insufferable bore, this same Mr. Boswell. Perhaps we are indebted to his littlenesses for the greatness of his work; it is those details of life and conversation which seem trivial at the time to large minds, that give to the story of Johnson its depth of colour and its extraordinary finish. "Have you read my book?" Boswell said to a member of parliament hurrying down to the House late. "Yes, confound you! I have been up all night at it."

This is the same kind of eagerness with which one at first goes through a very different kind of book, Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," certainly one of the most engrossing, and perhaps the most remarkable, work of fiction in the language. It may not strictly come within the meaning of "pleasant books;" for it is a sad, sad story, with that scarlet initial sere into the heart of it, burning, scorching, withering all its surroundings. How every character stands out from the canvas; how distinctly you see that hard city, with its fierce Puritan rulers; and that midnight scene with the minister, standing on the gallows' platform in the fierce grip of his terrible remorse,—is it not Dantesque in its realism and sublimity of

imagination? But the leading figure in the strange drama, that patient, lonely woman, with her elfin child,—how tame other heroines of novels seem after this one sad picture of misplaced love! Alexander Smith, who has written deliciously about Hawthorne, liked "Twice-Told Tales" better than the "Scarlet Letter." He thought you got nearer to the author in these mere stories. He always felt that Hawthorne wrote the tales for himself, and the novels for the world, and that you got nearer to the author in the former than in the latter, just as you get nearer to an artist in his first sketch than in his finished picture. For our own part, we think the reason that you get away from the author in the novels is the reason why we like the "Scarlet Letter" best. The delusion is complete from beginning to end, like an acted drama without the whistle of the prompter, the noise of scene-shifting, the laying down of carpets, the intervals for music, and the gossip of the stalls. You are disturbed nowhere, the mind never wanders from the story: it is like reading Clarissa Harlowe's letters after she leaves home; you never doubt their reality, and your deep interest in her never flags. The "Seven Vagabonds," "Night Sketches," "Sunday at Home," all are charming works; but when we look back upon Hawthorne and think, that suffering patient woman, ticketed with the burning mark of her shame, asserts her title to the first place in our thoughts and affections.

"Gil Blas." Yes; we must give you a place in our favourite corner as a pleasant book. We stood the other day on the threshold of the house where Le Sage lived and died. We asked a Frenchman who lived close by (it is true he was but a common man) for the *maison célèbre*, but he could think of nothing thereabouts worth attention, except that great ugly citadel which frowns upon Boulogne. Here was fame! Rare, quaint "Bidpai," "Cakes and Ale," "The Story of a Feather," and "Rasselas," here they are in a cluster. How pleasant all, and yet how widely different from each other,—the mystery, allegory, and fascinating pictures of Eastern lands, and the graphic home-touches of an English master. From Barzoyeh and his wise sayings to the luscious beauties of the Happy Valley; from the Abyssinian prince to the mayor of Hole-cum-Corner—a long step and a strange, but how natural! The mind is not astonished, the fancy is not outraged. Amongst pleasant books the furthest lands lie close together, and Tobias Aconite shall have a place beside the greatest potentate of fiction. A pleasant companion in the flesh, a shrewd, witty, pungent conversationalist, Douglas Jerrold, one of that modern army who have made Bouverie Street classic ground. Surely here is a life which has yet to be told! A son is rarely the best biographer

of his father. Blanchard Jerrold's is a book full of interest; but where is that life before the son knew the father well enough to understand him? Where are those early days of the printer, those early struggles of the author? We know enough of the man's triumphs; are they not ever before us? Who shall tell us of his failures, of the days when the approaches to the citadel were being conducted, when the trenches had to be made, and the rifle-pits to be dug, the days before the conquering genius burst in upon the guarded garrison of Fame, and waved the tattered banner of victory? Has not all this to be done for Thackeray yet? Mr. Theodore Taylor's book, with its treasured plates, and its most real portrait, is but a preliminary foretaste of the biographical feast to which we hope to sit down. There is a blank in our shelf of pleasant books until that full picture is drawn by some loving pen. "Pendennis," it is true, is there, and "Phillip," in which we trace some of the great man's immortal footsteps; and those miscellaneous papers, with "The White Squall" amongst them, are amongst the most delightful companions whom we summon round the fire on these dark November nights.

A pleasant book in the fullest meaning of the word pleasant, is "Essays by Elia." How well Bulwer has described the secret of Lamb's influence. "He is one of those rare favourites of the Graces on whom the gift of *charm* is bestowed—a gift not indeed denied to Hunt, but much more sparingly granted to him, and much more alloyed in its nature—while it is almost the last attribute we can assign to the irritating and aggressive intellect of Hazlitt." Here, indeed, is an author, Charles Lamb, about whom one feels all that desire which Smith felt about Hawthorne. It is impossible that we can get too near Lamb; and how charmingly he has put himself into all his works. We feel his thoughts with him; he lets us into his innermost secrets, even to his domestic troubles and his domestic happinesses, those glimpses of sunshine which came more frequently than one could have imagined into the gloom of that domestic tragedy. When in a moment of insanity his sister stabbed his mother to death, "I was at hand," he says, "only time enough to snatch the knife out of her grasp." What a terrible picture! "His father was imbecile," says his biographer; "he alone takes care of the old man; when the old man dies, he alone takes charge of the unhappy sister." "For her sake he abandoned all thoughts of love and marriage (all hope of 'the fairhaired'), whose image yet lifts here and there across his page in later years glimpses of a bygone dream), and with an income of scarcely more than 100*l.* a year derived from his clerkship, aided for a little while by the old aunt's

small annuity, set out on the journey of life at twenty-two years of age, cheerfully with his beloved companion, endeared to him the more by her strange calamity, and the constant apprehension of a recurrence of the malady which had caused it." That is a pleasant essay of Lord Lytton's which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* a year ago, on "Charles Lamb and his Companions." We are in doubt whether we ought not to add the whole of this learned author's essays to our familiar corner. They are to our mind his best performances, unless we except "The Caxtons" and "My Novel." Leigh Hunt comes altogether within the meaning of a pleasant companion. There is hardly a more agreeable book than his "Indicator," and he has a good deal of that "charm" which belongs to Lamb, and also in a similar degree to Tom Hood. Turning to this latter writer, the mind instinctively wanders to that exquisite picture of solitude—

"The weeping heron, motionless and stiff,  
That on a stone, as silently and stilly  
Stood, an apparent sentinel, as if  
To guard the water lily."

Then the scene shifts momentarily, and memory turns to that terrible "Song of the Shirt," and that poor drowned woman, homeless and friendless, gone to her death. Comedy anon lifts the curtain, and a host of familiar faces, rollicking and grim, start up to set the table in a roar; and then with a sigh for the hardness of the times, and the misfortunes of genius, we turn to that dedication to the second edition of "Cakes and Ale," and read with a blush of sorrow and shame, "This humble offering [To Thomas Hood] is herewith renewed; with the expression of a regret that it was necessary for Thomas Hood still to do one thing, ere the wide circle and the profound depth of his genius were to the full acknowledged; that one thing was—to die!" It is the old, old story.

Turn we to one of our most entertaining friends—D'Israeli's "Literary Character"—for endorsement; and haply too for contrary illustrations. How much of that past history of unappreciated authorship have we not changed in the present day? Look around and see the prize-holders; look around and note how the public of to-day rewards its entertainers. There are novelists who receive thousands of pounds for one book, and a successful play pays enough it seems to make a man's fortune. What did Johnson procure for Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield?" Alfred Tennyson can get a hundred guineas for half a dozen stanzas. When Goldsmith received fifty pounds for "The Deserted Village," don't you remember

how poor "Goldy" thought the bookseller had been too liberal? Verily these are the days for your successful author, whether our literature is really stronger and better for the change is a question which others may discuss, so long as we are permitted to gossip by the fire about pleasant books, the only companions who keep their faith with you, pure, unchanged, unshaken, in all the din and conflict of the times.

It was the deliberate opinion of Sir Walter Scott that Mr. Isaac D'Israeli had mistaken his *rôle* in composing such prose books as the one we have just mentioned. He was quite aware of the old proverb which tells us, "Poeta nascitur, non fit," and yet he declared that nature intended Isaac D'Israeli for a poet. Our versatile premier informs us that when his father was first introduced to Scott, who was then in the zenith of his fame, the latter saluted him with the recitation of a poem which D'Israeli had written in his early youth. Great surprise was expressed by the author of these lines, at finding them not only known to Walter Scott, but also remembered by him. "Ah!" replied Scott, "if the writer of these lines had gone on with his pen, he would have been an English poet." Nor were these the words of mere flattery; for Scott afterwards inserted the poem in his collection of "English Minstrelsy," as illustrative of manners now obsolete. "It is possible, it is even probable," writes Benjamin Disraeli, "that if my father had devoted himself to the art (of poetry) he might have become the author of some elegant and popular didactic poem, on some ordinary subject, which his fancy would have adorned with grace and his sensibility invested with sentiment; some small volume which might have reposed with a classic title upon our library shelves, and served as a prize volume at ladies' schools. This celebrity, however, was not reserved for him." Instead of rivalling Mr. Tupper, as his son evidently fancies he might have done, he was destined to give to the world a series of curious, learned, and interesting works illustrative of the literary and political history of England and many foreign countries, full of anecdote and with new and original views, which time and public opinion on the whole have ratified as just. Still the poetic temperament was not wanting in the prose writer; and as his son suggests, "it was possibly because he was a poet in himself that he became a popular writer in the best and truest sense, and made the *belles lettres* charming to the multitude." Although Isaac D'Israeli conceived in early youth the idea of a work illustrative of the literary character, it is not a little curious that he was stimulated to go on by the accidentally discovered compliments of another great poet. In

his preface to the "Literary Character," he says:—"Upwards of forty years have elapsed since, composed in a distant country, and printed at a provincial press, I published 'An Essay on the Manners and Genius of the Literary Character.' To my own habitual and inherent defects, were superadded those of my youth. The crude production was not, however, ill received, for the edition disappeared; and the subject was found more interesting than the writer. During a long interval of twenty years, this little work was often recalled to my recollection by several, and by some who have since obtained celebrity . . . an extraordinary circumstance concurred with these opinions. A copy accidentally fell into my hands which had formerly belonged to a great poetical genius of our times; and the singular fact that it had been more than once read by him, and twice in two subsequent years at Athens, in 1810 and 1811, instantly convinced me that the volume deserved my renewed attention." Lord Byron had marked the copy with many notes, some of which D'Israeli afterwards published; and the great poet's letter to the author was eventually embodied in the preface.

Dickens we put with Hans Christian Andersen and Grimm. They are kindred somehow in our mind; but Dickens in this category is represented only by "The Old Curiosity Shop," and "The Christmas Carol." We put "David Copperfield" and "Martin Chuzzlewit," and "Pickwick" by, for wayside reference, for chamber books sometimes, or garden-reading in the summer; but "Tiny Tim" and "Little Nell," real though they be, we introduce to "The Little Tin Soldier," "Elsie," "The Ugly Duckling," "Little Claus and Great Claus;" and that old street lamp and other curiosities of Andersen seem to belong to the "Curiosity Shop," not so much from affinity of fancy, as because it seems to us Dickens must understand them himself so thoroughly. We have had our last Christmas book from Dickens, they say. Oh, these lasts! Oh, this giving over, this closing of the book, this ringing down the drop scene, this writing *Finis!* Are there no more Tiny Tims, nor Scrooges, nor Toby Vecks, nor Mrs. Lirrippers left in that teeming brain; or is it time to rest? We do not complain, we only regret that the summer is over, listen more attentively with Toby Veck to the Christmas bells, hug that little figure which we find at Bob Cratchett's fireside closer to our hearts, and breathe more fervently that never-dying prayer, "God bless us every one."

In that pleasant little corner above the ruck of thumbed and greasy volumes which have passed in special review before us *sitting here in the firelight*, come we now to an exclusive set of gilt-

edged friends who seem to have a place apart; these are a select party of poets, represented by "In Memoriam," "The Ancient Mariner," "The Deserted Village," "The Borough," "Evangeline," "Ossian," "Lalla Rookh," "Beppo," and "Don Juan," Mrs. Browning's sonnets, and a miscellaneous book of songs with examples from Dibdin and some minor poets. How Johnson must have astonished Boswell with that most unexpected judgment of the poet, who had been working anonymously for so long: "Sir, Goldsmith is one of the first men we have as an author." I think it is Mr. Forster who says in reference to "Little Goldy" looking foolishly sometimes, "Conversation is a game where the wise do not always win." Lafontaine, of witty, fable fame, and Marmontel, were poor conversationalists. Charles II. having read Hudibras, sought Butler in the hope of a sparkling chat, but he was entirely disappointed. Alfieri and Gray were dull in company, and Corneille, the great French dramatist, was silent and taciturn. Disraeli relates that once when Rousseau returned to a village, he had to learn to endure its conversation. "Alone, I have never known *ennui*, even when perfectly unoccupied; my imaginations, filling the void, were sufficient to busy me. It is only the inactive chit-chat of the room, when every one is seated face to face, and only moving their tongues, which I never could support." Addison and Molière talked but little, and Dryden himself has said of himself, "My conversation is slow and dull, my humour saturnine and reserved; in short, I am none of those who endeavour to break jests in company, or make repartees." Tasso was so reserved that a person in his society said this persistent silence was indicative of madness; the poet, overhearing him, asked whether he was acquainted with a madman who knew how to hold his tongue? The habit which a man acquires of thinking through his pen, has a tendency to weaken his power as a speaker and conversationalist; his rule of revision, his wonted rounding and perfecting of sentences, make him severely critical with regard to his unwritten utterances; we have many examples to the contrary, it is true; but they go to prove the rule. Authors talk best amongst themselves. The curiosity of outsiders is a restraint upon them; but after all, they say the best things to those who consult them through their works; to us who seek them alone with genial appreciation and respect, holding sweet converse with familiar books. "Many a great wit has thought the wit it was too late to speak, and many a great reasoner has only reasoned when his opponent has disappeared." "Ossian" was the first Napoleon's favourite book. It is rare poetry. The de-



scription of Winter which Mr. Howitt has quoted in his "Seasons" as an example, is almost equal to Shakspeare's graphic poem in "Love's Labour's Lost," the most perfect word-picture we know, and one that is perhaps less quoted than any. Southgate has omitted it from his voluminous "Many Thoughts;" it is not in Friswell's "Familiar Words;" we do not find it in "Elegant Extracts," and even Ayscough, in his most copious and judicious "Index," does not indicate "the dialogue that the two learned men have composed in praise of the owl and the cuckoo."

"When icicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl—

To-who;

Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

"When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;  
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl—

To-who;

Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot."

"In Memoriam," sad though its strain, we call a pleasant book for those images of beauty and soothing thoughts of patient hope and fond regret that meet your eye at every page. It is a poem to glance at now and then, and lay down. Not so "Beppo" and "Don Juan." What can withstand the lightning of this poet's genius? You must go on; the poetry is torrent-like in its rush, and crowded with human interest. Perhaps the mind flags when Haidee is dead, and the better part of our moral nature pauses to regret that so much exquisite poetry should carry with it so much filth.

little edition that of Murray's, introduced by the press" and extracts from Byron's publisher, with each fresh batch of Byron's works of those quiet domestic charm to Goldsmith and Cowper, Tennyson and Wordsworth; but

like Shelley's, and dazzles like none other; and his intellect has the grasp and weight of Johnson. It is a relief, after Byron, to come down to the smooth musical flow of Tom Moore. Despite that charge of snobbism, which is not easy to overcome, we cannot help turning to Willis's "Pencilings by the Way," for a glimpse of Moore in society; Moore at Lady B——'s, with the author of "Pelham," and S—— of the "Rejected Addresses." "I found myself seated opposite M——, with a blaze of light on his Bacchus' head, and the mirrors with which the superb octagonal room is panned reflecting every motion. To see him only at table, you would not think him a small man. His principal length is in his body, and his head and shoulders are those of a much larger person. Consequently he *sits* tall, and with the peculiar erectness of head and neck, his diminutiveness appears." His curly head was grey, and his forehead wrinkled at that time, but he was full of life and wit, and the conversation chiefly turned upon O'Connell and Ireland's glory. Yes, Mr. Willis, we shall put you upon the lower shelf, as a pleasant companion, and ask permission to give you "Shenstone's Essays" and Washington Irving's "Sketch Book" as neighbours. Poor Shenstone! we recall to mind the trouble and anxiety which attended the publication of "The Schoolmistress." How many have experienced the truth of his fretful remark during the process of printing: "Nothing is certain in London but expense, which I can ill bear." Disraeli credits Shenstone with the inspiration of that often quoted couplet of Gray's—

"Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest—  
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood."

In support of this, Disraeli quotes from "The Schoolmistress," printed in 1742—

"A little bench of heedless bishops here,  
And there a chancellor in embryo."

Timbs relates that William Strahan, a native of Edinburgh, came to London when a young man, and worked as a journeyman printer. Franklin was his fellow workman. Strahan prospered, and eventually became a famous publisher. He was a great friend of Johnson. Is it not noteworthy that the learned doctor had two very intimate Scotch friends? This William Strahan was succeeded by his third son, Andrew, and died worth more than a million. The mention of "Rejected Addresses," brings up this wayside note. Andrew Strahan presented James Smith with a thousand pounds—a piece of rare munificent appreciation which is worthy of a lasting record.

How much injustice shall we do by ending our gossip here, by sitting still to think of our benefactors in print? Crabbe and Thomson, and a host of others crop up for recognition, as we lay down our pen. But we only profess to have gossiped; we have not simply selected, we have not merely criticised, and in talking of our most cherished books in that favourite corner, we do not disguise from ourselves the fact that they increase and multiply day by day, week by week. Moreover, we have mentioned books for private companionship, for quiet, pleasant winter hours. For Shakspeare one needs a companion; he must be read aloud. The grand, sonorous music of his words fill the heart to overflowing, and the tongue must have its freedom. Who can read Hamlet's soliloquy without speaking it, and suiting the action to the word, the word to the action; or Portia's address, or Othello's dying speech, or the death of Romeo, or Constance's reproaches to the Archduke of Austria, or Prince Henry's speech on the death of Hotspur, or Wolsey's address to Cromwell? And to read Milton, as Alexander Smith has said, is like dining off gold plate in a company of kings. For Spenser one wants an oriel window and a grand old fireplace. Dante claims a peculiar state of mind; and Virgil an apartment furnished with classic taste; but in the company of Goldsmith, Moore, Longfellow, Tennyson, Thomson, Gray, Shenstone, Scott, we may sit at ease with our slippers on. Thackeray calls for a little more restraint; Byron is appeased with a hookah and flowery dressing-gown; Pepys sometimes almost calls for silk-stockings and buckles. Dickens we take by the hand deferentially, but friend-like, as one whom we cannot have misunderstood. We envy those who knew Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt and Tom Hood; and how swift the time flies! how often the fire must be mended! What a troop of friends we have discovered after all, on those old bookshelves. Let the wind wail without, let the world go never so wrong with you, here is perpetual life and sunshine. The spiritual presence of the great ones gone remain; they leave behind companionable tokens of their minds; the light of genius is never extinguished—like Aladdin's, the lamp needs no trimming; rub it never so slightly and the spirit is by your side, with its grand messages from the living and the dead, endowing you with the poet's brightest fancies, enriching you with sparkling gems of wit and imagery, ennobling you with the companionship of the holiest and best and purest thoughts, and making you heir in perpetuity to the wisdom of all the ages.

JOSEPH HATTON.

## BLACK MAIL.



SONG was heard along the Rhine,  
A song beyond compare,  
How Rudolf, Count of Rudolfstein,  
Had won a maiden fair.

And silken flags and banners proud  
Waved in the summer air ;  
And clarion clear, and trumpet loud  
The joyful tidings bear.  
The gates from early break of day,  
The spacious banquet-hall,  
Were thronged by knight and gallant gay  
And welcome bade to all.  
And ladies bright and maidens fair,  
Like flowers in the green,  
With golden tresses, raven hair  
And eyes of starry sheen  
And glances roguish, soft, and coy,  
Bade hence the shades of care  
And filled the merry mountain air  
With silvery peals of joy.

And like some fabled fairy scene,  
Ablaze with golden light,  
The ancient hall was decked with green  
And scented flowers bright.  
And cunning lace and gold brocade  
And gems and jewels rare,  
Of flashing light in gold displayed,  
In rich profusion stood arrayed  
'Midst fruit and flowers fair.  
For when a man hath made his choice,  
And won himself a bride,  
Whatever might her heart rejoice,  
He'll make the earth provide.

And gold and silver, fruit and wine,  
The earth in homage brought ;  
But all along the fickle Rhine,  
In spite of spear, or net, or line,  
Not one fish could be caught.  
The cook, half crazy with despair,  
Bewailed his evil fate,  
And gnashed his teeth, and rent his hair,  
And moaned, "Too late, too late !"  
For though I've furnished ev'ry dish  
That makes the heart grow glad ;  
To serve a feast without a fish,  
Herr Gott ! 'twill drive me mad.

When lo and behold,  
A fisherman old  
Suddenly entered the hall,  
Where piping and song  
Enlivened the throng  
Of ladies and noblemen all ;  
And on through the proud,  
Gay fluttering crowd,  
Steadily onwards he hied,  
Straight up to the seat  
Where sat, as was meet,  
Sir Rudolph enthroned with his bride.

"Sir Count," he cried, "I pray excuse,  
My strange intrusion here ;  
I've much to gain, and nought to lose,  
And therefore nought to fear.  
And as I've heard how much you wish  
To please yon lady bright,  
I've brought the very finest fish  
That ever came to light."  
And from some basket in his hand  
The largest fish he took,  
That ever fisher brought to land  
With spear, or net, or hook.  
"Now name thy price," Sir Rudolph cried,  
"And be it what it may,  
In honour of mine own fair bride,  
I will not say thee nay !"

"A hundred stripes well told,  
 Laid on my shoulders bare,  
 I'd sooner have than all the gold  
 The Emperor could share."  
 Astonished each drew near,  
 And on the fisher gazed,  
 And murmured all, "'Tis very clear,  
 He's either drunk or crazed!"  
 "I'm neither drunk nor crazed,"  
 The fisherman replied;  
 "And tho', Sir Count, you seem amazed,  
 By what I say I bide!"  
 "In sooth, a strange request!  
 But still, I'll not say nay.  
 So, ho! without! do his behest,  
 We'll let him have his way."

Two burly henchmen in a trice  
 Seized on the ancient man,  
 And wond'ring at so strange a price,  
 The payment straight began.  
 But when full fifty had been told,  
 And black his back, and blue,  
 The fisher cried, "Enough, now hold;  
 And pay my partner, too!"  
 "Well," cried the Count, "so mad a pair  
 I never yet did see;  
 But quick, and tell me who's to share  
 This price of thine with thee?"  
 "You'll not have long to wait,"  
 The fisherman replied;  
 "The very porter at your gate  
 Is with your slave allied:  
 'You'll not get in,' said he,  
 'Till half to give, you swear,  
 Of what Sir Rudolph may agree  
 To pay you for your ware!"  
 "Ha! that was then thy plan,  
 In sooth, a merry jest!  
 Now greet thee, ancient fisherman,  
 For thou shalt be my guest!"

And, ho ! without ! proceed,  
And bring the traitor forth,  
And mete the rascal out his meed,  
For he shall feel my wrath."

Thus summoned by his lord,  
The keeper of the gate  
Came, little dreaming what reward  
Had been decreed by fate.  
" Now, hearken, sirrah ! " cried the Count,  
" And lay thy shoulders bare,  
For thou shalt have the full amount,  
Which is thy legal share ! "

In vain the knave implored,  
And uttered caitiff groans,  
As blow on blow, like light'ning poured  
Upon his aching bones.  
In vain he prayed and cried :  
His captor swung the lash,  
And with a certain force replied,  
" He ought to like hard cash ! "  
All men are glad, I trow,  
To have their payments made,—  
The keeper, too, was glad enow  
When his account was paid !

" Now," cried Sir Rudolph, " go,  
And take my words to heart ;  
Nor levy tribute down below,  
Or you and I must part !  
And thou, thou ancient Nestor, thou,  
This purse of gold be thine ;  
No defter fisherman, I trow,  
Has ever skimmed the Rhine ! "

Such is the song I sing,  
The merry tale is told ;  
And nothing rhymeth like the ring  
Of song and yellow gold.

## THE NORTHERN ROAD AND RING.

**C**HRISTOPHER NORTH tells of a strange puzzle into which an old gentleman fell. A general election was pending, and he was all for the Lowther interest. As he journeyed through the lake country, he heard the name of fresh candidates mentioned with much apparent favour, for Westmoreland. Meeting with a friend at the White Lion in Bowness, he told him with a very downcast countenance, that Lord Lowther would be ousted, and that the struggle, as far as he could learn, would be "between Thomas Ford of Egremont, and William Richardson of Caldbeck, men of no landed property, and probably radicals." The conversations which had disquieted him, were really with reference to a great wrestling match, which was then causing as much doubt and searching of hearts in Cumberland and Westmoreland as any election could have done. Far more money is now given in prizes; but somehow or other these rival counties do not take the same pride in their champions as of yore. You rarely hear the sport mentioned, except about Easter or Carlisle Race time. Champions are not reverentially pointed out to the rising generation at market or on the road; and two young fellows having a bout on a summer evening, would seem nearly as strange a sight, even to a resident, as if a couple of the Yeomanry cavalry had suddenly mounted their uniforms and their chargers, and gone into a meadow or down a "green lonning," to practise the sword exercise.

From nineteen to twenty-five is the best age, and few men are really supple after that time. A school, near Bampton, in Westmoreland, was once the great nursing mother of wrestlers, and chips innumerable were put in by future "Belted Wills" upon its green; while the Cumbrians were once very keen of it about Sebergham and Sowerby Row. Dearham was also a stronghold of the sport, and Weardale has had three capital men in the ring during the last twelve years. Its great advantage over the Devon and Cornish mode is, that it is unattended with the same savage play, and therefore does not create any ill blood. Two men will come in a gig to Carlisle, and go into the ring; one will throw the other, if he chances to



drawn against him, and they will ride back together at night as good friends as ever. We do not read of "the dreadful execution of the toe" in connection with it, and how "some of the young Cornwall men are trying the toe, but whether they will for a long time be able to bear the punishment, and keep their tempers like the Devonshire men, is doubtful." Again, the practice of the rival counties is assimilated, and we have no involved challenges like that from Abraham Cann,<sup>a</sup> of whom the Cornish men sang, with more fealty than truth, that he

"was not the man  
To wrestle with Polkinghorne."

Be this as it may, among the champions of the Carlisle ring who were still wrestling, or whose memories were still green in '30, Nicholson of Threlkeld, old Will "Rutson" of Caldbeck, Will Weightman of Hayton, and George Irving of Bolton Gate—all of them Cumberland men—stood pre-eminent. Nicholson wrestled principally in Carlisle and at Windermere. His great chip was the click on the outside of the heel, and he always stood well up to his man. His stature was six feet, by thirteen stone; and old "Roan," or Rowland Long of Ambleside, who weighed fully five stone more, was, like the Dixons of Grasmere, of "no use till him." Will Richardson, or "Rutson," as he was called, was another "old standard," and he and Tom Nicholson, Jonathan Watson (a rare buttocker) and "Roan" Long, were in constant requisition as umpires after they left the ring. Will won at Carlisle when he was quite a veteran of forty-six. He had not very high science, and used generally to hug his men down, but could hype and strike pretty well with the left leg. Fauld's Brow, near Caldbeck, was his great arena, and he won the head prize there nine or ten times. This gathering generally took place in October, about a month after Carlisle Races—whose fixture has been changed—and its belt was quite as bad to win as under the hill on The Swifts.

Weightman was a very tall and handsome man, and won his falls by his great power and length of arm, which made up for his lack of science. George Irving who was 5 ft. 10. in., and nearly 14 stone, looked quite small in the arms of such a lifeguard; but "Geordie" was a man of

<sup>a</sup> Cann wrote:—"Polkinghorne, I will take off my stockings and play bare-legged with you, and you may have two of the hardest and heaviest shoes you like that can be made of leather in the county of Cornwall, and you shall be allowed to stuff yourself as high as the arm-pits, to any extent, not exceeding the size of a Cornish peck of wool; and I will further engage not to kick you, if you do not kick me."

dauntless pluck, and did not care whom he met. His final fall with the gigantic McLauchlin—who was 6 ft. 5 in., and above twenty stone—was always a disputed one, and furnished food for discussion and edification in farm kitchen ingles for many a month. It seems that when they had "gat hod," and were wrestling for the final fall, Irving begged the giant "not to throw yourself on the top of me," and McLauchlin, thinking that he was down and the bout over, quitted his hold. Upon this Irving nimbly lit on his legs again, and claimed the fall, and after a great scene round the umpires the belt was handed to him. His science was magnificent, and he liked to have a very tight hold of his man, and as a right-legged striker and a cross-buttocker with the left leg he was supreme. This favourite chip of his was as keenly watched for all round the ring as Jemmy Little's buttock and Chapman's right leg hype.

George Irving and Robinson of Renwick (a very cunning wrestler) were much of the same build, and two smarter fellows never entered the ring, but "George was still maister of him." J. Little from Sebergham was a less and lighter man than Irving. The latter had got rather slow and stale when they met at Carlisle for the last fall in 1831. It was an anxious moment for the backers of the old champion. George went in to do or die, and got his man up in the old style amid a shout which might have been heard at Crossfell, but just missed him when he struck with the right leg, and Little put in his unflinching buttock. Mason of Blencogo was a strong fellow, with no great science or action, and how he disposed of Nichol of Bothel, who was one of the best hypes of the day, puzzled not a few. No one understood the art better than Nichol—whose shock head made him "good to tell" in a ring; but he was generally rather big in condition, and turned nervous when he was pushed hard.

Richard Chapman, who won the belt, like Jackson, of Kinneyside, four times at Carlisle, was only "nineteen come Martinmas," and scaled twelve stone, when he made his first journey, in 1833, to The Swifts. He had never been there before, and he and two companions drove from Penrith in a gig, and didn't know a single soul in the town, or where they could put up. As it happened, Chapman and one of his gig partners entered the ring together, and just as he and his first opponent were taking hold, he saw his friend "*flying over a man's head.*" The omen was not a very pleasant one for the party, but he set to work nothing daunted, and disposed of Armstrong ("Little"), of Bushel Bank, who strained his shoulder in the tussle. In the third round he was drawn against George Irving. George started with his right leg and struck quick; then he tried the cross

buttock, but Chapman slipped by both legs, and threw him right back out of his arms. The old champion was above bearing any malice to "the young lad oot of Lancashire," as he was generally rumoured to be, although he was born and bred in Patterdale. "Geordie" was then a publican at Bolton Gate—which never will forget him—and had a tent on The Swifts. Spying Chapman a few minutes afterwards from his tent door, as the lad was putting on his coat and waistcoat, he came up to him with a bottle and a glass—"Here, young man, thoo mun have a glass of porter, I'll stand treat," and so saying, he creamed it up, and dismissed him with the cheering prophecy, "*Never a man threww me in Carlisle ring but he won.*" Chapman was rather shy at first, and he afterwards confessed that, living as he did in such a quiet place as Patterdale, he was not sure that he had ever seen porter before, or what its effects might be. They seemed to be rather invigorating than otherwise, and it was also something that the "Irving of Cumberland" should be on his side, and specially looking out for him. The eighteen-stone Messenger met him in the fifth round, but he struck him with his left leg, and cross-buttocked him very easily. Graham, of Loweswater, was the last stander, and pursued the same tactics as Chapman had done with the "big 'un," but he was stopped, and thrown in very similar style to Irving.

It was a very fine opening to a great career, which produced a hundred prizes in twelve seasons at Carlisle, the Flan, Fauld's Brow, and all over the north. "Chapman's chip" was hyping with the right and striking with the left leg, and always at a loose hold. He could hype with either leg, but thought it safer to use the right, as it was easier to keep hold. As he always told the young chaps, "If you hype with the left leg, and miss, and don't throw your man, you are liable to lose hold, and then you are at his mercy. The left leg hype requires a very tight grip; and in fact, the finest hype is with the right leg, as the slack hold gives you such a rare swing off." Since his retirement he has frequently acted as umpire, and those who frequented the Bridekirk coursing meetings will remember his directing the beaters on the 380 acres "Tarnities," as head gamekeeper to Major Green Thompson, and always sweet on Beckford and Sunbeam.

Thomlinson of Embleton, and Chapman, had many a hard bout, and it was a very near thing between them. Jonathan was a strong and a desperate fellow, a bad man to take hold, but a still worse one to deal with when he took hold. His forte was left leg striking, and clicking inside the heel; and he never could tell how he was "flung

*like a bairn at Peerith,*" by Abbot. Banks Bowe was a big one and a tough one, and John Blair of Solport Mill, a strong good man. He threw in the final fall for the belt at Carlisle, a great fell-side champion, Elliot of Cumrew, who had the credit of bringing up the hank chip. If he put in the buttock and was stopped, he then tried on this hank, and as it were twisted his leg round his opponent's leg and locked it. The old school thought it "about nowt." In fact, a man is generally beaten when he puts it in, and when it comes to a hug, he loses four falls out of five through it.

Few men are better remembered than Robert Gordon, who stood wide of his man, won twice, and was five times second at Carlisle. He was about five feet nine, and never more than twelve stone, and scarcely a man in England could throw him, if they missed him with their first chip. Those who wrestled with him said that he was "*nowt but a heap of bones,*" and he held his man so tight that many of them lay down to him rather than be "*squeezed to bits in yon vice.*" He could hold Chapman, although "Dick" threw him twice for the belt at Carlisle, and had the best of him on the balance of falls. "Bob," as it were, "*wrought his man down,*" when the chip had missed, and pulled them quietly over his knee with almost a giant's thew. One of the defeated once graphically described his sensations to us during the period that Bob had hold of him. "*He reached his right arm over and wrought me, and dicked me and felt me almost before I took hod.*" Science was a thing he did not trouble himself much about, but his hug was about equal in tenderness to that of an Arctic bear. He was in the ring for at least fourteen or fifteen years, and nearly as good as ever to the last, and then, like poor Jackson of Kinneyside, he died of consumption. Sergeant of Brampton deprived him of the Carlisle belt, and as the Cumbrians put it, he "*was owre kittle for him.*" Joe was a neat twelve-stone man, and could reduce himself sufficiently to wrestle in the eleven-stone ring. The middle weights didn't care to see him there, as he had the swinging hype off to perfection.

He was not long in the ring, but no man has left a more enduring memory than William Jackson of Kinneyside. He won four years, —1841-44— at Carlisle, and was in fact "a representative man" among Cumberland wrestlers, as Chapman was among those of Westmoreland. The pair met seven times, and Jackson had one the best of it, but Chapman belonged to an earlier period, and was not then in his heyday. Jackson was fully six feet one in his stockings, and weighed about fourteen stone. He had grand, open shoulders, and in fact he was beautifully made to the hips, but, like

Tom King the ex-pugilist, rather small across the loins. He was too tall to put in the buttock, but he could hype with the right leg, and strike as well as click inside the heel with the left, with marvellous quickness and precision. There was no finer and better behaved wrestler, and never was such universal sympathy felt for a man, as when he challenged Atkinson and was defeated. Big as he was, he looked a mere stripling by the side of the Magog of Sleagill, when he came out to meet him for the best of five falls in that Flan ring, which has never had so many thousands round it either before or since. George Donaldson "stood the giant," and counselled him most strictly not to make play, or Jackson was certain to have him, and his word proved true enough in one round. After going to grass, Atkinson was more obedient, and gave away no more chances, but stood like a rock, and fairly crushed his man down. The late Lord Carlisle, who was looking on, presented Jackson with 5*l.*, but no pulleys could bring up the poor fellow's heart, and he was never the same man again.

Taylor of Wythmoor, who threw "Bob" Gordon in the final fall at Carlisle in '45, and had the tables turned on to him the next year, was a rare buttocker; and Thomas Longmire, a man of about Chapman's size, was all science, and equally great in buttocking, striking, and hyping. Todd of Plumbland, was good for a year or two; and Moss of Temple-Sowerby, wrestled well as "a colt," and went through his men in great style for the Carlisle belt. Palmer of Newcastle was also a good man, and took Gordon as his model; and Haliwell of Penrith, an eleven-stone man, was "full of chips." W. Donald of Dearham,—the home of "lyle Tiffin," the nine and a-half stone hero, who "has everything off"—had a unique method of pulling men on to his knee. Dick Wright of Longtown, who keeps his wrestling year after year as well as Lord Wilton does his riding to hounds, also relies very much on a specialty. It can only be described as a peculiar and most effective jerk off the breast, which no one, save Mossop of Egremont, ever seemed to practise. Mossop threw Longmire twice out of three times with it, Chapman twice, and Jackson once; and they all said afterwards that they didn't know how to meet it. Weardale has been fertile in champions. Pattinson was an eleven-stone man, and good enough to win and be second at Carlisle; and Milburn, after winning in 1848-49, turned up second to Dick Wright in 1866. Robson of Weardale was good; but he was overmatched when he met Longmire for the belt at Carlisle, where Ben Cooper, a man who could do anything, strike with either leg, or cross-buttock, was second in successive years to

Hawksworth of Shap, and Murgatroyd of Cockermouth. The latter began wrestling when he was about twenty, and has gone on for fully thirty years. Chips were not much in his way; but his figure, fourteen stone, by 5 ft. 7 ins., rendered him a difficult man to throw, and he "*has settled a vast of men*" at one time or another. Noble Ewbank of Bampton was hardly so good as his father Joseph, whose style of buttocking was almost equal to Little's. As for George Donaldson (one of three clever brothers), he was as cunning as he was clever, and though only an eleven-stone man, he was nearly a match for Jackson, and in fact threw him once. Like Gordon, he was a "very slippery takker hod," whereas Jackson stepped up to his man, and gave the umpires no trouble with either sand-glass or trumpet.

It was a matter of a few ounces between him and Jonathan Whitehead, but Jonathan won the match when they met at Waverton. The latter was a great hyper and buttocker, as well as a right leg striker, and used the last chip with daring shrewdness, when more cautious men would have left it alone. There are very few good strikers with the right leg. Chapman and other cracks would never put it in, as, if you miss, it is mostly fatal. There has never been a more finished eleven-stone wrestler, both as a striker and a buttocker, and in fact all round, than Jim Scott. At Whitehaven he won the eleven-stone purse eight or nine years in succession, and stood twice second to Jameson at Carlisle. Of course, to adopt his friends' language, it was safe to predict that the big'un would "*worry him down;*" but Jameson is wonderfully lith of his weight, both in pole jumping and wrestling, and can both hype, and strike with the left whenever occasion serves.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>b</sup> The principal chips were as follows :—

I. HYPE.—Formerly called striking inside, or getting your knee between your opponent's leg after lifting him, and striking his leg so as to drop him down.

II. SWINGING HYPE.—The same thing, but swinging your man after lifting him, once or twice round and striking. When the motions were done quickly, these two were considered the crack chips of the ring, and when well done they were decisive.

III. BUTTOCKING.—Getting your buttock or haunch quickly under your opponent's stomach, as a fulcrum, and throwing him bodily over your head or shoulder.

IV. CROSS-BUTTOCKING.—The same thing, only getting your man into motion, and your buttock more under him.

V. HANK.—Getting your leg twisted round your opponent's leg, so that he cannot clear it, and by superior strength and height forcing yourself over him, when he must fall under.

VI. BACKHEELING.—Putting your heel behind your opponent's heel, and running over him.

The first prize, a purse with five gold guineas in it, was contended for at Carlisle races, in September, 1809, and was won by Tom Nicholson of Threlkeld. "Two purses of gold" were given the next year; and for three years in succession Nicholson was the champion. The prize on the third occasion was twenty guineas, and "all persons emulous of distinguishing themselves in these athletic exercises, so much excelled in by our forefathers, are desired to appear on the ground at nine o'clock in the morning." This reference to antiquity was made in 1811; but the most diligent ghoul in the matter has failed to discover the existence of any records before the era of Tom Nicholson. Will Richardson of Caldbeck was second to that hero in 1810, and the science, which was gradually developed, brought matters up to fever heat in 1813, when a ring, seventy yards in diameter, was enclosed by ropes, and about fifteen thousand people, headed by the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Queensberry, and Earl Lonsdale, stood or sat round it. "Barney" was not much in vogue. The buttock and the cross-buttock were the favourite chips, and "many of the men were struck from the ground upwards of five feet." "The Cumberland Shepherd" won the belt; and amongst those who went to grass was George Dennison the bone-setter, who dislocated an opponent's shoulder. With a fine eye to business, he would not have him taken to a hospital, but set the shoulder then and there, amid loud cheers. Prize fighting was introduced as a wind-up the next year; and Tom Nicholson, and a seaman called Ridley, alias "The Glutton," had a slogging half hour; but the police interfered, and the Fist never again held a place at those revels.

For a few years the wrestling was removed from the old tryst under the hill, and not far from the *T. Y. C.* starting post, to a circus, and became a private speculation; but on September 6, 1821, the wanderer, thanks to the late Mr. Henry Pearson, a solicitor of great size, came back to its old haunts, and Will Richardson added another belt to his almost countless store. The entry was very large, and very few of the men were under fourteen stone. Weightman of Hayton, the second man, was more than a stone above this weight, twenty-two years of age, and 6 ft. 2 in. in his stockings. He was second the next year, and came first in 1825-26. Then the knights of King Arthur's Round Table were determined to be in

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VII. *CLICK INSIDE.*—Clicking inside your opponent's heel, and forcing him back.

VIII. *OUTSIDE STROKE.*—Lifting your man, striking outside his knee with yours, and dropping him down.

the fashion, and gave two prizes at "The Table," near Penrith. The "Harry Brougham" of that day was a spectator, and the knights entered so much into the spirit of the thing, that as the term "Muscular Christian" had not then been invented, they drank the bishop's health, as "the tallest and handsomest man in his diocese." A few years later, when the commutation of tithes was the question of the hour, and William Blamire, the pride of the Cumberland Blues, was the only man in England who was found fit to grapple with it, the health of a bishop in connection with wrestling would have sounded rather discordant. The county had been tickled by a waggish editorial suggestion of the late James Steel—whose statue stands in Carlisle market-place—to "settle the question of tithes by wrestling; and twenty wrestlers were backed against the whole bench of bishops, deans, rectors, and vicars. Of these, Chapman alone was expected to dispose of a score of Irish bishops; and 'grass Exeter as a finisher to his day's work.' The deans, it was confidently asserted, would be 'mere sport for Nichol; Robinson would clear off the prebends before breakfast, and George Irving had still mettle enough left to 'chip' the heels from at least a score of the fattest rectors of the land. There can be little doubt that the tithe question would have been satisfactorily settled this year, had such a trial been resorted to; but 'Exeter' and his friends would have been inclined to forego a large quantity of the plunder, before they yielded themselves to the grasping argument of Dick Chapman." The county must have long loved the sport when its leading editor could draw from it such an elaborate political illustration.

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"Ah! sure it was a coat of steel,  
 Or good tough oak, he wore,  
 Who first unto the ticklish wheel,  
 'Gan harness horses four;  
 Nor shudder'd as he rolled along,  
 To tread the merry, whirling throng  
 Of furious coach with sluggish dray,  
 Contesting every inch of way,  
 Through Holborn and the direful strait  
 Of Temple Bar or Bishop Gate."

Such was part of the ode, modelled after "Sic te Diva potens Cypri," which was addressed to the driver of the Times in '27, when cornbox poets only sung of steam as "a demon foul," and "make a railroad to the moon?" was thought a witty retort, and quite a settler for the question which was stirring a few far-seeing



souls. After all, the horrors of Holborn or Temple Bar were far below those of Shap and Stainmoor on a winter's night, when coachman, guard and passengers battled along in the blast, or bore a hand with the snow shovels, and then looked out anxiously for that tavern sign of "Welcome into Cumberland," which told of deliverance from the Wilds of Westmoreland, and that snug little Penrith was nigh.

There were not many amateur coachmen on the road, and the guards steadily set their faces against the system, except in very particular instances. Even then any passenger could object, and if the reins were not given up at once to the regular coachman, the Post-Office authorities came down hot and heavy upon the guard when they were appealed to. A traveller was most indignant on one occasion, and actually seized hold of the reins, because the guard did not seem disposed to interfere. As it was he took nothing by his motion, as there was, luckily, a change of cabinet about that time, and the guard's request to know which Postmaster-General he was to address in his defence, was allowed to remain unanswered. Mr. James Parkin was one of the privileged ones, and generally worked on Mr. Teather's ground out of Penrith to Carlisle. He gave it up when the railways encroached, and the horses became worse, as he did not care to be "a screw driver." He was a very steady coachman, but rather too slow for the mail; and had not the energy to slip them along over the galloping ground, and make his time up. In fact, the guard was perpetually holding up his watch and admonishing him to send them along. Mr. Ramsay of Barnton was good enough, when the cattle were good, but he liked to choose his ground. Mr. Nightingale, the great coursing judge of that day, was the man to "take a coach through the country." He took the horses as they came, kickers or jibbers, and thanks to very fine hands and strong nerves, he kept his time to a second.

Parson Bird was also well up to his work; and such a good-hearted fellow, that when the regular coachman from Keswick to Kendal broke his leg, he took his place for six weeks, and collected the fees for him. A lady gave the parson half-a-crown, and going to a ball at Kendal that night, was introduced to her coachman of the morning, who at once asked her to dance. She was highly indignant; but, on the matter being explained to her, she became so gracious over it, that she ultimately became Mrs. Bird.

Among the regular coachmen, John Reed took a very high place. He was a stout and a very silent man—in fact "all for his horses." *He drove the Glasgow mail from Carlisle to Abington, never tasted*

ale or wine, and never had an accident. This was the more remarkable, as Mr. Johnstone of Hallheaths, the owner of Charles XII., horsed one stage, with nothing but thorough-breds; and if they did take off, even Reed, strong wristed as he was, could hardly hold them. John Brydon was the very reverse of John Reed, and full of jollity and good stories on the box. The two Drydens were more dashing in their style. One of them had the art of teaching his horses to trot when most men would have had them on the gallop; and his brother was a wonderful singer. Whenever the mail reached a long ascent, and he had to slacken speed, he would beguile the way with "She wore a wreath of Roses," or "I know a flower within my garden growing," in a rich tenor, which would have secured him a good concert-room engagement. Little Isaac Johnson was going for thirty-five years, and never had an accident. He was supreme with a kicking horse, and always took care to make him his near side leader. When they were put there he could punish them more severely, and they were not in the way of the coach. He liked to hit them inside the thigh, and he could fairly wale them up if they continued to rebel. The Telfers were good coachmen of the same school, and were well known over Shap Fells. Jem Barnes was rather fat and lumbering, and lacked fire. People did say that he had his sleeping ground as well as his galloping ground. There was little chance of sleeping one night, going north over Shap. He had not only to gallop at all the snow drifts, but to put a postboy and pair on in front. The pole hook broke, and the hand of Jim Byrns, the guard, was almost frozen to the screw wrench, when he brought out a spare pole hook and fastened it on. The snow fell in flakes large enough to blind them, and the only comic bit was the voice of a heavy swell issuing from the box seat, beneath a perfect tortoise-shell covering of capes and furs, "*What are you fellows keeping me here in the cold for, and warming your own hands at the lamp?*"

George Eade was very deaf, but still he had hearing enough left to be cognisant of a great many objurgations from Mr. Richardson of the Greyhound at Shap for taking it out of his horses. One day Mr. Richardson came out and was peculiarly bland, but George concluded that he was on the old subject, and had his back up in an instant, "*Hang you! I'm not before my time; I'll bet you 5l. of it, look at my watch!*" Jack Pooley was a great character, and drove in earlier days over Stainmoor. When he retired he joined the Yeomanry Cavalry, and entered his horse for a cavalry plate. Two of the principal conditions were that it must never have won 50l., and, also,

be half bred. Some objections having been raised to Jack's nomination, it became necessary to examine Jack before a committee of the regiment. To the first question, whether his horse had ever won 50*l.*, he replied "*No, indeed ! but he's helped to lose many a fifty—he ran three years in an opposition coach.*" The next question was, "What is he by, Mr. Pooley?" "*By?*" said Jack, "*I should say he was by a shorthorn bull, he's such a devil of a roarer,*" and Jack's answers were considered eminently satisfactory. Jack Creery was a good coachman, and drove a pair-horse mail from Lancaster to Kirkby Stephen. He had a guard, one Joe Lord, who had been with Van Amburgh, and the pair got lost one night between Kirkby Stephen and Kirkby Lonsdale. Jack was so sleepy that he crept inside. Lord drove for him, and, being sleepy as well, turned right off the road down a lane in the snow. Things got from bad to worse, so Jack had to be roused, and Joe was pushed up the side of a sign-post on Jack's shoulders, to "try and read the address." There was not light enough to decipher much, and when they reached a village (according to the song which Jim Byrns wrote to their confusion), they knocked long and loud at a church door by mistake for a public house.

The coachman's fees were generally two shillings for fifty miles, and some of them made 300*l.* a year. It was, however, "light come, light go" with them, as they were very fond of betting and card-playing. One of them, who was rather a Malaprop in his speech, accounted for losing all his winnings of one evening, by saying that he was "*positively discompelled to play the last ensuing game.*" They were strictly the servants of the contractors, and looked after the passengers' luggage, whereas the guards were the servants of Government, and in full charge of the mail and the bags. Their appointment was got through members of Parliament, who made interest in due form with the Postmaster-General of the day. An inspector of guards travelled four days a week on the mails, and reported weak harness and bad horses, and other shortcomings, to Government, and the guards, who had half a guinea per week, made all their private reports through him. For a long time safety-drags were a subject of dispute between the contractors and the Post Office, and they were not adopted until the former made a very decided stand on the point. Two guards were especially well known and esteemed for their courtesy on the road; Skaife, who was a great musician, more especially on the bass violin, and who died landlord of the Graham Arms, at Longtown, and Jim Byrns, who was for many years the station-master at Preston. Jim's forte was verse making rather than music, and if any little thing happened during the journeys that tickled his

fancy, he would drop Mr. Teather, junior, not a line, but a few rhymes, describing it. Those who were up in mail coach politics, used to have many a roar over the songs which he wrote, whenever anything very good came off; and Jack Creery and Joe Lord never heard the last of his touching description of their sign-post and church-door troubles. According to it, they must have been in as strange a jumble as the Keswick man and his sow, when they tumbled out of Broadholme Wood down a steep bank into the Greta below. The man was asked to describe his sensations as he fell, but he could only say, "*Verra queer; first it was sow d'er me, and then I d'er sow; then sow top o't me, and I top o't sow; rum start a' thegither.*"

Jim Byrns was a very handsome and well-educated man, and no one understood his business better. For many years he was on the Edinburgh mail from Derby to Manchester, and afterwards from Preston to Carlisle, over Shap Fells, the most difficult mail road in England. Those who slip through it now in half an hour, snoozing on comfortable first-class cushions, can never compass the weariness of Hucks Brow, or guess what a guard had to endure, standing up for miles together through those dark and dismal fogs which infest it on a winter's night, and eternally blowing his horn to prevent a collision. Sometimes snow would bring the mail to a dead lock altogether, and then the guard would have to wade, or get out his saddle and ride one of the leaders off to some farm-house, and rouse the farm labourers to come with their shovels, and dig out His or Her Majesty's mails. Jim was the right man in the right place, a rare hand at the head of a fatigue party with shovels, and a perfect master of his carpenter's tools, in case there was a breakdown. The heaviest night, as regards correspondence, was when the American mail had come in. On those occasions, the bags have been known to weigh above 16 cwt. They were contained in sacks seven feet long, which were laid in three tiers across the top, so high that no guard, unless he were a Chang in stature, could look over them, and the waist (*i.e.*, the seat behind the coachman) and the hind boot were filled with bags as well.

The best mail teams went out of Carlisle, where eighty horses were once kept for eight mails and seven coaches. The Carlisle teams always looked well, as the contractors principally resided there in the midst of their own ground, and the coachmen always tried to make up their time before they got to it, if possible. "The little mail," as it was called, was on for a short time, and it was a caution to see it come down Stanwix Brow of a summer evening. It had only two horses, and they always seemed to be running

away with their load. Its owners professed to do the 96 miles between Carlisle and Glasgow in 8 h. 32½ m., and it pretty often came to time; but there were so many accidents, that passengers wholly shunned it at last. It was established to let the Glasgow people—who were jealous on the point, and thought that their London correspondence was delayed by coming through Yorkshire—have their letters an hour or so earlier from Carlisle than by the regular mail. The London and Edinburgh mail route was by Derby and Manchester, and it and the regular old Glasgow mail so arranged their time, with a view to the Glasgow mal-contents, as to meet in the Crown Inn Square, at Penrith, at four o'clock in the morning, and come on to Carlisle together. Up mails, which left Carlisle at six in the evening, reached London at five o'clock on the second morning. The fare was six guineas inside, and 3*l.* 5*s.* out, but fees to coachmen and guards, with refreshment on the road, brought it up considerably. Well may those who are rightly informed about things as they were, not grumble at things as they are, when—instead of being cramped and sleepless for nearly thirty-six hours, with every hair standing up like a porcupine's quill, and with rain and dew and hoar frost as your dreary portion,—you can leave Euston Square at a quarter to nine, and see the summer sun “shine fair on Carlisle wall” before six o'clock.

Mr. Teather was the principal mail contractor, but he gave up working the south side of Carlisle in 1837, and his son (who very often tooled his own teams) took it, as well as the Carlisle and Longtown stage. When the rail was completed to Carlisle, the latter entered into the northern contract with Mr. Croall, and when the Caledonian Railway reached Beattock Bridge, the plant was removed there, and the horses had for a time to be stabled under canvas. Some five years before steam became lord of all, there was a curious dispute about the Government contract, and Mr. Barton, who had been in partnership with Mr. Teather, senior, claimed the ground from Heskett to Penrith, and sent his horses and helpers to Heskett. It was a regular fight between the men, day by day, which set of horses should be put in first. Parson Bird lent his powerful arm to the Bartonians, whose chief had never really signed the Government contract, and Mr. Parkin invariably rode down from Greenways, and sat watching the faction fight from his saddle. It went on for several days, and then the Bartonians gave in.

The mails were chocolate-bodied, picked out with scarlet, with wheels, perch, waist, bars and pole all scarlet, and the harness was *perfectly plain*, with the exception of the initials and coach bars on

the blinkers. Hucks Brow was a severe pull of a mile, and the seven miles going south from Shap to the Brow was also all on the collar. The accidents were wonderfully few, and the principal one befell a country mail, whose horses shied at a water-wheel just as they crossed Kirbythore Bridge. The drop was eight feet, and one horse was killed, but there the damage ended. A stalwart Yorkshire wool-stapler performed a somersault quite equal to the Keswick sow-leader, and, just as he lighted on his legs, he "caught at mid off" a parcel, which shot with wondrous velocity out of a woman's arms, and proved on inspection to be her baby. He said, in his dry way, when they congratulated him on his fine fielding, that "a stray baby isn't generally a good catch for a man."

None of the contractors cared to get their teams of a colour, as it was too expensive. A wheeler must measure fifteen one at least, but anything that would keep straight and get out of the way of the bars, was generally thought good enough for a leader, and if it had'n't what Mr. Murray calls "pretty manners," John Reed would generally turn it out "complete in six lessons." The average price for them was 17*l.*, and for a good wheeler 22*l.* to 25*l.*, but never more than 30*l.* Ireland furnished the greater portion of them, and they were picked up at the Rosley Hill fairs. None under five years old were ever purchased, and the average of service in a fast mail was three years, although there were some brilliant exceptions. The worn outs were sold back to farmers at 5*l.* or 6*l.*, and mares of course commanded the best price. Occasionally a horse was purchased with rather a doubtful title, and, to prevent his being claimed, he was always worked in the night mail. They got very few beans, but two year old hay and the best of oats were made especial points of. Tapster, a dark chestnut stallion, was the most remarkable horse on the road. For some offence or other he was condemned to be a near side leader, when he was only rising four, but he "went off like an old cow" from the start. From Penrith to Shap was his bit of road, and he worked for ten years. When he became a little slow he did duty as wheeler for a short time, but he was too small for the place, and a blacksmith got him for 4*l.*, and put him at the service of his country. The Waterloo mare was of a very different disposition. She was one of Mr. Contractor Buchanan's lot, and she had stopped with every coachman in turn at the end of two miles. At last, they all wearied of her, and the orders were, if she rebelled again, not to bring her back alive. She accordingly left Penrith, and got a few miles in the Glasgow mail, when, according to her wont, she suddenly sulked, and sat down upon her haunches like a dog, with her legs

straight out before her. The coachman got down, took a rail out of the hedge, and struck her nine times below the knees with the flat side of it. Such energetic treatment brought her to, and she and her drivers "lived happily together ever after."

Coachmen and guards could endure much fatigue, but the postboys of the great north road were quite their equals in this way. Jack Story, of the Crown at Penrith, once rode at a pinch 108 miles—twice to Carlisle and back and once to Keswick—in a day, when he was past seventy. It was a very "throng time," as parliament had just risen, and tourists were flocking to the lakes, but such a ride made no difference to him, and he died ultimately at the age of eighty-five. He was full of odd tales about those he had driven, and considered that on the whole barristers were more devoted to their dinners than any of them. He based this on what he saw of Sir Gregory Lewin, Mr. Blackburn, Q.C., and one or two others, learned in the law, who, if the assize at Carlisle extended over a Sunday, generally posted down after their consultations to Penrith, and dined most sumptuously at the Crown. The story of the brace of wild ducks lingered for many a year about the Crown bar. To the horror of these men of eclectic appetite, they had been stuffed by mistake with sage and onions. Upon ascertaining this violation of all true art, the president nearly pulled the bell down in his indignation, and ordering in a kettle of water, scooped out all the stuffing, and carefully rinsed the birds' interiors before they were re-consigned to the cook. The waiter, however, bid the cook to be of good cheer, and gave it as his opinion (without fee) that those lawyers needn't have pretended to possess such very delicate appetites, as, when he came back with the ducks, they had eaten all the ejected stuffing, and a small loaf of bread along with it. Jemmy Anderson of Shap was another great character, and quite equal to any crisis. He was once driving a carriage from there to Penrith, when the hirer put out his head and roared, with quite Harry Brougham's emphasis, "*Postilion, I shan't give you a farthing for your horses or yourself; you've driven like a snail.*" Jemmy pulled up immediately, and turning half round in his saddle, faced the foe. "*You won't pay me a farthing, won't you; then I've come far enough for nowt,*" and so saying, he descended swiftly, and began to take his horses out. Jemmy was a man of his word, and nothing but the offer of a handsome compromise—money down—induced him to put them to again.

The postboys never seemed to have a holiday, and if they had, it would have been a deep source of difficulty to them how to spend it. One of their Southern brethren, Tom King of the Old Crown

at Amersham, spent his in a most peculiar manner. He had the honour on one occasion, of driving "Farmer George," after hunting with the Royal staghounds, from Amersham to Windsor. To the end of his life that loyal subject would do no work on the anniversary of that day. After breakfast he repaired to the same yellow post-chaise, and sat in it till nightfall, on the side where his sovereign had been. He refreshed himself liberally with pots of ale, and if he took his pipe from his lips at intervals, it was only to replace it with a key-bugle, and play "God save the King." His master humoured his fancy, and visited the post-chaise with many others during the day, to see Tom indulging in these quaint Pleasures of Memory.

The Gretna Green marriages were a fruitful source of revenue to postboys at this period, and as the fugitive lovers paid on a higher and higher scale in their fervour the nearer they approached the shrine, a sort of private clearing-house had to be established, and if there was anything like a good paying "love job," the fees were passed down the road and equalised. They were seldom better than when the Prince of Capua espoused Miss Penelope Smith.

A parlour at the Crown was the scene of a curious fracas. A happy pair had arrived from Grantham for Gretna, and were lunching, when the father and the rejected lover drove up. The latter thought the very sight of himself would be sufficient to create remorse, and took no active part for fear of "setting" the girl; but the father promptly essayed a passage of arms, first with his umbrella and then with his fists, and was finally seized by the collar, half throttled, and forced on to the sofa. His son-in-law elect (who was above his weight, and of a theatrical turn of mind) then turned the key on both of them, and got a rare start with his love, more especially as the old gentleman would drive to Captain Hebson's to try and get a summons for assault. Somehow or other matters got squared, and the four came back that evening in two post-chaises, with white favours, and dined together in great peace.

It was said of the first Duke of Cleveland, who loved life in a post-chaise, that his orders to the postboys were always, "*Now, drive like the devil!*" If he gave them the word at Catterick Bridge, Mr. Ferguson, the landlord, was wont to say out loud, and with much feeling, "*Now, lads, you'll attend to his grace's orders,*" and then under his breath, to the lads, "*Don't overboil the eggs.*" It would have been no use for Mrs. Holmes to give any such second orders, if a runaway pair dashed up to the Bush and it happened to be Jack Ainslie's turn for "*Horses on.*" Jack was a sworn foe to parents and guardians at such seasons, and believed with Mr. Toot's "*Chicken,*" that if



everything else failed, doubling them up with a dig in the waistcoat was a move in the right direction. He would have recommended precisely the same treatment in the case of a Lord Chancellor, if he had come,

“ Racing and chasing on Cannobie lea,”

after some fair ward of his high court. Jack was perpetually signing his name as witness to marriages, and was in fact quite a consulting counsel to love-lorn knights and damsels. To have him, in his yellow cord jacket on the near wheeler, was worth as many points to them as it was to an attorney for the plaintiff to retain Garrow or Follett. If he was pushed hard, Jack knew of cunning by lanes and woods to hide them in, and had lines of gates across farms, and all that sort of geography, in his eye, for an emergency.

On one occasion, he quite “outdid his own outdoings.” He had driven a couple, who had forgotten to “ask mama,” early in the day to Longtown, and as he thought they were taking it rather easily, he strongly advised them to cross the border and get married before they dined. They were weary and would not be advised, and he took his horses back to Carlisle, and thought them just “poor silly things.” He had not been back long, when the mother and a Bow Street officer dashed up to the Bush. There was not a second to lose, so Jack jumped on a horse, without asking any one, and galloped to Longtown. He had barely time to get the dawdlers huddled into a post-chaise, take his seat on the box as commander-in-chief, and clear the “lang toun,” when the pursuers loomed in sight. The pursuit was so hot that the only way was to turn sharp down a lane, and Jack and his party had the satisfaction of watching through a leafy screen, “the maternal” fly past towards Gretna, and so on to Annan, where she came to a long and hopeless check, and finally gave it up. When she was got rid of, Jack would stand no more nonsense, but saw his couple married, and witnessed, before he went back to Carlisle. The signatures of that marriage were always looked at with a certain sad interest, as the bridegroom was killed next year at Waterloo. This was quite Jack’s leading case, and he is still remembered by many warm admirers of talent and generalship in a peculiar line, as “a civil old fellow, perhaps five feet seven if he was stretched out, and with such nice crooked legs.”

H. H. D.

## FALSTAFF.

**H**E name seems to possess historical significance. It is difficult to believe that a character so universally renowned should be a creation of fiction. Sir John Falstaff! Is he not one of the most familiar objects in your mental pictures of the past? Can you talk of a Boar's Head—a cup of sack—Gadshill—Windsor, without thinking of the lusty knight?

Shakspearian authorities strive hard to deprive him of his birth-right, his identity with the history of bygone times, and take pains to prove Sir John Oldcastle to have been Falstaff in the flesh.

Warburton says the name was changed because "one Sir John Oldcastle, having suffered martyrdom in the time of Henry V., for the opinions of Wickliffe, it gave offence; therefore the poet altered it to Falstaff, and endeavours to remove the scandal in the epilogue to the 'Second Part of King Henry IV.,' thus: 'If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katherine of France, where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die by your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. I believe,'" continues Warburton, "there was no malice in the matter. Shakspeare wanted a droll name to his character, and never considered to whom it belonged."

Stevens declares that "Sir John Oldcastle was not a character ever introduced by Shakspeare, nor did he ever occupy the place of Falstaff. The play in which Oldcastle's name occurs was not the work of our poet," alluding to an old play called "The Famous Victories of Henry V." The action of this piece commences about the fourteenth year of the reign of King Henry IV., and ends with Henry V.'s marriage with Princess Catherine of France. The scene opens with Prince Henry's robberies. Sir John Oldcastle is one of the gang, and called Jockie, and Ned and Gadshill are two other comrades. "From this imperfect sketch," writes Theobald, "I have a suspicion that Shakspeare might form his Two Parts of 'King Henry IV.' and his 'History of King Henry V.,' and consequently it is not improbable that he might continue the mention of Sir John

Oldcastle until some descendant of that family moved Queen Elizabeth to command him to change the name."

According to Malone, Shakspeare never intended to ridicule the real Sir John Oldcastle—Lord Cobham—in any respect, but thought proper to make Falstaff in imitation of the Oldcastle of the original "King Henry V." In a note to the "First Part of Henry IV.," Malone quotes Fuller's "Worthies," 1662, page 253, from which we learn that "Sir John Falstolfe, knight, was a native of this county (Norfolk). To avouch him by many arguments valiant is to maintain that the sun is bright; since the stage has been overbold with his memory, making him a Thrasonical puff and emblem of mock valour. True it is, Sir John Oldcastle did first bear the brunt of the one, being the make-sport in all plays for a coward. It is easily known out of what purse this blackpenny came. The papists railing on him for a heretick, and therefore he must be also a coward, though indeed he was a man of arms, every inch of him, and as valiant as any of his age. Now, as I am glad that Sir John Oldcastle is put out, so I am sorry that Sir John Falstolfe is put in to relieve his memory, in this base service to be the anvil for every dull wit to strike upon. Nor is our comedian excusable by some alteration of his name, writing him Sir John Falstafe (and making him the property and pleasure of Henry V. to abuse), seeing the vicinity of sounds intranches on the memory of that worthy knight." In spite of which protest, I do not believe that Sir John Falstolfe, knight, of Norfolk, was ever thought of by the comedian referred to by Fuller.

Ritson asserts positively that the name of Oldcastle was changed to that of Falstaff, and quotes seven passages or rather lines in which the alteration has apparently been made. Among them—

"'Away, good Ned,—Falstaff sweats to death,'

"which requires a word of three syllables to perfect the metre, at present a foot deficient, and consequently affording a proof that it was originally written to suit the name of Oldcastle and no other."

The line,

"As the honey of Hybla, my old lord of the castle,"

which the Prince addresses to Falstaff in "Henry IV.," is a strong indication of the change upon which Ritson insists as having been made.

Other authorities say that Sir John Falstaff was a native of Stratford, and ridiculed by Shakspeare out of spite.

Sir John Oldcastle, who appears in the older plays, and with whom our knight has become confused, was a celebrity of the time, obnoxious to the papists, and therefore the object of ridicule and satire of the playwrights of the period. The character immortalised by the poet's wit and humour was the prototype of no political or unpopular original, and to avoid any such mistaken identity, was in all probability christened twice by its author.

As "the anvil for dull wit to strike upon," the part of Falstaff has been a favourite with all Shakspearian actors ambitious of a reputation above that of low comedy, and with heavy tragedians when wishing to unbend. It has been that which they have deemed certain they could represent with success. The part, apparently so easy to impersonate, has led many an experienced actor "on to his destruction." It is beset with difficulties, and, consequently, often misinterpreted. Blustering and coarseness have been considered its chief characteristics, and disappointment has almost invariably been the result of its impersonation. Considering how few worthy representatives he has had, it is surprising that Falstaff should have acquired such an extraordinary repute. Abroad—in the German theatres—he is much better treated than in England. Truly, he is there hailed with delight as a genuine John Bull, and enjoyed all the more for that reason; but the Germans believe in the intellectuality of Falstaff's character, and represent him, accordingly, with more refinement than we do.

It must have occurred to every careful reader of the plays in which the knight is introduced, that what he says and does is more the result of cunning and ready wit than it generally appears to be upon our stage. By nature, he is not the drunken, mentally debased debauchee, such as he is usually represented. He is a libertine, but tempers licentiousness with caution; he lies prodigiously, and laughs in his sleeve at those he is deceiving.

Sir John Falstaff is a knight in difficulties, brought about by his own recklessness; he possesses a fund of humour and mother wit, to indulge which he often sacrifices the respect due to his knight-hood. He thoroughly enjoys life, with an exuberance of animal spirits which misfortune cannot quell. He is a philosopher, cunning and unscrupulous if you will, but still a philosopher living on his wits.

I refer especially to the character as it appears in the two plays of "Henry IV." In "The Merry Wives of Windsor," written, it is said, to please Queen Elizabeth, who desired to see the fat knight in love, Falstaff's worldly wisdom is obscured by his inordinate vanity and the

ludicrous positions in which he is placed—a result probably attributable to the wish of the poet to gratify his royal mistress at the expense of his hero's common sense. With this view of the part, and never having seen it, in my opinion, correctly represented on the stage, the announcement of some recent performances excited my curiosity.

“Mr. Mark Lemon as Falstaff” has been the talk of the town, and one of the most prominent advertisements in the newspapers for the last five weeks. Mr. Lemon's antecedents in the literary and dramatic world, his burly appearance, massy head, and mellow voice, were sufficient to justify every expectation of success—expectations which he realised by discarding all objectionable conventional usages, and presenting a living portrait of Sir John most delightful to behold. The performances took place at the Gallery of Illustration, in Regent Street, and consisted of selected scenes from “Henry IV.,” Parts I. and II., so chosen as to relate the story of Falstaff's career, and form an entertainment, somewhat in the style of such as are given at the present day, with Shakspeare for its author. Even by those who delight in the senseless confusion of a “break-down,” rapid changes of costume, and the ingenious torturing of the English language called punning, Shakspeare's Entertainment would be appreciated; and to all who find enjoyment in a thoughtful rendering of a difficult part, “Mr. Mark Lemon as Falstaff” has afforded hearty merriment and food for reflection.

When I attended the performance, while waiting for the curtains to be drawn aside, a brilliant pianoforte prelude was played, the music of which sounded familiar to me. I had heard it long ago, and for a moment could not recollect where, nor what it was. As it continued, I recognised the overture to Balfe's sparkling Italian opera of “Falstaff.” What a crowd of recollections the melodies brought with them! Rubini as a sentimental *Mr. Page*; Tamburini, *Mr. Ford*; Grisi, *Mrs. Page*; Albertazzi, *Mrs. Ford*; Lablache as *Falstaff*. Their well-known voices came back to me. I saw old Lablache rollicking about the stage—heard him exclaim, in broken English, which made the house roar, “Damn Master Brook”—heard his marvellous voice sing “Ho bisogno di denaro,” and saw him bundled into the buck-basket, to the infinite delight of an audience most of whom must be now—well, no matter; many thoughts which that music inspired as it went on would not look cheerful on paper, and therefore are better left untold.

Mr. Mark Lemon announced that his “stage would be hung with tapestry only, as in the days of Shakspeare.” Accordingly, when the curtains were drawn, a handsome cloth was exposed to view, and

on it seen a placard, stating that the scene was "an apartment of the Prince's." By this arrangement Mr. Lemon showed that he agrees with Malone, who says "that in the early part of Shakspeare's acquaintance with the theatre, the want of scenery seems to have been supplied by the simple expedient of printing upon placards the names of the different places where the scene was laid in the progress of the play, which were disposed in such a manner as to be visible to the audience." Malone quotes many authorities to support his supposition; but he is not quite certain how far scenic display was thus restricted, while Steevens insists that it was most elaborate. "It may be added," observes this latter authority, referring to the subject, "that the dialogue of Shakspeare has such perpetual reference to objects supposed to be visible to the audience, that the want of scenery could not have failed to render many of the descriptions uttered by the speakers absurd and laughable. Macduff examines the outside of Inverness Castle with such minuteness, that he distinguishes even the nests which the martins had built under the projecting part of its roof. Romeo, standing in a garden, points to the tops of fruit trees gilded by the moon. The prologue-speaker to the Second Part of 'Henry IV.' expressly shows the spectators 'this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,' in which Northumberland 'was lodged.' Iachimo takes the most exact inventory of every article in Imogen's bed-chamber, from the silk and silver of which her tapestry was wrought, down to the Cupids that support her andirons. Had not the inside of this apartment, with its proper furniture, been represented, how ridiculous must the action of Iachimo have appeared! He must have been looking out of the room for the particulars supposed to be visible within it." Steevens cites other similar proofs, on which he founds his belief in the existence of ancient scenery. Those mentioned are not, to my mind, very conclusive, and others which I have omitted still less so. Even at the present day we have not yet attempted to show birds' nests in castle walls upon the stage, and very frequently modern actors have to describe objects which they can only pretend to see. Nevertheless, I am more inclined to agree with Steevens than with Malone, and believe that our forefathers were not, even in the early days of Shakspeare, altogether ignorant of the scenic art, or at any rate that they arranged the stage in a more illusory manner than by simple placard writing. It is a question, like many others connected with Shakspeare and his times, almost impossible to decide, and there is no doubt of the vast improvement that was made in scenic decoration by Davenant about 1656.

Mr. Mark Lemon has many authorities in favour of the mode of decoration he adopted being strictly Shakspearian. Setting the scenes, as far as chairs and tables were concerned, and hanging the placards by appropriately dressed attendants in sight of the audience, without lowering the curtain, had a quaint effect. To have been consistent, he should have excluded the fair sex from his *dramatis personæ*; the stage should have been strewn with rushes; the musicians placed in a box in the flies; the audience supplied with playing cards, ale, nuts, and tobacco; and the roof of the Gallery of Illustration bodily removed. We should then, if the performance had taken place in the day time, and if ladies had come in masks and sedan chairs, have had a theatre completely of the Elizabethan period. As it was, the appearance of the stage was a novelty to the present generation; and the inconsistency of tapestry instead of scenery, with a clear stage and no rushes, gas light, a pretty Dame Quickly, and a comfortable little theatre properly roofed in, was reasonably permitted without complaint.

A very much more dangerous experiment was that of taking a play by Shakspeare to pieces, and performing parts of it separated from the whole. Such a proceeding would have been denounced as Vandalism of the highest order, had it been attempted with any other scenes than those chosen. Their excision was prudently and skilfully managed, and really did no violence to the plays concerned: the scenes selected containing a consistent plot distinct from the principal action of the dramas of which they form a part.

*Falstaff* is shown associating with the *Prince of Wales*, who encourages his dissipation and lawless doings: the famous highway robbery takes place, and is followed by the knight's marvellous recital of his exploits. The account of the men in buckram was most effectively given by Mr. Mark Lemon, who throughout all the scenes, and especially in this, contrived, while playing the part with unctuous humour, to convey an impression of *Falstaff's* superiority to his associates altogether independent of the text. Scene 4, act ii., of the "First Part of King Henry IV.," in which *Falstaff* impersonates the *King*, and which is usually omitted in the play, was judiciously restored, and afforded Mr. Lemon further opportunity of giving more dignity to his impersonation than is generally attributed to the character. Whether owing to this new reading of the part or to the rapid action of the entertainment, greater interest was excited in the lusty knight than is felt for him during the performance of the complete play. The spectator was brought to sympathise with his troubles and misfortunes; and when,

in the last scene of all, he was disgraced and dismissed from court, a pang of pity was experienced at his downfall.

This feeling was enhanced by Mr. Lemon's admirably conveying *Falstaff's* sense of his own humiliation. By a sudden change of countenance and manner, from that of sanguine hope to the expression of utter despair, the jaunty knight, whose doings hitherto had been the cause of laughter and derision, at once became the object of commiseration and regret. By thus terminating the entertainment, poetical justice was satisfied, and a healthy tone given to the whole representation.

Mr. Mark Lemon's *Falstaff* is a new creation. He has apparently studied the character more as a critic than an actor, and consequently impersonates it with more intelligence than would otherwise be the case. By nature he is "made up" for the part, and his special knowledge and vocation have necessarily given him an appropriate education for it.

Among the many points in *Falstaff's* speeches made much of by the audience, the words—

"I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men,"

were especially applauded, and applied directly to the editor of *Punch* who spoke them, and of whom they seem to be prophetic.

WALTER MAYNARD.



## NOT IN SOCIETY.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

CLARA MERTON ENTERS INTO AN ENGAGEMENT FOR LIFE.

**T**HREE months have passed away, and "Richard is himself again." Clara maintains that he still requires care, and her patient has found it difficult to emancipate himself from her rule. He has been staying at Richmond for some time past. Whether by accident or design, Clara selected the same hotel at which the duke's dinner was given on the day they met for the first time.

It is again a Sunday evening in June, and once more they stand together upon the banks of the broad river, and its waters come rippling to their feet.

"Clara, it is no use putting it off any longer, I must try and get something to do."

He had told her the story of his former struggles and his many disappointments.

"Do you know," she said, "I really think the best thing you could do would be to come upon the stage. You have a very good idea of acting, and I think you would like it."

"Do you think I should have any chance of success? Should I ever be able to get an engagement?"

"There would be one position in which you would be sure of one," said Clara, and she turned away her head.

"And that is——"

"Oh, I cannot tell you," she said. "You must discover it for yourself." She looked at him, lifted up her head, brought her eyes suddenly upon a level with his, and dropped them again. If that smile of his, when he first saw her by his side in Newton Street, has told his love, Clara's last glance has given him her answer. A struggle has been going on in Richard's mind for some time past. He had decided that he could not ask Clara to bestow everything upon him and to give nothing in return. He had determined to go out into the world once more to try and win name, fame, wealth, something

worthy to be placed at her feet. But all his resolutions melt beneath that look. He whispers softly in reply—

“Your husband!” And she slides into his arms, and hides her face upon his breast.

Then he told her of his aspirations—all that he had hoped to do, to win, for her sake.

She placed her clasped hands upon his shoulder, and said :

“Do not let me check your ambition ; strive to gain them all, dearest, but let me share the struggle.”

“But you bestow so much on me, whilst I have nothing to give in return.”

“Except your love,” she said ; “and beside that all other things seem dwarfed into insignificance. You must promise me to think so from this moment.”

“Life is too short to reject so much happiness,” said Richard, as he pressed her to his heart in reply.

“The dew is falling, love,” she said ; “you must not stay out any longer.”

A few days after this, one morning when St. Patrick Smith was hard at work in Lombard Street, he was startled by the information that a lady wished to see him. When she was shown in, and had raised her veil, she proved to be Miss Clara Merton.

“Have you got another mysterious box outside?” said Smith. “I have never had an opportunity of thanking you, except by letter, for your kind thought and remembrance of my old fancies. There was nothing in the Grange I valued so much.”

“I have come to ask a favour of you,” said Clara.

“That is right ; please to proceed.”

“I want you to give me away. Will you?”

“Certainly not. You are much too valuable. If I had any voice in the matter, I should infinitely prefer retaining you.”

“Don't be silly,” she said. “I am going to be married. You know I have no near relations living, and you are one of my oldest and best friends.”

“Who is it you are going to make so happy?”

“Guess.”

“Westsea?”

“For shame,” she said. “How can you be so ridiculous!”

“It would have been a good thing for him,” said Smith. “Well, I give it up—I have not the remotest idea.”

“I have to thank you for introducing the gentleman to me, too.”

“The Duke of Alderney?”

Clara stamped her foot.

"I won't guess any more," he said; "if I do I shall have my ears boxed directly."

Clara laughed. "It is——Mr. Bailey."

Smith raised his eyebrows.

"Do you think I am very imprudent?"

"Oh!" said Smith, holding up his finger at her, "you won't catch me like that. I make it a rule never to give my friends good advice. When I see they have made up their minds, I say, 'Quite right; you could not do better.' Then they entertain a high opinion of my judgment."

The tears glistened in Clara's eyes. "I see you do not approve of it," she said.

Smith changed his tone immediately.

"I think you will be very, very happy," he said. "You must be. I can see you love him; he cannot help loving you. You have enough to live upon. There is nothing else in the world which matters one atom."

Clara smiled. "A very different philosophy," she said, "from that which I have been accustomed to hear poured from Mr. Smith's lips in former days."

"Mr. Smith is changed," he replied; "I hope for the better. When is it to be? Of course, you may command my services."

The wedding was to be a very quiet one. Fanny Milford was to be the one bridesmaid, Lord George the groomsman. Smith was the only other person invited.

Lord George had turned up just in the nick of time. He had been at Berlin since the autumn, attached to the Embassy there. He stated himself that he considered the word "attached" a misnomer, for he did not like it at all. He gave it as his decided opinion that the Prussians, as a people, "suffered from an inability to go." When he found out what was going on, he insisted upon being invited to the wedding; and having discovered that Bailey had not fixed upon a groomsman, he took the office upon himself immediately.

The morning before the wedding, Clara was surprised at receiving a visit from him. The servant told him she was not at home, but he replied directly, "Oh, nonsense, I saw her from the other side the way, between the windows. Tell her I want to see her upon particular business. And, I say," he called from the bottom of the stairs, as the maid had reached the drawing-room door, "tell her if she won't see me, I shall bring a camp-stool and sit in the front garden, and send the crossing-sweeper for a 'churchwarden' and some beer."

The dressmaker had brought home Clara's wedding dress a few minutes before. She had just tried it on, and Fanny Milford was criticising it, when the servant delivered Lord George's message, as well as she could for laughing.

"What a nuisance!" said Clara. "What shall I do?"

"Oh, let him come up," said Fanny. "He won't go away until you have seen him—you may be sure of that."

When Lord George came in, Clara said :

"What is your excuse for calling upon a lady at such a time?"

But he made no reply. He only stared at Clara, elongated his cheek, by drawing in his breath, and rubbed his hands together slowly.

"You tiresome thing!" she continued; "I believe, after all, it is only an excuse to look at the dress."

"The dressmaker, more likely," said Fanny, to that young person's great discomfiture.

"I must speak to you in private," he said at last, with affected solemnity.

"Very well, come then," she said, and led the way into the next room.

"I have just heard," said Lord George, "that there has been a great row at 'The Parthenon.' Gregson and Madame are both going, and there will be an utter smash very shortly. Now, I have come to suggest that you should go to the landlord at once, and obtain the first refusal of the lease. If Dick is coming out, you see it would be the very thing for you. I am told it is one of the best paying theatres in London. You can always underlet it."

"I had no idea you knew so much about theatrical matters. How did you obtain all your information?"

"Oh, never mind," replied Lord George; "it is quite reliable."

"I am very much obliged to you," she said. "I will think it over."

"Do not be too long about it. I know Wilmington would like to have it, if he could. And now I have a little favour to ask you. I have been anxious to make my aunt a present for some time, and I think a dress like yours would please her very much. Would you mind giving me your milliner's address?"

"Go away!" said Clara; "you have grown more impertinent than ever."

As soon as Clara had spoken to Richard, she acted upon Lord George's advice, and succeeded in obtaining the refusal of the lease.

The wedding went off very satisfactorily to all parties concerned.

Miss Fanny and Lord George decided that Smith looked melancholy, and proceeded to tease him on the subject. But he woke up at the first attack, and retaliated with such vigour that the allied forces were routed utterly in about two minutes. After the return from church, Smith presented Clara with something which looked like a roll of music.

"Whatever can it be?" said Fanny to Lord George.

"Haven't an idea, unless it is a trumpet," he replied.

For which suggestion Miss Fanny reproved him with her parasol.

It proved to be the manuscript of a play. Years before Clara had asked him, more in jest than in earnest, to write a play for her. He had promised and commenced one, but it had been thrown aside unfinished. During the last three or four months, finding his evenings dull, he had resumed the literary pursuits of which he had always been fond, although he had never given to the world any work of importance. One evening, as he was turning over some old papers, he found this manuscript. As he held it in his hand, and his thoughts wandered back to the time at which it had been commenced, his eyes fell upon the bronze statue Clara had given him.

"By Jove!" he said, "I might as well finish this, if it is worth anything."

He read it through, and decided that he would re-write it, making some use of his original idea. He had worked hard to finish it in time for the wedding.

"Smith," said Lord George, "I am surprised at you: to give a manageress a play; to recall the odour of the gas-lights at breakfast! It is as bad as attempting to present a pastrycook with his own wedding-cake."

"Well," said Smith, laughing, "for fear it should prove to be a Greek gift, I am provided with another." And he drew a leather case from his breast-pocket.

"That looks more like business," said Lord George, producing a similar one. "I only hope it is not a bracelet."

"It is not," said Smith; "although a few bracelets, more or less, do not make any difference on these occasions."

Clara opened the case, and displayed a diamond necklace with one immense oblong emerald for a pendant.

"How beautiful!" she said; "but, I can assure you, I value the first gift infinitely more than the second."

"You would not, Miss Fanny, would you?" said Lord George.

"Present me with both, and you shall be duly informed," replied the young lady.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## SEVERAL TRIUMPHS.

SOON after that short paragraph in the *Morning Post*, which chronicled the marriage of that charming and popular actress, Miss Clara Merton, to Richard Bailey, Esq., the walls of London were placarded with the following announcement:—

## ROYAL PARTHENON THEATRE

WILL BE RE-OPENED ON THE 13TH INST., WITH NEW DECORATIONS, ETC. ETC.,

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF

MR. AND MRS. BAILEY (MISS CLARA MERTON),

ON WHICH OCCASION WILL BE PRODUCED A NEW DRAMA,  
ENTITLED,

THE DAUGHTER OF THE PEOPLE,

BY ST. PATRICK SMITH, ESQ.,

IN WHICH

MR. AND MRS. BAILEY, AND MISS FANNY MILFORD  
WILL APPEAR.

Never had the box-list at "The Parthenon" exhibited such a roll of names. Half the peerage seemed determined to witness Mr. St. Patrick Smith's play. He had taken no steps in the matter himself; but it must be confessed that Lord Westsea and Lord George had canvassed desperately. Lord Brighton sent for a box as soon as he heard of it. Lord George had engaged the whole of the front row of stalls, and invited a select party of twenty-seven to dine with him at five o'clock, and go to the theatre afterwards. Eleven of his guests were Guardsmen; and, at his request, the pit was half filled with privates from their regiments, under strict orders to applaud vigorously, taking their time from the stalls.

In consequence of this arrangement, when Bailey came on he was received with such a tremendous burst of applause, that it almost unnerved him. He soon recovered, however, and made a very creditable first appearance. Clara outdid herself. Her character suited her to admiration. The success of the play was triumphant,

though not greater than it deserved. A good plot, striking situations, and brilliant dialogue—Smith had combined them all.

The play has run for a hundred nights, and may run for twice as many more.

All doubt with regard to the success of the new management has passed away. The exchequer is overflowing. Bailey will become a very good actor—possibly, a great one. In the management his knowledge of business and accounts is of the greatest use; that branch now falls to him entirely. The young couple are very busy and very happy. There is only one thing which gives Clara any uneasiness: that is, that Richard has never been reconciled with his parents.

He wrote to them, informing them of his approaching marriage a little before it took place. The reply he received was not an agreeable one. They said he must know that they could never approve of such a connection for him—an actress—a woman old enough to be his mother (people know that actresses look ten years younger on the stage, so they make them ten years older when they are off it); but they supposed he would take his own course, as he had hitherto done; they were only surprised he should have taken the trouble to write to them, especially if he had nothing more agreeable to communicate, and so on. Richard put the letter in the fire; and when Clara asked him about it, he told her that his parents did not approve of his choice because she was an actress.

Clara laughed, which, as she was giving their son two thousand a year, with nothing in return except a small crop of debts, and as she had once refused a coronet, she could afford to do. But now, that everything was settled, and their future prospects looked so favourable, she thought that the proper time was come for a reconciliation; so one day she suggested it to her husband. He replied,—

“I will write, if you like, darling; but I am afraid it will not be of much use.”

“Oh, no! Don't write,” she said. “Let us go and see them on Sunday. When you have quarrelled with people, and want to make it up, it is stupid to write letters. The best plan is to go to them at once, and shake hands with them, or kiss them, as circumstances require.”

“I am so afraid it might be uncomfortable for you.”

“Nonsense! They don't know how nice I am. Your mother has never been to the theatre, has she?”

“No.”

“Then I dare say she forms her idea of an actress from the young

ladies she may have seen in front of the booths at fairs in her earlier days. She probably imagines that a state of paint, velvet bodice, and short petticoats with spangles, is my normal condition. We must go, if it is only to convince her to the contrary."

Accordingly, on Sunday afternoon the young couple started for Uttoxeter Square. On the road Clara said to her husband, "When we go in, you talk to your mother, and leave your father to me."

Mr. and Mrs. Bailey senior had just finished dinner. Their nephew, Mr. Frederic Bailey, aged six, and their niece, Miss Gertrude Bailey, aged four, had been dining with them. They were very fond of these children, fonder, perhaps, since they had lost sight of their own son.

The young people were looking out of the window.

"Oh, aunt! here is such a beautiful carriage!" said Frederic; "and it has stopped at our door, and such a pretty lady."

"With a white bonnet and a mauve dress," interposed Gertrude.

The door was opened by an old servant, who had been with the Baileys many years. She fell back in astonishment at the sight of Master Richard. Richard and Clara passed on into the dining-room. In a moment Richard was locked in his mother's arms. She remembered nothing, but that the lost one was found. Clara, therefore, had time and opportunity to victimise her father-in-law. She walked up to that old gentleman, put her arms round his neck, kissed him twice, and then knelt down at his feet, and said,—

"Will you forgive me for marrying your son?"

Clara was, doubtless, acquainted with the psychological fact, that fathers do not object to being kissed by pretty daughters-in-law; for Mr. Bailey rose immediately, raised her with the gallantry of the old school, kissed her again, and said,—

"The only difficulty I shall have will be to forgive my son for not bringing you to see me before." Then, perceiving that his wife and son had suspended their embraces for a moment, he said, "Ellen, my dear, our daughter Clara."

And then the ladies embraced; not, perhaps, with quite so much *empressement*, but, still, they went through the ceremony. Mothers are seldom madly fond of their sons' wives. Richard and his father shook hands, as if they had parted yesterday; and the reconciliation was accomplished. And Clara made a conquest of Mrs. Bailey before the afternoon was over. She told her that Richard and herself had not taken a house yet, and that she should like to be near his father and mother. Did she think Stoke Newington would do for them? Then there were so many things she should like to consult Mrs.



Bailey about, for her own mother was dead ; and then ensued certain feminine confidences, into which we will not attempt to penetrate, but only mention that they completed the victory.

Mr. Bailey had capitulated at once, but if anything further had been necessary to reconcile him to his daughter-in-law, Richard's recital of all she had done for him would have been more than sufficient.

"You are a lucky fellow, Dick, and I congratulate you most heartily. What a pretty woman she is, to be sure. Why, she looks younger than you do."

Dick looks a great deal older since his illness and the growth of his moustache.

"We had got some ridiculous idea into our heads about her being fifty, at least."

"Twenty-eight," said Dick.

"She does not look twenty-three ; and how beautifully she dresses ! How does the Parthenon answer ?"

"We have cleared a little over three thousand in the last three months, after all expenses paid."

"What ?" said his father.

"Three thousand pounds. I will show you the accounts, if you like, when you come down to see me. 'The Daughter of the People' is a great success. You will come and see it now ?"

"That I will, and gladly. I have been longing to have a look at you, but have not been able to screw up the courage."

In the course of the evening Miss Ada Stanley came in. She was very glad to see Richard again, and soon made friends with Clara.

Clara was determined to fascinate everybody she met in Uttoxeter Square, and it was very seldom that her efforts in this way were not crowned with success.

"Do you know, Ada," said Richard, "that the play we are acting now is written by a great admirer of yours ? You remember St. Patrick Smith ?"

Ada's blush showed that she certainly had not forgotten him. It did not escape Clara's sharp eye.

"I hope you will come and see it, Miss Stanley ? Perhaps you will come with Mr. Bailey ? Mrs. Bailey, I fear, we shall not be able to persuade."

"I never thought to go to a theatre," said Mrs. Bailey ; "but I think I should like to see you and Richard."

Clara told her husband afterwards that when she heard his mother say this, she had a difficulty in restraining herself from executing a *pas seul* on the spot, after the fashion of Fanny Milford.

"Do you remember the Rutherfords' house at Highbury, Richard?"

"Yes."

"It is to be let furnished. They are going abroad. I was thinking it might do for you," said Mrs. Bailey.

"What do you say, Clara, to Highbury?"

"I should like it very much, and a furnished house better than anything. It would give us time to see how the place suits us. We will come and look at it to-morrow. Shall we take you all back to the theatre with us?"

This arrangement was finally decided upon. When Richard and Clara had departed, of course the new daughter-in-law was discussed. She received nothing but unqualified praise from everybody. Master Frederic Bailey and Miss Gertrude Bailey were pleased to honour her with their approval.

"Is she not a pretty lady?" inquired the young gentleman.

"Yes, that she is, and a perfect cure," replied the young lady; which she doubtless considered a much higher form of approbation.

Richard and Clara went to Highbury the next day to look at the house. They liked it, and took it at once. Clara had travelled about so much, that she was never very long in making up her mind, and if she was pleased, Richard was sure to be satisfied. They dined at Uttoxeter Square, and afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Bailey and Ada Stanley accompanied them to the theatre.

The first act of "The Daughter of the People" was just over. They were talking about the extraordinary talent Richard had displayed, and Mrs. Bailey was remarking for the fifteenth time that she had been quite misled as to the nature of the performances at a theatre by the Reverend Jabez Jumper, (she recognised that gentleman in the pit at a later hour of the evening, slightly disguised by a white coat, blue tie, and five glasses of gin-and-water), when the door of the box was flung open by the box-keeper, and in walked Mr. St. Patrick Smith.

"I beg your pardon," he said, as he shook hands with Mr. Bailey. "I had no idea there was anyone here."

It was Clara's own box, and Smith was accustomed to sit there whenever he came to the theatre.

"Don't mention it," said Mr. Bailey; "there is plenty of room for you, Mr. Smith, although it would be your own fault if there was not, for filling the house so full."

Smith bowed, and stepped forward to shake hands with Mrs. Bailey.

"Allow me to congratulate you upon your son's marriage. I have

had the pleasure of knowing your daughter-in-law for some years, and a better, kinder, truer woman does not live."

Ada heard this, but she was not jealous, for she knew the motives which prompted him to say it. Perhaps she liked him better for it. Perhaps if the little lips had given utterance to her thoughts, they would have said, "I like a man who stands up for his friends." Their eyes met. She put out her hand a little way timidly. But he either did not or would not see it. He only bowed, and took the vacant chair behind Mrs. Bailey. And then the curtain draws up, and the ladies' eyes are fixed upon the stage.

Ada's eyes are upon the scene; but her thoughts, where are they? Even the great actress cannot unchain them to-night. She thinks, "At the opera we parted, at the theatre we meet again."

The dreary time that intervened has vanished from her memory. Across that interval her thoughts have thrown a bridge, which links at once the present with the past.

And Smith? Confident that Mr. and Mrs. Bailey will be fully occupied with the performances of their son and daughter, he gazes at Ada deliberately; marks that she is thinner and paler than when he saw her last, but of course lovelier than ever. He found an opportunity to say a few words to her in the course of the evening.

Mr. Bailey was anxious to talk to his wife about "the children," as he calls them now (Clara has been kissing him again), so he changed places with Smith.

Then, of course, St. Patrick was obliged to talk to Ada a little. It would have been rude not to do so. But he would not trust himself upon the old ground. He dared not speak of the past. He asked after her friends, then paraded a few commonplaces upon the ordinary topics of the day. Even these were produced in a hesitating manner, as if he was ashamed of them, which he was. He was just jerking out some miserable platitude, when Clara came in and overheard it. She shook her head at him, then looked at them both, until poor Ada blushed, and St. Patrick looked, if possible, more uncomfortable than he was before. "I must take an early opportunity of setting those two to rights," she said to herself, and then she turned to Mrs. Bailey.

"Well, mamma, have you been much horrified?"

"Oh, not the least," replied that lady.

"Except when she saw the minister of Bethesda chapel in the pit; and so drunk!" whispered Mr. Bailey to his daughter.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## MATCH-MAKING.

ADA sits in front of her glass, a broad stream of golden hair rippling over her shoulders. There is a flush upon her cheek, and she does not seem to have been fatigued by the theatre; at any rate she is in no hurry to retire to rest. Is she glad that she has seen him again? That is the question she is trying to solve to her own satisfaction. In the morning she would not have believed that there could have been any other answer than "yes" to such a question. Can she say so now? Is he much changed? There are a few lines of grey in the black curls, a fresh wrinkle or two about the eyes, and he is very pale—but he was always pale. But then his manner: how cold he has grown. He did not shake hands with her, and when he spoke, how different his words were from some of those she still cherished in her memory. Still, it would have been worse if he had been lively and fluent. There must have been some strong feeling to make a clever, brilliant man hesitate as he had done to-night; and that feeling, what could it be? Ada knows well there can be only one answer to that question, and she seems quite content with it, for she lifts her little head proudly up, and seems to look defiance at the world. "He may never tell me so, but he does love me." And in this confidence, at last she rests her head upon the pillow.

Poor Ada! It had seemed as if a bright vision had crossed her life, only to leave a dark shadow when it passed away. She had been happy enough in her quiet home until that vision came. She had dreams, as all the young have, which only the future could realise. In the meantime she rejoiced in the present. But when he came, it seemed as if the door of a fresh existence was opened to her, and when she passed through, there was no return. Into her service all the powers of a great intellect were pressed, for her all its resources were laid bare. She seemed to rest upon it, and her own mind gathered new strength from the contact. Books, countries, persons, he seemed to know them all equally well; and when together, she felt as if she knew them through him. And he liked to sit by her side and to tell her of a thousand things, better than to attend the assemblies of the great, where he was so welcome. And then, suddenly, he came no more. She had left her old world, and now the light of the new has passed away. They told her he was ruined. She smiled, for she thought, "For such a man, there can be no ruin where there is no disgrace. The dross may go, but the gold is there still."

From that moment she had lived in the past. Outwardly she was almost the same as ever. Not so gay, perhaps, but cheerful and pleasant always. But she lived most in those hours she passed alone. Then she would strive to recall from the pages of books those things of which he had spoken. She never missed reading the *Times*, too; not births, deaths, marriages, and murders, as of old, but the city article through from beginning to end, to see if it spoke of the house of "Billing and Smith." She saw the judgment of the Commissioner in Bankruptcy, and her heart beat faster when she read the compliment he paid to Smith when granting the first-class certificate. She noticed the payment of the final dividend, the account of the testimonial proposed by the creditors, and its refusal, and cried over the paper, and said, "How like him!" through her tears.

When the newsboy came to fetch the paper in the evening, one sheet of it was missing. Mrs. Stanley immediately laid the blame upon the housemaid, accusing her of taking it to light the drawing-room fire, an insinuation which that young woman indignantly repudiated.

N.B. She has never been able to understand why Ada gave her a new bonnet ribbon the next day.

The morning after her visit to the theatre, Ada received an early call from Clara.

"How have you managed to get over from Brompton so soon?"

"We came in half-an-hour—the streets are not crowded now. I want you to put on your bonnet, and come with us to see our new house."

Ada said she would be very happy to come, and went away to get ready.

When they got into the carriage, Richard joined them from number thirteen. As soon as they were settled, and he had shaken hands with Ada, he said to his wife,—

"Madam, your discernment in this, as in other matters, is exquisite."

It was thus he communicated the result of the mission on which he had been detached. As they were coming along, Clara had said to him,—

"Was there ever any *tendresse* between St. Patrick and Ada Stanley?"

"Not that I know of. Let me think, though. I remember he paid her a good deal of attention the first night he met her at our house, and I think I heard of his being there occasionally afterwards. But just at that time I was a good deal occupied with my own

affairs. It was before a certain young lady had started for Dublin." And he took her hand, whereupon she disposed her shawl so as to cover them both. Having carried out this manoeuvre, she continued,—

"I am sure from what I saw last night, there has been something, or Smith would not have been so stupid. You will scarcely believe it; but I heard him talking to her about the crops, or something of that kind."

"Perhaps he did not like the way she wore her hair?"

"Be quiet," said Clara; "I want to tell you what we will do. After I have seen your mother, I will go in and ask Ada to come to Highbury with us. You stay behind and find out all about it; your mother will be sure to know."

"Female Macchiavel," said Richard, "your orders shall be executed to the letter. Is it permitted to your emissary to inquire whether you are bent upon making a match between these two?"

"Have you any objection?"

"Not the slightest. But I should not have thought Ada was the kind of girl Smith would have fancied."

"If he does not love her, you may depend upon it he will not marry her. If he does, why then the sooner the better."

"My love, both your positions are impregnable."

The information Richard obtained from his mother proved to him that his wife was right in her conjectures, as she generally was. Mrs. Bailey told him that at one time there had been a great deal of attention; and, moreover, that she thought Ada had never been quite the same girl since Mr. Smith's visits ceased.

As they were returning from Highbury, Clara made Ada promise to come and stay with them as soon as they were settled there.

"It will be such a comfort to me if you will," said Clara, "because you will be able to tell me about the different tradespeople, for Richard says that mamma goes out so seldom, we shall not be able to persuade her to come to us very often."

Since their marriage, St. Patrick Smith had been a constant visitor at the Baileys'. He was beginning to get tired of his solitary evenings. He would often look in at the theatre, and return with them to supper, remain the night, and go to business in the morning. On Sundays they always expected him to dinner. Clara very naturally concluded that his visits would not be less frequent now they had come to live nearer to him, and she thought if she invited Ada to stay with her they must meet very soon.

All women have an inherent love for match-making. From the

time they have settled their own affairs, until they have grown-up daughters for whom they can employ their energies, their good offices in this way are generally very much at the service of any of their friends. Especially when the dear creatures happen to be tolerably fortunate in their own union, they are anxious to induce their friends to put in to the lottery, that they too may have a chance of drawing a prize.

The lengths that some of them will go in the exercise of their profession are extraordinary. For instance, we will suppose that Mr. and Mrs. Brown are going to the Crystal Palace. Mrs. Brown requests her husband to ask young Johnson to accompany them. "But why should we drag *him* about with us all day, my dear," says the unsuspecting spouse. "Why, love, you know I have promised to take Fanny Jones—Johnson will just complete the party." Arrived at the Palace, of course the two couples lose one another in the space of ten minutes. Perhaps Mr. Johnson and Miss Jones may be a little cool at first, but as they are coupled for the day, they are compelled in self-defence to make themselves agreeable. And, probably, a few minutes before the last train starts, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, after having searched the whole building, find the young couple seated in a thick shrubbery in the most distant corner of the grounds. As they approach, Johnson, rising rather hurriedly, says,—

"Here you are at last. We have been looking for you everywhere."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### SUNSHINE.

It is a fresh, bright Sunday in the latter part of October. Clara and Ada are walking together in the garden at Highbury. How beautiful they are, some of those old gardens, still to be found in our more distant suburbs. Gardens in which fine old trees have had time to spread their branches far and wide, and to hide the perspective of houses. The sun has power still, and the ladies rest on a garden-seat beneath an old horse-chestnut. Its leaves, spread above them, seem formed into thousands of small parasols. Of every hue, too, from the pale green, through all the shades of yellow and brown, down to the deepest red; they are all to be found upon that tree.

Mr. St. Patrick Smith is expected to dinner. Ada has been rather longer at her toilette than usual; but it cannot be said that her

labour has been thrown away. She wears a pale blue glacé silk dress, shot with the slightest suspicion of magenta. It seems a pity that she should have fastened up her hair; but probably the exigencies of fashion have compelled her so to do. There is one long tress which does not appear satisfied with the arrangement, for it has escaped from its confinement beneath her garden hat, and fallen down upon her shoulder. She leant back in the seat, and fixed her eyes upon a passing cloud. Clara could see that she was lost in thought, and took the opportunity of examining her critically. "How pretty she is!" she said to herself at last, and Clara was a very good judge. At that moment, Richard and St. Patrick joined them.

Smith knew that he was to meet Ada, and had prepared himself accordingly. There was no longer any hesitation in his manner. He seemed perfectly at his ease. He paid Ada as much attention, neither more nor less, than he would have given to any other young lady.

He was as gay, lively, and amusing as he had been in his brightest days.

Indeed, both the gentlemen contributed more than their share to the conversation that day, for Clara was busy plotting and watching; and Ada, poor Ada, she made such an effort to throw a mask of indifference over her feelings, that to an ordinary observer she must have appeared rather stupid than otherwise. As for St. Patrick, if it had not been for one or two glances he stole at Ada as she was leaving the room, Clara would have come to the conclusion that she had been deceived in her calculations. Looks may not seem very valuable data from which to draw a conclusion; but they were quite sufficient for Mrs. Bailey, junior. She liked the little she had seen of Ada very much, and she felt certain that there was a great deal more in her character than she had revealed at present.

In Smith she took a very great interest. Perhaps the circumstances which first led to their friendship, influenced her still. Smith had been introduced to her when she first came out, and had taken great interest in her early success. Shortly after her *début* there was a large breakfast party at Lord Westsea's, at which Smith was present. The conversation turned upon the new actress.

"You must not be too ardent in your admiration, Abinger," said a young man named Railton, "or the Marquis of Hailstone will think that you are trenching on his prerogative."

"Why?"

"Simply because——" Then followed the usual scandal which we have all heard so often, and probably with equal foundation.



Two or three men doubted the truth of Railton's words, but they were not in a position to contradict them. Possibly, they might not have cared to take the trouble, even if they could have done so.

Not so St. Patrick Smith. He was lounging on the sofa at the moment smoking. Raising himself on one elbow, and taking his cigar from his mouth, he said, very slowly, and in the marked accents which will always ensure the attention of a room full of men,—

"Railton, I think everybody here knows what a lying blackguard you are so well" (puff) "that they will be surprised I should think it necessary to remind them of it" (puff); "but as I have the honour of being acquainted with the lady who has been the subject of your latest invention" (puff), "I should be sorry if it was forgotten" (puff, puff).

The days of duelling were not so far removed from us then as they are now, and there was a sensation. Railton fancied that there were one or two men inclined to support him; he was misled also by Smith's lazy attitude and apparent indifference. He drew near the sofa on which Smith was lying, and said, in a tolerably firm voice, "I heard it, and I believe it!"

Before the words were well out of his mouth, Smith had seized him by the throat, and forced him down upon his knees.

"Give up your authority," said Smith, "or I will choke it out of you."

One or two men were inclined to interfere, but Lord Westsea waved them back, saying,—

"No; we shall hear the truth now; he is in very good hands."

In an unfortunate moment, with a view to extricate himself from his present position at any hazard, Railton mentioned the first man he thought of, who was not present.

"Ainslie told me," he said.

Smith was about to relax his grasp, when the door opened, and George Ainslie, a gigantic guardsman, entered the room.

"Come here, Ainslie," said Lord Westsea, "and answer for yourself, or be choked. Railton says that you told him"—and he repeated the slander.

"The nasty little liar!" said Ainslie. "Please, Smith, choke him for me too."

And Smith seemed inclined to carry out the suggestion, but Lord Westsea laid his hand upon his arm, and said,—

"The application of the torture has proved effectual, therefore it may cease. Let him go."

As Railton rose, Lord Westsea said,—

“I should be sorry to turn you out of my rooms, Mr. Railton, but I think you will see that the harmony of the morning would be promoted by your retiring. Good day.”

And for some time afterwards, Mr. Railton found London society impracticable.

Clara did not hear this story until some time afterwards, and then Smith had gone abroad. They did not meet again for years, but she never forgot the champion of her youth and innocence.

Something of this story she related to Ada one morning, as they sat at work together, for they had become great friends. Its effect was even stronger than she had expected, for at its close Ada burst into tears, and threw herself into her arms.

“Never mind, dearest; do not blush—I know all about it. It will all come right, and very soon too.”

“Do you really think he loves me?” whispered Ada, her face still hid in Clara’s neck.

“How could he help it, you little puss?” said Clara, stroking the golden hair which had fallen down, according to its usual custom, upon the slightest provocation.

If Clara had any doubts upon the subject in her inmost heart, they were fated very shortly to be removed.

Ada had been home for a few days and returned to stay with Clara again. Smith had met Ada several times, but there had been no change in his manner. He was a little more friendly, perhaps, but still matters did not progress to Clara’s satisfaction.

One evening they had returned from the theatre, and Smith had come back with them to supper. As Clara entered the back drawing-room to fetch something she had forgotten, the folding-door being partly open, she saw St. Patrick standing in the front room. But what is he doing? Is it possible? Yes. He is kissing Ada’s glove. And hearing some one coming, he puts it quietly into his pocket. In a moment Clara had made up her mind what to do. She entered the front room, closed the door carefully behind her, walked up to St. Patrick, laid her hand upon his shoulder, looked straight into his eyes, and said, very deliberately,—

“Do you not think it would be better to ask for the lady’s hand, instead of stealing her glove?”

Smith made a desperate attempt to look unconscious.

“It won’t do,” said Clara; “it is in your left waistcoat pocket now. I won’t take it away from you. But would you not prefer it with the hand in it?”

"Do you think that if I asked for it I might venture to hope?"

"Can you imagine that I am going to betray the secrets of my sex? That is a point which you are quite capable of ascertaining for yourself."

"But even if I obtained the lady's consent I fear there might be difficulties elsewhere."

"How so?"

Then Smith related the history of the opera, and his last interview with Mr. Stanley.

"Well, you know," said Clara, "the old gentleman was not far wrong about the opera-box; you did have a curious set in it occasionally in former days; some people, perhaps, by whose side you would not like to see Miss Ada Stanley sitting now. But those days are past; the box is gone, and most of the old set with it. By-the-by, old Mrs. Horner has got it now. I hope she won't be contaminated. And I feel sure if you went to Mr. Stanley now, you would have no cause to complain of your reception, for when Richard and I called there the other day, he spoke of you in the highest terms."

Smith's face brightened visibly.

"What you tell me may affect the future," he said, "but I cannot help feeling that I did not ask her to share my wealth, and I do not like to seek her in comparative poverty. If I could command a position worthy of her,—"

"You must have enough to live upon now," interrupted Clara.

"Well, perhaps so," he replied.

"And yet you would let a feeling of false pride stand between you and years of happiness, and leave Ada to wear her heart out in the meantime, in ignorance whether you love her or not. Mr. St. Patrick Smith, for the first time in my life I feel ashamed of you."

"I never looked at it in that light."

"Then the sooner you do the better. And now we must go down to supper, or they will wonder what has become of us." And she took his arm.

When they had reached the bottom of the stairs, St. Patrick whispered,—

"I shall call on Mr. Stanley the first thing to-morrow morning."

Clara squeezed his arm, and passed into the dining-room, looking radiant. The tone in which St. Patrick spoke to Ada that night caused that young lady's pale cheek to blossom like a rose. It did not seem like the voice of yesterday, but the tones were the same as those which thanked her, when first she sang for him "*Love's Young Dream*" in the days long past.

Richard thought that Smith would never go, and he did not until about three in the morning.

Then as soon as Ada had left the room, whilst Richard was yawning and thinking how sleepy he was, his wife pounced upon him suddenly, and whirled him off into a wild waltz.

"I have done it," she said, as she deposited him in a chair, breathless.

"What?"

"Made Smith propose to Ada."

"When did it come off?"

"At least he has not done it yet, but he will to-morrow morning."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### AND LAST.

"VERY glad to see you again, Mr. Smith," said Mr. Stanley, when St. Patrick was shown into his office the next morning.

Smith found some little difficulty in stating his errand, so the old gentleman continued, "We miss you at the *Ulysses* very much; should be glad to have you on the board again. Get you some shares if you like to qualify. The thing is doing very well now."

"Such a thing might be possible," replied Smith, smiling, "especially if I should be so fortunate as to be connected with you in another way. I have come to ask your permission to pay my addresses to your daughter, Miss Ada Stanley. I was coming on the same errand the day after we had the little difference about the opera, but Sir John Billing informed me that morning for the first time of the difficulties of our firm. You probably know what I have gone through since then. I am happy to say, however, I am now doing pretty well again. I am in partnership with Mr. Rushworth, a nephew of Rushworth and Grayling." And then St. Patrick went into certain details with reference to his financial position.

"Mr. Smith," said Mr. Stanley, "your offer has taken me quite by surprise, but I do not require any time to give it consideration. I can assure you that I never regretted anything more in my life than that stupid affair about the opera. I have watched you through all your troubles. I know what your conduct has been from first to last, and I can only tell you that there is not another man in London I should feel so proud to call my son-in-law."

How much beyond his fare can St. Patrick have given the driver

of that hansom to take him to Highbury at the pace which he is going now?

Clara opens the door herself. She must have been watching for him at the dining-room window for the last two hours.

"She is in the garden," was all she said to him; but it was quite enough.

Ada was sitting on the seat under the horse-chestnut tree. She had an open book before her, but it had fallen upon her lap, and her eyes were fixed upon the clouds again. She hears a rapid step on the winding walk which leads to the rustic seat. Does she recognise it? That blush must be the answer.

"Ada, dear Ada, long ago I had hoped to have spoken to you the words that I speak to-day—to have told you that I loved you. Then I could have offered you wealth—a position amongst the highest in the land; but it was not to be. Ruin came between us. Now I can only offer you a humble home. Such as it is, will you share it with me?"

Ada did not answer, but he took her unresisting hand, and drew her to his heart.

As soon as Clara had seen St. Patrick Smith arrive, she put on her bonnet and went out to call on Mrs. Bailey, senior, also to do some shopping. When she came home she went into the garden. She began to hum an air when she entered the walk which led to the seat beneath the horse-chestnut tree; consequently, when she arrived, Ada was sitting at one end of the seat, and St. Patrick at the other. She stood in front of them, and took out her watch.

"Three hours and a quarter," she said, "on a garden seat, in the second week in November. Well, Ada, I suppose you will not catch cold to-day. Perhaps now you will come to dinner. Mr. St. Patrick Smith, will you favour us with your company?"

Ada and St. Patrick would both have preferred that their wedding should have been a quiet one, but to that Mrs. Stanley objected most decidedly; so, like dutiful children, of course they yielded the point.

Smith evaded giving a list of the friends he wished invited for some time, but Mrs. Stanley extracted it from him at last. Imagine her delight, when she found Lord Brighton's name at the head of the list—Groomsman, Lord Westsea; Lord George Atherleigh, had already made Mrs. Stanley's acquaintance. He had met her second daughter, Grace, at Clara's house, and taken rather a fancy to that young lady. So he made Clara take him to call in Uttoxeter Square.

Mrs. Stanley was very pleased; but when she came to know the young nobleman better, she found that the pleasure of his acquaint-

ance was not wholly without alloy. When he discovered that preparations were being made for the wedding, he said to Mrs. Stanley,—

“There is nothing in the world in which I take so great an interest as a wedding. Whenever there is one in any branch of our family, they always send for me, and I may say, that I am generally entrusted with its management. Now if I can be of any assistance to you, I shall be only too happy.”

In an evil hour for her own comfort, Mrs. Stanley, misled by the solemn expression of his countenance, said that she was very much obliged, and that she should be very glad to consult him. This he chose to construe into a general permission to call every day (his own friends were all out of town). Whenever he could persuade Mrs. Stanley to entrust him with a commission he created endless confusion; and Grace, aged seventeen, abetted him in the mischief.

At last Mrs. Stanley confessed to Ada, that “he worried her out of her life.” Upon which Smith forbade him the house until the wedding.

The wedding-day came at last.

The eight bridesmaids all fell in love with Lord Brighton; and indeed they could not do less, considering the speech he made when he returned thanks for them.

He gave Ada a very handsome purse.

“You will not refuse my humble offering?” he said.

“Oh no, my lord,” replied Ada. She had expected that he would have given her a necklace, or something of that sort. She did not think of what the purse might contain.

“Remember, then,” he said, “that is yours, your husband has nothing to do with it. You are to be sure to spend it all in bonnets.”

The purse contained a cheque for six thousand pounds—the amount he had originally advanced to St. Patrick.

The happy couple are gone at last.

They are to spend the honeymoon in Paris. Ada has never been there; and now she will see it to great advantage with St. Patrick for a guide.

Of course some of the bridesmaids are crying, as in duty bound. Grace Stanley sets them the example, until she sees Lord George putting his handkerchief to his eyes, and then looking at it, to ascertain accurately, he informs her, whether he is crying or not. Then she changes her mind and laughs at him.

And, now, two weddings having been satisfactorily effected, our story must draw to a close, unless indeed we glance a little farther into the future, in order to inform our readers that both couples are

quite happy. We trust that if we have succeeded in depicting their characters as we intended to do, this is a point upon which our readers would not feel much doubt.

Ada and St. Patrick have taken a house in Balaklava Grove, which is within a convenient distance of Uttoxeter Square. The firm of Rushworth and Smith are doing remarkably well ; and it is not impossible that before many years are over, St. Patrick may be as rich as he was when we first introduced him to our readers. But even in that event, it is not probable that he would care to re-purchase Brompton Grange. He has taken some interest lately in election matters in the City, where he is much respected, and very much liked. If he is as successful in business as he seems likely to be at present, it has been suggested that he would be a good man to represent the City in the House at some future time. Lord Brighton asked him to stand for a Government borough a short time ago ; but he thought the affairs of Rushworth and Smith required all his time at present.

And Ada. Ada is very fond of coming into the city to bring him home, according to his fancy the first night he met her in Uttoxeter Square.

Sometimes she appears there at rather an early hour in the afternoon, and carries him off to the Crystal Palace. She is a little anxious in her own mind for fear he should do too much work.

Clara and Richard are settled at Highbury, and still retain the management of "The Parthenon," which has quite fulfilled Lord George's prognostications, and is one of the best paying theatres in London. They must be making a fortune rapidly, but they have no intention of retiring for some years to come, for they are both fond of their profession.

Lord George has entered the House, and, to the astonishment of some of his friends, has made one or two remarkably good speeches. There was a good deal of what a celebrated statesman has called "chaff" in them, but the House did not like them any the worse for that. He is looked upon as a "rising young man," and in the event of a vacancy, will probably be made an under secretary.

Lord Brighton is precisely the same as he has been for many years past, and as, in common with the country, we hope he will remain for many years to come.

Lord Westsea is still collecting materials for another speech ; at least, that is Lord George's report of him. The Smiths and the Baileys see him occasionally. Richard is fond of telling Clara that *Westsea knows the particulars of St. Patrick's fate, and is afraid of*

coming to Highbury very often, for fear she should marry him to somebody.

Are there any more of our minor characters waiting for final notes in this story of semi-Bohemia? Yes; what of Mr. Russell, the copyist? He is holding a creditable and particularly comfortable appointment in Smith's house. And Miffkins. What would he say if he was forgotten? Mr. Miffkins has gone upon the turf, and is now in partnership with his friend, Mr. Chivvers. We imagine he must have done well this year on the Derby, the Oaks, and the Chester Cup.

And this is our story. It is founded upon true passages in real lives, and love has been the guiding influence throughout,—the old-fashioned human passion which sways the destinies of all classes of people, in society or out of society. If our leading characters have lived rather in the shadow of society's sunny world, they have been none the less human; and we may take credit for discovering truth and love, and honour and generosity, out of that high estate from which St. Patrick Smith fell, when the great lord gave his daughter away after the manner of too many who are princes in society.

But let us not be unjust to that oft maligned Upper Ten. Fulfilling the duties of the historian, have we not had to record noble acts of friendship on the part of distinguished members of that aristocratic world, who have found and acknowledged distinguished merit outside the magic pale? Out of society and in society the world is not half so bad as it seems: and if the reader does not discover a better one for himself, we ask his permission to let that be the moral which our story of "Not in Society" shall point and adorn.

THE END.

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## NOTES & INCIDENTS.



It is well known that every year in November the authorities of the Stationers' Company still proceed to Lambeth Palace to present his Grace of Canterbury with the earliest copies of the almanacs for the new year, works which by a special privilege of ancient standing they alone were entitled to publish. The theory was, that the production of almanacs, like that of printing the Bible, was the exclusive right of the two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and that they sold this privilege to the Stationers' Company for an annual sum, reserving, however, the right of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of

London for the time being to revise them. Now all this may have been very well, and a most proper arrangement too, at a time when the clergy were the sole depositories of learning, and either by themselves or their deputies could see that the tides and eclipses were rightly reckoned; but surely the whole affair had become a ludicrous farce when, as Lord North told the House of Commons in 1775, the one hundred and thirteenth issue of "Poor Robin's Almanac," though published under the revision of the Archbishop and Bishop, contained a quantity of matter compared with which "the worst part of Rochester's poems is ladies' reading." It is not at all likely that any indelicacy would have been sanctioned by the life-tenants of Lambeth or Fulham Palace; but, no doubt, the fact that the most senseless absurdities were issued year by year to the world under the auspices of religion and learning, as embodied in the episcopate, had a tendency to lower the respect for religion itself and its heads. In such a state of things competitors arose: the Stationers' Company shook in their shoes, and bought them off, being well aware of the meaning of the cry, "Great is Diana of

the Ephesians." Just forty years ago, then, the Stationers' Company were in possession of this absurd monopoly; but in that year the monopoly was doomed. There was "Francis Moore, physician," who commenced his career of imposture in 1698. He then dated his productions from the sign of "Lilly's Head, in Crown Court, near Cupid's Bridge, in Lambeth Parish," where he advertised for sale his "famous familiar family cathartic and diuretic purgative pills." Here the author also cures "all sorts of agues at once;" and he added, in the true spirit of his almanac, that "this distemper often comes by supernatural means, which is the reason that it will not yield to natural means." As Mr. Charles Knight remarks, "when in 1827 the almanac stamp was fifteen pence, the people of England who call themselves so enlightened, voluntarily taxed themselves to pay a yearly sum of fifteen thousand pounds to the government for permission to read the antiquated trash which first obtained currency and belief at a time when every village had its witch, and every churchyard its ghost, when agues were cured by charms, and stolen spoons recovered by rustic incantations." Surely it was full time forty years ago that "Francis Moore, physician," should be bodily dealt with and dispatched. Though even then the "schoolmaster" was "abroad," yet no common assaults would do. He would survive ridicule, as "Partridge's Almanac" survived the ridicule and wit of Swift, although Isaac Bickerstaffe had killed the real almanac for a time, and had frightened the seer from attempting to set it up again. The Stationers' Company, however, were not to be so easily foiled or beaten: they were many in number, not an individual; and as they could not blush in their corporate capacity, so neither would they yield.

"Defendit numerus, junctaque umbone phalanges."

They had the impudence to invoke the ghost of Partridge, and to publish a "Partridge's Almanac," with a portrait of the once-slain and fairly discomfited astrologer. They were resolved that he should fight in their cause, like the fabled son of Panthous; and the almanac for 1828, published by the Stationers, and authorised and (in theory) revised by the Archbishop of Canterbury, bore upon its title the portrait of Partridge, with the motto, "*Etiā mortuus loquitur.*" Another astrological almanac for 1828 still existed, published under the same high auspices, and modelled after the palmy days of Lilly and Gadbury. Another almanac, entitled "Moore Improved," and professing to be especially adapted for farmers and county gentlemen, and going largely into cattle fairs, and the diseases of horses, oxen, and dogs, was as impudent in its astrology as its great ancestor, on whom the author professed to have stolen a march. Indeed, even so late as the year 1828, all the almanacs issued by the Stationers' Company had their safe prophecies—probably kept in standing type—that on a particular day of the current year there would be rain or sunshine, that "there would be good weather for the hay-season about July, and in August fine harvest weather about the middle of the month." In Swift's wonderful piece of solemn humour, his account of Partridge's death,

he makes the old sinner confess his "impositions on the people" and say honestly, "we have, sir, a common form for all these things: as to foretelling the weather, we never meddle with that, but leave it to the printer, who takes the prophecies out of any old almanac that he thinks fit." Now this statement, which really looks as if it were a joke when uttered a century and a half ago, is easily proved to be literally true as late as 1827, by comparing the almanac of the reign of Charles II. with that of George II., and both with that of George IV. The only variation in the weather prophecies was to be found in "Poor Robin's Almanac" for 1828, when Poor Robin completed his 168th year,—a drivelling idiot, still cleaving to his old absurdities. Can any reader of this day imagine that such was literally and strictly the case only forty years ago, and that in the year when the London University was opened, and the Society for the Diffusion of *Useful Knowledge* was commencing its work, such lines as the following could have been found at the head of the calendar for January?—

" If it don't snow,  
I don't care ;  
But if it freezes,  
It may as it pleases ;  
And then I sneezes,  
And my nose blow."

Such being the case, Mr. Charles Knight joined forces with Mr. M. D. Hill, Lord Brougham, Sir J. Lubbock, the late Lord Wrottesley, and Admiral Beaufort, and, aided by some wranglers of Cambridge, produced in a month the first volume of that "British Almanac" which has appeared yearly since that date, revised, not by indolent and ignorant prelates, but by able and sensible mathematicians, and telling us the tides and eclipses, leaves the rest of the future in the hands of Providence, and embraces in its volume a fund of materials and statistics useful alike for present information and for future reference. Thanks to Mr. C. Knight, the *prestige* of "Old Moore" is gone, though he is neither dead nor buried. From that day forward, however, the day of the old almanacs was gone; their sun was set; "useful knowledge" beat "useless ignorance" out of the field. The repeal of the duty on almanacs in general threw open the trade in those articles of commerce; and the competition thus created has rendered it necessary for the Stationers' Company to produce something more worthy of themselves and their noble Hall, and less unworthy of presentation at Lambeth Palace.

THE great meteor that appeared at about midnight on the 7th of the past month deserves a note. It was just one of those sort of celestial marvels that one reads about and wonders at with a *souffçon* of disbelief in our surprise. The light, the writer hereof estimates from his own observation, was fully four times as bright as that of the moon at the time; and the moon, although near the last quarter, was very brilliant, enabling one easily to read bold print or take the time from one's watch. *Comparatively few people in England actually saw the meteor, because it*

appeared so near the horizon that neighbouring objects obscured it. Its lowness induced many to believe that it fell in close proximity to them. One declared to the writer that it descended on Sydenham Hill, while French accounts assert positively that it came down near Paris, and that it exploded with a loud report. The only reliable proof that it touched the earth at all would be the fragments of it, and we do not hear that any of these have been discovered. It is quite likely that if its altitude can be obtained, it will be proved to have been many miles high in the atmosphere; but data for this determination are scanty, the meteor having been seen by scarcely any one who was prepared to define its position accurately. The right thing to do when such a great bolide is seen, is to carefully note the stars nearest to which it appears and disappears. As a knowledge of the stars' names is not, however, an ordinary acquisition, the next best thing is to estimate as closely as possible the altitude and compass bearing of the points of appearance and collapse. Observations of this kind, made by different observers many miles apart, combine to fix the absolute height of the body above the earth's surface, and thus afford valuable information to meteoric science. Vague statements and fanciful descriptions are of no use at all. While talking of meteors, let us not forget that there *may possibly be* a display on the night of the 13th or 14th of this month; it is by no means certain, indeed it is improbable, that there will be such a show as that of 1866, still there may be more meteors than any ordinary fine night exhibits.

A WHOLESALE means of bribing at elections is supposed to be cut off by disfranchising persons employed as messengers and in other capacities. A correspondent, learned in "election tactics," says, this will be cleverly evaded by employing an opponent's voters. A West Midland newspaper a few weeks ago described a system of "treating" practised at a recent election in that district:—

"Certain of the candidate's friends have a clever way of evading the Bribery Act. They hold a political meeting; and, of course, there must be something to drink on the occasion. This is arranged in various ways. Here is one way. "How long is this poker?" says some person, who knows what he is about, to another similarly situated. "Don't know" is the response. "Is it three yards?" "No, it aint." "Bet you five sovs. it is." "Done," says the other. The poker is measured, the wager is lost, and of course, the winner is liberal enough to spend the money for the benefit of the company."

Apropos of electioneering (and we shall soon be in the midst of a fierce fight), Mark Lemon, in "Wait for the End," tells a capital story of Morden. We believe Morden of the story is in reality a famous Lincolnshire borough. The Rock Club usually determined the Morden elections, and David Locke was a confidential agent:—

"On the eve of an election the club met, and invited Mr. David Locke to attend, and state the political opinions of his candidate. When pipes and beer, those necessary adjuncts to deliberation, had been supplied, Mr. David Locke rose, stick in hand, and proceeded to business.

"Gentlemen of the Rock Club," he would say, "I am here to solicit your votes and interest for Mr. Blank. As time is of consequence to all of us, I will at once state the opinions of my principal. He is a man of his word, and his political

opinions extend to —.' Here he would give two blows with his stick upon the table.

"This declaration would be always highly unsatisfactory to the meeting, and loud cries of 'Oh! no! that won't do!' compelled the orator to proceed.

"Mr. Blank, gentlemen, is not an obstinate man, unwilling to be guided in some way by the opinions of his constituents, and therefore, I do not hesitate to say for him'—three blows with the stick, followed by more dissatisfaction.

"There is reason in roasting eggs,' Mr. Locke would continue, 'and, gentlemen, I can assure you, that Mr. Blank will retire from the contest—and will do so with my concurrence, and by my advice, unless you are satisfied with'—five blows of the stick.

"The fathers of the club would then put their wicked old heads together, and whisper mysteriously for a few minutes. During their deliberation, Mr. David Locke resumed his hat, buttoned up his coat, every button, and placing his divining rod under his arm, awaited calmly the result of the conference. If the chairman of the club then struck five times upon the table, Mr. David Locke again removed his hat, and repeated the mystic number of blows. If, on the other hand, the chairman exceeded that number by only one tap, Mr. David Locke looked his contempt of the assembly, and retired without a word. Need we say, that the blows upon the table indicated the number of guineas at which Mr. Locke was willing to have those political brutes knocked down to him?"

Wakefield, Yarmouth, Nottingham, and Bristol, dispense with all this kind of mystery; but their members somehow get unseated, and the Rock Club, we believe, boasted that it never lost a man.

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THE sun is the primary source of well-nigh every description of mechanical force that we employ upon the earth. Coal is only "bottled sunshine;" windmills and watermills derive their motions from solar agency; even manual power is directly obtained from food which is matured and ripened by the sun's influence. The sun is the storehouse of the forces of the universe. The idea must have occurred to many whether it would not be possible to apply the sun's heat directly to the production of motive power, and Ericsson, of caloric engine notoriety, has brought the question to a practical issue. He finds by experiment and deduction that the heating power of the sun on a surface of 10 feet square (*i.e.* 100 square feet), is equivalent in mechanical power to more than that of one horse; from this he infers the amount of power derivable from a square mile of sunlit country, and his results are very startling. But figures may be made to prove anything. Ericsson, however, gives us something more tangible. He has made three different motors, which work by solar heat, and which he hence calls *solar engines*. One is impelled by sun-generated steam, the others by hot air; and by this time, if anticipated success has been realised, bread has been prepared from flour ground by one of these machines. Greatness and wealth come to nations and people in proportion as they have greater or less stores of natural force at their command. The country that has a coal-field, and the man who has a running stream on his estate, have each sources of profit which others not so favoured do not share. If Ericsson's hopes are fulfilled, there will be more equality in this particular; all will have a power at their command, and they who can use it most economically will be the best off. The tropics will beat the poles, however.

# CORRESPONDENCE OF SYLVANUS URBAN.

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## THE ANCESTRY OF SIR MARTIN FROBISHER.

MR. URBAN,—Although Sir Martin Frobisher rose to be one of England's greatest sea-captains, at a time when England's maritime undertakings and successes were engrossing the attention of the whole civilised world, the social position of his family, and his own early history, have been suffered to remain in an obscurity, which is certainly not creditable to the nation. For lack of information respecting him, it has been customary to regard him as a mere adventurer, who, through some strange chances, happened to become a prominent man ; but one whose prominence was forgotten as soon as his services were closed in death, because nobody knew anything of him, except what was noted in his public career. This obscurity is, however, due only to the negligence of those who first undertook to compile a narrative of his services. His renown as a navigator, and his bravery and skill as an admiral, have given him a position in the annals of English maritime adventure and naval warfare, as eminent as that of any of his colleagues or successors ; yet every generation that has read of his exploits, has contented itself with knowing that he was born somewhere in Yorkshire ; but when, where, or of what stock, was a matter of the most profound indifference to them. He was born "nigh Doncaster," says Old Fuller, and bred up to navigation from his youth. Fuller has, no doubt, given us the report that was common in his day. We can vouch for the truth of the former assertion, if it be accepted broadly ; and we can show cause why we should admit it is very probable the latter may be true also, but we have not the means of proving it beyond dispute. Other writers have repeated the statement that he was of "mean" birth, and it is that statement we are more particularly prepared to deny.

To use a word which the admiral has often heard uttered by his old foemen, the Spaniards, Martin Frobisher was beyond dispute a *hidalgo*—a gentleman, and the descendant of gentlemen. John Hopkinson, a Yorkshire genealogist, who was born within a few miles of Altofts, the seat of the Frobishers, in 1610, has compiled a pedigree of the admiral's family ; and although it is as full of inaccuracies, as such documents generally are, it disposes of the statement that the admiral was a man of "mean" birth. According to the pedigree, John Frobisher, Esquire, the third of that name and condition, of Chirke, in Flintshire, had by his wife, Elizabeth, the daughter of Thomas Bulkeley, of Beaumaris, in Anglesea, a son named Thurstan Frobisher, who married a Yorkshire lady, Grace, the daughter of John Hyde. The date of the marriage is

not given, but we take it to have been about the period of the conquest of Wales by Edward I. The military forces of Yorkshire were amply represented in that service, and one of the chief commanders under the king, was Henry de Laci, Earl of Lincoln, and baron of Pontefract, upon whose estates the Frobishers afterwards settled. The great-grandson of this Thurstan, John Frobisher, Esquire, was the founder of the Yorkshire family. About the year 1360, he married, Joan, the daughter of Sir William Scargill, Knt., Seneschal of Pontefract Castle, and head of one of the most famous knightly houses of Yorkshire.

After the death of Henry de Laci, the barony of Pontefract reverted to the crown, through the delinquency of Alice de Laci, the infamous wife of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, who was beheaded for rebellion in 1322. After holding the confiscated estates under the crown for many years, Edward III., in the twenty-fifth year of his reign, granted along with many others, the manors of Altofts and Warmfield, to John of Gaunt, Earl of Richmond. The Scargills had been feudal tenants at Altofts for many years before the accession of John of Gaunt; and as William Scargill continued chief steward of the barony of Pontefract after the accession, we shall suppose it was through his instrumentality that the husband of his daughter obtained a residence on the estates which had formerly been possessed by some member of her family. Up to the reign of Henry VIII., we have, however, discovered no means of ascertaining the exact feudal rank of the Frobishers. In Barnard's "Survey of the Honor of Pontefract," which extends from 1274 to 1545, they are not entered as military tenants, nor does their name appear in the list of high sheriffs of the county. From the accession of the Lancastrian kings to the 17th James I., when Altofts was among the manors given to Queen Anne as a jointure, the ancestral home of the Frobishers had been held by the crown; yet in the reign of Philip and Mary some parts of the manor were in the possession of the Bunneys of Newland, an adjoining village. Between the Bunneys and the Frobishers there was frequent litigation; but every cause shows that the Frobishers did not hold the manor as chief tenants, only as farmers. Yet this office appears to have been nearly hereditary; for after John Frobisher, "farmer of Altofts demesnes," who was sued in the Duchy Court, in 1529, "for waste of the king's woods, and breach of the custom of the manor in levying fines of the tenants and non-residence in the manor," we find his son, Francis, in the 35th Hen. VIII.; and in the reign of Philip and Mary Edmund Frobisher succeeds, and after him, in the 28th Eliz., Martyn Frobisher occurs as the queen's farmer. In 1555 Anthony Frobisher was vicar of Darrington.

During these reigns it is certain that the family occupied an important position, and were included among the *armigeri* of Yorkshire. Their arms were "Ermine on a fess, engrailed between three griffins' heads erased sable, a greyhound courant, argent, collared gules." After their marriage with the Scargills, each succeeding generation of the Frobishers had inter-married with the proudest families of the district, and not the least honourable marriage was that of Francis Frobisher, with Christiane the daughter of Sir Brian Hastings, of Fenwicke, the representative

a family whose members had allied themselves with the greatest peers of the land, and who had borne England's standard in most of the glorious battles she had won under the Plantagenet and Lancastrian leaders. Christiana Hastings was the descendant of John Hastings, Earl of Pembroke, and the remote kinswoman of the far greater Warren Hastings of Indian celebrity. Her father, Sir Brian, was high sheriff of Yorkshire in 1536-7. It was he whose fierce anger it required all Cardinal Wolsey's "wholesome exhortations" to assuage. Cavendish tells us, that when about to take possession of his see, the cardinal learnt, "that there was sprung up a great variance and deadly hate between Sir Richard Tempest, Knt., and one Mr. Brian Hastings, then being but an esquire, between whom was like to ensue great murder, unless some mean might be found to redress the inconvenience that was like to ensue. My lord being thereof advertised, lamenting the case, made such means by his wise letters and other persuasion, that these two gentlemen were content to resort unto my lord at Cawood, and there abide his order, high and low. A day was appointed for their thither resort, at which day they came both to Cawood, not without great number on either part assembled." The feud ended without evil consequences, and the brawlers separated, "making great semblance of amity and love." Francis Frobisher was a witness to Sir Brian's will (proved Oct. 8, 1540), wherein, after ordering his body to be buried in the Church of St. Oswald of Sandall, the testator makes "My right honorable lorde Admyrall, in whome all my speciall trust is, my supervisor of this my will and testament, and to have the order of my sone (Sir Francis Hastings), trusting that the said lorde will be goode and favorable lorde to my wif and my sone, as he has alwais bene to me." We take this lord admiral to have been Sir William FitzWilliam, who was created Earl of Southampton on the occasion of the birth of Prince Edward in 1537. There was a distant kinship between Hastings and FitzWilliam; Sir Edward Hastings—who began the great contention *in curia militari* with Reginald Gray for the right of the lands, honors, and arms without difference of John Hastings, the last Earl of Pembroke of that name—had married Joan the daughter of Sir William FitzWilliam, Knt., of Sprotborough. Sir Brian descended from this marriage, and the lord admiral descended from the lord of Sprotborough. It is, therefore, reasonable to suppose that it was either through the recommendation of the Earl of Southampton, or from an ambition to achieve the success which he had achieved by following in the same path, that the boy Martin Frobisher went to sea; and it is also very probable that another of Elizabeth's celebrated admirals, George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, was led to embrace the naval profession by the same means. The earl had married Mabel, daughter of Henry Lord Clifford; and it was, no doubt, his splendid successes which induced young George Clifford to follow in his kinsman's footsteps. At all events, as regards Frobisher, we know no other way of corroborating the statement in the "Biographia Britannica," that he "was brought up in his youth to navigation, either through his own or his friends' choice."

From this point some difficulty in settling Martin Frobisher's position in his family arises, and that through the inconsistency of the pedigree.



Francis Frobisher, the son-in-law of Sir Brian Hastings, was recorder of Doncaster, and is said to have settled a branch of his family in that town. Miller ("History of Doncaster") found the dates of the baptisms of several of his grandchildren, the children of William Frobisher, who afterwards purchased the lordship of Finningley, in the Doncaster Registers, between the years 1561 and 1567. Hunter, in his "History of South Yorkshire," says Francis Frobisher had a brother, Barnard, who died young, after marrying a daughter of — York, leaving two children, the younger, Margaret, being baptized at Normanton, in February, 1541, where her father was buried on the 1st of September, 1542. It is pretty clear that the elder of these two children was Martin Frobisher, who, at the death of his father, must have been of tender years, and utterly incapable of looking after his own interests. Francis Frobisher occurs as farmer of Altofts Manor in 1543; and as that is later than the period of Martin's birth and Barnard's death, it is not improbable that the uncle farmed the manor as trustee or guardian for the children. Hopkinson gives Martin as the son of Francis Frobisher and Cressy, the daughter of Mr. Rogers, of Everton; this Francis being the grandson of the Recorder of Doncaster.

In 1566, when taken before Dr. Lewes for examination, on suspicion of his having fitted out a vessel to go to sea as a pirate, Martin "Frobiscer" is said to be of Normanton, and that is the parish in which Altofts is situate. That the pedigree is inaccurate is clear, as it gives as the children of William Frobisher (and Margaret, the daughter of Matthew Boynton, of Barmston, Esq.), those whose names appear in the register, and it is just impossible for any child born later than 1561 to be the father of Sir Martin, who from that very year had been endeavouring to procure the equipment of an expedition to discover the north-west passage.

The recorded incidents of Frobisher's life go to prove that he was an accomplished navigator in his earliest manhood. Prior to the sailing of his first expedition for the discovery of the north-west passage, in 1576, he is said to have been urging his scheme upon the attention of those interested in maritime discovery for a period of fifteen years. This would bring his first agitation of the matter to 1561, when he may have been about twenty years of age. The statements are, perhaps, too vague to yield any accurate deductions; but they warrant the supposition that he had developed his theory almost before he had arrived at the period of personal responsibility which mature age brings. The long years of neglect he endured are, therefore, not necessarily the result of friendlessness. The teachings of science, when enunciated by him, young and obscure, would be regarded by the unscientific as the dreams of youthful enthusiasm; the ardent solicitations of the poor adventurer were looked upon by those whose prudence was born of avarice, as the diplomacy of an impostor striving to recruit his exhausted means at the expense of a dupe who would listen to his wiles; and so Frobisher nursed his pretensions in impotence often bordering upon despair.

That Frobisher's circumstances were straitened, and his employ *precarious and unsatisfactory* before he received the patronage

government, there is evidence to show. Indeed, we might almost maintain that his poverty, and the galling neglect which heightened it, roused his fiery spirit into open defiance of the authorities. In the Lansdowne MS., 107, p.<sup>o</sup>89 (quoted by Wright), is the following draft, drawn up between 1560 and 1570, which is especially curious as giving us an incident in his obscure life. A bill was introduced to insure the proper measuring of coals at Newcastle and elsewhere in Yorkshire, and the bill petitioned: "That it would please your majestie of your princely goodnes, to graunte your letters patents to Martyn Furbusher, gentleman, and Richard Morley, of London, gentleman, for the measuring of all such sea-coales as are there sold, or to be sold, or layden; and to have for a chawtherne measuringe fower-pence, two-pence of the buyer, and two-pence of the seller." It is probable that at this time Frobisher was employed in the coal trade, the marine of which has always furnished and employed the most efficient sailors in the English navy. If he obtained this office, his tenure of it was only short. In 1566 he had projected a voyage to the coast of Guinea. This project did not meet with the approbation of the authorities. The Mayor of Saltash received instructions to seize the ship owned by him, if she arrived in that port. But she did not arrive there, although Frobisher's capture was effected elsewhere. In the indictment he is described as of "Normanton, co. York;" and this description settles the question that during his seafaring career he still held his ancestral property at Altofts.

The story of the intended invasion of England by Philip of Spain, and the part played therein by Sir John Hawkins, Frobisher's old comrade, are well known. The events connected with this anticipated descent occurred in that period of Frobisher's life when disappointment had rendered him more desperate than discreet. Some of the roving adventurers into whose brotherhood his professional habits had entered him, had gone over to the King of Spain. The most notorious of these was Thomas Stukeley, the cousin of Hawkins. Stukeley was a "pirate" exactly in the sense that Frobisher was a pirate; that is, he was a bold freebooter, ready to undertake any service which would yield him ample reward. The reasons which now made Stukeley a traitor seemed to be weighing powerfully upon the mind of Frobisher. In those days, men's ideas of patriotism were mitigated and warped by many conflicting circumstances. Whether it was Catholicism or self-interest, or a combination of the two where the latter prevailed, which carried Stukeley over to the Spaniard, it is not for us to stop to inquire; but it is certain that Frobisher, actuated by self-interest only, was led to embrace the rival cause, so long as it offered him lucrative employment. In August, 1571, the government was fitting out a fleet in which Frobisher received a command. At length the storm blew over, and Frobisher was again dismissed, to nurse his dejection until the conspirators offered to raise him from his difficulties, provided he would enter their service. In March, 1573, Stukeley was endeavouring to raise a force in Spain for the invasion of Ireland, Sir Warham St. Leger and Jerome Brett being his chief agents in England. These gentlemen, with other "decayed men," calculated upon raising an English contingent among the Catholics and such

other of Elizabeth's subjects as were discontented with her rule; and they had "allured to them Martin Furbisher, with the promes of 20*l.* land by the year, or with the vallew of it in ready money, to transport them over to their cousin, Stukeley." Frobisher's needy condition threatened to make him an easy victim of their wiles: but his wife, discovering the conspiracy, helped to thwart it. Her hostility was brought about by her personal dislike for St. Leger; and "some jarre happened between Furbisher and her." What was the direct result of her interference we do not know.

Frobisher's career under the patronage of the government is no part of our present subject. The glory of his exploits as a navigator and commander has given his name that lustre which has warranted an inquiry into the obscure parts of his biography, both before and after he had achieved his greatness. All the world knows the main features in the career of Frobisher the discoverer; but there are few, indeed, who know he was the orphan boy who started from the village of Altofts, little cared for, and less known, to spend a lifetime struggling with difficulties and disappointments before he became one of the celebrated men of his race.

After Sir Martin had acquired honour and wealth at sea, he returned to Altofts, to repose in the possession of his ancestral home. The Harl. MS., 4630, says, "Sir Martin Frobisher was seised in fee farm of Altofts (where he built a house near the park) and the manors of Warmfield-cum-Heath." He was a justice of the peace in the West Riding of Yorkshire, 36th Elizabeth, 1593-4, which latter year was that of his death. He was settled at Altofts, in the 28th Elizabeth, 1585-6, when John Freston, a neighbour, sues him in the Duchy Court, respecting some pasture lands. The fortune he had gained and the interest he possessed seem to have been freely used in the acquisition of lands in the neighbourhood of his birthplace. He obtained a lease of the manors of (Glass) Houghton, near Pontefract, and "Brockholls," and the Mills of Castleford, and in the inquisition after his death Sir Martin was found to die seised of the manor or capital messuage of Brockholes, in the parish of Cantley, and one hundred acres of land there; also a messuage at Heath, and twenty acres of land and a capital messuage at Altofts, called "Frobisher's Hall." In his will he directs that his body shall be buried where God please, but his funeral is to be kept at the parish church of Normanton, and his house called Frobisher's Hall, in Altofts. He was buried at St. Giles', Cripplegate. All his property descended to his nephew and adopted heir, Captain Peter Frobisher.

Sir Martin married Dorothy, daughter of the right honourable the Lord Wentworth of the South, widow of Sir William Winmerpole, Knt., who survived him, and was afterwards married to Sir John Savile, Knt., one of the barons of the exchequer. He had no issue. Captain Frobisher was a person of weak mind and extravagant habit, and when some of the admiral's old companions, learning the disposition he had made of his property, advised him not to give it wholly and absolutely to such an unfit person, he answered them, "that it was for the most part got at sea, and it would not thrive long upon land." And so it was soon discovered.

Peter Frobisher, who was justice of the peace, 5 James I., 1607-8, contracted a marriage in London, but had no issue. His profligate habits would not allow him to carry out the terms of his uncle's will, and in one instance we find Mary Masterson, who appears to have been an old domestic, suing him for the payment of an annuity of 8*l.*, bequeathed to her by Sir Martin. When reduced to the most necessitous condition he sold the remnant of the estate and died in or about London in poverty and obscurity.

*Leeds.*

W. WHEATER.

### FISHERMEN'S INVOCATIONS.

MR. URBAN,—While down at Brighton recently, I had the curiosity to watch the departure of one of the mackerel boats from the beach. This led to my making the discovery of a curious, and no doubt very ancient custom, prevailing among the fishermen, of which I do not recollect having seen any note or record. When the necessary preparations have been made, and the boat is ready for pushing off, the crew form a little group on deck, and throwing down their caps in their midst, join in a chant or invocation, somewhat in these words:—

“ Watch, barrel, watch,  
Mackerel for to catch.  
What may they be?  
Like blossoms on the tree.  
Some by their noses,  
Some by their fin,  
God send twenty ‘last,’  
And a fair wind in!

Please God we have a good haul!”

This is the most authentic version of these curious lines I have been able to obtain. Most of the versions in use are hopelessly corrupt, and I must confess my inability to unriddle the mystery of the first line of that here given. Perhaps others may be more sagacious. Or, possibly, a better text is extant. But the question I more particularly wish to ask, through your courtesy, is, whether the like custom prevails among fishermen on other parts of the coast? If so, are other forms of invocation to be obtained?

*Whitefriars Club.*

W. S.

## OBITUARY MEMOIRS.

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### DEAN MILMAN.

FIRST and foremost in our Obituary stands the venerable and venerated Dean Milman—clarum et memorabile nomen—who has passed away at a ripe old age. The youngest son of a physician, who in his day “ruled the roost” on the “pantiles” of Tunbridge Wells, and afterwards in fashionable circles at the West-end, and became a favourite of George III., and was eventually created a baronet—Henry Hart Milman first saw the light of day under favourable auspices. Having spent a year or two at the celebrated private school kept by Dr. Burney, at Greenwich, he was sent to Eton, where his Latin verses were remarkable, at a time when he had some very illustrious contemporaries. From Eton he passed to Brasenose College, where he was a pupil of the great Elmsley; he gained first class honours, and carried off all the four annual prizes open to the competition of all Undergraduates and Bachelors respectively, the “Newdigate,” the “Latin Verse,” the “Latin Essay,” and the English Essay.

From an early period he cultivated the muses of poetry and prose. His first production was a poem referring to the great Napoleon, entitled “Judicium Regale.” It was published anonymously, but it was ascribed to him in 1815, the year after its appearance, by a writer in the *Quarterly*, who reviewed it, together with “Fazio,” the first of his many poems which he openly acknowledged. It is remarkable as having afforded a character for Miss O’Neill to play. Next followed the “Martyr of Antioch,” “Fall of Jerusalem,” “Samor,” an epic; “Belshazzar,” and “Anne Boleyn.” It was quite natural that the author of these various poems should have been chosen Professor of Poetry at Oxford, a post which he held from 1821 to 1831. During this period he resided mainly at Reading, where he held the incumbency of St. Mary’s Church. Lord Melbourne who had early noticed Mr. Milman’s long and liberal views, next gave him the living of St. Margaret’s, Westminster, which he held until the death of Copleston, in 1849, when Lord John Russell conferred on him the deanery which he held till his death. During the latter part of his life he busied himself chiefly with prose composition, which he had long practised successfully as a constant contributor to the pages of the *Quarterly Review*. In 1827 he preached and published the Bampton Lectures at Oxford, his subject being “The character and conduct of the Apostles, considered as Evidences of the Christian Faith.” Next followed his “History of the Jews,” which appeared in three volumes among the earliest instalments of the *Family Library*, published by Murray. It was severely attacked at the time of its appearance by one of the professors at Oxford, on account of the breadth and comprehensiveness of its views; but it has stood its

ground against all assailants. His other works, "The History of Christianity," a "Memoir of Lord Macaulay," a "Life of John Keats," an Historical Preface to Sarah Austin's translation of Ranke's "Lives of the Popes;" and finally, his *magnum opus*, "The History of Latin Christianity"—a work which will long hold its place as a—we should say, the—standard classic on the subject. He also edited Gibbon, with notes, and an edition *de luxe* of Horace; and within three years of his death he gave to the world some verse translations of the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, the "Bacchæ" of Euripides, and of some of his favourites among the "minor" Greek poets. It deserves to be recorded here that the late Dean was one of the most zealous among the clergy to relax the strictness of the subscription of the clergy to the articles and other formularies. He was buried beneath the choir of his own cathedral.

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#### COUNT WALEWSKI.

IN Count Adrian Florian Joseph Walewski, whose death occurred on the 26th of Sept., at Strasburg, from an apoplectic seizure, Europe has lost one of its foremost statesmen and diplomatists. His birth, if irregular, was romantic; he was the son of the Emperor Napoleon I., and his mother was a Polish countess, whom the great conqueror, saw, admired, and won. Born in 1810, at the age of nineteen he was sent to England on a diplomatic mission on behalf of Poland—an enthusiasm for whose cause he inherited from his mother; and while here he married a sister of the Earl of Sandwich. Having served for a time under the Polish flag, and won the national military cross at the battle of Gorkow, he obtained a commission in the 4th Regiment of the French Hussars, but speedily exchanged his sword for the pen. Of his earlier publications, two are well known to English as well as to French readers—"Un mot sur la Question d'Afrique," and "D'Alliance Anglaise." These led to his engagement as Editor of the *Messenger*, with which he was connected, until later in life he resumed his *rôle* as a diplomatist. While engaged on the *Messenger*, he also wrote a five act comedy, "L'Ecole du Monde, ou la Coquette sans le Savoir," which was performed early in 1840. In the same year, on the formation of the ministry of M. Thiers, Walewski was sent to Egypt in a diplomatic capacity; and he held several diplomatic appointments under M. Guizot. On the rise of the star of Louis Napoleon, he attached himself to the cause of the President of the French Republic. In 1849 we find him sent as Minister to Florence and Naples; and in 1854, he came to England as ambassador at the Court of St. James', whence he was recalled in the following year to Paris, to take the portfolio of Foreign Affairs on the resignation of M. Drouyn de Lhuys; and in this capacity his intimate knowledge of England and the English was of great service in cementing the alliance between the two countries. He presided, as Plenipotentiary of France, over the Congress of Paris in 1856, and had the principal share in the treaty signed on the 30th of April. He resigned his post as Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1860, soon after which he was again employed as successor to M. Fould in the

Ministry of State. He finally retired from official life in 1863, mainly on account, it is said, of his strong Polish tendencies. He bore the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, and many other insignia of merit. His second wife was the grand-daughter of Stanislaus Poniatowski, nephew of the last King of Poland. Next to the Duc de Persigny, and the late Duc de Morny, perhaps there are no modern French statesmen who stood higher in the esteem and confidence of the Emperor of the French, to whom his death is a serious loss.

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#### J. CROSSLEY.

MR. JOSEPH CROSSLEY, one of the resident magistrates of Halifax, and one of the largest employers of labour in that borough, died a few days ago at the age of 56. He was a brother of Sir Francis Crossley, Bart., M.P., and as one of the managing partners in the carpet-loom manufactory of Messrs. Crossley, his loss will be severely felt at Halifax. He has left a widow and family to lament his loss. About two months before his death, while in the neighbourhood of Ullswater, he had met with a carriage accident, and had fractured his leg. He was still confined to his couch when so suddenly surprised by the hand of death; the immediate cause of his decease was an affection of the heart.

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#### E. MARJORIBANKS.

BY the death of Mr. Edward Marjoribanks, senior, partner of Coutts's Bank, a remarkable man of a type unfortunately too rare has passed away from us. Mr. Marjoribanks was born on the 31st of May, 1776, and was the fourth son of Edward Marjoribanks, of Lees, Berwickshire, by Grizel, daughter of Archibald Stewart, M.P. for Edinburgh, second son of Sir Robert Stewart of Allbank. At an early age he was sent to the High School at Edinburgh, and afterwards to its University, where he was a favourite pupil of Dugald Stewart, and the companion and friend of such men as Brougham, Cockburn, Jeffrey, and others. He subsequently obtained an exhibition at Balliol College, Oxford, but never went into residence, being taken by his relative, Mr. Thomas Coutts, to learn business in the banking house of which he became junior partner in 1797, and forty years afterwards, on the death of Sir Coutts Trotter in 1837, senior partner for the long period of thirty-one years. The aptitude for business, integrity of character and courtesy of manner, which gained him this gratifying and advantageous position, reacted on the firm of which he was for so many years the presiding spirit, and he leaves Messrs. Coutts and Co. one of the first, if not the foremost, of the great London banks. In Mr. Marjoribanks were united determined energy and firm will, together with rigid uprightness in thought and action, and his whole life illustrates the blessing that rests on the true charity which "thinketh no evil," in his case displaying itself in kindly feeling and good works to all who crossed his path, and by a genial and trusting benevolence which

secured for him a loving respect, not only in his own family, but also in the very large circle of relatives and friends through which his happy sun-like influence was felt and appreciated. In private life his extreme personal simplicity formed a striking contrast to the munificence of the unostentatious works of charity and mercy, which must have gladdened his old age with many pleasing and soothing recollections. Mr. Marjoribanks died at Greenlands, in Bucks, on the 17th of September, in his 93rd year, remarkable to the last for his vigour of mind, clearness of intellect, and vividness of memory. By his marriage with Georgiana, third daughter of Joseph Francis Lautour, in February, 1808, he leaves surviving two sons and eight daughters.

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#### EBENEZER IRVING.

THE American papers announce the death of Mr. Ebenezer Irving, at Sunnyside, at the ripe age of 93. He was the brother of Washington Irving, who speaks of him in one of his pleasant papers as "one of the most perfect exemplifications of the Christian character" that he had ever known. Such a testimony, from such a pen—even though it be the partial pen of a brother—is worth placing on permanent record.

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#### M. CICÉRI.

M. PIERRE LUC CHARLES CICÉRI, the celebrated Parisian scene-painter, is dead, at the age of 86. He was born at St. Cloud, August 18, 1782. He early manifested such an extraordinary talent for music, that at fourteen years of age he was not only an excellent violinist, but something also of an operatic composer. For twelve years he studied at the *Conservatoire de Musique*, and, no doubt, would have made his fortune by the exercise in public of the fine tenor voice with which he was gifted, had he not been deprived of it by a carriage accident, which rendered him infirm, and therefore unfit for a public singer. He then turned from the study of vocal music to that of drawing; and, as a pupil of Bellangé, the architect, learnt the art of theatre decoration and scene-painting in the opera workshops; and that with such success, that, in 1810, he was trusted by Jérôme Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, with the decorations of the chief theatre of Cassel. In 1826 he superintended the coronation festivities of Charles X.; and as his painted works are more than 400 in number, it may be justly said that, although compelled in early life to turn from one Muse to the other, his talents have none the less helped to achieve operatic renown. Cicéri, married a daughter of the painter, Isabey, by whom he had six children. Some of them are well known in the Paris world of art.

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